

Accession No. 10, 957 Call No. 1901

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Vol. 3

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Vol. 3
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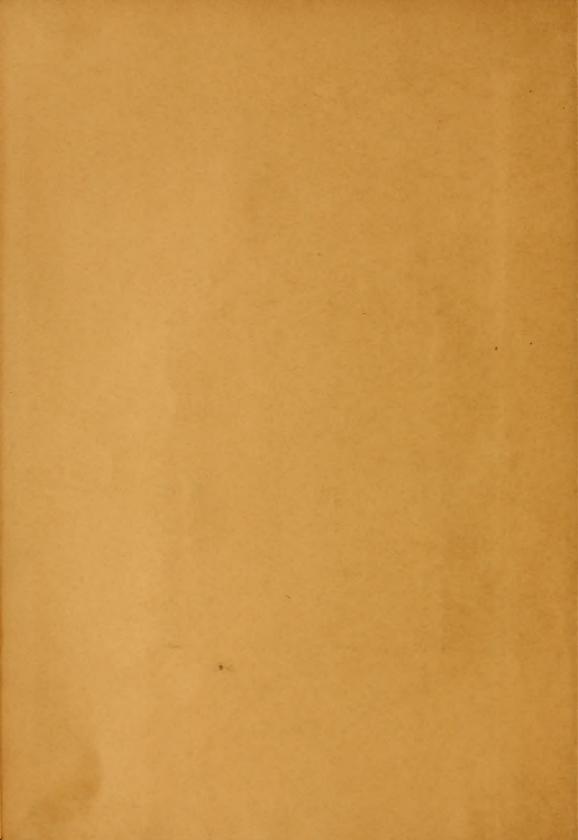
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# #INGLENOOK



BRETHREN PUB, HOUSE

Weekly, \$1.00 per Year.

Vol. III. No. 140

April 6, 1901.

### The Brethren Colony, Quinter, Kans.

This colony is located in Gove County, Kansas, on the main line of UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, 343 miles west of Kansas City. The town itself is composed principally of members of the Dunker church. It contains a post office, smithy, general stores, a two-story brick schoolhouse, and a neat and commodious Dunker church, seating about 500 people, free from debt, and including a membership of about 100. The surrounding country is largely settled up by members of the same church. The principal occupation is stockraising, but more or less farming is also carried on, wheat and other small grain being raised of remarkable quality and quantity. Orchards of apples, pears, peaches and all the small fruits grow in profusion and perfection.

As direct personal evidence of the prosperity of the Brethren in that locality, quotations will be given on this

page each week from one or more leading members of the church who are residing at or near Quinter.

#### Eld. John Eikenberry, a Resident of the Town of Quinter, Says:

"I came here from Dodge County, Nebraska, thirteen years ago and took a claim four miles from Quinter, remaining five years thereon. Then I went to Nuckolls County, Nebraska, remaining for seven years, and then returned to this section, and I prefer this country to the other places in which I have lived. I own 320 acres, besides my lots in Quinter. I value my land here at \$2,400. I like this country on account of its mild winters and the ease with which the soil can be cultivated. People are not required to work as hard here as in other sections to get a start in life. No man who comes to this country, and attends to business properly, will fail to get on in the world. I know people who went away from this section who would be glad to get back if they could. I was one of the first of the Brethren coming here, and I assisted in the organization of the church, and I regard this section as equally as good, or better, than those of other Western States in the same longitude."

#### **EXCURSION!**

### Union Pacific Railroad Company

...WILL RUN AN EXCURSION ...

## LINCOLN, Nebraska, to QUINTER, Kansas, and Return,

... FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BRETHREN ATTENDING ...

The Annual Meeting at Lincoln, Nebr., May 24-31, 1901.

Brethren attending the Annual Meeting should deposit their tickets with the Railway Joint Agent at Lincoln on or before June 3d, and upon payment of 50 cents the final limit of such tickets will be extended to June 30th, 1901. At the same time tickets can be purchased, Lincoln, Nebr., to Quinter, Kans., and return, at a price of one fare for the round trip, which will be good for return until June 25th, 1901.

This will enable those of the Brethren, desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity, to see the wonderful resources of that much-talked-of State, Kansas. The trip will be made through and into the most beautiful portion of the State, and just at a time when the wheat, corn and other agricultural productions are demonstrating, by their sturdy growth, the agricultural possibilities of the State. Every one who can possibly do so should make this trip, and then determine for himself whether he can afford to throw away the chance for health, wealth and happiness which is offered settlers at Quinter.

# The UNION PACIFIC LAND COMPANY Offers for Sale 40,000 Acres Within a Radius of 20 Miles from Quinter.

These lands will be sold in tracts of 160 acres and upwards, at prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$7.50 per acre. One-tenth of the purchase money is payable at the time of purchase, the balance is payable in nine equal annual installments, beginning at the end of the second year, with interest payable annually, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. 10 per cent discount will be allowed on cash sales and 5 per cent discount will be allowed upon the unmatured deferred payments, having more than nine months to run, on contracts where final payment is made within five years from date of the contract. Purchasers of Union Pacific Land Company's lands will be refunded the railroad fare paid, over Union Pacific Railroad, within a limit of one per cent of the purchase price of the land bought, upon presentation of the Ticket Agent's receipt showing the amount of fare paid.

For pamphlets descriptive of Quinter and its surroundings, and for further information regarding this excursion, write to

B. A. McALLASTER,

General Manager the Union Pacific Land Company,

Omaha, Nebr.

# 他INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

APRIL 6, 1901.

No. 14.

#### AS FAR AS I KNOW.

"As far as I know," said a person one night,
"There is naught in this world but what is just right;
I have all I want both to eat and to wear,
The flowers I gather are fragrant and fair,
The birds in the trees always sing a glad song,
And as far as I know there is nothing wrong.

"All the people I know are loyal and kind,
And I am contented in body and mind;
I read about folks who are awfully bad,
About souls that are weary and hearts that are sad,
About children that quarrel and people who fight,
But as far as I know everything is all right.

"I read there are people who do many things That on them the worst kind of suffering brings, That women are wicked and men are untrue, And sinfulness runneth society through, But as far as I know—as far as I know—I cannot affirm that these stories are so."

The person who said that, as far as she knew, Was a child of six years, and to her it was true; Oh, what would we give could we all say to-night, There is naught in the world but what is just right! That we have all we want to eat and to wear, And that justice and goodness abound everywhere.

#### MONASTIC LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

FIFTY miles from Louisville is the village of Gethsemane, where reside a community of Trappist monks, the strictest of all the monastic orders in the Roman Catholic church. The monastery is an imposing but gloomy looking pile. No woman is permitted to enter it save the wives of the President of the United States and the Governor of Kentucky. Over the inner door of the institution is a placard which threatens excommunication to any of the fair sex who shall dare to cross its portals. Thus far this has been sufficient to prevent intrusion.

The Trappists is the only order of the church that adds to the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience that of silence. Something

about the very buildings themselves impresses one with this effect of withdrawal from the world. They look older than their forty-odd years and the elms about them seem to have been growing for centuries. Fronting on the garden is the hospice, three stories high and containing chambers with swinging windows, which show a remarkable thickness of wall. The monastery proper forms two other sides of the quadrangle, and the church the fourth. The monks made the bricks themselves and did much of the construction. They have painted and decorated the walls and carved and inlaid the wood of the chapels. The abbot's crozier, formed of thousands of pieces, was made by one of the monks.

Among the monks the various trades and callings are represented and you see men in brown frocks turning or planing wood, setting type, sewing, mixing drugs, mending kettles and shoeing horses, as well as tilling the fields, gathering vegetables, tending swine, milking cows and driving teams. There are two classes of Trappists-the choir religious and the lay brothers. Their mode of life is the same in its essentials, but the first named are bound to perform duty in the choir and have a longer litany but shorter hours of labor. The choir monks are generally men of education, with a knowledge of Latin, in which most of their services are read. Some of them are priests who have resigned their pulpits, some are lawyers, some are teachers, but under the rule of silence it may be that no man knows his neighbor, though he stand elbow to elbow with him in the choir stalls for twenty years. It is said that some of the monks of Gethsemane have not yet heard of the Spanish war, and that, as an affair of an outside and far-off world, it would not interest them if they did.

The church in which devotions are held is

large and handsome. The choir monks occupy oaken stalls about the wall, each stall containing a folding seat, though there are so many bowings and bendings and kneelings and marchings in their services that the seats are of little use to them. It is a strange sight when, assembled for any of the functions of the day, they gather here, each intent on his book-a huge folio in which the Gregorian tones are printed after a fashion of centuries ago-and the Latin of the text is given in line and antiphone. There are faces in the group that seem strange to the visitor who is privileged to enter these precincts—faces paled by hours of watching and study, still, serene faces, faces that have a look almost of exhaustion, grave faces, and faces in which there remains something of the strength of youthand of its dreams.

But stranger still is the sight when the Salve Regina is sung at nightfall. In this service the choir religious occupy their places about the walls, but the lesser stalls in front of them are taken by the lay brothers. There is a single light behind the prior for his reading; a dark red spark glows before the altar; five candles burn about the benign figure of the virgin; the rest of the edifice is in ever deepening shadow. The black letter, rubricated volumes on the rail slowly melt into phosphorescent blotches, a brother steps out of the ranks and tolls the bell which hangs in the tall steeple overhead. The quaint Gregorian chants, voices of another age, echo through the building. When the lights, one by one, fade out and the figures come into the place they suggest the dead. Not one of them shows signs of life. Minute after minute goes by, and still the silence endures. It begins to grow uncanny. One begins to wonder if he is dreaming it all and if those forms half seen in the shadow belong to the world, when there falls a tap of the abbot's gavel and slowly the company rises from its knees, and, feeling its way through the dark, goes to its cells. As each passes into the corridor he bends his head and receives a douche of holy water from the asperge in the hands of the abbot. A minute or two later the monastery is silent.

The principal requisites for admission to the Trappist order are a sound body, a sound mind and a devotional spirit. It is not alleged by the brethren that theirs is the only way of life, but they do claim that it is the only one for them. "The salvation of the soul is the only important thing in this world," said one of them. "So we have that, what need we have more? This life assures it to us absolutely and we are content. We are happy." It is by no means easy to secure admission to a Trappist monastery, however it may be with some of the others. What, then, must have been the intensity of that devotion which centuries ago gave to Europe 30,000 convents, some of them containing 5,000 brethren? There are about eighty monks in the Abbey of Gethsemane and it is said that there is a slow increase.

In their temporal affairs the monks are absolute communists-the only ones, probably," that are known. They even speak of their effects as "our cowl" and "our knife," instead of "my cowl" and "my knife." Each man has two habits, putting on a fresh one when he rises in the morning, with a coarser robe in reserve for the choir monks, to wear about their work in the fields. The cast-off clothing used to be given to the poor, but it would puzzle an outsider to know just what to do with a white flannel robe or a black scapular. The only thing that a man may own, out and out, is his manuscript. If he is a student, and many of these men are students, he may take a such notes as he finds time to write, and they are considered a part of himself. He may even write a book and may write on any scientific subject, if permission is granted, but he cannot appropriate its profits. They belong to the brethren and the church. The rule respecting obedience is strictly enforced.

The life is one that calls for peculiar traits of mind and a stout physique. Moreover, it is not to be lightly taken on, for the man who is once a monk is a monk for the rest of his days, and he breathes his last in the habit of the brethren, who will lay his uncoffined form beneath the sod. The postulant who has expressed a wish to join remains in his secular dress during the will of the abbot—possibly six months. He then don's the white dress of a novice. After a novitiate of two years a vote is taken as to his admission. If he lacks one vote of a majority he is rejected. Three

289.

years still elapse before he takes all the obligations, so that by the time he has entered the choir his infirmities, if he has them, of temper or worldliness, are known to the others, and if he is unfitted for the monastic life he is plainly told so, and the doors open outward for him, never to swing the other way again. It is not always young men who enter. One has just been admitted who had waited for thirty years. He was refused before on the ground that his mother, who has just died, was dependent on him. One keeps his position according to the time of his entrance, so that if a cardinal were admitted at noon and you had been chosen at 11 o'clock you would take priority over the cardinal for the rest of your days.

The affairs of the monastery are administered by the abbot and prior, with a council which is chosen by the abbot. Speech is freely permitted at the meetings of this council, as it is to the two keepers at the gate, the procurator, who buys and sells for the institution, and the great brother. Speech is not, however, a privilege that is valued and nobody strives for office.

#### UP IN A BALLOON.

BY W. A. VON PLEES.

How many of the thousands of our young 'Nookers have watched a balloon ascension, without a small pang of envy of the man in the car, of that great silken, inflated bag, with its network of ropes and basket in which the æronaut stands, waving the star-spangled banner to the thousands below. How easily, how smoothly it seems to float, soaring away up in the blue vaulted heavens, looking so much like a huge copper pear, glistening in the rays of the sun, as it sails away, until lost to view.

It seems to go up so easily. It is a most peculiar sensation, this going up, I was going to say, and I suppose that would be in the mind of most of my young readers. No such thing, though, to the man in the car, the sensation is one of being perfectly stationary, that is, the balloon seems to be standing still. Looking over the edge of the car when the ropes are cut, the earth just drops away from you, the

horizon springs up with a jump, and at the same time you experience a pain and pressure on the ear drums. A few moments of this dropping away of the earth from under your feet, so to speak, then your balloon settles down to travel on a horizontal plane, but to you, in the car, you are still at a standstill, it'is old mother earth that is moving along, rushing past underneath you in a mad career, swifter by far than most of our express trains, sometimes attaining a speed of ninety miles an hour. After going up a couple of miles, nothing below is recognizable, the earth has become flattened out, looking like one of those profile maps in your physical geography. Hills are gone, towers, villages and steep declines have all vanished, leaving nothing but a level plain of colored mosaics. Where stood towns and villages are to be seen nothing but patches of brown, roads are thin yellow lines, rivers have become brown meandering streaks. One of the strangest things noticed will be, that bodies of water have seemingly disappeared, passing over a lake, you can see its bottom, and objects such as wrecks are plainly discernible; this statement may appear hardly creditable, but is easily explained by the laws of optics, it is a matter of reflected solar rays.

Going up in a balloon is not all sitting down and waiting to come down again, perhaps miles and miles away from where you went up.

The æronaut has plenty to do. There's the valve to be attended to, the ballast and the barometer must be watched, it is this last that indicates how high and how fast you are traveling, its needle is always on the move, either in one way or the other, it is the only index by which you can tell whether you are going up or down. This may sound strange to you, but the senses alone cannot be depended upon. If by any mishap the barometer should fail, then recourse must be had to throwing overboard pieces of tissue paper. An eye must also be kept on the watch, not alone for keeping the time of day, but to reckon the speed at which you are going. Another important adjunct is a good map, nailed to a board firmly fastened to the car, and also a good compass. If the trip is for scientific purposes, then there are other instruments,

but those named are about as many as are taken upon an ordinary occasion.

Any sounds or noises did you ask? Very little, and none at all beyond that made by the creaking of the basket car or the rustle of the fabric above you. At high altitudes the air is so rarified that the ordinary tone of voice fails, and the occupants of the same car are obliged to shout to one another in order to be heard. Then also there are some wonderful phenomena to be seen at times. Looking through cloud rifts one may see snow storms in progress, while you are bathed in sunlight, sometimes double-colored balloon shadows are cast on the clouds underneath. Another of the curious happenings is the ever twisting of the balloon, which so far has not had any explanation, but so it is, going up the twist is one way and coming down it is the reverse.

To be up in a balloon during a thunder storm is an experience not much to be desired, and while the danger may not be very great apparently, yet it is very terrifying, and many cases have been known where aeronauts have lost all reason, and have become insane from the experience. When overtaken by an electrical storm, you seem to be in the very midst of it, the lightning's vivid flashes, such as rarely seen here below, play around you from every point of the compass, threatening you with instant destruction, while the thunder is beyond all conception in its appalling intensity. Up above there is no getting out of the rain, on mother earth you can, as a rule, protect yourself, but in your aerial surroundings, there is no protection whatever, the rain beats in on you from every side, and not only comes down but also strikes up. But with all, one never hears of a balloon being struck by lightning, unless it was a captive, held to earth by an anchor rope.

Balloons are much more in use than they were, and for all kinds of purposes. It was during the siege of Paris when the French City was surrounded by the Germans, a captive balloon was sent up every day with an officer to observe what the enemy were about. It was in a balloon that the ill-fated Andree went to find the North Pole, and from which he never returned.

Lewisburg, Pa.

#### AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

BY A. B. UPTON.

My introduction to these people was, to say the least, novel. My brother, two other men and myself started from the railroad with the avowed determination of "taking up" one hundred and sixty acres of government land as homesteads.

Each of us had a load of something to carry. I had about thirty pounds of flour and thereto hangs a tale. In walking up the mountain road we got very footsore, and coming to a clear, running mountain stream, we laid our burdens down and removing our shoes we proceeded to bathe our tired feet in the cool water. While we were sitting there a stranger came up, and as he seemed very sociable we asked him a good many questions about the country, all of which he very readily answered. While we were talking to him two other strangers came into view and as we turned to watch them our new-found friend arose, bade us good-by, saying that he "must be agoing." We paid no further attention to him, but about fifteen minutes afterwards I went to get my flour, but it was gone. I have always maintained that it had help to leave us.

That day we managed to get about two quarts of corn meal and we had corn-meal slap-jacks for supper. That night we slept on the ground, or rather tried to, but could not quite succeed on account of the small, sharpedged stones that would persist in getting under the small of our backs, just as we would be dropping off to sleep.

At our next stopping place we found an empty store building and as we were very tired we concluded to remain here two or three days and get rested.

There was a post office here and upon getting acquainted with the husband of the Post Mistress, he informed us that his wife was a red-hot Republican while he was a rabid Democrat. "You see," said he, "it is like this-away, when a dimocrat is president, I hold the office, and when a 'publican is president she has it. Yes sir, it pays to have both parties in the fambily." This office, we learned, paid eleven dollars a quarter.

Leaving this place we traveled until Satur-

day night and none of us wanting to travel on the Sabbath we camped in a vacant log house until Monday morning.

Here we had a number of visitors, among whom was a man who at one time in his life had lived in a large city. He told us that a good many of the people thought that we were United States marshals, and that we were looking after Moonshiners, but, said he, "I think that you are railroad surveyors, and if you are, I want to sell my place and get out of this hole back to civilization."

Near dusk a man came to us, and entering into conversation with him, we told him what we wanted. He offered to act as guide for us, saying that he would work for fifty cents a day and would show us all around the country. We did not think that we could do any better and so closed with his offer. He told us that United States marshals were not wanted in "thar," that they had shot a man in there "nigh onto twenty years ago and the people are mighty sot agin 'em."

During the time this man was with us he talked a great deal about Moonshiners and Wild Cat men, so one of us asked him what he meant by Moonshiners and Wild Catters, whereupon he told us that they were the same thing, that they were men engaged in making whisky without a government license.

He then told us of the awful revenge taken by these parties upon those who betrayed them, in their fights with the officers, all of which I afterwards found to be true.

We could not at once convince these people that we were not officers, for they could not understand why we had gone so far from the railroad for a home.

The pressure now became very hard. We could get nothing to eat, and one of our companions left us. In a few days our supplies were all gone except some eggs, and at the last meal the remaining ones ate together we had one egg for three of us. We also had a plentiful supply of water to drink. Our other companion now left us, leaving my brother and myself to fight the battle alone.

Sunday morning a tall, lank, long-haired mountaineer visited us in quest of tobacco. He was out of "long green" and was "nigh onto crazy" when his "chawing" gave out. I did not use the weed, but my brother did and

so supplied our visitor's wants. He expressed himself as being well pleased at getting some "flat tobacco."

This was our first introduction to a genuine Moonshiner, and it was through him that we became acquainted with the business. He also let us have supplies to live on, and as time passed on other people furnished us with such articles as they could and we no longer went hungry.

One evening I had gone to a neighbor's to get some milk. The old gentleman had just returned from paying his annual taxes, and as I came up to him he commenced to complain very bitterly about them, saying that taxes were getting so high that they were ruining the people. This man owned a half section of land, twelve head of cattle, five horses, about fifty hogs, a number of sheep, several stands of bees, and his tax receipt showed that he had paid three dollars and eighty-five cents tax.

In a few days after this we were informed that a wagon on a certain night was "going down the creek." Not being particularly interested in wagons going down the creek we paid no attention to the report and it was sometimes afterward that we learned that a "wagon going down the creek" meant that a peddler of wild cat whisky was out on a business trip, and if you wanted any of his Moonshine you had to observe certain rules and regulations laid down for your guidance by the fraternity. One day in following up a small stream that ran between high bluffs I came to a place that I thought I could climb out on the tableland above. When nearly to the top I heard a noise, and upon looking around I found a hole, out of which hot air was rushing at a great rate. I had stumbled on a wild cat still. I had no sooner made the discovery when I was ordered to throw up my hands which I did very suddenly. I had seen no one. A voice which I thought I knew, now asked me my business and I told, and I told it straight too. I was forced to keep my hands up until getting tired and mad. I informed the party whose voice I thought I had recognized that I was tired of his foolishness and that I was coming into his cave, whereupon I was told to come on. Entering the hole I found three of my neighbors and they

seemed to be as badly frightened as I was. I assured them that they need not fear my ever disclosing their secret.

They procured their meal from a small grist mill about two miles away, and brought it here on their backs. They had procured their still, worm, and everything else at the railroad seventy miles away, and had brought it here piece by piece. Their meal cost them fifty cents a bushel, and a bushel of white meal would yield about two gallons of whisky, which they sold for two dollars a gallon. Yellow meal yields a larger amount of whisky and therefore is in greater demand. They usually work at night, but these parties, feeling secure from observation, had been doing some work in the daytime.

The whisky is as clear as water but how it tastes I cannot tell, as I do not drink, but it makes fools of people just the same as any other kind. I have seen the father, mother, sons and daughter all drunk from it. I have seen young men at a dance drink until too drunk to dance any longer. I have seen women drink it until lost to all sense of shame and I blushed for womankind. I have seen men drink and engage in quarrels where knife and pistol played a part, and all sense of manhood and honor seemed lost.

Marshals, in trying to arrest some Moonshiners, were shot down, which so exasperated the outraged government that special efforts were made to break up all of these strongholds of the evil one and seventy-five were destroyed.

In talking to one of the Moonshiners he gravely informed me that "We'uns can whip the United States." Asking how they would do it he told me that they would "scout out," each man for himself and "suh, we'uns would pick off the soldiers, suh, one by one, just like shootin' squirrels out of a tree, suh."

#### THE CLIMATE OF NORTH DAKOTA.

BY ALLIE MOHLER.

NORTH DAKOTA lies between forty-five and fifty degrees north, and Cando is in the northern part of the State. The whole of the State is as far north as the northern part of Maine, but unlike that State it is not a timbered

country, but like every State or country, has a climate peculiar to itself. The peculiarity is not so marked as to make the difference noticeable when first entering the State, but arriving here after a journey of perhaps a thousand miles north or west, there seems to be a largeness of everything from the prairie on which grows the rank grass, to the air we breathe. Even the heavens seem to be greater. The sweet, healthful smelling air, surely God made it!

North Dakota is what is called an open country. No mountains or timber obstruct the sight. In the most northern part of the State are the Turtle mountains, but they are really only high hills, covered with trees. At a distance of twenty miles from the mountains the height and shape of the trees can easily be seen, and those who have lived here several years say when the snow covers the ground the roads can be seen all over the mountains twenty miles away.

It is the custom of many who live twenty and even thirty miles away to haul the year's supply of wood in the winter time.

The land is quite rolling in some places, and sometimes there can be seen in the distance a high, round mound, looking like a great ant-hill. Lakes, well supplied with fish, are found at different places over the country, and some of them, surrounded by trees, make beautiful summer resorts. Groves of trees have been planted and while they help the appearance of the country there are not enough to afford any protection to people or stock.

Spring opens in May, fully, but some began putting seeds into the ground the second week of April in 1900, such as the earliest garden seeds and wheat, but the seeding is not finished till about the middle of June. As there is great danger of late frosts many will not do any planting till the middle of May. This season of the year is a very busy time, for the seeding must be done in time or the crops will not mature before frost comes in the fall.

Generally the summers are cool, but there are some very warm days. The sun seems to be near. The south side of buildings become so heated as to almost seem to burn the hand when touching them.

The nights are a comfort though, there being no hot, sleepless nights in this climate. It is a very favorable place for mosquitoes. They love to live here and also love to attend strictly to their own affairs, but by thought and careful watching they can be kept from being a visitor at night.

Some say there is frost every month in some parts of the country, but it has not been true the summer of 1900, at least not around Cando, but by the middle of August frost is felt in the air, and farmers anxiously watch the maturing crops, hoping the frost will be late. Fires are needed in September, but as late as the middle of October the doors are thrown open during the day. The air is soon cool after the sun begins to descend towards the west, though.

Harvesting of grain is commenced about the middle of August, and continues till all is safely put away or the snow and weather hinder farther work. Threshing the grain in this climate is not attended with danger of being overheated, as in some places, and all can work quite comfortably.

Damp weather is not a usual condition, but still there is enough such weather to let people know what it is. From March till the middle of August there was but but one foggy morning, but in October came two weeks of damp, rainy weather. For one week the sun was not seen; then came a bright sunny day, only to be followed by another gloomy week, but the second week was modified some by an occasional burst of sunshine. In the arrangement of all things, this country was made in such a way that wind has many things in its favor. There is plenty of it here but no one should get the idea that it is here all the time. Some days are perfectly calm and some have just a

gentle breeze, such as we all remember of having felt somewhere.

The saying that the lazy person cannot live here is true to some degree, for the surroundings of most people are such as to urge activity. The one hundred and sixty acres that the government allows must be made to produce a living, and something to lay by. Whether the climate has anything to do with the spirit of push and energy and the spirit to have and gain is a question.

The winter season is several months longer than in Missouri, or equal distance east and south. As the days rapidly grow shorter it also grows colder. Sometimes the thermometer reaches forty and even fifty below zero, but that is occasional, and not the usual temperature. Sometimes there are days warm enough to melt the snow. Generally by November the ground freezes to stay in that condition till the next summer's sun penetrates down past the frozen line.

The wind in winter time may cause much suffering and sometimes danger to life to those whose circumstances are such as to compel them to leave shelter, or those who recklessly go out not sufficiently protected. Especially is it unwise to leave shelter when a strong wind is blowing, and there is much snow with zero weather. Only those who have lived here can fully appreciate the good as well as what we are inclined to call the bad features of this climate. But God who made all things and called each good, also made each for a purpose and for good. He is also Sovereign over the sun, wind and the water, which go to make up the climate of any couptry, East, West, North or South, and peoples each different place according to their own will.

Cando, North Dakota.



#### STORIES OF THE SILENT MAN.

In the Saturday Evening Post Maj. J. A. Watrous, of the U. S. Army, tells the following stories of Gen. Grant that cannot fail to interest everybody. It will be noticed by the youthful 'Nooker that Grant was not a man given to noise and bluster.

In the war with Mexico Grant was second lieutenant, but for the most of the time he commanded one company in the Fourth Infantry. He was quiet, gentle and mild-mannered. He said but little to anyone, but when he did speak there was excuse for it. In camp he was always busy doing something. If a man was sick or simply ailing a bit, it was not the surgeon who first knew it, but Lieutenant Grant. If rations were short and poor, and the army was where full rations, and good ones, could be had, Grant would not rest until his men were properly supplied.

History has told how bravely Grant fought in the hardest battles of the Mexican War, but no history has told it just as his company saw him in those battles. There was no bluster, no fuss and feathers, no wild swinging of arms, no swearing on the part of the popular lieutenant in those battles. He was as cool and collected as he was on drill; yet he seemed to fly from one end of the company to the other, giving orders in that quiet but effective way which characterized him in later years.

Many will recall that funny mule story in which Grant played a part-the Mexican War story. Well, the writer of that story did not tell the funniest part. The brigade quartermaster had received a number of wild, unbroken mules after the army reached Mexico. The quartermaster and his force of civilians spent a day in trying, without success, to break two spans of those mules to harness. The minute a harness was thrown on to a mule, that minute a mule's heels began to fly in the air, and they continued to fly until the harness was strewn over the ground. That night the quartermaster sent for a detail of a lieutenant and twenty men to report to the corral early the next morning to aid in training mules to service in transporting army rations and stores.

Lieutenant Grant marched two men from each of ten companies to the corral at the appointed hour, and was told what was wanted. The young officer took a survey of the mules, harness and army wagons he had been called upon to deal with. His first order was:

"Bring a couple of ropes twenty feet in length."

The next order was: "You men," addressing the quartermaster's civilians, "surround that mule, halter him and hold him, no matter what he does—do you hear, hold him. Corporal, take ten men, five on a side, and as soon as the animal is haltered, manage to fasten one end of these ropes to his hind legs."

When that was done and it was not accomplished without a good many bruises, he directed that a set of five men should take charge of each rope and hang on to it, no matter how much the mule objected and kicked. The men proceeded to obey orders. They extended to about ten feet in front of the victim, thus virtually fencing him in on three sides. That done, other civilians were told to place the harness upon the beast. Almost before the last buckle was fastened the mule bent in preparation for a masterful kick.

"Hang to those ropes," called the Lieuten-

The ten men hung to the ropes, and that first attempt to clog the air with mule-heels was a dismal failure. The victory made the men overconfident. As quick as a flash, when the rope-holders were not watching, not braced for attack, both mule hind feet flew in the air and ten soldiers were yanked flat to the ground, in the mud, and before they could foregather away went the heels again and again, and ten men were mixed in that mud to the Queen's taste.

"Let no man loosen his hold!" commanded Grant,

Well, that mule kicked and wallowed those two strings of soldiers in the now thin mud until it was worn out by the hard exercise, and then had sense enough to stand still until fully harnessed. The mule was conquered, but at what cost to uniforms, pride, flesh and bones!

The wagon-master asked if there was not a better way to train the animals.

"There can't be a worse way," said the Lieutenant, as he wandered away from the corral a few rods to a large and nearly square rock, at least ten feet high, and seemed to scrutinize it closely.

Returning he gave orders to take the next victim to the large rock. It was backed as close to the obstruction as possible without actually touching it. Half a dozen men were told to hold the brute by the head, ears and neck, and on no account to let it advance from the rock. Then a man was told to clap the harness on quickly. As soon as the buckles began to fasten the mule became restless. Pretty soon it made a sudden lunge and succeeded in getting four feet away from the rock, and then the fun began. Its heels cracked against the rock savagely for a short time. It was a new experience, and apparently a painful one, for the battered hind feet were lifted again and again, but very gently, and only one at a time, while its head shook and ears flopped. That mule was cured, and the problem was solved. The detail returned to camp late that evening having accomplished its mission -taken the kick out of a drove of as unmanageable mules as ever hauled pork and hardtack.

One of Grant's old sergeants was a farmer in Southern Oregon when the General arrived at Portland, homeward bound from his tour around the world. He read of the proposed receptions to be given him in the city and also at Vancouver Barracks, and could not resist the temptation to make the trip and once more see the Old Commander. At Vancouver he found a number of men he had known when the army was in Mexico. The old fellows made up their minds to make a regular, not a hustling, reception call upon the General. The ordnance sergeant said that as he had carried ammunition to Lieutenant Grant at the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey and Chapultepec, he would call and see the General and arrange for the meeting, or reunion, as he termed it. Soon after General Grant reached Department Headquarters-General O. O. Howard was then in command of the Department of the Columbia—the old ordnance sergeant appeared and asked to see General Grant.

"Do you know him?" asked an aid.

The sergeant straightened up, saluted and said: "We have met, sir; the last time was at Chapultepec, where I supplied his company with ammunition."

"General Grant," said the aid, "there is an old man outside who was with you at Chapultepec. He wants to see you a moment."

"And I want to see him," said the ex-President, then the best-known man in the world; "have him come right in."

The General could not remember the sergeant, but he recalled the ammunition incident, and was very cordial. It was arranged that the five old chaps should be at General Howard's half an hour before the reception was to begin that evening.

At the appointed hour, clad in their best, boots glistening, hands in white gloves, and as erect as veterans of their age and experience would allow, they appeared on the walk in front of General Howard's house.

"Have them come in," General Grant said, and they went direct to his room. After shaking hands-both hands with his two handshe turned to the cluster of officers and men and women and asked them to excuse him for a time, and then led them to another room, where for more than half an hour the six veterans of two wars had a reunion. The General remembered and alluded to the mule-taming experience. He had many pleasant words for each. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in and about the house. Twice General Howard went to the door to tell General Grant that the hour for the reception to begin had arrived, and twice the General had said. "Wait a few minutes more."

Then, after he had taken each by the hand and spoken a tender good-by, he stepped to the door and called out:

"Howard, go ahead with the reception."





#### OLD TREES.

#### BY REUBEN MARTIN.

In reading the description of the great apple tree described by Chas. M. Yearout, we were reminded,—not so much of its greatness in size, as the greatness of its age,—of a pear tree standing on the farm purchased by my grandfather Martin, in Cumberland County, Pa., over ninety years ago. We frequently heard father speak of it, and according to the record given of his age, he had eaten of its fruit over eighty-five years ago.

In 1891 we visited the place and the treewas yet green and bearing fruit. It was said then to be one hundred and ten years old, the one side of the trunk was partly decayed. The decayed wood somewhat resembled a honeycomb,

But this is not the oldest tree that we are interested in. There is standing on a farm in Lancaster County, Pa., in the vicinity known as Weaverland, where my great, great grandfather settled when he came to this country, a pear tree that was planted in 1774, two years before the Declaration of Independence. The place was visited in 1897 and the tree was still bearing fruit, but had the appearance of great age.

While we are writing we are also reminded of another very ancient tree. It is said that its leaves do not wither in heat or drouth and it never ceases to bear fruit. We have a description of it given in Jer. 17:7, 8, also in the first Psalm.

Apple Creek, Ohio.

#### THE LITTLE FUR BEARER.

VERY few people seem to know much about that finest and most delicate of furs, the chinchilla. Were it not for its lack of durability, the skin being thin and light, this loveliest of pelts would be more used for whole garments.

As it is, most of us are content to have it for collar and reverse facings, collarettes and muffs.

It is expensive to start out with, about the price of a sealskin, and doubly so when you consider that its wearing qualities are quite below seal. But it is lovely and becoming, and when you consider that it will last a number of seasons if no strain be put upon it, you can't wonder that so much of it is sold.

Some make the mistake of thinking that yellowish or dull gray or greasy skins are imitations; rather are they the coats of different sorts of chinchillas which come from Chili, Buenos Ayres and La Plata. The real chinchilla, the sort which is worth having, and which has made this fur fashionable, comes from the mountainous districts of Peru and Bolivia, the choicest being caught near Arica—the place, you'll remember, where Daudet was having Jean go as consul when the now famous Sapho disappointed him.

The perfidious Pizarro found the incas wearing garments of this exquisite fur, and also, no doubt, he had his own coats lined with it, just as he lined his pockets with the gold of his most noble victims.

The chinchilla, rodent that it is, lives upon vegetable matter, and is about nine inches in length. The tail measures five or six inches, and the ears, which are almost hairless, are rather large, broad and silky. Gray is the color of the fur, with blue for the ground color. The light parts are a slate-white, while down the back it is of a dark blue or black cast.

While the half-savage South American Indians still do the catching of these nimble and cautious animals, they no longer surround their holes in the earth with a network of cactus upon which the poor little things used to impale themselves after being lured out and scared into trying to escape. Besides this punctured the skin, making it less valuable.

Then they tried smoking them out, but this turned the skin yellow.

Now they use dynamite.

Having located their victims they form a network of grasses and hardy plants around a hill on the side of which the chinchilla burrows. A dynamite cartridge with a fuse attached is then discharged in the center of the network and the poor little things are frightened into running out and scampering about, when the Indians dash into the enclosure with clubs and kill them by striking them on the head. To date this is counted the best way out of a bad job; it is a quick death, and does not damage the skins, which bring up to \$15.

The skins are immediately removed and placed on bushes to dry, the Indians often making their next meal from their hideless victims. Some Indians hunt them with ferrets.

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#### ANIMAL TRICKS AND TRAITS.

LADDIE is a Scotch collie and belongs to our nearest neighbor. He is a very bright fellow and we should have been friends but for Laddie's ungovernable antipathy for cats. We have a big yellow tiger cat, which through an accident has become crippled. He spends most of his days lying in the sunshine near the door, and the longest journey that he ever undertakes is a hobble to and from a near-by deserted barn, says a contributor to Our Animal Friends.

There was scarcely a day of the beautiful summer when Laddie did not fall into disgrace by worrying Jim. It was a never-ending amusement of his to corner the plucky old cat. After we had used every means in our power to convert the handsome rogue, we were obliged to forbid him the yard. He seemed to realize he was in disgrace, and followed us about the streets in the most abject humility.

At last the winter came and with it one of the worst blizzards we had ever known—and Jim was missing. For four days we called and dug and hunted. It must be that Laddie had killed him. As if to confirm our suspicions Laddie became even more desirous than usual to attract our attention. At last, at the close of the fifth day, we heard a whining and

scratching at the front door. We opened it and there stood Laddie with our Jim in his mouth—Jim, very angry and frightened and half frozen.

The next morning we found that the dog must have seen Jim go under a woodshed some distance away, where he was literally snowed in. After trying in vain to get our attention he had dug Jim out through a drift six feet high and brought him to us in triumph, an unwilling and unthankful peace offering. Of course we forgave Laddie for his former misbehavior, and we never had any more trouble with him for worrying Jim. Laddie is one of our most welcome guests, but it seems to be a matter of sorrow to his canine heart that Jim still treats him with suspicion and, at best, with a forced politeness.

#### ARE AFRAID OF MIRRORS.

A GLANCE at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big Ben, the zoo's largest lion, so badly that the keepers in charge feared he would do violence to himself. He was in an angry mood all day and paced restlessly up and down his cage, stopping at the bars and raving at every chance passerby.

The antics of a small boy particularly excited his ire and he raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lad enjoyed the performance and waited until Ben had finished his tirade, and then drew a hand mirror from under his coat and held it directly in front of Ben.

The lion looked over and then jumped for the intruder that dared face him in such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the invader, he filled the house with his roars. The keepers ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage, trying to excite them in the same way. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.



# 他INGI INOC

WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and will be returned, if not found available, if a request to do so accompanies the copy

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE INGLENOOK MAGAZINE.

THERE are flashier magazines on the market, those that have more pictures, publications that look big, because they have half or more in the form of advertising pages, and they come monthly, and cost from ten cents apiece upward. But do they have more real meat in them than the Inglenook? Are they of more permanent, homelike, interest? And it comes weekly, that's a feature not to be forgotten, weekly, remember that. And the get-up of the publication is equal to the best of them. It is a publication that you need not be ashamed of. It is not a thing to cover up and be concerned about when other magazines are abroad and under consideration.

Then there is another thing, and that is the character of its make-up. The whole wide world is levied on for its contents. It is not, and will not be allowed to become, under the present guidance, of a provincial character. It is up to date, and it is something more, it is clean and wholesome. It can be perused by the children of the ghetto and the dainty dwellers on the Avenue, and leave both better for having read it. It can and will be clean without being goody-goody. It will be instructive without being errotic. It will be

entertaining without smirching the purest mind.

It is anything but a juvenile publication. It is for youth and old age, for boys and girls, men and women, all who can and who will learn. It would leave every home in the land better off for its weekly visits. In a quiet way we are proud of it, but we are not satisfied with it. Nothing short of making it better than the best will satisfy us. And we want your help. Name counts for absolutely nothing with us. Strength and interest are what count. The barefoot country boy who has noted a new fact in the world of fur, fin or feather, is as welcome as the university president with his dictated article. And we are not too old or too far on to reject advice when it is clearly worth heeding.

Did the reader ever stop to think that what is found on The Table. the center table of a home is an index to the mental status of the dwellers in that home?

It is an absolute fact. If one went into the dining room of a strange family, and found on the table silver, spotless linen, and dainty surroundings, he would be fully justified that the people were of refined tastes and consequently of good society. The same inference, applied to their intellectuality, would be admissible were the visitor to see on the table in the living room the latest magazines and well-chosen books. If what is found there is simply without merit, or absolutely wanting, the inference is that the people live no intellectual life beyond that with which nature has endowed them as it endows animals with instinct.

The very presence of recent copies of the higher class of magazine literature is an unfailing sign that the people who live in that house also dwell in the realms of thought and feeling above the mere scramble for a living. In these days of cheap and good literature there is no excuse for the absence of good reading in every home, and no matter what may be said, its absence proves either that the people do not want it at all, or that they prefer the trifle of money to the wealth of thought it brings. The children who are stunted in such a home are to be pitied, indeed.

Things
We Want.

In the interest of our readers we desire a number of articles of general interest to all. It should be remembered that, primarily, this magazine is of a literary turn, and not distinctly

and characteristically a religious journal. Those who send in articles of a church character will have them turned over to the *Messenger*, and we will not become responsible for them. Original poetry is not desired, and we will not undertake its return.

The class of material most acceptable is that relating to the little known of our everyday surroundings, whether of manufacture, or nature methods. Everything of this character will be welcomed. Articles should be short, and to the point.

The Elements of Success. Of course a certain amount of ability is necessary to the greatest success, but it is not the most important requirement. A man may be brilliant,

and still fail. Character is an essential, but after all the successful man is always a persistent worker, and therein lie the real elements of final success. It is the plodder who wins in the long run, the story of the race between the hare and the tortoise over again. The boy or girl who will get up early, and keep at it all day, is sure to win out in the end, and the chances are that he will distance his more brilliant competitor. The race is not always to the swift, but oftener to the steady goer.

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In making up the form of a publication such as this is, especially when it is remade, practically in the new, it is only possible to get a general arrangement into effect the first few issues, and as matters settle down departments will be enlarged, changed a little, and shifted finally into place. It is like moving into a new house. It takes some time to get the lares and penates settled.

This magazine is a weekly, and costs but one dollar a year. The magazine known as *Good Housekeeping* is an illustrated monthly, and its price is a dollar, and for the sum of one dollar we will send both for one year, provided that the remittance is made at once.



Is the experiment of rural delivery of mails a success?

Yes, and it is not likely to be abandoned, but will be extended.

Of what materials may alcoholic drinks be made?

Of any substance in nature containing sugar. The list is practically endless.

In a war between Japan and Russia which would likely win?

Doubtful, with the chances in favor of Japan, if other nations kept out of the fight.

Why do fish work upstream in the Spring?

Generally in order to find a suitable place to lay their eggs and rear their young in safety.

What is the origin of the dog?

Probably the result of crossing living and now extinct forms of wild animals of the wolf family.

What is dragon's blood?

The resinous covering of a fruit about the size of a cherry, found in India, and used a little medically, but more in the arts. It is sold in the form of dark red sticks.

What is meant by the partition of China?

That the great nations of the earth will divide the yellow man's country among themselves. It is not likely to happen, as they cannot agree as to shares. Apparently morals have no part in the idea.

Why do the various nations embalm their dead?

For different reasons. The Egyptians thought that the soul would not be judged till the body had decayed. Modern embalming, unless to preserve the body for a journey, is more of a fad than anything else.

#### A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

In an interesting article in the Junior Munsey, telling how wild animals are captured for shows, menageries, etc., the following vivid description of an adventure can nor fail to interest our readers.

Of the manifold perils, hairbreadth escapes, and weird experiences which are inseparable from the career of the animal catcher, it must be sufficient here to give a single experience, which, almost incredible as it seems, is presented as Mr. Spencer told it. One day, when in pursuit of large game, far in the interior of Africa, he wandered away from his companions. Being wearied from the heat of the sun and his long tramp, and feeling sure that he could make his way back to camp before nightfall, he laid himself down for a short nap under the shade of a mimosa tree.

For several hours he slept soundly. In the afternoon he was awakened by the sound of laughter close by. Mr. Spencer was not in the least alarmed, thinking he had been discovered by one of the party, who was making merry at his slothfulness. He sat up, but could see no one. The laugh was repeated, and this time it sounded uncanny and inhuman. About a hundred yards distant were a pair of spotted hyenas, the most hideous brutes that stand on four legs, with their repulsive snouts uplifted, sniffing the air as though they scented prey. As yet the beasts had not seen him, but they were approaching, and would soon be upon him. Mr. Spencer understood his peril. Of course he had his gun, but the two hyenas were not all he had to' face. They were but scouts; a short distance behind followed the main body, close on a hundred of them. To make a dash for liberty would be useless. The hyena is swift on foot, and the hunter would have been torn to pieces before he had made a score of yards.

Then an inspiration came to him. He remembered that the hyena devours no flesh that is not putrid. His only chance was to pretend death, so he rolled over on his face and lay still. In a few moments the beasts were upon him. He heard them sniffing around him and smelled their foul odor. Presently he felt a tug at his sleeve, and a sharp pain as one of them sank its teeth in his

arm. But he never moved. At length he was lifted from the ground. One hyena had its teeth fixed in his wrist, another in his ankle, and thus, with their wretched victim between them, the two hyenas, followed by the rest of the pack, set off on a swinging trot across the plain.

Mr. Spencer suffered excruciating agony. but he knew that his life depended on his stillness, so he endured. The journey seemed to him to have lasted for hours. The distance traversed may have been considerable, for the hyena's loping trot covers ground rapidly. The swift night of the tropics came on, and as he opened his eyes from time to time he could see the bright stars overhead. At last the sky was obscured. They were entering the hyenas' den, a great cave, a loathsome and foul-smelling place. Here the animals dropped their prospective meal upon the ground, and here he lay till morning. What with thirst, noxious insects, and his wounds, he suffered the agonies of the damned; but he dared not move.

All night the beasts howled and laughed and snapped at one another around him, but he knew that they were vigilant guards, and escape was impossible. When the morning came they tried him again with their teeth to see if the night had wrought any improvement in the texture of his flesh. Apparently they were not satisfied, for they left him under the charge of two of their number while the rest went forth on their daily quest. The day was even more horrible than the night, but, wounded and weak as he was, and without his gun. Mr. Spencer knew that a battle with his two guards would be hopeless. So he lay and suffered. At nightfall he was subjected to another searching examination, with the same results, and, with a snort of disgust, one of the hyenas went forth in search of less refractory meat, leaving him in the charge of the last of the pack.

Feeling that he was now in no condition for a hand to hand struggle with even a single hyena, the prisoner made no motion. At last, as morning approached, the solitary guard, wearied by his vigil, and with a few final bites at the helpless man, trotted forth into the gathering light. Mr. Spencer lay still for half an hour, until he was sure that his tormentor

had in truth departed. Then he staggered to his feet, and, faint, sick, and dizzy after thirty-six hours of excruciating agony of mind and body, he reeled from the cave. He struggled along, half conscious, for almost half a mile, to fall in a dead faint. He was picked up several hours later by a party of Boers, with whom fortunately, was a native doctor. The latter bound up his wounds and conveyed him to a Kaffir hut, where he lay until he had recovered sufficiently to proceed to the coast. Ultimately he made a complete cure, though he bears to this day the marks of the hyenas' teeth.

"I have had many adventures with wild men and animals," he says, "but the only living creature that makes me shudder when I see it is the spotted hyena, 'the grave digger of Africa.'"

#### COUNTERFEIT DETECTION.

"LEARN to distinguish a \$1 or \$2 bill by other marks than the numerals and figures upon it, and some day you will be saved from taking counterfeit money," says Chief Wilkie, of the secret service. He adds that just now there is an epidemic of that form of counterfeiting known as "raising" notes. Hundreds of dollars' worth of altered bills come into the treasury department every week. They are mostly ones and twos raised to fives, tens and twenties. There is no particular reason for the outbreak, except that the cheap criminals who practice it have learned that the public is not informed, or not on its guard, and is easily fooled.

The \$1 silver certificate is the favorite subject for raising. Look out for the spread eagle on its face, for this is a distinguished characteristic. The spread eagle is not used on a \$5, \$10 or \$20 bill; and if a bill of any of these denominations is found to have this device, the possessor may be certain the figures and reading matter have been altered. There are some very old issues of \$50 and \$100 bills which have the spread eagle, but they are too rare to create any confusion.

Next to the one dollar comes the two-dollar silver certificate as a basis for raised counterfeits. The latest and most common issue of this certificate has the small medallion head of George Washington on its face. Get acquainted with the head, and if the figure is any other than "2," the bill has been altered.

A ten-year-old issue of treasury notes of the two-dollar denomination has the head of Secretary Windom. These notes have been used much for raising. The Windom portrait is on no others, so they are easily distinguished.

A recent issue of two-dollar treasury notes has the head of General McPherson on its face. This is on no other.

National bank notes are seldom or never used for raising. That is because there are not any current of denominations lower than \$5. The higher denominations hardly pay for raising, as the originals cost too much to justify the risk.

The process of raising a note consists, as a rule, merely in scratching out the larger letters and figures which indicate the denomination, and substituting other letters and figures of a higher denomination. A little green and black ink, a good pen and a sharp knife are all the tools necessary. The counterfeiter relies upon the carelessness and ignorance of the person accepting the money. Most persons rely upon the figures, and have no idea of the other distinguishing characteristics of a bill. This is due in part to the frequent changes in design, and the various kinds of paper currency issued under our system. Some of the work done is very crude; but there are good penmen among the criminals, and often a bill will pass undetected through scores of hands until it is finally held up at a bank.

#### RABBIT AND CAT CHUMMY.

Dogs and cats have been known to become fast friends, but for a cat and a rabbit to become inseparable companions is out of the ordinary. R. H. Jones, of Philadelphia, has a rabbit and a cat which are boon companions.

The rabbit belonged to a neighbor of Jones. One day it strayed into the Jones yard and got acquainted with the cat. The admiration was mutual. They became the best of friends, and from the minute the rabbit met the cat it has not been to its own home. For more than a year the two have been together, eating from the same dish and sleeping together in a box in the rear of the yard. The cat will not play

with other cats, but makes a companion only of the rabbit. They romp about the yard together and now and then the cat will climb a tree.

The dogs of the neighborhood have learned to keep out of the Jones yard. For one to come into the yard and approach the rabbit is canine suicide. The cat bristles up at once and makes it so interesting for the intruder that he is always glad to scale the fence and get in the street.

#### **GERANIUM LEAVES.**

From time immemorial the rose geranium has occupied a prominent place in popular favor. Our grandmothers have been known to strew the fragrant leaves among their lingerie, but few know of the culinary value of this humble plant. The next time you are making crab apple jelly try this recipe with a few glasses: Have the geranium leaves washed to free them from any possible parasites. Then, just before pouring the hot jelly into glasses, throw a small leaf into the bottom of each glass. It may be allowed to remain until the jelly is used and will not spoil it in any way. The result is an indescribable flavor, which improves the jelly immensely.

Sometimes, when baking a cake, line an earthen plate with the geranium leaves and turn the hot cake out upon them, leaving it there until quite cold.

The steam absorbs the fragrance from the leaves, giving the cake the daintiest possible flavor, that suggests nothing so much as the odor of a La France rose.

#### STERILIZED WATER.

It is a common fallacy that impure water becomes sterilized at a temperature of thirtytwo degrees. One of the most curious facts

about bacteria is that while a single ray of sunlight will extinguish the life of innumerable hordes, and while a very moderate increase in the temperature around them will have the same effect, they are absolutely uninjured by any degree of cold. Boil a liquid containing bacteria or bacteria germs and all are destroyed, though there may have been millions to every cubic centimeter of the liquid. But freeze the liquid and not one of them is harmed. To follow out this question to the furthest limits, experiments have lately been conducted with liquid air as the refrigerating agent. Tubes containing bacteria have been left for hours in contact with liquid air, and even immersed in liquid hydrogen, and at the end of the ordeal they have been restored to the temperature at which their growth is favored, with the result that in all cases they have prospered as merrily as if nothing had happened.

#### TALL CHIMNEYS ARE ELASTIC.

WHILE discussing various phenomena the other day, the Director of Public Works made the statement that tall brick chimneys oftentimes sway in big windstorms. "You wouldn't believe there was elasticity in bricks and mortar, would you?" he said. "Well, there is. A tall brick chimney will sway fully a foot in a big windstorm, and always come back into plumb. I have actually seen them move in the wind. One chimney I remember swayed nearly two feet to one side and never came back. I was selected to examine the chimney to determine the cause, and I found a peculiar condition of things. A windstorm had done the work. The chimney was a new one and the force of the wind had bent it until the soft mortar on the other side of the chimney had been squeezed out. Of course, it was impossible to make the chimney straight, and it was necessary to build another one."



#### KEEPING TAB ON SHOPPERS.

FROM an article in the March Century on "Shopping in New York," by Lillie Hamilton French, one learns how carefully the great shopkeepers "keep tab" on buyers who keep open accounts instead of paying cash for their purchases.

The New York shopkeeper knows more about the shopper than she suspects. When you have been discovered to be no respecter of a shopkeeper's possessions—to be careless in their handling, or negligent in their care, the news travels with astonishing rapidity. The shopgirl may be as polite, the man behind the counter as courteous, but if your habit is to abuse or injure or in any way mar the things which have been left at your house over night, they know all about it and will in some way protect the interests of their employer. Again, if you do not pay for what you purchase, they know it. In every store there is always kept a printed record in which your name is entered. Sometimes this record appears in book form, bearing on its title page the imprint of a company whose business it is to investigate the responsibilities of every one having accounts, large or small, to settle. Sometimes this printed record is supplemented by those which particular stores undertake for themselves, keeping them now in large envelopes, now on cards indexed like those in a public library. Certain men have it as their special work to keep these records in order, adding to them or subtracting from them. They read the newspapers, the legal reports, and the trade journals, and if any judgments have appeared against you, entries are accordingly made. If you are a prey to domestic infelicities, with no private resources of your own, and your husband makes no settlements or repudiates your debts, this, too, is known. They note whether you are dilatory or prompt, careful or careless. In other words, your legal responsibilities and your personal attitude toward the debts which you assume are recorded in due form.

#### THE RAJAH AND THE CHINESE SHIP.

THE guile of the "Heathen Chinee" dates back beyond the days of Ah Sin, and seems to

have stood the Celestials in good stead in perilous times of the long ago. The story is retold as follows in the New York Staats Zeitung:

The Rajah Suran was one of the earliest rulers of India. He overran the entire East with the exception of China, killed innumerable sultans with his own hand, and married all their daughters.

When the Chinese heard of his triumphant progress, and learned that he had reached their frontier, they became much alarmed. The Emperor called a council of his generals and mandarins, and upon the advice of a crafty old mandarin the following stratagem was carried out:

"A large ship was loaded with rusty nails, trees were planted on the deck, the vessel was manned by a numerous crew of old men and dispatched to the Rajah's capital. When it arrived (the most wonderful part of the story is that it did arrive) the Rajah sent an officer to ask how long it had taken the vessel to make the trip from China. The Chinamen answered that they had all been young men when they set sail, and that on the voyage they had planted the seeds from which the great trees had grown. In corroboration of their story they pointed to the rusty nails which, they said, had been stout iron bars as thick as a man's arm when they started.

"'You can see,' they concluded, 'that China must be a very long distance away.' The Rajah was so much impressed by these plausible arguments that he concluded he would not live long enough to reach China, and abandoned his projected invasion."

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THE present INGLENOOK is intentionally left open for rearrangement of departments, such as may be indicated by letters sent in, and advice is requested. There will be a page or so of strictly religious matter later, especially when the "Life of Christ" is begun. Subscribers are coming in so rapidly that it has been delayed in order to allow more people to enjoy the start of the story.

34 34

In 1816 it cost twenty-five cents to send a single sheet by mail a distance of 400 miles. To-day a letter containing several sheets may go as many thousand miles for two cents.

#### THE ROENTGEN RAYS.

ONE of those extraordinary discoveries which startle the whole world came nearly at the end of the present century, in the winter of 1895-96. At that time a modest professor in the University of Wurzburg announced that he could readily see the skeleton inside the body through the flesh! Naturally the first announcement was received with absolute incredulity, but very soon his discovery was confirmed from all sides and it has now taken its place among the recognized facts of science. By means of certain rays, which, being of unknown nature, were called "X" rays, after the well-known mathematical x, or unknown quantity, Prof. Roentgen has shown us that not only can the bones be seen, but that almost every organ in the body can be seen, and their form and structure reproduced in pictures. The reason they can be seen is because they are all obstacles to the passage of these X rays and so produce shadows on a sensitized photographic plate.

If the exposure is prolonged the rays penetrate even through the bones and act upon the photographic plate, so that no shadow remains. If the rays are allowed to penetrate for a shorter time the bones show dense shadows and one can get a light shadow of the soft parts. If the exposure is still shorter then we can recognize the dense shadow of the bone, the much less dense shadows of the muscles and the still lighter shadows of the layer of fat immediately under the skin. The heart can be seen beating and its shadow is now a well-recognized feature in skiagraphs of the chest. At first it was thought impossible to discover anything inside of the bony skull, but there are now on record nearly a score of instances in which bullets have been detected within the skull and after trephining have been found and removed exactly at the location indicated. It is a very common thing now to locate a piece of steel or other similar foreign bodies within the eyeball.

It is now well recognized that even stones in the kidney will throw shadows sufficiently strong for them to be recognized, and by noting their level in relation to the vertebrae we can tell precisely in what part of the kidney to make the incision in order to find and remove

them. It has happened to many surgeons to cut down upon a kidney, believing that there was a stone in the kidney, only to find they had been misled by the apparently clear symptoms of such a foreign body. In future no such mistake should be made by any surgeon within reach of a skillful skiagrapher. Unfortunately gall stones and numerous other foreign bodies, vegetable substances such as beans, corn, wood, etc., being as transparent to the X rays as are the soft parts, are not revealed by means of this new method of investigation, but cavities in the lung, abscesses in bone and similar diseases which produce thinning of the lung, bone and other such organs, and so lighten instead of deepen the shadows can now be recognized by means of light spots, in the pictures, as well as others by means of a shadow.

#### INDIAN SIGN-TALK.

The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians, across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by covering his little fire with his blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles, "Look out. There is an enemy near." Three smokes built close together meant "Danger." One smoke merely meant "Attention." Two smokes meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will quickly become apparent

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up

and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, viz: "An enemy is near." Two fire arrows meant, "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as pointing a finger, "That way" Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

#### HOW THE ESKIMO GOES HUNTING.

WHEN the Eskimo hunter goes out in his light kaiak in search of seals, walrus or the white whale he carries with him spears of different size suited to the particular game he is after. For the smaller sized seal a spear with a light wooden shaft from four to four and a half feet long is used. This spear is tipped with an ivory head, barbed so as to retain its hold in the flesh and muscle of the game when a strike is made. It is so constructed that when the head is imbedded in the flesh the shaft is detached. This shaft is united with the head by a strong cord which is tied midway between the shaft ends. This is dragged after the seal when it makes its rush to escape and from the position of the attaching cord is pulled sideways through the water and serves to tire out the quarry. This spear is thrown by means of throwing sticks. Spears of this same size and construction are used for larger and stronger seals, walrus and white whales, but a heavier drag, with longer line, is used for this larger game. Some of these large drags are made from the entire skins of seals, in which all the openings are closed and the bag thus formed is fitted with a nozzle by means of which it is inflated and the air confined by secure fastenings.

A larger and heavier spear is used at times

and the walrus and whale spears are generally of this latter class. Much ingenuity is expended in fashioning the heads and decorating the spear shafts. Some of the heads are shaped to resemble animals, and specimens have been found where the head represents a bear's head, with blue beads for eyes. The larger-sized spears, which are thrown without throwing sticks, that is, directly from the hand, have finger rests, which generally consist of deer-horn pegs inserted in the shaft at the point where it is grasped for the throw.

Although there has been ample opportunity for the Eskimos of the Northwest to supply themselves with iron and steel points for their spears since the white men began to go into their country or near enough to supply traders with them, the use of those metals is very rare. This is owing to the superstition which these people have that it is unlucky to cut the flesh of certain animals with these metals. Owing to this prejudice against the use of metal the points of spears and lances continue to be made of stone, ivory and sometimes glass.

A peculiar lance sometimes found among these people, and used for spearing walrus after the animal has been disabled, has its head riveted to the shaft, the latter being of wood and pierced with a hole in which a strong cord is attached, by means of which it is withdrawn from the wound and driven time and again into the animal. Other lances have detachable heads and these remain in the animal while the shaft is withdrawn and another head fitted, when the weapon is ready for use again.

WE learn that the old stand-by of the Brethren, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, wil. have exceptional facilities for getting our East ern people to the Annual Meeting this year. If our Eastern readers who expect to attend the Conference at Lincoln will write the 'Nook of their intentions something of value to them may result. As many will want to take a flying trip to Elgin we recommend the Chicago and North-Western Railway, which will land them at the very back door of the Publishing House.

Has your neighbor seen the Inglenook?

#### ONE MORE OUESTION.

An Auburn lady tells us this story of the child who asks questions: He had been at it all day. From when the birds sang in the morning to the hour when it became chilly under the awning, it had been "Papa this and papa that; papa, what makes the birds fly? What bird can fly the farthest? Who taught 'em? Why? Where does the grass go in winter? Who puffed the clouds?" until every muscle in his father's tongue ached.

Finally he could stand it no longer. In relating it to another he said: "Finally I rebelled. I was sick and tired, and I said to myself, that duty to my offspring did not require me to answer any more questions, and I wouldn't do it. I put him to bed. He hated to go; for he had more questions that he wanted to ask. I was relentless, however, and I told him that I would not answer another question; no, not one. He went to bed tearfully and I sat down to rest.

"Suddenly my heart smote me. Poor little chap. He couldn't help it; he was so curious, and as I thought all this my heart softened, and I stole up to his bedside. He was awake. 'Hello, papa,' said he. 'Hello,' said I, 'I have come up to see you, son. You have been a good boy not to cry and you can ask me one more question, and only one.' A look of delight swept over his face, and quick as a flash, as though the whole desire of life were centered in this bit of knowledge, he said: 'Papa, how far can a cat spit?'"

#### AMERICANS SAW ITS USES.

"Excelsior, an American invention which is extensively used for packing purposes and in the manufacture of bedding and various other upholstery uses, is not, as is generally believed, made from shavings," said a wholesale dealer in the material to the writer recently. "It is an article of regular manufacture and between 35,000 and 40,000 tons of the curling, wood fiber are turned out by the eastern and western lumber mills annually.

"Basswood and poplar are the woods used in the production. The logs are sawed into lengths of eighteen inches, which is the length of a fiber of excelsior. These blocks are split in halves and the wood is properly seasoned. Excelsior is made of different degrees of coarseness and fineness of fiber. In the manufacture a series of knife points run down in parallel lines that are spaced according to the width of the fiber to be made. A following knife slices off the whole face of the block thus served. The fibers curl and commingle as the knife sets them free. An excelsior machine makes 200 to 300 strokes a minute, every stroke cutting off a tier of fiber across the face of the block. The usual commercial package of excelsior is a bale weighing about fifty pounds. At wholesale excelsior sells at from \$16 to \$40 a ton.

"American excelsior is exported to Central America, to the West Indies, to England and other foreign countries, where several thousand tons of the fiber are shipped yearly."

#### REASON THE BIRDS MIGRATE.

UP to the present time, although the matter has engaged the attention of naturalists for many centuries, no one has given a really satisfactory reason for the migration of birds. Some say it is a matter of instinct; others that it is a matter of example—the younger learning from the older; still others, that it is largely a matter for search for food. The lastnamed reason will hardly hold, in view of the fact that often birds disappear when food conditions are seemingly perfect. Notwithstanding naturalists have studied and written much on the subject, the real reason remains a mystery. Some extraordinary stories are told of migratory birds. It is said that the Virginia plover flies to the height of two miles and at a speed of 225 miles an hour. It is reported that a black cap warbler arrived at a certain bush in the north in three successive years at 3:30 o'clock of the afternoon of the same day.

#### THEY CARE FOR THE BABES.

Boys who "work their way" through college often hit upon odd ways of turning an honest penny. Girls in similar circumstances also appear to be resourceful. Several Radcliffe students are earning their college expenses or a part of them by tending babies.

They receive from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour and are acquiring information not obtainable through the regular curriculum.

#### JILTED BY THE JILTED.

THERE seem to be manifold opportunities among the immigrants coming to America on shipboard for falling in love, particularly on the slower steamers, when people are thrown together for a period of from twelve to eighteen days.

In this case a worthy young Russian was cheated out of a very pretty bride by a likely Italian fellow traveler of the maiden. Strangely enough, she knew not one word of Italian, nor he a word of Russian, yet the bride's countryman was jilted, and the pantomime lovers were married, and set forth gayly and confidently to learn each other and the great new world they had entered at one and the same time.

Another case was equally ludicrous. A Swedish maiden of somewhat fickle mind fell in love with a fellow voyager, without apprising him of the fact that she was betrothed to another man, whom she was to meet at the barge office and marry. It was her intention to hurry ashore with her new lover, and outwit the former by a prior ceremony, but the red tape of the office prevented that, and the first lover came to welcome his bride.

She then as promptly fell in love with No. 1, but when No. 2 pleaded and threatened she could not decide which one she loved the better, so she was detained while the two men haunted the barge office, glaring at each other. When the detention time had elapsed, the bride, still not knowing her mind, was sent unceremoniously back on the same steamer that brought her over, both jilted lovers abandoning the field in despair.

But on arriving on her native soil once more, the maiden dared not face her people; so back she came, having just money enough to pay her passage and sent for lover No. 1, declaring that she loved him the better. He replied that he was very much obliged, but as he had already married a handsomer girl in the interval, he was compelled to decline to come for her.

The maiden then sent word to No. 2 to like effect, but he declared that he had had enough of the fickle feminine, and thus the maiden was transported back again to face the leers and jeers of her native hamlet.

#### ORIGIN QF DINGLE-DANGLES.

Those narrow ribbons of black silk, tipped with brass points, which have been hanging lately from the waists of many young women are known as "dingle-dangles." They very much resemble shoe laces and the story of their origin as feminine ornaments is interesting.

"They were invented," a man milliner says, "in Paris. A milliner sat racking his brain one afternoon for some new idea to spring upon the women, and while this racking process went on his eyes rested absently on an oldfashioned print of a girl in a bodice that laced down the front as a corset laces. The broad silk string in the bodice attracted him. It was of silk ribbon and it was pointed at the end with metal. It resembled a shoestring. An idiotic idea came to the man milliner and he bought some dozens of those wide black shoelaces that are worn in Oxford ties. He tipped them with gilt wire and hung them in a bunch from the waist of an afternoon gown. They had an instantaneous success. It was not long before, under the charming name of dingle-dangles, they had traveled to England and America. They are not in any way pretty, and yet somehow, swinging from the slender waist of a young girl, they look nice."

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SAINT PATRICK lived and labored in Ireland quite 1,500 years ago, not only as a Christian missionary, but as a herald of civilization to the wild tribes of the Green Isle. After his death, his memory has been affectionately embalmed in the hearts, not only of the natives of Ireland, but it is loved and reverenced by their children and children's children dispersed as they are through the nations of the earth. Under all these circumstances, the celebration of St. Patrick's day is one of the most remarkable expressions of sentiment in human annals. Nothing like it appears in the records of any other race.

#### HOW ABOUT THE PASSENGERS?

The public in indebted to the *Daily Mail* of London for introducing, through its Geneva correspondent, an engineer, who is credited with an invention of a "mechanical brake" which stops a train that is running at fifty miles an hour within a distance of twenty yards.

Good! But what about the passengers? A train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour covers seventy-three and one-third feet in a second; and to stop a train moving at this speed in twenty yards means that it must be brought to a full stop in four-fifths of a second.

When we remember that, in an end-on collision, it takes several seconds for the momentum of the train to expend itself in telescoping car into car, one is moved to ask what would be the condition of the living contents of a passenger car that was brought to a stop in a fraction of the time that it takes to bring the last car of a telescoping train to rest?

#### CHINESE BABY'S SOUL.

WHEN a Chinese baby goes to sleep it is supposed that its soul is having a rest, and that perhaps it has gone far away, says *Home Notes*. If the infant sleeps very long the mother becomes alarmed, for she fears that its soul may have wandered too far and have lost its way. If it does not come home, of course, the baby will never wake. Sometimes men are sent out into the street to call the child's name, just as if the child were really lost, in the hope of recalling its wandering soul.

When a baby sleeps, as it is carried from one place to another, there is great anxiety lest its soul be lost, and to prevent this the mother, or whoever carries it, keeps on repeating the child's name aloud. The soul is thought of as a bird, which hops along after its owner, and by continually calling the child's name it is thought that it will be prevented from straying.

#### BRUTALITY IN OLD-TIME WAR.

In the fourteenth century the slaughter of women and children after a town or castle had been taken by storm was one of the most common occurrences of war.

#### COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH.

THERE are no points in Europe where these cold records of America are eclipsed, but in Asia our lowest records are thrown completely in the shade. Siberia has the coldest weather known anywhere in the world. At Werchojansk, Siberia, 90.4 degrees below zero was observed in January, 1888, which gets away below anything ever known in the world before or since. At that point the average temperature for January is nearly 64 degrees below. This town is situated at an elevation of 330 feet above the level of the sea and during the entire winter the weather is nearly always calm and clear. Perhaps the majority of people suppose that the coldest weather in the world is at the north pole, but reliable observations made by explorers disprove this theory completely.

#### THE NEW INGLENOOK.

The new 'Nook is before you. The old form was cumbersome and unhandy, both for filing and reading. The present form is undoubtedly an improvement. The character of the contents will not be changed. It will be the same old, interesting and instructive 'Nook, in a new dress. You will soon become accustomed to it, and recognize the improvement. The management has no fears that it will not be a welcome guest in the thousands of homes of its friends.

We take a reasonable share of pride in the publication. In the matter of its literary quality, the varied and entertaining list of contents, and its general make-up, it is the equal of any of the popular magazines, and the superior of not a few, in the particular field occupied. The Brethren church has reached a period in its development when it is appreciative of good literature. It knows a good thing when it sees it, and is not slow to take hold of it.

In its new form the 'Nook is presented to you in the hope that it may be instrumental in smoothing the pathway of life, and helping all who read not only to instructive things, but into the ideal world and life that make our common burdens bearable, and living more heartsome.

### →THE \* HOME →

#### OUR HOMES GOD BLESS THEM!

In this department of the 'Nook we expect to present, from week to week, things bearing on the home. It is especially a Sister's department, and it is expected that they take enough interest in it to contribute to its columns regularly and keep it full. If they do not the space will be devoted to others more appreciative. In this department everything about the house may be considered, from flowers to butchering, from canaries to poultry, disinfectants to cookery. You may ask questions and receive answers. It will be different from similar departments in other publications. Readers know how impossible most of the recipes are when presented in the alleged home journals, etc. Here we will have something by our own people, for our own, and it will be within reach.

#### CHICKEN POTPIE.

BY SISTER NANNIE NEHER.

Boil a good fat chicken quite tender. Then take one egg, one cup of sweet milk (the richer the better) and one-half cup of butter. Make a stiff dough, roll very thin, cut in small squares. Drop in the broth and let boil ten minutes. You may think this would be a "sad" mess, but try it and you will be surprised.

Palestine, Ark.

#### CHICKEN WITH NOODLES.

BY SISTER LYDIA A. BARNHART.

Take a nice, fat chicken, cut in pieces, and cook until tender with plenty of rich broth. About nine o'clock in the morning make a dough with one pint of rich, sweet milk, two eggs, a little salt. Roll thin and let dry until dough becomes brittle. Cut up in fine strips and drop into the broth and boil only about fifteen minutes. This, by many, is considered an excellent dish. This is one of my Ohio recipes, handed down from mother to daughter.

Ottawa, Kans.

#### CARROT SOUP.

BY SISTER JOHN E. MOHLER.

SCRAPE and slice quite thin three mediumsized carrots, boil in clear water twenty minutes, and drain carefully. Then add to them three nicely-diced Irish potatoes, one finelyshredded onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper (red), salt, and enough water to boil all tender, then add a pint and a half of rich milk and a small bunch of minced parsley. Serve very hot.

Warrensburg, Mo.

#### POTATO PIE.

BY SISTER ANNA BOLENDER.

Take one cup of well-mashed potatoes, one and one-half cup of sweet milk, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, three well-beaten eggs, and season with nutmeg and cinnamon, to taste. Bake same as custard pie. Serve hot with sweet cream flavored with vanilla. This is delicious, and will make one pie.

Dayton, Ohio.

#### CORN PUDDING.

BY SISTER KATE ZUG.

Take one and one-half cups of corn meal, one and one-half cups of flour, one and one-fourth cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of lard, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in hot oven.

Mastersonville, Pa.

#### FRUIT COOKIES.

BY SISTER ANNIE TAYLOR.

Take one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of chopped and seeded raisins, one-half cup of currants, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one level teaspoonful of soda. Flour the fruits and add spices, then mix in the order given. Mix soft, roll thick, cut out and bake quickly.

Brazil, North Dakota.

#### MACARONI.

#### BY W. R. MILLER

I AM no sister, and am not likely to be soon. But here is a recipe, for the cooking school, and if the Editor doesn't put it in, I shall know positively, that he has rejected a good thing.

It is not original, but comes direct from Italy, the home of the macaroni.

Take one pound imported macaroni, drop into a six quart kettle of boiling water, into which has been put two tablespoonfuls of salt. Boil exactly thirty minutes, keeping the kettle well filled with boiling water.

While the macaroni is boiling, prepare the following sauce: Put two tablespoonfuls of ham grease into a skillet, grate a mediumsized onion and a stalk of celery and brown these to a rich cinnamon brown, in the ham grease. Work into this one-fourth pound of sausage meat, until thoroughly fine and smooth. Add to this one teacup of canned tomatoes, boil all together for ten minutes, at same time stirring and working, until it has the appearance of a smooth, rich, brown dressing.

Grate one teacup of dry, hard, cheese. When the macaroni has boiled thirty minutes by the clock, turn it in the collander to drain, then put a layer of macaroni back into the kettle, covered with the grated cheese and the dressing, and so on until all are in, then with several forks lift the macaroni from the bottom of the kettle, until all is mixed. Serve hot.

Chicago, Ill.

#### DROP DUMPLINGS WITH FRUIT.

#### BY SISTER IDA PUTERBAUGH.

Boil tender one quart of dried fruit,—apples, peaches or any kind that is not too mushy. At meal-time add one quart boiling water and make dumplings as follows: one quart sifted flour, one scant teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt, four eggs; add sufficient sweet milk to make a stiff dough, to drop with a spoon. Boil about fifteen minutes, serve at once with rich, sweetened milk-dip. These dumplings are also good dropped in rich chicken broth.

Cando, North Dakota.

#### SUNDAY SOUP.

#### BY SISTER NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

At night wash a pint of dried beans, place them on the back of the stove in a porcelain vessel, with two quarts of cold water and a pinch of soda. In the morning, when they have simmered half an hour or until breakfast, pour off the water through a collander; return beans to the cooking vessel, add two quarts hot water, let boil until nearly done then place the vessel where it will keep warm, but not boil. After church, visit or washing (according to the day) add to your beans a teacupful of sweet cream, salt to taste, and serve. They should simmer before serving.

Canon City, Colo.



# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

APRIL 13, 1901.

No. 15.

#### COUNSEL.

BY MOLLIE E M. DAVIS.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell, 'But for one night though that farewell should be, Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell How far from thee

Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet

Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,

And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears —
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen, Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou alway time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

#### THE BIRDS' FLIGHT.

STRANGE that as long as there is any history of man there have also been birds, and the secret of their flying has never been caught by the unfeathered biped that watches them. What can be more graceful than the racing, the sweep and circling, of a lot of swallows from the top of a barn? Yet with all man's boasted wealth of knowledge and experience any one would run the risk of breaking his neck if he attempted to imitate the little hop-'o-my-thumb bunch of feathers that boldly launches into the air, as graceful, well, as graceful as a bird, and in perfect safety. Who has not noticed the sailing of a great bird, circling overhead, apparently as motionless as can be, sailing with the wind, and occasionally, at long intervals, rising with a few hearty sweeps of its wings? Why it is able to do this is not fully understood.

The writer of these lines for the INGLENOOK once stood on the top of a mountain, and near at hand were a few great buzzards, sailing over the deep valley, in wide circles. He was fortunate in having a powerful glass, and he could watch the big birds closely. Now, first, down in the valley could be seen the week's wash, hanging on the line, limp and motionless, showing that there was no wind there, while at my altitude there was considerable of a breeze, of course, invisible from below. The birds were sailing in this wind, in great circles, and while they were apparently motionless, viewed from below, it was plainly to be seen, through the glass, that they were in continued motion of feathers. The tail feathers slanted, now on this side, now up, then down, and down, and the wing feathers were spread apart, shifted, opening and shutting, at different angles, till it was clear to the observer that the birds were simply adapting themselves to the prevailing conditions, and that instead of being absolutely motionless, as would appear from below, they were in continual motion of the adapting sort. All this time gravity was steadily getting in its work, and the birds were slowly falling, and then, flap, flap, flap, and they were up again.

How many of our intelligent 'Nookers can add an observation of their own to this statement?

THE sea about Sable island near the mouth of the St. Lawrence is called the "graveyard of the north Atlantic" because so many ships have gone down there. The waters are turbulent and sometimes vessels are days and even weeks in making a landing on the coasts in that section.

#### SPONGE HUNTING.

Most of the sponges used in this country come from the Florida coast, where the business of gathering, caring and shipping them has grown to large proportions. Where the lofty beacon now sends its friendly gleam to warn unwary ships from treacherous shoal and reef, not many years ago the wrecker built his fire to lure to destruction the argosy, lumbering on its way from New Spain to the mother country, deep-laden with ore and treasure, and where dwelt the desperate picaroon, acknowledging no law but the blasphemous compact with his mates, the mild and law-respecting sponger now plies his trade.

The vessels engaged in the sponge trade range from fifty-ton schooners down to the smallest of single-stickers, carrying only three men, whose thirty-foot sponge-hooks protrude beyond the bow and stern. A fleet of them at anchor reminds one of the fishing smacks one sees in the mouth of some inlet of Long Island Sound.

Sponging, which has become one of the most important industries in Florida, is of comparatively recent growth. Sixty years ago a pair of Hebrews went there bent on gain, and began to purchase such few sponges as were casually gathered by the sparse population of the coast. The demand once created, the means of supplying it soon followed, and thus the trade was established. The sponge, formerly rare and dear in the United States, is now one of the cheaper of conveniences, from the school-boy's penny slate-cleaner to the huge carriage-washer, always excluding the more delicate varieties used in surgery and for other special purposes. Sponges are found in nearly all tropical and semi-tropical seas. In some portions of the Mediterranean, chiefly about the Greek Archipelago and off the Syrian coast, they are largely obtained by diving, a slow and dangerous process, which is likewise practiced at certain points along the East African main, and, though to a less extent, among the Bahamas. Some of the finest sponges of commerce come from Smyrna. Rare specimens of Levantine sponges bring enormous prices. One example, scarcely so large as a hen's egg, of a natural snowy whiteness, of a velvety softness, and of the consistency of froth, costs ten dollars. But for the ordinary varieties the United States depend wholly upon the Florida spongers.

The varieties of the Florida sponges are many. They take all sorts of forms, thin and flat, branched, round, pear-shaped, or cuplike. They are fixed by a sort of root or encrust other bodies, growing in groups, generally, and attached to all sorts of things, floating or stationary, animate or inanimate. When a sponge has an addition to the family in the Spring, the young scion of the family leaves his native roof, enjoys himself by seeing life in a roving fashion for a while, then, having selected a site which suits his fancy, settles down and builds a dwelling of his own. Some varieties prefer shallow, others very deep water. Many of the sponge tribe are of so dense a silicious formation that they crumble like brittle glass, which in a way, they really are. Others, like the "sheep's wool," are soft as cotton. The next best variety after this same "sheep's wool" is the "grass" sponge, which is hollow and grows to an enormous size. The "grass" sponge, being of a coarse texture, is used chiefly in the making of mattresses and for various mechanical purposes. The "vellow" sponge is also gathered, but its value is less, inasmuch as it is harsh and not of tough fibre.

The sponger's trade is more or less precarious. Most of the work is done by large boats, the crews of which are hired by the owner, who assumes all responsibility of fitting out, provisioning, etc., and often advances money to the men when idle. When a trip has been successful one-half the proceeds goes to the owner and the remainder is divided among the crew. A number of vessels usually sail in company. The coast shelves gradually and even five miles off the coast the water is too shallow for any but vessels of light draught. Upon reaching the sponging ground the vessel is left in charge of the cook, while captain and crew enter the small boats, or "dingeys," and prepare for work. The vessel is not anchored, but kept under sufficient sail to follow the dingeys. In each dingey are two men-a "sculler" and a "hooker." The sculler, standing in the stern, propels the boat gently with his fourteen-foot oar, being careful not to disturb the water; the hooker, leaning over the side, studies the bottom through a crude but ingenious implement called the "water glass," which is simply a cedar bucket with a glass bottom. With a water glass an experienced sponger can not only see distinctly, but can distinguish the different varieties and values of sponges growing fifty feet below, though the ordinary depth is twenty to thirty. As the boat glides gently along the hooker with his head in the bucket, utters a word; the sculler's oar is brought flatwise to the course of the boat and the little craft stops dead. At the same same moment the hooker grasps his long-handled, three-tined hook and, without lifting his head from the glass, shoots the slender tool swiftly and with the unerring aim of an Indian salmon catcher into the depths below. With a quick twist the hook is withdrawn, holding upon its tines a round, black, dripping object, which is thrown into the bottom of the boat if, after inspection, it is approved; if not, it is tossed overboard again. Then the sculling and the "water glass" practice are resumed.

The sponge-for of course the anomalous black object is a sponge-thus torn from its rock always leaves some fragments still attached. These fragments serve as the foundation of another sponge, which will have grown to gathering dimensions in two or three years. When the dingey is laden with its slimy cargo it returns to the vessel and its load is piled upon the deck. Under the action of the air and sunlight the animal matter of the sponge, technically known as "gurry," rapidly decomposes; and a deckload of sponges is anything but savory to the uninitiated, though the spongers aver that they do not notice it. They maintain, too, that the smell is healthful.

After they are gathered the sponges must not be allowed to dry until every trace of animal matter has been removed; because if the black, slimy substance be once dried into the texture it can never be freed from it. They are, therefore, frequently moistened until they can be placed in the "kraals," which are merely spaces of shallow water near the shore fenced in with small stakes driven into the sand and bound together with bands or withes. Into these enclosures the sponges are thrown and submitted to the constant action of the

water, while protected from the danger of being carried away by waves or currents. Each vessel has its own kraal. A number of these pens are constructed close together, and a man called the "sponge keeper" is employed to watch them all. Each man in the fleet pays him twenty-five cents a trip; and as he is expected to account for every sponge, and sometimes has as much as \$300,000 worth of sponges under his charge at one time, his wages are not too large for his responsibility and for his unimpeachable honesty.

When most of the animal matter has been removed by the action of the water on the sponges in the kraals they are finally cleansed by beating with a "bat" and rinsing out by hand. They have now lost their black, unwholesome look and begin to appear like the sponges we are acquainted with. In this condition they are strung upon cords about five feet long, tied in rings and dried in the sun. In the "sponge groves," which are situated near the kraals, these rings of dry sponges are heaped up in vast piles, the total value of which is enormous.

The sponges thus ringed and dried are loaded upon the boats again and taken to their destination, where they are offered to the buyer, who follows the old practice of not making his proposition viva voce, but by writing the price he is willing to pay upon a scrap of paper, which is pinned upon the pile. When the deal is made owner and crew receive their respective shares of the proceeds. From the wharf where the bargain is concluded the sponges are transported to the packing house. Here they are unstrung, sorted according to size and quality and placed in bins. The clippers, with their sheep shears, trim off any torn ends or irregularities, after which the sponges are dried again in the sun to get rid of any moisture remaining, or which may have been reabsorbed after the sponge grove process. Finally they are packed and baled under powerful presses, somewhat after the manner of cotton wool, and the bales are weighed, tagged and shipped.

THE Penobscot Indians, which numbered 245 in 1800, are now about 400 strong. Maine appropriates annually \$8,000 for their benefit.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### From Quinter, Kansas.

The town of Quinter, Kansas, enjoys the distinction of being a frontier settlement, one of the farthest West churches in Kansas, in the Brotherhood. It was named after the late James Quinter, of precious memory, and is situated on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, between Kansas City and Denver. It is about three hundred miles from the village, each way, to the several cities named above.

The station is named Quinter, and is right at the village, of the same name. The town is a mere collection of houses, hard to tell where it ends and the open country begins. It is a locality, a section of country, more than a town site, and it is in a good country. As it has been more or less prominent before the Brotherhood, one way and another, for years, a description of the country may be interesting to our readers. In the first place the surface is gradually rolling, and the sweeps are enormous. It will be a steady down, down, down grade for ten miles, and then as much up, up, till the low crest is reached, and before one lies another vista of boundless earth billows. It is an ideal section, for in most places a man could stand on his "quarter" section and see a rabbit jump on any part of it. There are no hills in the eastern sense. It is not "as level as a floor" but is slowly, gradually, rising and falling in mile stretches.

The soil is a natural wheat soil, and if there were the steady rains that characterize some sections this would be the world's breadbasket. The natural grass is the so-called buffalo grass, a short curly grass that comes up green in the spring, and cures into a natural hay of surpassing nutrition to all domestic animals. It hardly seems possible, but many an animal has found its way to the Kansas City shambles, a big forty dollar steer, that has never had any other food than this natural grass, summer and winter. Now what will grow in this section around Quinter? Anything, anything at all that will grow anywhere, with this reservation. In some seasons when the growing crops and the rainfall keep step there is a crop that beats the records. If things miss they miss, and if a man has all his eggs in one basket, in the shape of one crop, and it goes up in the long, bright, cloudless sunny days that characterize' the section, he is in a bad fix. That is, when he goes out there, and thinking he knows more than the Kaiser, rips up the prairie sod and puts it all out in wheat. When the dry spell catches up with him he is deploring the fates that turned his face westward, and is wondering how he is going to get out of that back to his wife's folks.

The man who has been attending the school of experience is not caught tripping that way. He has been through it, and he puts out some wheat, some corn, and other growing crops, he has his chickens, his cattle, and other things that are sure, and he comes out ahead no matter what the weather man withholds, and if so be that the thing hits all around he walks into the bank and deposits the result. A year or two ago Elder John Wertz, who lives not far from the station, had 2,500 bushels of wheat that he sold at seventy cents, and this is a pretty good showing. As every house has its windwheel, for the clear, cold water, in easy reach, the garden truck is as sure as though the man went into a carpenter shop, and with tools and lumber, started to make a kitchen table, if he has the ordinary sense to turn his water on his growing vegetables. And the way garden truck of all kinds grows is a wonder to the new man. It is a good fruit country, and no mistake about it. Of course it all had to be wrought out by the learner in the rough school of experience, and if the new settler will learn from precept the Quinter settlement is a good and a sure place for him.

It may be a poor endorsement of a country to say that it is a lazy man's place, but that is just what it is. There is so much that nature does that the man has a great deal of time on his hands. And the weather is,—well, it is Kansas weather. The skies are blue, the days are long and sunny, and the nights are pleasant. There is not much of a winter, perhaps a couple of weeks of bad weather, about as bad as it knows how to be, and then the long, clear, sunny days, with the cattle grazing, and the growing crops.

The church there numbers about a hundred, a typical, good form, working church, and the community is remarkably moral and free from all unpleasantness, as far as society

is concerned. There are a few Old Order people there, the organization we know by that name, and they and the Conservatives get along all right together. Why not? Land is cheap and plenty out there, and it is a wonder why more people do not take advantage of the opportunities. Looking out of the window where this is written, one can see land that is renting for four dollars an acre, a year. Around Quinter, and other western sections, there is better land that sells outright for five dollars an acre.

It would be a good opportunity for visitors at the Annual Meeting to visit that section, as we learn that excursions will be run for the benefit of those who wish to see the great middle west.

It is the intention of the writer to draw a pen picture of all the localities where the Brethren have a hold, and thus, from time to time, the outside settlements of our people will be written up in the Inglenook. With a pleasant recollection of the Quinter brethren the writer hopes that he may be spared to once more get a breath of the Kansas air along with the other excursionists who may visit their "town" with the great park all around it.

#### FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

BY IVA E. SHARP.

Dear Nook : -

I AM only a little girl of ten summers, but I'll write some for the 'Nook and if it finds its way to the waste paper basket it's all right.

When Papa concluded to subscribe for the 'Nook all of us children wanted it to come in our name. So Papa says, "We'll settle it by guessing at the page of a book." We children all agreed and I guessed closest to the page of the one where Papa had opened. We are living on our claim in Towner County, N. D., twenty-two and one-half miles from the Canadian line.

I imagine some of the 'Nook family say, "Oh my! I wouldn't live in that cold country." But it isn't half so bad as you think, even if you do have to cut notches on a stick and hang it on the bottom of the thermometer for the mercury to run down on, and watch the potatoes freeze while they are frying. That's

nothing when you get used to it. But spring is about here now, and the gophers are beginning to come out, and the crocus (the first wild flower that comes out in the spring) will soon be here. Well, I would write you more about homestead life in North Dakota, but this letter is too long now.

Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, and be good to yourself and subscribe for the 'Nook.

Cando, N. Dak.

[Did you ever hear the like? We don't know what to say. -The EDITOR.]

#### FROM HOLBROOK VALLEY.

BY JESSIE NEVINGER.

HOLBROOK VALLEY, Colo., is from three to five miles wide, and about thirty miles long. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and the air is so pure that we can see a train of cars for thirty miles, and we can distinctly see neighbors' houses three miles off.

We raise alfalfa, corn, wheat, beans, sugar beets, and these latter net the grower from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Cantaloupes grow in perfection, and clear one hundred dollars an acre. We can sometimes cut three crops of alfalfa a year, and one man hauled a wagon load of alfalfa seed to town and he received three hundred dollars for it.

The land slopes north and south, the southern exposure being the one sought. The country is one that must be irrigated, and the crops are a sure thing. The weather is delightful, and it is nothing unusual to see three hundred cattle grazing in an alfalfa field in the winter season. This section is a pleasant place in which to live.

La Junta, Colo.

#### A CLEAN CITY.

Sydney, Australia, is said to be one of the cleanest cities in the world, if not the cleanest. The streets are thoroughly cleaned every night and anyone throwing refuse or waste material of any sort on the streets is arrested and fined. All the kitchens in the larger residences are on the top floor and all the clothes are dried on the roof.

#### HOLD ALL THINGS COMMON.

ETAH is but the most northern of some dozen stations occupied by the Smith Sound Eskimos. One hesitates at the word "settlement," because it conveys an idea of permanency, both as to location and also, in a measure, as to the personnel of the body of settlers, and this is only half true of the settlements of the tribe of less than 250 individuals who live at scattered points along the coast from Cape York to Foulke Fjord. The points of settlement are permanent, apparently, having been chosen, doubtless, through a process of selection with reference to shelter and food supply, continued through many generations, but the families that inhabit them vary each year in accordance with a curious reshuffling which takes place quite spontaneously, it appears, at Peterawik glacier, where there is a tribal gathering every spring. One rarely finds more than half a dozen families at any place, and each of these may have spent the previous year at a different station from all the others. It is easy to conceive of a certain solidarity of tribal organization which results from such a system, and which it would be difficult to improve upon under conditions of precarious food supply that makes necessary the widely scattered living of the families of the tribe. Not only are there ties of all degrees of blood relationship which bind each member to the others, but each is personally known to all through the intimacy of closely interdependent existence, which is the only manner of life possible to men encompassed by an arctic world and the serious business of whose lives is to hunt for uncertain supplies yielded by wild and sometimes fierce animals.

There is no tribal organization, no chief, nor any elders in anthority; indeed, no premeditated, structural system of any kind, but a quite simple order which issues naturally from the facts of equality and of equal sharing in all the essentials of livelihood. With certain naive differences from our accepted ideals there is a monogamous family and in it, as it was from the beginning, the husband is the provider and the wife the housekeeper.

As provider the husband must be a hunter, for wild animals are the only source of food and clothing and fuel, and division of labor with an accompanying medium of exchange have not yet been dreamed of, much less a system of property rights which yields a lien upon the labor of fellow-hunters. Each with his varying skill and each with his own handmade implements, whose designs have come down to him through countless generations, of hunting ancestors, goes forth to the hazard of the hunt. What he secures is his and game is easily traced to its rightful owner by means of the mark of ownership on the harpoon or lance or arrow which has caused death. But there come times when each man's catch is not all his own-times of scarcity, when the successful hunter shares his game equally with all the needful families of the station, even if his own is in bitter want of all he has. He does this from no sense of charity, but out of a feeling of solidarity by which he knows instinctively that the strength or weakness of the tribe is the measure of his own, and that what he shares to-day will return to him tomorrow when luck may favor another hunter. Even this is not the limit of a natural altruism in the interests of the tribe as a larger self. If a father finds that the combined efforts of himself and his growing sons are more than enough for the support of the family he appoints those of his sons whose labor he does not need as providers for any in the tribe whose support is insufficient.

Of the helpless there are few besides young children. Sickness is almost unknown, and yet life among them is generally a short, though a merry one. Through the infinite chances of the chase few hunters live to old age, and we were struck by the fewness of old women in the tribe. The enduring of almost unbroken cold is a constant drain upon vitality, and before old age has well set in life goes out from sheer exhaustion. Of cripples we saw only one, and in spite of the breeding in and in but one case came to our notice of downright feeble-mindedness.

But how, we asked at once, if land and dwellings and even food are held in common, how does the tribe protect itself from supporting in idleness its lazy members? There is a comical incongruity in applying so modern a term as "public opinion" to the case of a race of men who have no written characters, and numerals only to five, who have no laws nor

courts nor police nor newspapers and whose tribal regulations flow chiefly through channels of physical fact. But if it be not public opinion it is perhaps their nearest approach to it in the obligation that each man is under not merely to be a hunter, but to be the best hunter that he can. Apart from physical disability he must be a hunter or else he is not a man and has no chance of securing a wife.

#### TAUGHT MICE ODD TRICKS.

Our on Forest avenue is a mouse fancier whose residence, lest he lose caste with his neighbors, is withheld. In a prison pen he has half a dozen or so ordinary field mice. "They are the most sociable pets I ever had," he remarked, "and any one of them will rise to attention as he hears my step approach the pen. I have had these young ones about six months. They don't live long when cooped up, and they will come freely to my hand to eat or drink. Some of them are so tame that they will climb to my shoulder and display not the slightest alarm at being touched. They haven't acquired so much faith in all humanity, however, and have refused to trust anyone else so far.

"While mice eat a great deal for an animal so small when food is abundant, they can exist for a surprisingly long time with next to nothing. Anyone whose house has been infested with mice and who had passed weary weeks when everything that possibly could serve them as food was carefully under lock and key, finally calling to service an active ferret, will appreciate this fact. He is a mighty aggressive and tireless forager after food, not hesitating at walls or similar obstructions, through which he patiently gnaws a path. As

a test of persistence in this line I hung a basket of food from the ceiling by a rope, and after a week's fast placed a mouse at a hole in the ceiling above the basket. He descended some eight feet or more on a slender cord and safely reached his haven, later climbing up again.

"All of my mice I have taken from nests' about the premises and notice that they invariably seek shelter below or behind something, never in so exposed a locality as almost any other animal would select. For a nest paper, cloth or any soft material seems to satisfy, and the exceeding fineness with which it is chopped suggests some mighty artistic work with their teeth."

#### THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE.

"AM I henpecked?"

The harrassed husband was communing with himself.

"Henpecked?"

His voice took on a tone of mingled humiliation and desperation.

"I am henbusheled, that's what I am."

#### ALL TO FOOL THE TOURIST.

RABBIT heads with small horns are exhibited in some Swiss taverns for the mystification of tourists. The horns are affixed to the heads by clever and waggish taxidermists.

#### MOHAMMED AN ARTIFICIAL BLOND.

Mohammed dyed his beard red and his example was extensively followed among the Arabians, He disliked black hair and his favorite wife blondined her tresses with sulphur.



#### WHEN YOU MEET A SKUNK.

Он, yes, I know all his—call them his peculiarities; I know that to tell a man he possesses these peculiarities is the signal for immediate "trouble" with that man, yet in spite of everything, including public opinion, I have a most profound respect for the skunk, He is the only animal I meet in the woods for whom I will always stop, turn out of the path and humbly say: "Allow me." And I don't do this from any feeling of love or from a sense of duty. I do it from respect-simply respect. If there are any of my readers who even occasionally meet the skunk and who have not the same feeling toward him I would advise them to cultivate it at once, for-I'll tell them a secret-the skunk demands it and sooner or later he is apt to enforce his demands "at the muzzle of the gun." This he is well able to do, for, bandit and outlaw that he is, he always travels with a loaded weapon and, metaphorically speaking, with his finger on the trigger.

As he goes slowly by, with his bushy tail in the air, you are almost sure you catch just the suggestion of a smile on his impudent face, as though he realizes that he is master of the situation and glories in the fact. He isn't scared of you; why should he be? He knows his power and gives you credit for knowing, so there is no hurry. He walks along in a leisurely manner, crosses your path within a few feet of you, loiters along the edge of a field and finally disappears at a hole in a stone wall or at the mouth of a burrow beneath a rock.

Although everyone knows of him comparatively few people have seen him, for he is nocturnal in his habits, and he is seldom kept as a pet. I say "seldom," for skunks have been tamed, and are said to make very interesting companions. Dr. Clinton Hart Merriam, I believe, was among the first of the brave men who have ventured to make playfellows of skunks and he had the courage to tame about a dozen of them. Such work as this is heroic; lion taming is insipid compared with it.

For those who have never seen the skunk I will describe him, that he may not some time be mistaken for some other animal; a mistake he usually resents 'as a personal insult. From

the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail he measures about thirty inches, more than a foot of which is accounted for by his splendid brush, which he usually carries well up over his back. His body is roughly the shape of a cone, which has been knocked out of truethat is to say, small at the head end, and gradually widening out towards the hips. The head itself is comparatively small, with cunning eyes and a mouth furnished with numerous fine, sharp teeth. The legs are shortish and strongly made, and the feet are broad and covered with hair, which hides the claws. The claws on the front feet are strong curved instruments, doubtless of great assistance in digging burrows. The body is covered with long, coarse fur and ends in the bushy tail before mentioned.

Skunks differ very much in color, hardly any two being marked exactly alike. Most of them are black and white, but some are black and others all white. A white longitudinal stripe on the forehead is very common and I think most of them have white stripes or saddles on the back. The strong-smelling fluid for which the skunk is so famous, or rather so infamous, is secreted by two glands near the root of his tail, one on each side, and is discharged in two streams by the contraction of the muscular walls of these glands. The common idea that he throws the liquid from his tail as water is thrown from a broom is, of course, erroneous. On the contrary, he is most careful not to soil his tail and lifts it well out of the way when about to discharge his battery.

The odor he creates is the most penetrating I know of and from a cellar will quickly permeate an entire house. Concerning the offensiveness of this odor authorities differ. Audubon could not stand it; Matthews does not object to it as strongly as to some others and Burroughs goes so far as to say that "it is tonic and bracing" and that "it approaches the sublime." I confess that I don't enjoy that kind of sublimity myself, though, like enough this is simply want of appreciation on my part. I agree with Matthews that there are many worse odors, such as that of the pole cat and mink, for example. I have, however, known a whole family to be made suddenly and violently ill by the odor of a skunk

at close quarters, and I believe there is a case on record where death has resulted from the same cause.

On the other hand, the fluid itself has often been used medicinally, both internally and externally, for asthma and other complaints, and Audubon tells of an old clergyman friend of his who one day drove his congregation from the church in the middle of the sermon by attempting to clear his throat with a sniff at a vial containing the fluid before mentioned.

There are endless receipts for getting rid of the odor, but most of them are ineffectual. Chloride of lime is perhaps as good as anything.

The skunk does not lay up any provisions for the winter, but in December he retires with a few of his companions to a burrow in the ground for a month or six weeks, during which time he is supposed to sleep. Sometimes he digs this hole himself, but he often uses the burrow made by a rabbit or a wood chuck. Sometimes as many as fifteen skunks will occupy a single burrow.

About February he comes out again and the marks of his feet, clearly showing the impressions of the big claws, may be seen in the snow. At this time of the year he lives on mice, an occasional chicken from the farmyard and in fact any fresh meat he can lay paws on.

In the spring he has a large and varied bill of fare to choose from, and eats nothing but the best. One night he may dine on young rabbits; next day on a few chickens or birds' eggs or fledglings, or, possibly, a grouse which he dragged from the nest, and for the next meal perhaps he will steal the downy chickens or ducklings from beneath the wings of their mother, as she sits in a corner of the barnyard.

Young skunks are born in May, and there are sometimes as many as nine in a litter. They are very attractive looking little things and occasionally they may be seen toddling after their mother through the woods. But, like many higher animals, they soon outgrow their few lovely qualities and become as objectionable as the older members of the family. Skunks are social outcasts, but their second hand clothing is highly prized and is worn by the daintiest ladies, to whom it is generally sold under a more attractive name.

One parting bit of advice: Beware of playful black and white "cats" which carry their bushy tails high in the air. Don't be too eager to pick them off the road, especially if the light is uncertain. Also, be careful about the distance you keep between yourself and the skunk. Good authorities say that ten feet is the limit of his range; others maintain that you are not absolutely safe inside of fifteen. My advice is, don't haggle about an inch or two—give him plenty of room. Remember, he's a dead shot, and, for anything you know, he may be a record breaker.

### EIGHTEEN IS OLD ENOUGH.

It appears from President Eliot's report of last year's work at Harvard that boys enter college a trifle younger than they did a generation ago, and few of them proportionally are now prepared by private tutors. The number entering from public schools is steadily increasing. Dr. Eliot thinks that the excellence of the preparatory schools ought to still further reduce the average age of entrance. "There is no good reason why nine-tenths of all the boys who mean to go to Harvard college should not be fully prepared for admission at eighteen years of age," he says.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### ANTS NOT WITHOUT VICES.

Science is, after all, your real iconoclast. Not content with toppling the little busy bee off her pinnacle of virtues, it goes on to attack the ant, for so long held a pattern and moral of thrift. Ants, say the wise men, have pretty well every bad trait of humanity—they are lazy, greedy, tyrannous, given to conquests, and rank expansionists, they are never done coveting the territory of their neighbors. Along with the territory they oftener than not take the neighbors themselves, holding them ever after in slavery.

Just how this comes to pass is something of a puzzle. There are 700-odd species of ants, duly classified. Several of these species, say the observers, must possess hypnotic power, since they attack, subjugate and reduce to slavery other species which are much bigger, stronger and more populous in the nests. After they have got their slaves many other queer things happen. The slaves in some nests are classified, so many told off as soldiers to defend the gates, so many for domestic duties, foraging, the care of eggs and so on. The soldier ants are further subdivided. The larger moiety, by constant exercise, develop fierce, nipping jaws and poison stings. The others, in some curious fashion, increase the size of their heads, especially if they happen to be considerably bigger than their masters. Thus the big heads enable them to block a passageway solidly against an invading foe.

Exceptionally elastic slaves are transformed into living honey bottles. They are found with abdomens enormously distended and full of the honey dew the working slaves bring in. Honey dew, be it said, is a secretion of the aphides, or plant lice, which the ant swarm domesticate and keep in herds within the nest. But many more remain outside. Ants are passionately fond of honey, indeed of all sweet juices. They are, further, great mushroom eaters,

and grow them within their nests. They also cultivate certain species of orchids and bring about distinct modifications of the plant form, stinging the young, tender stems so fiercely they swell, become almost globular and distill a thin semisaccharine juice, which the ants no doubt regard as rare wine. One particular species of orchid, indeed, is so infested with a virulently stinging ant that the collection of it is very dangerous. The minute the plant is touched all the ants swarming over it rush to the point of attack. That is, however, less curious than the fact that the orchid will not flourish without the ants, but withers away after a feeble, straggling year's growth.

Some few among slave-holding ants remain capable. The most part become utterly demoralized. They cannot build nests, care for their young or even feed themselves. Not a few, when the slaves have chosen and built a new nest, ride to it upon a slave's back. One species is noteworthy for having only slaves for workers, yet never containing within the nest any slave eggs or young. As with bees, the queen ant is the mother of the swarm. Unlike bees, however, there are often several queens in the same swarm. The workers are rudimentary females. In slave-making the victors kill all the perfect ants and take home the others.

Perfect males and females have wings, which they drop as soon as the marriage flight is over. Worker ants have no wings. Worker ants, or rather slaves, and the aphis-cows by no means exhaust the list of ant dependents. They keep various smaller insects as men keep domestic animals. Just why is not yet clear. The fact remains, though, that in the crannies of some nests herds of 1,000 almost invisible small creatures have been found.

A year is the average span of ant life, but some species live five years, and exceptional individuals as much as seven. All species show the liveliest concern for their eggs, lugging them up into sunshine upon fair days and scuttling back with them the minute the sky is overcast. Upon a fickle April day the eggs may be moved half a dozen times. They are as nearly regardful of the aphis eggs. Indeed, throughout they protect their milchkine, shelter them well and take pains in rearing their young.

Hospitality is not unknown among ants. A stranger guest is shown distinguished consideration. But woe to the stranger ant who comes uninvited to the shelter of an unwelcoming nest. He is hustled and pummeled, and finally maimed fatally unless he saves himself by showing superior fighting power or possessing a clean pair of heels. After he is down a mere squirming trunk, bereft of legs, unable to bite, the slaves lay hold on him and drag him outside the nest to die. Possibly it is an ant superstition that bad luck follows a stranger death in the house.

Ants are entitled to plume themselves as the very first discoverers of the X-ray and its mysterious powers. Sir John Lubbock experimented exhaustively as to the effect of colored light upon ants in captivity. He laid strips of colored glass over the nests, first putting the ant eggs all under one special color. In the end he determined theants did not much mind red light, that green light was also, in a measure, innocuous, but that invariably the eggs were hustled from underneath the violet rays. In no case was more than a single egg left there at the end of two hours, and oftener than not the removal was accomplished within less than an hour.

#### UNCLE SAM'S BATHHOUSES.

Few persons know that the United States government derives an income from some of the largest bathing establishments in America, if not in the world. The Hot Springs of Arkansas, which have been a resort for invalids for many years, are owned by Uncle Sam and he exacts a payment of \$30 a tub for the use of the medicated water. As there are 534 tubs, the springs bring him an income from that source of \$16,020 a year.

According to tradition the Hot Springs of Arkansas are the original fountain of youth of Ponce De Leon and De Soto. The Indians of Florida told them that it was toward the setting sun and they set out to find it. There is every evidence in history and tradition that De Soto was there. The earliest Indian legends have associated with them the idea of the curative virtues of these waters. They surround every shadowed valley, mountain nook and rocky cavern with a halo of romance that makes the "Vale of Vapors" doubly interesting.

The various hot springs, which are said to number seventy-three, issuing from the west side and the base of Hot Springs mountain and which now are obscured from view have been converged in many instances from several different issues into one outlet by development work done on the reservation under the supervision of the various superintendents. These springs vary in temperature, the hottest being 151 degrees. The flow of practically all of them is constant. The basis of estimate of the maximum supply for each tub daily is 1,000 gallons, which at present, if used to the full capacity, would require 534,000 gallons. A conservative estimate of the supply at present under control is 750,000 gallons daily. In addition to the selling of the water to hotels and sanitariums, the government maintains a free bathhouse for the indigent. Hot Springs has done a rushing business in the year just ended. The number of visitors is estimated at 50,000, which is the greatest in its history.



## 低INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

## BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE UNWISDOM OF IT.

THE by or girl, man or woman, who tampers with a vice is unwise. Take the matter of tobacco and rum, meaning thereby any form of these two tempters, and they are legion in numbers. Whosoever tampers with them in any way is treading a dangerous path. There is no part of the pavement so slippery as that near the saloon. There are men and women who think they can play with these vices and not get the worst of it. Now the facts are that in the world's long history there has never been a devotee of any form of vice that, in the long run, did not get decidedly the worst of the bargain. Not one has escaped. It is death at the other end, and the man or woman who thinks he can stop short is not wise.

No man ever deliberately started out to become a drunkard, but the siren beckoned him on and on, he following, willing at the first, pulling back later, but still following to the bad end of all vice. There is but one moral to it, and that is to take no risks. It is most unwise to play with a thing that will get you down, and strike you after you are down. Be not deceived in thinking that you are an exception to humanity, and that you can stop

short. All think that. But a small and unstatable fraction ever succeed.

Prevention is proverbially better than cure, and the preventive in the case of these small and great vices is in never making their acquaintance at all. It may take some courage to refuse a glass of wine at a banquet, but it should be done, and without thanks. Happy the individual who can say, if asked a reason, "I'm afraid of it."

The Want

This column of the INGLENOOK is open without cost to the family of any subscriber who wants work or workers. Nothing for sale will be admitted here. The in-

tent of this column is to provide a means of communication between the employer and the seeker for work, in any of its phases. Letters received for advertisers are forwarded at once, and the management of the magazine can tell nothing whatever about either the people or places, and assumes no part in it other than a desire to be of service to those who want honest labor or competent workers. It has proved of immense service to many, and will be continued while the privilege is not abused.

\* \*

Why They Miss. All publishers naturally desire their subscribers to receive their publications regularly. Every now and then an issue fails to reach the readers, and then we

hear from them. What is done is to immediately supply the missing number, if it is at all accessible. Now how do these mishaps occur? There are many conceivable ways, but the most prolific cause of failure is in the little yellow tab pasted on the wrapper, giving your address, becoming detached in some way utterly unavoidable, as far as we are concerned. This direction, once lost in transit, leaves the paper without address, and consequently undeliverable. Readers may sometimes wonder how it comes that their paper is not delivered and as a rule, they will find, if there are other subscribers at their office, that the whole bundle of papers has missed. Instead of accusing anybody of error or tampering it is better to refer the matter to the most likely cause, the accidental loss of the address in transit.

Lippincott's Magazine for April contains its usual installment of stories, and the current literature of the day. The leading story of the month is The Mysterious Miss Dacres, and this will no doubt interest many readers. Lippincott's is unlike most of the other popular magazines, in that it has no illustrations, and publishes a complete story each month, one large enough to make a book later on. To such as take kindly to the class of reading presented in this issue there is a monthly feast. It costs twenty-five cents a number, and can be had at any newsstand.



Is the insect known as the dragon fly, or snake feeder, poisonous?

Not at all in any way.

What has become of magnetic healing?

We have heard nothing whatever of it of

When did English literature begin?

There can be no date assigned, but it was over twelve hundred years ago.

Is the sphinx male or female?

As an object, the head of a woman on the body of a lion, it has no sex, but is personified as a she-monster, and would be, therefore, considered feminine.

Is the present city of Jerusalem on the same site as the city of Christ's time?

Yes, but the wreck of time, and the accumulation of ages, have buried the streets of the city of the Master's day from thirty to forty feet under the present city's surface.

What is the northern limit of the mocking bird?

It is hard to define. The bird is occasionally heard along the line of the southern boundary of Maryland. It is more frequent in the South, down to the very Gulf coast. It is most distinctively a Southern bird.

Are the crayon portraits done from a photograph copied directly from the picture?

Almost always the photograph is again photographed, large sized, and from this en-

larged photograph the picture is made by using crayon to bring out the features clear and sharp. The large print is called a solar print, and its excellence in detail is dependent on the character of the smaller picture. An instrument called an air brush is also used to color the solar print, and it blows the color on in a fine spray.

A brother writes that he has a Sauer Bible, German, 1776, with Anna Royer's name on one of the white pages, on the front of the book. He wants to know whether it has any special value.

It has. The Royer family, and there are several of them, might go into correspondence through the 'Nook, as to the history of the Bible, and the matter should be cleared up before it is allowed to rest. The owner should write the 'Nook all he or others actually know of the Bible, and then some of the Royer family can take the matter up. The 'Nook columns are wide open. Sauer Bibles are like angels' visits. Who has the next?

Is it right for a party of young brethren and sisters to meet for social purposes on a Sunday and be photographed?

This question was up before, and was referred to the readers at large. A goodly number of answers have been received, and all condemn the fact. Their reasons are that better employment could have been found. It is a very difficult question, when viewed at large. Doubtless our young people intended no harm, and that they asked at all about it showed that they are seekers after the right way. However, the concensus of opinion is that it was not right. The Editor, having a soft spot in his heart, and probably in his head, when the sinless sins of youth are concerned, dislikes to sit in judgment on the errors of others.



#### SOME RAILROAD TESTS.

RECENTLY there has been some dissatisfaction expressed by employes of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad with the sight, color, and hearing tests which they are required to pass in order to retain their positions. The claim was made that some of the older men had lost their places because they were unable to pass the tests, which they think are unusually severe this year. As a matter of fact, the tests now used are the same that have been in operation for some time on the road. In answer to an inquiry regarding them, H. A. Ives, who has charge of making examinations, said: "The tests are not unusually severe, and the older men usually pass, particularly in colors, better than the younger. When a man applies for a position as an engineer, fireman, or signal-tower man he must have normal sight in each eye. After three years, unless he is called up sooner on account of an accident, sickness, or for promotion, he is only required to have two-thirds vision with both eyes. For other employes the tests are less severe."

The process by which these tests are conducted is searching, although not so rigid as it appears. The applicant is led into a room, which, when the apparatus is set out, has somewhat the appearance of an oculist's office. His sight test consists of reading at a distance of twenty feet certain letters. These letters are so arranged in size as to determine whether a man's sight is normal, or, if not, to how great a degree it is affected. Letters which to a normal-sighted person appear the same size at forty feet as do letters about half as large at twenty feet will to a half-sighted person be one-half as large. After the strength of sight has been determined a test is applied which determines whether a man has a disease which will injure his sight when he becomes older. This test protects the applicant as well as the company, for without it a man might become a fireman, and when, later in life, he was eligible to promotion as an engineer he could not pass the required test. For men who cannot read, as gatetenders, instead of the letter test, a similar test is used, only the letters are replaced by figures like a semaphore used on the railroad, with its arm at different angles. The eyes are also tested by means of different sized print at a distance of eighteen inches from the eyes and by means of manifold train orders for writing. After a man has once passed the examination future tests are less strict.

For testing the color sense the examination is most interesting. A heap of different-colored skeins of worsted is set before the applicant, and the examiner selects a shade of green and asks the man to pick out the skeins that appear to him to be like the one selected. In this test many amusing mistakes are made by applicants. A man who is color blind will pick out all sorts of combinations of blues, pinks, browns and grays as green. After the test for green a similar test for red is made. The intention of this test is to see if green and red can be easily distinguished, this being a most important qualification for a railroad man. In signals the green stands for safety and the red for danger, and confusion of these colors has caused many accidents. The test is also a sure indication of whether a man is a cigarette smoker or not. If an applicant is a habitual cigarette smoker he is almost sure to be more or less color blind. The constant use of tobacco also injures a man's color sense, but failure on this account is found only in elderly men. The excessive use of liquor is also indicated in this way, although other tests usually stop a hard drinker applying for a position before he gets to this examination.

The other color tests are made in a dark room with a lantern. Twenty feet from the eyes of the applicant colors are flashed from two round disks in a lantern. Various shades of red and green are shown as well as white, and the applicant is considered to be satisfactory if he does not in any case call red green, or vice versa. Distinguishing the shades nicely is not considered necessary, although an old engineer will very seldom fail. The next test consists of flashing points of light scarcely larger than a pinhead from the lantern. This seems very severe, but when a train is going sixty miles an hour the engineer must be able to distinguish signals at a distance when they appear very small. All that is required is a distinction between red and green. The test of the hearing consists of causing the applicant to listen with one ear and then the other to a machine with ticks like a watch. To be certain that he hears he is required to count the ticks. In all of these tests the applicant is given plenty of time. In the active employments about trains, engines, and in yards the men are not allowed to wear glasses constantly.

#### ODD WAY OF MEASURING.

Many travelers returning from China have commented upon the apparently singular lack of knowledge of the distances across their country or between their towns that exist among the Chinese. If at one town you inquire the distance to the next you may be told that it is twenty li (one-third of a mile), but upon arriving at the town you will be surprised to find the distance back to the town from which you had just come is twenty-four li, and that the cost of journeying back again is correspondingly greater than the cost to go to it. This peculiarity also extends to distances between towns by river, the distance upstream being from 50 to 100 per cent greater than downstream. The cost of travel and the transportation in the different directions bears the same relation to each other as the distances.

The confusion which has thus arisen has been incomprehensible to foreigners. Chinese measure distances not by rule, but by the amount of physical energy required to traverse them. Their wage is based on a unit of energy, the amount that it takes them to carry a given load, one pecul one li, on level ground. If the road from A to B is downhill the distance is regarded as less than the actual linear distance, because it is supposed to take less energy to travel in that direction; or, as the Chinese say, "the li are short." It naturally follows that in traveling in the other direction, from B to A, the road being a gradual ascent, a greater expenditure of energy is necessary. "The li are long," and in order to get a fair compensation for their work the carriers must see that the distance and the charges are correspondingly increased. With this explanation what has often appeared a vagary of the Chinese becomes simple and reasonable.

#### ODDITIES IN GOLD COINAGE.

O. M. WILHITE, of Emporia, Kans., has gathered an array of gold coins which, in interest and value, is probably not to be equaled by any other private collection in the country. Among them is a 25-cent piece, octagon in shape, marked "¼ dollar." Beside it is a round piece of the same value. Other coins are gold octagons and circles stamped with the following values: \$1, \$2.50, and \$3. There is also a gold coin marked "400 cents," with a large star in the center, in which is stamped the purity of the gold and the amount of allov used. Of the \$4 pieces only 100 were issued; and these, on account of their close resemblance to the \$5 coin, were soon called in by the government. To this call eightythree pieces responded; of the seventeen which objected to recoinage Mr. Wilhite owns six, for which he has refused \$1,000. A \$5 piece of this collection presents a surface entirely blank save for the date of its issue, 1807. Another interesting coin is a \$10 "Pike's Peak" piece, issued in 1861 from the private mint of Clark, Gruber & Co., of Denver. A still more notable coin, octagonal in shape, is marked "fifty dollars." The date of its issue from a San Francisco mint, 1851, and the name of the assayer, are stamped on its edge. This coin was carried for years as a pocketpiece by C. S. Cross, an Emporia banker, famous as the owner of the Sunny Slope ranch, one of the largest thoroughbred stock farms in the world. Other coins, forgotten by the old and unheard of by the young, might be added to those mentioned, but enough have been mentioned to show that, during the century, the United States has made some surprising experiments in the coinage of its gold.



#### THE WALKING FERN.

BY JENNIE C. BAKER.

If you wish to procure a specimen of this rare plant for your herbarium, you will not dare to be of the class who having eyes see not, for you need to use your eyes with effect to procure one. The plant is one for which you might search all your days and go unrewarded, or yet not searching, find.

When I saw the plant for the first time, my immediate thought was of the picture of a banvan tree, which was shown in an old geography belonging to my father. This association was not because of similarity in size, for the banyan tree is large, while the fern is small, but because of peculiarity of growth. The limbs of the banyan tree, after growing out for a certain distance, begin bending downward and so continue until they reach the ground, where they take roots and a new tree springs up, until sometimes a small forest of banyan trees grows up around one parent tree. This dainty little fern propagates itself somewhat similarly, only instead of bending branches, there are bending leaves. The fern has no branches; its leaves, like other varieties of the same plant, are all radical. Each year the long, slender leaves reach out, dip down, and take root, and thus it walks by yearly steps. Because of this, it is called the " Walking Fern."

There are two varieties of this little plant: Antigramma rhizophylla and Antigramma pinnatifida. The first part of the name means "not like writing" and is given because of the irregular arrangement of the sori or seeds on the under side of the leaves. Rhizophylla means "firm leaf," while pinnatifida signifies "feather cleft," the latter names descriptive of the leaves of each species, which is their main difference.

This plant looks as unlike a fern as it possibly can and yet be one. Unlike most of its relatives, you can not call it beautiful; yet it has about it a certain gracefulness that is a distinctive feature of the fern family. If we were speaking of ferns as of conscious beings, we would say, "They are beautiful and they know it." They hold their beautiful, feathered fronds up so gracefully, as if to win ad-

miration. This little relative is not at all like its cousins, "maidenhair" and "ostrich," but is retiring and lowly in its habits. The plant is small, the longest leaves not measuring over eight inches. They do not grow high. After they have reached a certain height, they droop over and soon begin their journey toward the earth again from which they came.

The leaves are heart-shaped at the stem end, lengthening out into a lanceolate leaf. The leaf of the *Rhizophylla* always reminds me of an arrow head drawn out. The mid-rib of the leaf lengthens out to an attenuated point and this it is that takes root and makes a new plant. The leaves of a well-developed plant are numerous, there being as many as eight or ten perfectly-formed leaves on each stalk.

You will find the walking fern on rocky hillsides but not far up from the river or creek. Although they love rocks and good drainage, they like moisture also, and so get not too far away from the source of fogs and damp. They are rare, however, and you may have much difficulty in procuring a specimen, even if you live in the localities where they grow.

The plant in the possession of the writer was found just a short distance above the large limestone spring at Bedford. This specimen is a fine, large one, and so unique that it may be called an anomaly. One of the largest leaves had been split from the apex down the mid-rib possibly one-fourth way. This rupture to the leaf may have been caused either by "the North-wind's blast, or echoing rabbit's tread," or probably in some less poetical way. The sister leaves, we can imagine, laughed at her distress, as do many human sisters at the troubles of another. But she, poor leaf, bravely put forth her best efforts, until with one mighty throe, both points of the broken leaf sank deep into the earth, and twin ferns were born.

Why the walking fern should be so rare, is one of the mysteries of nature. They are not only propagated by the leaves dipping down and rooting and sending up new plants but by spores also. The specimen mentioned above, had besides the twins, two other well-developed plantlets, while the leaves of the mother stalk were thickly covered with the irregularly arranged sori.

Everett, Pa.

#### WHAT A CLERK IN THE MAIL CAR DOES.

BY RAILWAY MAIL CLERK DAVID BOSSERMAN.

No one is allowed in a railway mail car, when there is mail in it, except those who are assigned to duty therein; so there are many people that do not know just what a mail clerk has to do.

The clerk usually goes to his car several hours before the time for leaving the starting point, to get the mail distributed for the first offices along the road. He changes his clothes, for the work is much dirtier than most people imagine. Then, if he is to distribute papers, he hangs empty sacks in the rack made for that purpose, labeling each one to its proper destination, some to other railway divisions and some to post offices.

Now he proceeds to work, dumping the sacks of mail that have been brought to the car on to a table, and "working" the papers into the empty sacks. He is required to know every post office in the State he works the mail for. He always knows when there is no such office in the State as the one addressed, and throws it in the "nixie box," the contents of which is dispatched to the Dead Office. He gets so accustomed to the offices, and how to throw the pieces of mail, that he can throw each piece into the right sack out of a hundred, with such rapidity that it takes all of another man's time to set the papers on edge with the addresses one way. This last is the work of the learners.

Letters are handled much more carefully, being always tied in neat packages and placed in pouches carefully locked with the United States mail lock. These are opened in the car -each clerk having a numbered mail keyand all the packages labeled to his train he cuts open and works in the letter end of the car, which is fitted up with hundreds of ooxes or pigeon holes. Most carefully of all must the registered packages be handled. The clerk must give a receipt for every package he gets and in turn must get a receipt from the next man. He must put his name on ach package he handles, and must enter its particular number on his register book. The egister pouches are locked with a special

lock, which also contains a tally box, which tallies every time the key is turned.

The great mental strain, the standing work with the jarring of the car, the long and irregular hours, and much night work, make it very hard work. The new man usually has a nervous feeling in the region of his stomach the first trip out, and makes frequent visits to the car door. He usually gets over that in time, however. But it is very difficult for him to see the clerical part of the work.

On many trains there is but one clerk, but, especially on the fast mail trains, there are as high as a dozen men with three or four mail cars. Most of the fast mail trains run after night. The amount of mail varies much. Sometimes the clerks work all over the road and then go in "stuck," which means that all of the mail they were to handle was not worked. Much of this mail is then delayed. At other times, the mail is soon worked up, and then all are at liberty to go to sleep, except one, who must watch the car and work the little local mail that is picked up after night.

A clerk must learn just how to throw off pouches or sacks, so they will not roll under the moving train, and how to hold the "catcher" so as to be sure to catch the dangling pouch, with the train running at the highest rate of speed.

He is required to wear a badge and his mail key when on duty, and the loss of either of these is sufficient cause to remove him. Every inexcusable error a clerk makes is charged against his record; and on account of the accuracy required, he is liable to many.

2828 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

#### TIMBER MINES.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Mengtze, in upper Tonkin. It lies in the wood mines. The wood orginally was a fine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy soils, which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.

#### SCAFFOLD POLES TO HIRE.

"Scaffold poles to hire."

So read a sign painted on the end of a building standing in a pole yard, and a man whose eye chanced to fall upon it wondered just what it meant. He had heard of renting steam boilers, and pianos, and horse and railroad cars, and so on, and he knew that there is scarcely anything, perhaps nothing, that cannot be rented, but he had never heard before of renting scaffold poles, and it seemed an odd thing to do.

As a matter of fact there are lots of scaffold poles rented; it is an old, and, to those who have occasion to know about it, familiar branch

of the pole-yard business.

Scaffold poles are rented, of course, most largely to builders, and there are more builders who hire scaffold poles than there are who own them; this for the simple reason that it is for most builders cheaper to hire. The very largest builders, who must have a yard anyway in which to keep material and plant of one sort and another, own their own scaffold poles and keep them, when not in use, in their own yard, where they have room for them.

The smaller builder, having very likely no material yard, has no convenient place to store poles when not in use, and he hires poles. As for that matter, some of the larger builders do also.

Scaffold poles are let at so much for a job, whether it is a few days or weeks, but while a builder keeps the poles for one price on one job as long as he may need them he cannot if he gets through with a job early haul the poles off to set up on another job without paying more rent.

The life of a scaffold pole is about six years. A pole-yard man said that they could be made to last ten years by care. People always drive nails into scaffold poles. These nails rust, and the wood around them rots and the pole gradually goes to decay.

If the poles were all carefully overhauled and looked after when they came back to the yard from a job and the nails all pulled out they would last four years longer, but this is not done for the simple reason it wouldn't pay.

Another branch of the pole-yard business is putting up scaffolding for fresco and other painters. Such scaffoldings inside buildings are made not with poles, but with timbers.

The pole-yard people also on occasion build the scaffolding that is seen now and then around some steeple; reaching, it may be, from ground to summit. This scaffolding is built of poles; and it is set up, as the fresco painters' scaffolding is, by riggers in the poleyard's employ.

Of course, the pole-yard supplies the poles that are used for clothes poles for pulley lines and for this use there are required in this city thousands of poles annually. The poles, the pole-yard people bring down in rafts, and in vessel loads, from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The life of a clothes pole in this city is about twelve years.

The pole-yard supplies the many flag poles sold in the city, these being the pick of all the poles brought here. And at some of the pole establishments they also make ladders of various kinds. A pole ladder is one whose sides are the two halves of one pole.

So that, take it altogether, while a pole, or a pile of poles, might seem like a very simple and prosaic thing, there is a very considerable amount of variety in the pole-yard business and what with the work of the riggers, and one thing and another, it's a pretty stalwart sor of a business, too.

#### NAMES OF BOYS IN CHINA.

Much has been learned by the youth o America since the troubles in China began about the customs of the yellow men of Asia Few, however, it is probable, have solved the questions of Chinese names-a puzzle tha confronts every city boy or girl every time h or she goes by the Chinese laundry on th way to school. But to the Chinese boy or gi it is doubtless all simple enough. Take th name of Li Hung Chang, for instance—th best known Chinaman living to-day. Chinese boy or girl would say it was eas enough. Li is his family name and mean Plum. The only difference between Li Hun Chang's name and the name of Mr. Plum, wh may live in your town, is that the great Ch nese diplomat "puts his last name first" an

Mr. Plum of America "puts it last," where, you should say, any man's last name ought to be.

The American boy or girl does pretty well these days if he or she is given more than three names, as Mary Ellen Jones or Charles William Brown. Some of them are presented with only two, while once in a while some of us are given four. But the Chinaman has any number before he grows up. As a baby he receives his "milk" name. Then when he enters school his "school" name and when he is grown his title or "life" name.

#### WATCHES ARE COMPASSES.

"A FEW days ago," said a merchant to the writer yesterday, "I met a sailor friend and while chatting with him I expressed a desire to know which was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch.

"'All watches,' he replied, 'are compasses.'
"Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure twelve on the watch dial. For instance. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating eight to the sun and the figure ten on the watch is due south.

"My nautical friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that I very possibly was ignorant about a subject that everyone else knew, and, happening to meet a man who is a perfect walking encyclopedia, I asked him if he was aware of this simple mode of discerning the points of the compass. He said he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the majority of people are in the same state of ignorance."

#### WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW.

A GREAT deal of fun is poked at the girls because they cannot throw a stone or a snowball and hit the person or thing they are aiming at. The general idea as to why girls cannot throw as well as boys is that they have not acquired the knack by practice as their brothers have. Another explanation is given by a medical man, which tends to show that girls could never learn the knack, however much they tried.

When a boy throws a stone he crooks his elbow and reaches back' with his forearm, and in the art of throwing he works every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, whereas the boy's arm is relaxed.

The reason of this difference is one of anatomy; the feminine collar bone is longer and is set lower than in the case of a male. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the free use of the arm. This is the reason that girls cannot throw well.

x x

A curious custom, known as "Forty-shilling Day," prevails in Wotton, England, and was observed a day or two ago. A former resident, Mr. William Glanville, left under his will 40s, the condition being that on the anniversary of his funeral the village boys should attend in the church yard, and, with one hand on his tomb, recite by heart the. Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed, read the fifty-eight verses in I Corinthians 15, and after write two verses from the chapter by dictation. Seven lads were successful in winning the 40s, and they performed their task creditably, though nervousness was responsible for one or two mistakes. After the ordeal the lads were entertained at dinner by the village squire.



#### TIRED WATCHES.

"This is a very fine timepiece, and there is nothing on earth the matter with it except that it is sulky," said an old watchmaker on Royal street, who has followed his craft here and abroad for the last half century.

It was an old-fashioned Swiss chronometer, in a massive gold case, worn as smooth as glass, and the owner declared it had not run steadily for several weeks. Nothing seemed to be broken: it had simply stopped and refused to go, except by fits and starts.

"It is all right," the old watchmaker went on; "nothing about it is out of order, and it is fairly clean. The only trouble is that it is sulky and may be tired. Fine old hand-made watches get that way now and then, and the best thing to do is to lay them aside and give them a rest.

"Watches like this have lots of human traits," he continued, after its owner had secured a substitute and departed, "and very few people realize that they really get fatigued. I have often had them come to me in the condition of this one. The mechanism seems to be in perfect condition, but it won't run.

"The fact is that long service has thrown it slightly out of adjustment in perhaps twenty different places. I dare say I could go over it with my tools and forcibly set it to rights, but the less the works of a very high-grade watch are scraped and handled and taken apart the better for them. A far more sensible plan is one I shall pursue in the present case—to lay it away in a drawer and let it rest undisturbed for one, two, possibly three months; the longer the better.

"In that time the delicate wheels and cogs and pinions will slowly readjust themselves—settle back into their right places, as well as I can explain it, and when I take the watch out again all that is necessary is to give it a tap or two and a microscopic drop of oil and it starts off as briskly and cheerfully as ever.

"You will understand, of course, that the only watches subject to this sort of thing are those that have been carefully and patiently made by hand. Some of the human quality of the maker goes into such a timepiece. The modern, machine-made watch doesn't get tired. When it stops something is 'busted.'"

#### PHILATELY.

BY CHARLES ESHELMAN.

The stamp collecting fad is one of the most popular that has risen in the United States in the last thirty years. There are a great many collections of coins, vases and old pieces of pottery, but the collectors of stamps outnumber these ten to one. Among the ranks of philately are found the small boy with his few continentals in a tencent album, the clerk, the professional man and the rich one who does not think one thousand dollars an extravagant outlay for a single stamp.

The fad is fascinating and also very instructive. A knowledge of the stamp-issuing countries, their products and their inhabitants is gained that cannot be acquired in any other way. In some cases it has been very profitable to the lucky person who has had the fortune to discover a few old and rare stamps. Some stamps that, thirty years ago, could be bought for a dollar or two are now almost unobtainable at any price.

There are a great many stamps that are worth all the way from five to twenty-five dollars and even higher. A goodly number of United States stamps that were issued before the Civil War are worth many times their original face value, cancelled.

A 2d. Mauritius stamp was sold in London for \$5,000. This is by far the most valuable of any article in the world considering its size and weight. A square yard of these stamps (if it were possible to collect so many) would be worth in round figures \$8,640,000.

The original face value of a square yard of these stamps was \$45.12. The total number of stamps issued throughout the world has been about 14,000 varieties.

Other rare and costly stamps are the tencent Baltimore, two-cent Hawaiian and twentycent St. Louis. The picture shown gives a very good idea of how some rare stamps look, minus the color. No. 692 is a rare stamp and hard to obtain in good condition. Also No. 763 and 847 are very scarce. Many good copies of these stamps illustrated sell all the way from \$25 up.

Elgin, Ill.

(This Engraving Furnished by Courtesy of J. M. Bartels Co., Washington, D. C.)



#### ARE WISE IN VELDT CRAFT.

"IT is not altogether wonderful that De Wet can keep slipping away from the British the way he does," remarked the newspaper correspondent who had lately returned from the war in South Africa. "You see the Boers are wise in veldt craft, which is a good knowledge, and it helps them more in this kind of guerrilla fighting than a whole regiment of field artillery. They know how to scout properly; they were born to the work. They know how to use the lay of the land to their advantage, while the Britisher doesn't know. But perhaps the chief difference between the British and the Boer forces in regard to this rounding up business is in the care and the handling of the horses. The Boer understands how to save his horse all unnecessary work. The British troopers may understand this also, but on account of their organization they can't put \*their knowledge into practice.

"Just take the principle of off-saddling whenever you can. When a man who has lived any time in that country stops for even only fifteen minutes he immediately off-saddles and rubs up the wet hair with his fingers so that the sun won't blister the back. The horse gets a rub, a general shake and a few mouthfuls of grass. You know how a man feels when he puts on his slippers in the evening. That's just what it does to the horse. Now, when a British cavalry regiment comes to a halt no one off-saddles. The trooper couldn't off-saddle without orders from the officer. The officer being under orders himself doesn't know how long the regiment will remain halted. They might be told to 'go ahead any minute. So the horses stand with the saddles always on their backs. Of course, this doesn't make any difference for one day or two days or three days. But in the long run it

"Then, again, the Britisher carries too much stuff on his saddle—an extra pair of boots, extra underwear, extra horseshoes. The regulations say that they must carry these things which, in that country, are absolutely unnecessary. If a horse throws a shoe the veldt is so soft that it would take at least a couple of weeks for him to wear down his hoof

enough to make him lame, and nine times out of ten the trooper would find one of the army blacksmith forges before that time was out. Besides all the needless clothing, they load their saddles down with a whole lot of stuff which is just as useless. No wonder the British cavalry can't move quickly, and it's no use to chase De Wet with infantry."

#### PRIMITIVE MAIL-BAGS.

During the first few years of my stay in Mexico, before we had built roads, runners brought all my mail and correspondence frequently from the Cape, distant nearly two hundred miles. They carried it in a handkerchief tied around their loins. They were absolutely reliable. I never knew them to fail. Even after roads were built and teams running regularly upon them, the runners were frequently employed. Once it was my good fortune to overtake the most celebrated of them. I was in a light buggy which I had had built especially to enable me to make rapid journeys to the capital, distant about fortyfive miles on the old road. I had a noble span of horses seventeen and a half hands. which the natives called "los elefantes." It was a down-grade traveling north, the road in the foot-hills excellent. On nearing the coast it became sandy and heavy. I was driving at a fine, easy gait, when I saw a man some distance ahead throwing a ball, apparently, which he would overtake and throw again and again. I quickened my pace, but the runner also spurted, and thus we traveled for nearly an hour, when I overtook him. I then discovered that he threw the ball with his foot, without pausing or stooping. He was returning from the delivery of a mail, and varied the monotony of the journey in that manner. He kept pace with me with ease. and when we reached the heavier portions of the road passed me. I afterwards learned that the ball was of wood, and that it is a favorite practice of the runners.

"ARE you the defendant in this case?' asked the Judge, sharply.

"No, sah," answered the mild-eyed Ethiopian prisoner. "I has a lawyer hired to do de defendin'. I's de man dat stole de goods.'



#### BEEFSTEAK.

BY SISTER AGNES McDANNEL.

TAKE either round or loin steak, having it t least an inch thick. Remove the bone, and ut off the skin on the edge. Remove everyhing that cannot be eaten. Then if thought ecessary give it a good beating with the rear dge of a flat-iron. Turn and beat and cut gain at right angles till the entire steak is roken in fibre. Cut into as many pieces as here are portions to be served. Take half nd half of water and rich milk in a bowl. halt this to taste, and if you like it, a dash of atsup or Worcestershire sauce, or paprika, to aste. Have this prepared and at hand. ome put a spoonful of flour in the bowl and eat it in. Now put the pan on the stove, in t put some of the fat of the steak, or butter vill do, and let this pan get hot, hot, hot, not varm, but seething hot. Put the plate on thich the steak is to be served in the oven of he stove to warm. The rest of the meal must e ready and all other things prepared.

Now with a plate of butter near by drop the pieces of steak in the smoking-hot pan. Turn hem immediately, and keep on turning them hroughout the whole process. After turning 'hree or four times put thin slices of butter on he gooking steak as you turn over. Up to his point all will be easy, and now and here s where the judgment of the cook must come nto play, and no recipe can give adequate intructions. The meat must be so cooked that t is a crinkly crusted brown on the outside, nd juicy within. If done properly it will cut ike a piece of cheese. It is all in knowing when to fork out on the hot plate in waiting, minute too long will render the steak dry.

Not long enough will leave it red and apparently uncooked. It is a matter that must be learned by practice.

Then, when done, whip up the material in the bowl with a fork, and pour all in the sizzling-hot pan. The moment it boils pour into a clean bowl or gravy float and serve all immediately. Close the dining room door and open the kitchen door during the process as there is much smoke. Everything must be ready beforehand, as constant personal attention is necessary from the time the meat is in the pan till cooked. Garnish with Saratoga chips. Each guest to salt the portion served. No salt is to be put on the meat while cooking. Elgin, Ill.

#### CORN CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

BY SISTER M. JANE STAUFFER.

Take two cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt, one large teaspoonful of soda, onehalf cup of flour, one and one-half cups of corn meal. Mix thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle as served.

Puddings to be Eaten on the Cakes.

Put the required amount of puddings in a frying pan on the back of the stove to melt. When soft break in an egg and stir well. Cook for five minutes, stirring often. Take from the stove, heap the puddings in one side of the pan and hold so the grease will run to the other side. Dip out the grease with a spoon. Return to the stove, add enough water to make rather thin and cook for a few minutes. Puddings prepared in this way are much more healthful than when the grease is left in.

#### VELVET CREAM.

BY SISTER I. M. ENGLAR.

Dissolve one-half package of gelatine in one and one-half cups of water. Add one and one-half cups of sugar. Set over fire long enough to dissolve. When cool add three-fourths pint of cream previously whipped and flavor with vanilla to suit the taste.

Union Bridge, Md.

#### CREAM PUFFS.

BY SISTER AMY KOOP.

Take six ounces of flour, one-fourth pound of butter, one-half pint of hot water, and five eggs. Boil butter and water together and stir in flour while boiling. When cool stir the well-beaten eggs in and beat all well, the same as pound cake. Drop on tins and rub tops of cakes with one egg beaten. Bake in quick oven.

Westminster, Md.

#### CREAMED CABBAGE.

BY SISTER AMANDA NICHOLSON.

BEAT together the yolks of two eggs, onehalf cup each of sugar and vinegar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste, one cup of cream. Add all together in a saucepan, and stir till it boils. Pour over fine-cut cabbage.

Hillsdale, Pa.

#### POTATO SOUP.

BY SISTER FANNIE WAMPLER.

Take two small teacups of mashed potatoes to one and one-half pints of water. While that is heating mix four tablespoonfuls of flour in one quart of rich milk (the richer the better). When the potatoes have dissolved stir in the mixture. Salt to taste. Pepper if liked. Have a quick fire and stir constantly to keep from scorching until it boils well.

Cerrogordo, Ill.

#### BUITERMILK PIES.

BY SISTER MARGARET HENRICK.

Take four cups of buttermilk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one level teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg. Bake the same as custard.

Kidder, Mo.

#### WHITEWASH.

A SUBSCRIBER wrote us for the formula for the whitewash used at lighthouses, and addressing a letter to the Government about the matter we received the following, which will be of immense advantage to many of our readers, especially at this season of the year. Note this fact: It occurred to one man to ask a simple question about whitewash. The INGLENOOK takes it up, does not know, and refers the matter to Washington and here is the "recipe," and thousands come to know how simple a very valuable thing is.

A Simple Whitewash.

The following formula for mixing whitewash, when properly made and put on, gives a white that does not easily wash or rub off, viz:

To ten parts of best freshly slacked lime add one part of best hydraulic cement, mix well with salt-water and apply quite thin.

"Sylvester's Process" for Excluding Moisture from External Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of brick walls, one composed of soap and water and one of alum and water. The proportions are, three-quarters of a pound of soap to one gallon of water, and half a pound of alum to four gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly dissolved in the water before being used.

The walls should be perfectly clean and dry, and the temperature of the air should not be below fifty degrees Fahrenheit when the compositions are applied.

The first or soap wash should be laid on when at boiling heat, with a flat brush, taking care not to form a froth on the brick-work. This wash should remain twenty-four hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second or alum wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash when applied may be sixty degrees or seventy degrees, and it should also remain twenty-four hours before a second coat of soap wash is put on, and these coats are to be repeated alternately until the walls are made impervious to water.

The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from penetrating the walls,

Four coatings render bricks impenetrable.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Apr. to Dec.

APRIL 20, 1901.

No. 16.

#### THE STEADFAST ONE.

The world may laugh to see me fall,
But mother won't!
The world may deem me weak or small,
But mother won't!
The crowd may say, if I, some day,
Succeed in winning, that I won
Through luck or in some shameful way
'That all but fools and knaves would shun,
But mother won't!

The world may cavil at my song,
But mother won't!
My friends may sneer if I go wrong,
But mother won't!
The child that claims my love and she
That gave me all her heart, one day,
May, sometime, lose their faith in me
And m rcilessly turn away—
But mother won't!

#### CLAIM TO OWN THE EAGLES.

Among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona there is a property right in eagles. Each clan claims ownership in several eagle nests which may or may not be near the place where the clan lives. When the nests are distant from the villages where the Indians claiming them live it has been found that the ancestors of these Indians came in former years from the localities where the nests now are, and they point to the fact that these nests are theirs as proof that they also, by inheritance, own the land round about them. Driven into new locations by marauding Navajoes and Utes, these Pueblo Indians have steadily contracted their occupied territory, but they still visit the old nests, as their forefathers visited them before the white man came to Mexico. Some of the Pueblo Indians, the Zunis, for instance, keep eagles in cages and treat them as domestic fowl, but the most of the tribes procure their eagles by taking the young from the ancestral nests. These Indians keep turkeys also, but neither turkeys nor eagles are kept for food. With the feathers of the birds the Indian decorates himself and his "prayer sticks" on occasions of religious ceremony. The various tribes respect one another's property rights in certain nests and the birds which are hatched in them and a heavy punishment is provided for an Indian killing an eagle not his own.

Sometimes the nests are fifty miles from where the tribe lives, but investigation always shows that the tribe lived once where the nest is. Generations without number the eagle builds his nest in the same spot and rears his young there. So the title of the Pueblos reaches back into the twilight of American history. Those Pueblo Indians speak of their eagles as they do of their sheep, their dogs or their horses. Though the king of birds may be flying wild half a hundred miles from the Indian's abode, yet it is the Indian's eagle.

When an Indian visits one of his nests to secure a bird he does not take all the young, but leaves some, so that the breed may be perpetuated. Returning home with his eaglet, he strips it of its feathers and kills it. The body of the eagle is not thrown on the rubbish heap, but is buried in a special eagle burying ground. The ancient Pueblo Indians used to keep parrots as domestic birds, probably only for their feathers, which were used in decorations for religious services. These parrots they obtained by barter with the Mexicans to the south of them. It is known that the Aztecs kept a variety of birds as domestic fowls and used them for food, as well as eating their eggs, but the Pueblo Indians seem to have kept their domestic birds for their feathers solely.

To-DAY the Christian religion is accepted by practically 500,000,000 people.

#### REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY C M. WENGER.

THE schoolhouse was a one-room frame building, with long desks on opposite sides of the room, facing the center, and backless benches to sit on, the wall of the room serving as a back for the outside rows and their desks for those in front, the larger pupils sitting next the wall. An old-fashioned box stove occupied the center of the room. The schoolhouse was located near a creek which afforded us ample opportunities for play and recreation along this delightful stream. Some of the pupils could be seen seated on its banks, with bent pins for hooks, trying to catch the little fish, while the smaller lads would be found in some deep eddy, like so many little nude Hindoos, exercising in the aquatic art under the watchful eye of our maiden teacher.

But as we grew older such sports as blackman, anti-over, or town ball were engaged in. The school law was quite different in those days from what it is at the present. The schools were wholly under the control of the people. A school director was elected by the patrons of the school district, and he did the hiring of the teacher, procuring of fuel, supplies, etc. The teacher would board around a week at a place, with the patrons. The school year was divided into two terms, a winter and a summer term. The summer school was invariably taught by a lady and the winter term by a gentleman teacher. Later on, however, the summer school was abolished and the winter term lengthened and occasionally a lady teacher employed. The teacher selected usually was one who could give ample evidence as to his physical ability to control, and often these qualifications were regarded in preference to his literary attainments.

While attending this rural seat of learning I took an active part in a number of exhibitions which in those days were very common and always given at the close of the winter term. These exhibitions consisted of music, declamations and dialogues and were engaged in mostly by the larger pupils. The advantages the practice and rehearsals gave for social culture and enjoyment at once made them popular with the young lads and lasses, many

of whom at this time formed attachments that grew into a real fondness for each other.

Spelling schools were also frequently held and much rivalry was manifested by neighboring schools, each school district striving to hold the championship for the best speller. When the house was called to order, two leaders, who had a good knowledge of the spelling ability of those present, were appointed by the teacher, and these two would choose up, each taking opposite sides of the room. After all in the house who wished to spell had been chosen, a trapper from each side was appointed by the leaders, whose business was to trap all the misspelled words from the opposite side. These trappers had to be wide awake and able to spell correctly about all of the words pronounced. One also from each side was appointed to keep tally of the number of words missed, and should the trapper misspell the word caught, the one on the other side would spell it and get credit on his tally. Spelling in this manner was engaged in about one hour, then a recess was taken, during which time many of the pupils, aided by the light of the moon, would engage in such outdoor sports as fox and geese, or snap and catch, at which they often grew quite hilarious. After recess the final spelling contest took place. All were arranged standing next to the outside wall of the room, and as one missed a word would take his seat until all were spelled down, the last one standing being the champion. Frequently two or three of the best spellers would hold their positions for quite a while after the rest were all down, and should one of these have been from an adjoining district the interest became very animated.

The teaching in those days was very much different from the methods used at the present time. The primary branches received special attention, and the rudimentary principles were thoroughly inculcated into the minds of the beginner. The word method and written recitations were unknown in those days.

South Bend, Ind.

DENMARK leads the world for thriftiness. Her inhabitants have on an average \$50 in the savings banks.

#### JOHN WILLIAM HENRY BROWN.

The boy to whom the above string of names was attached was being fitted out for college. His mother had packed the old-fashioned grip with the juvenile belongings, the darned socks, the folded handkerchiefs, and on the top of all, where he would readily see it, she placed his Bible and hymn book. As he stood before her at the last moment, with his hands spread out, with parted fingers, and chin up, as she gave the last touches to the red and green cravat, he was a picture that might have been labeled "Boy Leaving Home."

J. W. H. Brown got through the college course very creditably, all things considered. He became a civil engineer, and excelled in his profession. He developed the moneygetting knack, and what is more to the point, he saved it and doubled it up in short order. Mr. J. Henry Brown grew rich, richer than anybody away back where he was raised. He also developed intellectually and socially.

Mrs. Brown developed in heart, and went backward mentally, and she grew rather scraggy and angular in appearance. She never forgot Willie, and he was her ideal of what a boy ought to be. Even when Hon. J. H. Brown was spoken of for the Legislature, and elected, too, she referred to him as her "boy Willie." It was funny, also pathetic.

And now what relations existed between the man and his mother? According to the rule of thumb, governing these matters, he should have been ashamed of his mother. She should have visited him, accompanied by a half dozen bandboxes, and the usual paraphernalia of a country woman, when the story is told on paper. What really happened was that after great persuasion she did visit the city. Her son met her at the station and they drove to his handsome residence together.

Right here human nature, as some understand it, should break out and the aristocratic wife of Senator Brown should make it decidedly unpleasant for the old woman. She did nothing of the kind. Mrs. Senator Brown was fine gold. She did all she knew to make it pleasant for the visitor. Mrs. Brown was to stay two weeks, and she counted the hours toward the last. It was not that she was illtreated, quite the contrary. But when one is in the sixties it is hard to learn life all over again. She wanted back to the little home on the side street, where the geranium bloomed in the old tomato can, and the lilacs grew in the corner of the garden.

Now there are certain things in each life that generally go unrealized. Mother Brown wanted a bow window, one with a big, clear, sheet of plate glass in the front. Then she could have as many geraniums as she liked. But the window never came, and never would, now that she was old. She talked about it the first day she was at her son's house. He laughed, and wished he was so easily satisfied. They were talking of making him Governor, now.

When the woman rounded the corner near her home she was grateful that she had got back. Then she stopped aghast. Her house had gone. No, not gone, but so transformed that she didn't know it. It had two big, openfaced, bow windows, one more than the dreams of a lifetime. Inside it was repapered in a way that even her lack of knowledge told her was costly. There were soft carpets on the floor, lace curtains in the windows, and her finest furniture was in the kitchen instead of the front parlor. The neighbors were there for a reception. There were palms in the window. Everybody laughed, and Mrs. Brown stared, sat down in a big arm chair and began to cry. It was like a story in a book, only that it turns out all right, and everybody is happy. Sometimes it really is that way in



#### THE FLOODS OF KANSAS.

#### BY ALPHA L. MILLER.

ONE often wonders and comments on the newspaper items of the floods of the Brazos of Texas; but when it becomes a reality, and happens even in Sunny Kansas, it causes few comments by the main actors, or, as it were, its victims.

The spring and summer of 1885 were especially noted for high waters, and the Neosho River rose higher than it was ever known.

The first flood was in February and was caused partly by an ice gorge and by the spring thaw. It caused quite a little suffering but no loss of life, then in July came the largest flood that Woodson County had ever seen. It rained hard for two days and up the Cottonwood, the main tributary of Neosho, it had rained extraordinarily hard. On the evening of the third, and in fact all afternoon, the river was running nearly bank full. About three o'clock barrels, buckets, tubs, and boxes, with all kinds of grocery supplies, began to come down, and as we heard afterward, a store had been washed out up the river.

At dusk the water was running over our yard, as the house stood on the bank of the river. At midnight the waters were running in the house and by morning it was three feet deep all over the floor and we had to remove all necessary goods upstairs.

The morning of the fourth day dawned clear and bright, but what a sight to look on! Water, water, everywhere, of a dark muddy color! Everything sounded so plain, people calling, cattle bawling, pigs squealing and horses neighing, a perfect babel of sound interspersed with the thump and chug of large logs bumping against houses. Calling to one of our neighbors to bring their boat we swam our horses out to higher ground, but couldn't remove our hogs or cattle. Lost all but two cows and three hogs, all our cribbed corn, wheat and green corn, potatoes and everything; even the green fruit dropped off.

One of our neighbors, living in a one-story house, had to cut a hole in the roof and take his family out on the roof. There they stayed till rescued. Another neighbor living by him-

self was scarcely saved from drowning. He lived in a low place in the bend of what had once been the old river bed.

That was a dismal fourth of July for Neosho folks. The loss of stock had been great, but no lives had been lost. All crops were destroyed and we lived mainly on turnips and rutabagas that winter, and the next summer moved away from Neosho River.

They have had many floods since on the Neosho but not near so bad as that one.

Olathe, Kans.

#### SEEING THE GREAT WEST.

At the coming Annual Conference there will be a large number of our people in attendance at Lincoln, Nebr., and as a good many of them will see the West for the first time, it would be well for them to arrange their business in such a way as to allow them to go farther and see the real west. In fact, Nebraska, while west geographically, is not the real thing, and is not regarded as west by the people there. One wants to go out where there are boundless sweeps of prairie and cattle grazing, and the free, pure air is all around. While there are places and places it occurs to us to single out the town of Quinter as a section where the real plains are to be seen.

There is a good working church right there, in easy sight of the station, and doubtless the residents, characterized by the open hospitality of the West, would be pleased to welcome and entertain the brother and sister who comes among them as a visitor and looker-on in Quinter.

The country is purely an agricultural one, and the people who have been there for years have made a decided success of their holdings of land. They do their farming differently from that of the East, and they so arrange their resources that failures, like the accounts of the church meetings coming to the papers. "are now a thing of the past." The lay of the land is perfect, and the soil is an ideal one, and they make ends meet and overlap by farming according to the whim of Nature as she smiles on that section. They combine cattle and pasture, grain and produce, and they are as happy a lot as one will find anywhere. As it is likely to become the center

of a considerable movement in the near future it may be well to see what the country looks like, and, possibly a seeker after a new home may, more than likely, find something of personal interest to him. The Union Pacific railroad company is taking the matter in hand and will run an excursion to Quinter from Lincoln, and it is an unexcelled opportunity to see the great West. If all goes well, the INGLENOOK expects to be one of the number, naving in memory a very pleasant recollection of the Kansas church of the plains.

#### EGGS EATEN AT BREAKFAST.

"Six hundred dollars' worth of eggs would seem to be a rather heavy breakfast for one nan to eat," observed a well-known scientist o a Star reporter, "but I can certify that a nan ate that amount of eggs and that he told ne after he had got away with them that they nad not fully satisfied his hunger. Ten minites after he had finished his meal he complained that the eggs did not seem to sit well n his stomach. It happened in this way: several years since I was out in the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, hunting eggs for the imithsonian Institute. I was instructed to levote special attention to pheasant eggs and o one particular variety in particular, the yelow pheasant, popularly called, which were hen, as now, very scarce.

"The trip was on the whole rather successul, though I did not find many of the particuar pheasant eggs referred to. One morning I ound myself on one of the high mountains thich surround the city of Georgetown, 'Colo. had had my own breakfast in the town and ode up the mountain on a burro carrying on my search for pheasant eggs. About ten 'clock I ran across a mine prospector who was just finishing his breakfast. After spendag some time in conversation with him, and s I was about leaving him, I noticed some rieces of egg shell on the ground. To my urprise and delight they were the shells of me pheasant eggs that I was so anxious to nd. Not supposing that he was interested 1 my branch of science I mentioned in a casu-I way that the shells were of the egg of a cerin species of yellow pheasant that I was exceedingly anxious to find or secure. Then he told me that in his wandering up on the mountain that morning he had found a nest containing the eggs, and finding that they were fresh he had eaten them, six in all.

"Then it was my turn to talk, and when I had told him that the eggs were very rare and that I would willingly pay \$100 apiece for them he looked disgusted and actually turned pale. He had been having rather a hard run of luck and felt very sorry, of course, that he had unaware partaken of such a high-priced breakfast. He thought he might be able to find another nest thereabouts and offered to furnish me six eggs of the same species for a sum considerably less than \$600, which offer I accepted. We hunted together all that day and every day for over a week, but to no purpose. Three months later I made a similar find myself, but at a place 300 miles distant from there. The eggs I found are in the Smithsonian yet, and as far as I know about the only eggs of that particular species in any collection in this country. A year ago I got a letter from the prospector. He is still in Colorado, but says he has never been able to eat an egg of any kind since."

#### HONORS RESERVED FOR THE DEAD.

Congress long since found that it must prohibit the use of the face of any man, while still alive, on a banknote, however distinguished he might be. Not even Grant was an exception. No man's head can be used on a postage stamp while he is alive. No vessel belonging to the United States, can be named after a living man, even in the class where the names of naval heroes are alone employed. The Roman Catholic church has a wise rule that no step toward canonizing a person of saintly memory can be taken until twenty-five years after death, and fifty years must pass before the church will decide whether there is evidence to justify adding a new saint to the calendar.

Don't cry over spilt milk; hustle around and get some more milk tickets.

One way to judge a man's character is by what he doesn't say.

#### ABOUT ARTISTS' MODELS.

THE subject of models seems to be one on which the outside world feels an intense curiosity. This may be owing to the fact that the model in fiction stands high as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and is generally represented as a young creature of happy innocence and a perfect outline. I must confess myself that, before I saw the Latin quarter, I had an idea that a model was a being of peerless form, and that there were hundreds of them all as beautiful as Trilby. My surprise was great when I saw for the first time a collection of studio studies from the nude, pinned round the walls of the great, barn-like atelier of a young American. They were all women, and each one seemed to be more ugly and illformed than the other. I inquired of my companion why such misshapen beings should be chosen to paint. She looked surprised, and said:

"O, these are all excellent models. They're engaged all the time. That's Coralie, and that's Margharita, and this is Antoinette, and that one at the end is Blanche. She's a perfect dream to paint, her skin's such a wonderful color, a sort of pale yellow with pinkish lights. She poses splendidly."

I looked at the perfect dream and thought her a nightmare as far as anatomy went, but she was a remarkable color. She and her sister, my friend explained, were two well-known models. The sister had died, and this one had married and now supported her husband, who was an invalid. My informant spoke of her character with almost as much enthusiasm as she had of her color.

A few days after that, in the atelier of another American, this time a man and a celebrity, we were looking at a series of drawings made by him when a student, and again I was struck by the extraordinary ungracefulness of the models, especially the women. One in particular amazed me—a lean, lank creature, with a pair of long, thin arms. Upon these were bracelets, the only article of apparel she wore.

"How could —— draw that woman?" I said.
"I should think she would have made him become a landscape artist in pure horror of the human anatomy."

"That!" exclaimed my friend, "why, that's Celine! She's one of the best-known models in the Latin quarter. He didn't get a good view of her, that's quite true. It was her back that she was famous for. Every artist, male and female, that has studied in Paris within the last twenty years, has drawn Celine's back."

For twenty years Celine has posed for her back, which was her one claim to beauty. She also possessed that mysterious quality known as "posing well," the true inwardness of which I haven't yet been able to understand. At the end of twenty years someone found out that Celine's face which in her youth had been plain, had gained in the course of time a sort of weirdly artistic charm, and so, with the fervor of those who suddenly find an unexpected mine of beauty, they began drawing her face.

The handsome models—the men and the women who really are finely formed-will not pose for classes. They are the aristocrats of the profession and will only sit to celebrated masters who pay them well. The class models must not be absolutely shapeless, but they are rarely well-made. Many of them-in fact many of the famous models-are renowned in their calling because of one beauty-arms. torso, set of the head upon the shoulders. They learn a series of poses which set off this good point, and when they offer them selves for an engagement they stand before the class taking their poses one after another each pose carefully calculated to make the most of their single claim to beauty.

The gentle knock of the model upon the door is a frequent interruption to the classes Her inquiry if a model is wanted is generally answered by a negative. If, however, there i a shortage in the supply, and the inquirer pre sents any attractions of appearance, she i told to enter, and receives the command tha to her carries the hope of an engagement "Deshabillez-vous, mademoiselle." behind the screen, "deshabillizes," comes out gets upon the model stand and takes he poses. If she is quite "unpaintable," she i told that they are very pretty, and please wil she leave her name and address and the mon sieur will communicate with her later. however, she is "paintable," offering inspira

tion to the artistic eye, she is engaged then and there, and may become one of the regular models of the quarter.

It may be surprising to an outsider that any woman should voluntarily choose such a profession. Not only is it painful to her sensibilities—if she happens to have any—but it is exceedingly arduous and exhausting. The model is, however, fairly well paid. For half a day's posing she receives four dollars a week. If she is popular and poses well, she may have engagements to fill the day, which would give her eight dollars a week—a good income for women of her position in Paris. Moreover, she soon becomes inured to the long hours of standing in the same position, and feels little fatigue.

In the matter of cold she is also trained to a stoical endurance. Most ateliers are heated by a stove in the center. This, in mild weather, is sufficient, but during the cold snaps which now and then visit Paris it is impossible to keep the studios at a comfortable, even temperature. An artist here told me that during the recent cold weather the class was stopped in its work by the model having a chill. She had been standing for two hours, in a half-warmed studio, and had not uttered a word of complaint.

One would think that the profession of model would be destructive to character, certainly to that sweetness and refinement of character which is supposed to be a woman's highest charm. Speaking of this to an artist friend of mine the other day I was surprised at her answer. In the matter of morals the models are usually vague and indifferent. But in amiability of disposition, unselfishness and desire to assist the artist by comprehension of his idea, they are almost all remarkable. Should they be deficient in these qualities in the beginning, the nature of their profession

makes it necessary to cultivate them. Their whole work is a struggle to understand and reproduce the idea of another.—Geraldine Bonner in San Francisco Argonaut.

#### ELKS' TEETH CORNERED.

A REMARKABLE "corner" is said to be held at present by a citizen of Montana, who owns practically the whole of the existing supply of elks' teeth. He has been buying them up for years, and is said now to possess about 100,000. They have a market value of something like two dollars apiece, and there seems to be such a craze for them that the National Museum at Washington has had trouble in protecting its own collection of elks' teeth from theft by visitors, a number of them having been stolen.

There is also a considerable demand for the teeth by the Society of Elks in this country, whose members wear them as buttons or badges, usually set in gold or silver. The citizen of Montana is a prosperous business man, and he made up his mind some time ago that there was money in cornering the visible supply of an article so highly prized, especially as the available stock was so limited and could not be increased to any great extent, owing to the fact that the American elk as a species is being driven rapidly to extinction.

Elks' teeth have always been a special fad with the Indians, being utilized as ornaments and greatly prized for their supposed magical virtues. Near Joliet, Montana, is an old burial cave which contains hundreds of aboriginal skeletons, and in this cavern not long ago there were found great quantities of the teeth, 1,500 of them being attached to a cloak in which the body of a woman—probably some chief's wife or daughter—had been wrapped.



#### CURIOUS CAUSES OF FIRES.

Fires that start themselves are much more common than people generally suppose.

There is a mysterious property in dust which, under certain conditions, produces violent explosions. There have been instances in post offices where the dust from the mail bags, suspended in the air of a closed room, has exploded with terrific force, the explosion being followed by flames. Dust explosions and fire are of frequent occurrence in drug stores and flour mills.

The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag that has been dipped in any one of the fluids commonly used by cleaners is thrown in a corner and when the shop is cleaned up and closed, thus confining the air, the rag will frequently of itself generate fire.

Not long ago there passed along Eastern avenue, New York, a load of hay which suddenly became enveloped in flame. The driver was about to horsewhip a boy whom he saw near by smoking a cigarette. People who had been watching the load of hay driven along were certain that the boy was at no time within twenty-five feet of the hay. The fire was clearly shown to have been caused by the tire of the wheel rubbing against an iron on the side of the wagon, thus producing sparks.

In all manufacturing establishments a frequent cause of fire is the rubbing of leather belting against the edges of the opening through which it passes from place to place.

One of the most stubborn fires that ever occurred in New York city was started by a plate-glass window focusing the rays of the winter sun upon a celluloid collar, which burst into a blaze. Metal goods had been shown in the window before and therefore the peculiar formation of this particular pane of glass never had been discovered. It was on Sunday and almost before the fire was noticed half the block was in flames.

Defective electrical wiring has many sins to answer for in these days. Electricians who are supposed to be competent will cross wires and violate every principle of common sense, to say nothing of electrical science. Some of them lead strands of wire through wooden boxes, which in the event of fire become roar-

ing flues. Many of our most destructive fires have been due to carelessness in electric wiring.

#### TRICKS OF SILK WORKERS.

When it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities pure silk is worth its weight in silver. For this reason the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled, and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them.

They make the stuff that is called silk, and passes for it with credulous persons, who don't know any better, out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite imitation silk is made of celluloid treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are South Sea island cottons and some mercerized cotton, which, after treatment, look something like silk, though, of course, they wear very differently and their silken appearance soon vanishes.

But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. To obtain the required rustle and body rough floss is often used for the woof of the material. This soon causes it to wear shiny.

Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidity of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. Pressing, with some kinds of silk, increases the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy cords is good silk to avoid. It won't wear.

There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope, of course, will show it at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly, with a slight odor; cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell.

Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. There is no mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.

#### WHERE THE PALMS COME FROM.

A LARGE part of the evergreen sprigs that are used at Easter time and on Palm Sunday are brought from the Southern States. Between 4,000,000 and 6,000,000 palms have been distributed throughout this country for use in churches. Before 1876 the churches had been using sprigs of cedar, hemlock or pine. The Sunday before Easter that year a northern man happened to be in a church at Charleston, S. C., and while there saw for the first time real palm leaves in profusion as the decorations for the altar. Large branches of the palm were blessed and distributed to the people.

After the service he learned that the leaves came from the trees which grow in profusion on the South Carolina islands. He thought if churches in South Carolina could have real palm leaves northern churches ought to be able to have something better than substitutes. The next year he began importing the palm leaves to this part of the country. That year he was able to ship only 4,000 of them. The demand for them surprised him.

Since that time the shipping of the leaves has become a real industry. The leaves are cut in January and February, before they have opened up, and the trick of preserving them from rot is one which is not easy to learn.

#### START RIGHT.

BE sure you start right in life, boy and girl, for as you start out so you are most likely to finish. A great many young people imagine that they can go their selected gait and change afterward to other methods, and adapt themselves to changed conditions. It is a mistake to think it, or, at least, to imagine that it can readily be done. Take a common and visible illustration of the fact. Two boys in the same walk in life are radically different in the selection and care of their clothes. One is indifferent, slouchy, and never particular. He grows up to manhood and he never

makes a good appearance. His clothes do not fit him, and he is careless of his personal appearance. The habit grows on him and as he ages in years it becomes more and more pronounced till, in some instances, he becomes positively objectionable, personally. It is simply the natural outgrowth of his earlier habit of indifference and carelessness, growing more and more pronounced as he goes through life.

The other boy, careful and cleanly, makes a good appearance. His clothes fit him, and he gets a set in his ways that always shows him off to advantage. He is cleanly and careful of himself and if there is a choice between the two, offering themselves for the same employment, it is not difficult to predict who gets the place.

Now what is noted in the matter of clothes also applies to morals and manners. Where the young people make a mistake is in imagining that these moral qualities can be changed at will. The coarse and unmannerly boy or girl can change, but it is an effort to be easily abandoned and readily uncovered on short acquaintance. No matter what they may appear at the introduction, acquaintance develops their earthiness. The opposite boy or girl has a habit of thought and action that becomes a second nature with them, and as they grow in years their manners and morals grow with them. They need no effort to appear courteous and careful in speech and action.

Now the moral of the story is to start right, for as one starts out so is he likely to end. It is true that where there is a number of young people there are always those who ridicule any effort to show better than the average level among them. Many a boy or girl knows what is right but are allowing themselves to be ridiculed out of the right thing by their associates of baser mould.

The right thing to do is to do the right thing, and to get into the habit of it, and it will save many a break in later life and be a most valuable acquisition at all times.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### CROWS LIKE TERRAPIN EGGS.

THE crow is the evil genius of the turtle just as of the diamond-back and other terrapins. When the warm days of spring come and the female terrapins and turtles leave their beds in the marsh, the crow goes on guard, knowing that a season of feasting is at hand. Both terrapins and turtles seek the warm, sandy uplands near the shore to deposit their eggs.

A hole is dug several inches deep, and from twenty to thirty oblong, white eggs are deposited, and then the nest is filled or covered with sand. Having neatly piled the sand over the eggs, the turtle raises herself just as high as is possible, then comes down with a heavy thud on the sand. This is continued until the sand is quite hard, when the eggs are left for the sun to hatch.

In the meantime the crow has been on guard, and by means of his sharp bill and strong claws the work of breaking into the treasure-house of the unsuspecting turtle is quickly accomplished and the feast is soon over. The crow is considered by many to be the greatest enemy the diamond-back has. It is an easily-established fact that the crow destroys thousands of the eggs of all kinds of terrapin, not making an exception of the diamond-backs.

#### BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT.

The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 684 of which are in captivity. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded region between the Saskatchawan and Peace rivers, in British Columbia are several hundred buffaloes; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region

of northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.

These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone park are potted by poachers whenever a chance offers. A mounted head of these animals is to-day worth from \$150 to \$200 and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffaloes in the park and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved only by corraling them and reducing them to captivity.

C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffaloes, which he wishes to sell to the government. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them having been presented to New York City. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.

It is stated that there are now 110 purebred American bison outside of this country.

#### FLOCKS OF CANARY BIRDS.

The busy season in the canary bird business has now fairly begun. Large shipments of the little songsters have been received by the dealers. Nearly all the birds come from Germany, mostly from the Hartz mountains, where they are raised by the peasants and sold to the cogelhandler who visits the region at regular intervals. These small dealers dispose of them to the exporters, by whom they are caged, crated and shipped. The little cages are arranged for one bird each. Seven of these make a "string" and thirty-six strings

make a crate, so that 252 birds are handled at one time. This number is twice as large in the case of female birds, for of these two are placed in each tiny cage. A man accompanies every five crates and feeds the birds on the way over the ocean. This is done by passing seed and water along the outside of the cages. The birds usually stand the trip well and the loss by death on the way is small, although the largest' shipments are made in the cold months, between October and March.

The birds range in age from five to ten months and sell on arrival at various prices, according to their ages and qualities from fifteen dollars to forty-two dollars a dozen. At retail they bring from two dollars to five dollars for male singers and from one to two for females. The Hartz mountain bird of average quality is worth three dollars, but the St. Andreasberg canary, a superior singer, sells readily for four dollars and as high as five dollars.

#### LIVES IN A SANDY DESERT.

A RECENT writer has described the cactus as "the vegetable camel of the desert." This plant cannot only go for months without water, but at the end of the period is capable of furnishing a cupful of refreshing fluid from its roots. Similarly the kurrajong and "supplejack" of the dry districts of Australia can remain alive without water for periods sometimes measured by years, and the former, even under such conditions, is said to sprout afresh although every branch is cut off. In the account of the voyage of Lord Macartney's embassy to China there is an interesting, account of the plants which flourished through a drouth of three years on one of the Cape Verde islands, at which the expedition called. Among those specially named as surviving are certain species of palms, including the borassus, the asclepias gigantea, the physic-nut tree, the sugar apple tree and certain kinds of mimosa. Cultivated plants, such as corn, sugar canes and plantains, are stated to have been totally destroyed during the same period.

#### THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

It is said that the first English sparrows were brought to the United States in 1850, but it was not until 1870 that the species can be said to have firmly established itself. Since then it has taken possession of the country. The increase of this brave, hustling little fellow is simply amazing. It hatches five or six broods in a season, with from four to six in a brood. The progeny of a single pair of sparrows in ten years will run well up into the millions. In fact these little brown birds fairly swarm in every State in the Union. They are not a popular bird with most persons. They are charged with driving off other birds, infesting the crevices and water pipes of our homes, devouring the smaller garden seeds, and scratching up the tender plants while not having the power of song to redeem them.

#### CURIOUS INSTINCT IN WEEDS.

WEEDS, if they are pulled out of the lawn at the time when they are full of seed, will evince a degree of care for the seeds which is almost touching. They will curl their leaves upward as far as each can go to cover the seeds and protect them from the sun till the end, and often one will find weeds that are quite dead, sun killed, whose leaves still are wrapped firmly around the seed pods. No mother could show more striking devotion in death than do these despised plants.



# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

## Elgin, Illinois.

The sulscription price of the Magazine some dol at a year. It is a disclass publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Eigin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

The other day we counted the pages of several of the popular Compare. monthlies, after throwing out the many pages of advertising. Then we multiplied the Inglenook's twenty-five pages, weekly, by four, to get the monthly output. Noting the space occupied by pictures, and the size of the respective pages we arrived at a conclusion. What is it? Suppose you count for yourself the first chance you get, considering all things in the arithmetic of the comparison.

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Once for all now, let the contribonce utors to the Inglenook remember that their articles can not appear sooner than two weeks after
their receipt here, and may not

be published for months. The reasons are that the way the paper is necessarily got out immediate publication is impossible, while there are many reasons why it is impolitic to print an article as soon as opportunity offers. Something similar may have been recently printed, or it may be untimely, or withheld for a special edition. If a contribution does not come back at once it is accepted, and will appear later, just when is impossible to say.

Money. Does the possession of much money indicate the owner is especially favored from above? Indeed, one can tell what the good Lord thinks of money by the kind of people who generally have the most of it.

¥ ¥

Recently a widely-read paper addressed a letter to a number of way.

Way. eminent men who had made their own way in life, asking for what

they regarded as the essentials of success. The answers varied in phraseology, of course, but the substance of all of them was that honesty and persistence were at the bottom of success. In other words being always truthful and keeping everlastingly at it would win out every time.

××

A large number of Sunday
Sunday schools take bunches of the
School INGLENOOK for distribution among
Subscribers. their scholars, and wherever it
has been tried it has proved a
grand success. The publication is interesting,

grand success. The publication is interesting, entertaining, and admirably fitted to keep a boy or girl away from the creek, or from doubtful amusements, when the Sabbath afternoons hang heavy on their hands. Is your Sunday school one of the fortunate takers?

××

Our in India, at Cawnpur, or Cawn-Title Page pore, as it is sometimes written, Illustration. mutinied, and besieged the Eng-

lish garrison, consisting of 465 men of all ages and professions, and a large number of women and children. After three weeks of a siege there came a notice from the besiegers that the women and children surviving, as well as the garrison, would be allowed to embark in boats, and get away. This was accepted, and when the parties were aboard the natives in charge deserted their posts, and the mutineers slaughtered all but four men, who happened to escape, and lived to tell the story of the massacre. Some two hundred women and children were temporarily spared and taken back to the city. In a few days their death was determined on, and they were slashed to pieces by Mohammedan butchers from the bazaar, and their bodies pitched into the well, while some were yet alive. The English army soon caught up with them and settled the score with bloody interest.

The monument is erected over the well where the bodies were thrown, and there is also a memorial church commemorative of the event. It is one of the blackest and bloodiest pages in the Indian-English history.

\* \*

If it is the early bird that gets the worm, the fact so often paraded before Willie of an early morning, how about the lot of the worm who evidently got up earlier than the bird? There seems to be a weak spot in the worm and bird business.

## ????????????

Is there anything in the water witching written about in a recent INGLENOOK?

Not a thing to our mind.

Why is the date of our Sunday-school lesson 30 A. D., instead of 33, the age of Christ?

The date of a Sunday-school lesson, like that of every other historical matter, varies with the time of the occurrence under consideration.

Can the provisions of a will be set aside by the neirs?

Yes, if they get together and all agree to it. It should be in writing and thoroughly well understood, all parties in interest signing it

Why is cut glass so expensive?

Because it is cut by hand, and requires much time and skill. It is a very beautiful addition to the table, and is imitated pretty closely. An expert is not needed to distinguish between the cut and the pressed article.

When and where was the first railroad built?

It is not exactly clear, but as early as 1825: the Darlington & Stockton road was in operation in England. In 1827 the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. began a road in Pennsylvania, and in 1829 it was operated. In 1830 the B. & O. began operating its first fifteen miles. The honors are with the B. & O. for actual servere

Can I grow a tea plant as a curiosity?

In a pot in the house, yes. In the open, if you live far enough South.

Is it likely that communication between the planets will ever be brought about?

It is not safe to predict the contrary. It might all happen in the future. People who know the most about these things are pretty sure of success.

Do the Jews of this country observe the Passover?

The Jews are divided into camps and factions as are other religious bodies, but the orthodox and the old timers are very rigid in their observance of all the requirements, the Passover included. Passover week began April 3, and continued eight days.

Why does Easter not come on the same day each year?

Neither Christ nor the Apostles set apart any days for festivals. The earliest Christians did not seem to care about such matters. Very early in the history of Christianity the day was observed, and it seemed, among the early converts, to have supplanted the Jewish passover. The time of the observance differed for a long time. Then to settle dissensions, the Council of Nice, held in the year 325, ordained that Easter should be observed on the Sunday that follows the full moon that happens upon, or next after, the day of the vernal equinox.

There are three things to consider in this proposition, the lunar month, the solar year, and the week, and these have no common measure, and so have to be adapted, year by year, to a differing measure. If the Council at Nice had cut out the moon from the calculation, the day might have been settled on as the first or second Sunday in April, and thus the date would have been as fixed as any in the almanac, but they did not do so, and hence the present day shifting of the date. It could be changed if the world agreed, but it would hardly be worth while. It is an entirely arbitrary date, fixed by man, supposedly commemorative of the resurrection, but mainly observed, these latter days, to show off new clothes, and one day is as good as another for

#### MAKING BOOMERANGS.

Incidentally to experiments which have for their object the creation of a flying-machine, Secretary S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has had a few scientific boomerangs made Unlike the Australian weapons so named, they are formed on strictly mathematical principles, and the result is that they operate with a precision wholly beyond the best possibilities of the crude aboriginal instruments which they imitate. They return with certainty to the thrower, though, as might be supposed, some skill and practice are required to handle them successfully, and interesting trials have been made with them in the open grounds about the National Museum in Washington.

The National Museum owns a number of Australian boomerangs, and crude enough most of them are—hardly more than mere bent clubs really, so that it is a wonder how any black savage of the bush could manipulate them satisfactorily in the traditional way.

Travelers' stories have doubtless exaggerated the capabilities of the primitive boomerang, though there can be no question but that the accounts given of it have a substantial basis in fact.

The weapon is an Australian invention, found nowhere else in the world; the natives of the island continent have used it for centuries, and it may be presumed that exceptional specimens exhibit the returning power fairly well.

This power is due to a principle obvious in physics, and the mathematically ideal boomerang is easily made. Anybody can make one for himself by cutting out from a thin plank of hard wood a strip two inches and a half wide and two and a half feet long, so shaped in the horizontal as to form a very obtuse angle—say half way between a right angle and a straight line.

But instead of a sharp angle there should be a graceful curve in the middle of the flat stick, which must be shaved down to the least possible thickness compatible with stiffness and made sharp at the edges all along its length.

A flat, curved stick of this pattern, when

properly thrown from the hand and aimed slightly upward, will describe a graceful trajectory and, after traveling for a considerable distance, will return to the feet of the thrower. Indeed, when learning the art he will do well to look out lest it hit him on the head. The knack consists in discharging the missile in such a manner as to cause it to revolve in its own plane, just as a boy skims a flat stone through the air. It comes back simply because it is easier for it to slide "homeward" through the supporting medium than it would be for it to "keel over" into another plane and fall in another direction.

#### GROWN UNDER GLASS.

The Department of Agriculture has recently, through Mr. B. T. Galloway, its chief of the division of physiology and pathology, made an investigation that possesses interest not only for the class specially concerned in a great and increasing business, but for all persons who buy flowers, fruits, and vegetables grown under glass. Formerly greenhouses and forcing beds were met with occasionally, and it was not until 1825 that real progress in this direction began.

As the country developed in wealth it also developed a taste for early lettuce and radishes, and for roses and violets out of season, so that now for roses it is "all season summer," and violets may always be had for the asking and for money. The result, as ascertained by an admittedly imperfect census, is the discovery of some 10,000 establishments in the United States devoted to the growing of plants under glass. These establishments represent capital to the amount of \$2,500,000, they turn out products valued at wholesale at \$2,250,000 and sold at retail these products bring \$4,500,000.

But this does not account for the florists. There are not less than 9,000 of these, it is estimated, with an average of 2,500 square fee of glass covering each of their growing beds. This large area of 22,500,000 square feet of glazed garden represents establishments value at \$11,250,000. We may begin to get an ide of what we are expending for flowers when it is stated, as ascertained by Mr. Galloway, tha

the retail value of flowers sold annually is \$12,500,000, of which \$6,000,000 goes for roses, \$4,000,000 for carnations, \$750,000 for violets, \$500,000 for chrysanthemums, and the rest for flowers of various names.

As another illustration of the growth of this trade in articles not many years ago regarded by the great mass of the people as luxuries, it is ascertained that the retail value of potted plants, sold each year, is \$10,000,000. The showing is important as well as interesting. Besides contributing to a wholesale taste in the beautiful and palatable things produced in glass houses, the users of the product are unquestionably strengthening a business that on the whole does not seem to lack profit in a commercial sense.

#### NEW GRAIN FROM RUSSIA.

In Manitoba they are growing to limited extent a kind of grain new to this continent. It is called spelt and is a Russian grain. It also grows in some parts of Germany. The seed was obtained from a Russian settlement in Dakota. The peasants fleeing from the rule of the great white czar had brought this little remembrance of home with them. As for unnumbered centuries their ancestors had been obliged to hoard up the seed against the time of sowing and to tend its growth against the time of harvest or to suffer death by starvation, so these peasants qualified their faith in the possibilities of the new world to which they came by covertly bringing over with them some spelt. They hoped and believed and prayed that the new world would be a land beyond Jordan for them; that its plains would flow with milk and honey, but it was just as well to take along some spelt seed. The spelt seed was sown as a matter of sentiment finally, and when it was reaped there came the American farmer and the representative of the department of agriculture to see what this spelt really was.

Some of it was sold in Winnipeg and several alfarmers in Manitoba agreed to try it and iffind out if "there was anything in it." The United States commercial agent in Manitoba thinks that there is. He says that all the farmers speak favorably of spelt and that, though the season was trying, as much as fifty

bushels of grain were produced from one bushel of seed. It is a grain easily grown, stands drouth better than most grains, ripens early and makes a superior feed for animals. The straw is also said to be better feed than the straw of other grains grown in Manitoba. Spelt, when sheltered, looks like a cross between rye and wheat.

#### THAT OLD BIBLE.

BY D. D. HUFFORD.

THE title page of the old Bible in our possession is identically the same as the one shown on page 371, Brumbaugh's "History of the Brethren," except the date, which is 1776. On page 408 of the same history he says: "The third edition was printed and the unbound pages were laid on the loft of the Germantown meetinghouse to dry. Some of them were still there when the battle of Germantown was fought. The cavalrymen took these sheets and scattered them under their horses. After the battle Sower gathered as many of these sheets together as he could and bound from them enough complete Bibles to present one to each of his children (probably seven in all)." This is undoubtedly one of the above Bibles as the pages show unmistakable marks, or soiled spots.

I cannot tell in what way this Bible came into the hands of Anna Royer, but Anna Royermarried — Widder (Withers, as they now write it.) I do not know his given name, and at Anna Widder's death the Bible came into the hands of the youngest son, Withers, who was my father-in-law. Father Withers died Sept. 1, 1900, and left Mother Withers (79 years of age) with but little of this world's goods, and an invalid son to care for. Daniel Withers with his family moved from Greencastle, Pa., to Indiana, in the year 1865.

I have thus briefly written what I know of the account of this old Bible.

Rossville, Ind.

26 1

What an English paper says is the greatest incubator in the world is at Batary, near Sydney, Australia. It accommodates 11,440 duck eggs or 14,080 hens' eggs.

#### HERRING FISHERY.

PLACENTIA BAY, on the south coast of Newfoundland, is the home of the herring, and it is in this remote inlet they are caught, to be carried by schooner and rail to the markets of Chicago and the cities of the middle west. They are cured in two ways, by salting and freezing. The business of purveying these herrings forms one of the most important branches of the great American deep-sea fishing industry prosecuted out of Gloucester, Mass., and embodying in no small degree the prosperity of the New England sea towns. Every winter, before Christmas, a fleet of American vessels goes to Placentia bay from Gloucester, carrying a stock of barrels and salt and all the requisites for the handling and curing of the fish, as well as the requisite money with which to buy the catch from the local fisher-

The American vessels have no right to net the herring themselves. This must be done by the coastfolk, the fish being taken in the inshore waters of the colony, where the Americans have no fishing rights. The herrings are brought to the ships' sides at a minimum of \$1.25 per barrel and as much above that as the market demands. In hard weather, when the fish can be frozen easily, the price keeps low; when it is soft and skippers want to get away promptly better figures are fetched.

The honesty of these men is very noteworthy. A thief is an object of contempt with them. One skipper carried three bags of gold, each containing \$500, under his berth from Gloucester to the offing at St. Pierre, the French colony, into which he had to run, being storm-bound. Then he locked them up, fearing the proximity of whisky might prove too great a temptation for his men.

The gold is brought to purchase the herring. About \$100,000 in American gold is left in the bay every winter. When the intense cold comes the herrings strike into the shoal water, and here they are netted in large seines. The "schools" of the fish are surpassingly great, and in the spring, when they are striking off again into deep water, the coastal steamer sometimes runs through miles of them, her propeller crushing thousands of them. The coastfolk are ready for the fishery

and every night finds them at their post in the shallows, reaping their finny harvest. The herrings, as taken from the water, are spread on scaffolds erected over the ship's deck or upraised along the strand. Here they are exposed to the biting frost of a midwinter night, which congeals them into a solid mass. When thoroughly frozen they are transferred to the ship's hold, which, as the space fills up, takes on the temperature of an icehouse and becomes an actual refrigerator.

With herrings abundant and the weather down to zero, a ship can be filled in a few days, but otherwise weeks may be spent in effecting a lading. The freezing process calls for the closest attention, and the maximum of endurance, for the whole work has to be done by night, because the fish have to be turned over and over again, so that every part may be completely frosted and the sun cannot be allowed to get at them, because its warmth would undo the effects of the cold. Strangely too, snow has the same result. A snowfall would draw all the frost from the fish and leave them even worse than when fresh, for fresh herring can be frozen, but those which have once been frozen and snow-touched become flabby and limp and have no commercial value.

The herring fishery usually lasts until early in March, after which it is rarely possible to get weather cold enough to thoroughly freeze the catch. In an average season about 80,000 barrels are taken. Of these about an eighth is salted. The herring for salting are packed into barrels at once, with layers of salt between them, and the cask then filled with brine and tightly closed. The frozen herrings are salted in the holds in bulk. The usual practice is for every vessel to carry a deckload of the barrels filled with the salted fish and to fill her cabin with the frozen.

For fifty years this winter herring fishery has been prosecuted on a most lavish scale and with every concomitant of wastefulness and disregard of nature's provisions for the reproduction of the species, and yet it continues in unlimited vigor to-day. The herring is the most productive of all fishes, and even in these days of hatcheries for cod and lobster nothing is heard of a project for a herring hatchery. Allowing 100,000 barrels taken of

destroyed in Newfoundland waters every winter and 400 fish to the barrel, there is found a total of 40,000,000 a year, and yet the herrings breast the tides in unnumbered hosts and return to their haunts each season with an instinct almost human, the recurring slaughter seemingly not lessening their multitude by any appreciable quantity.

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#### SKUNK FARMS DO NOT PAY.

A NEWSPAPER story of the profits made by raising skunks for their skins is giving officials of the agricultural department no end of trouble. It first bobbed up about a year ago.

It set forth that the agricultural department had been studying skunk culture, and had found that the beasts were more profitable than a gold mine. As a result of the story the department has received many letters of information.

T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the biological survey, wants to correct this misapprehension. In a report to Sec. Wilson he says:

"Misled by the statements about the rapid increase of skunks and the high prices paid for their skins, many persons seriously considered the experiment of starting skunk farms. For several years a list has been kept of such farms located in various parts of the country, but, so far as can be learned, most of them have been abandoned.

"Raising fur-bearing animals for profit is not a new idea. The industry, however, has apparently never advanced beyond the experimental stage, except in the case of the farms for raising the Arctic or blue fox, established abon certain islands of the coast of Alaska.

"Minks and skunks breed rapidly in captivity but the low price of skins make the profits trather small. Last season the highest market price for prime black skunk skins from the Northern States averaged about one dollar and forty-five cents each, but white skins sold as low as fifteen to twenty cents apiece. Skins that have much white or which are obtained from the Southern States usually bring cless than one dollar each, a price that leaves slittle margin for profit after paying the expenses of raising the animal in captivity."

#### AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

A WEEK or so ago a brother walked into the Inglenook editorial room and told a story of a little girl, two years of age, Dunker parents, who wanted a home because the mother could not properly care for her. It is hard for a woman who works out to properly care for a helpless child. So if there was a home for the little one it would be all the better. I suggested making a notice in this magazine of the fact. It was done, and the advertisement appeared in the Want Column. The immediate result is about a dozen inquiries for the little one, and undoubtedly it will be provided with a home. Now here are a number of good people who want a little one in their hearts and homes, and doubtless there are children who would be infinitely better off if they were thus located.

Now, therefore, if those who read these lines would like to adopt a child, let them write me what they want, and something of their reasons and circumstances, and, in fact, a detail of the situation as far as they are concerned, and I will make a note of it in the INGLENOOK in such a way as to avoid identification before the public.

And, on the other hand, if there are readers who have children they would like to put out in Christian homes, let the parents, or those in authority, write all about them, their age, reasons for wanting to put them out, etc., and that, too, will be brought before the public. On both sides there will be absolute privacy, and it will do no good to ask me, as I will, in all probability know nothing, or knowing, will not tell. The parties will be put in communication with each other, and there my part of it ends.

The returns in the way of wanting the little girl proves that there are warm hearts and homes for the helpless, and doubtless many parents will be glad to see their children in Christian homes of our own people. Address direct,

THE EDITOR OF THE INGLENOOK.

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ONE hundred yards has been run in ten seconds, but fifty yards never covered in five seconds.

#### ROBIN ADAIR AN IRISHMAN.

A REAL personality that is seldom suspected is associated with the old song of "Robin Adair." The hero, in fact, bore that name.

When we first hear of him, about 150 years ago, he was an impulsive young Irishman studying for the medical profession in Dublin. As medical students sometimes will he got into a scrape and had to leave the city.

He meant to go to London, but arriving at Holyhead he found that his purse would not pay for the journey by coach, and so he set off on foot. He had not gone far when he came upon an overturned carriage, the owner of which proved to be a well-known lady of fashion. She had received some slight injury, and he proceeded to exercise his art in having her set right.

Presently the journey was resumed, Adair having a place in the carriage—for London happened to be the lady's destination as well as Adair's. Arriving in the metropolis, Adair found himself in possession of a check for 100 guineas and an invitation to visit his fellow-traveler as often as he pleased.

With the money thus placed at his disposal he completed his medical studies, and soon acquired an excellent practice.

One night he was at a dance given by his old benefactress when he met Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. On both sides it was a case of love at first sight, but its course was naturally far from smooth.

On the part of the lady's family, the idea of such a mesalliance was not to be thought of, and every means was taken to disillusionize her. She was sent abroad, and fell ill. She came home, and Bath was tried. It was all to no purpose:

What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near.

At last the union was reluctantly consented to, and in the *Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence* those who are interested may to-day read the following chronicle of the event: "Feb. 22, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Hon. the Lady Caroline Keppel."

Shortly after the marriage Adair was made inspector general of military hospitals, and

later on, the king having taken a fancy to him, he was appointed royal sergeant surgeon and surgeon of Chelsea hospital.

Adair lived until 1790, but Lady Caroline died many years before in giving birth to her third child. The son of the union, Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855.

This, then, is the romance of "Robin Adair," written by the disconsolate Lady Caroline when her relatives were ineffectually endeavoring to subdue the passion by a course of treatment at the "dull town" of Bath.

I here append the song as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath:

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near:
He whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they've all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt from far me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell.
O! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

20, 20,

#### THE UNCANNY "DEEPS" OF THE OCEAN.

BY W. H. VON PLEES.

ONE could easily imagine the look of wonder and astonishment, that would come to a person who had always been deprived of eyesight, and by the act of God, being restored, saw and marveled. So would you, brother 'Nooker, who have perhaps seen some of the strange forms of fish, as exhibited in the large tanks of the different aquariums, and of which perhaps, the strangest form seen there is the seahorse. But look you, the seahorse, while curious, is simplicity itself compared with

some of the strange kind that have been brought to light within the last year or two.

Science has opened up another realm in the darkest depths of the mighty oceans, a population as weird and uncanny. Down! down!! through fathoms of sunlight sea, down! yet down, through still more fathoms of pitch darkness, and then opens up to view a watery world of phosphorescence. Then think of it! You are at a depth of from 18,000 to 24,000 feet, or a difference of 36,000 feet between the peak of the highest mountain in the world to the greatest depths of the ocean, or to make it plainer, if Mount Everest of the Himalaya mountains were sunk at these depths, its peak would only about reach to the water's surface. making a distance of about ten miles. Let it not be understood that the ocean is of such extreme depths all over its bed. This submarine world is like as our land upon which we live, it is covered with its mountains and vales, its rolling prairie and lifeless volcanoes. and it is only in parts that such great depths are found, in some places covering extensive fields, in others, but small patches, rifts and mere furrows.

'In those mighty depths, abound countless millions of life forms, yet there, you or I could not live under any possible conditions. If it were breathing alone, science would speedily devise a means to supply both light and air. Oh no! a diver encased in the best apparatus modern skill and ingenuity can de-

vise, would, long, long before he reached the zone of darkness, be crushed to a shapeless mass. It requires but a moment's thought to give the reason for this: It is the fearful and enormous pressure of the water, and which can be stated as being a ton weight to the square inch for every mile of descent. Bottles of water in flannel bags with an outer covering of copper, when sent down, have come up with the copper covering crushed and twisted, and what remained of the bottle was fine powder, left to tell its tale in the flannel case.

Oceanography, for that is the name of this comparatively new study, came into existence when the British Government sent out a small man of war, named the "Challenger." in the year 1872, to explore the oceans and their unknown depths. This ship was equipped with a most complete outfit for deep-sea dredging, including miles of piano wire, which, on account of its great strength, was to take the place of rope for lowering the large dredges to the bottom of the sea. Without any particular destination, she went here, there and everywhere. For four years dredgings were taken from almost every ocean, providing a wonderful and strange cargo. Upon her return it took another twenty years to classify and tabulate the gatherings of this expedition, and which took the form of a report, covering fifty volumes of 29,000 pages with 3,000 plates.

Lewisburg, Pa.



#### CATCHING SMELT IN OREGON.

BY JENNIE A. STEPHENS.

As early as January every year the smelt comes in the Columbia River from the ocean in large schools. They travel slowly in their upward course. From the Columbia River they emerge into the lesser rivers leading east and north. I am going to tell how they appear in the Sandy River, which is near my Oregon home. In this river they never come but once in ten years. Their appearance is always the first week in April; the year they are to come, and of course, fishing in Oregon then is something delightful to know. When the fish comes in the Sandy River from the great Columbia the news spreads rapidly. Everybody is wild to go fishing. The city folks come out in buggies, on wheels, and on the train, to see and catch fish, while the big farm boys take the family in the farm wagon down to the riv-

When we arrive at the river, on both sides are great crowds of people enjoying the sport of fishing. But the funniest of it all, no one takes any bait and not a pole is in sight. Little boys wade in shallow water and catch them in their hands, while older people have nets made by putting a hoop in the top of a grain sack and bring it up full every time. Little girls catch them in sifters and steamers, and thus the sport goes on.

What a peculiar sight, the water is blue with fish from side to side and everybody is happy for they are all getting smelt, all they can haul home, some taking a four-horse wagon load. The fish remain in the Sandy River about ten days; they never seem to diminish during that time in their upward course. Every day people come and catch as many as the first days they came. The water is alive with little, wiggling fish, the average length is from eight to nine inches, slender, with no scales, meat white and delicious to eat. Drying and smoking them they taste like dried herring.

When they return to salt water they center in the channel of the river and they go very rapidly down from whence they came. The fishing season is over at that point for ten years, yet smelt is in the market plentiful every spring for three cents a pound in the city. This is one of our true fish stories and if the 'NOOKER visits Oregon in four years from now and goes to the above described place he will see with his own eyes what we have tried to describe.

Corvallis, Oregon.

#### IS NOT SUCH A RARE TREAT.

CONTRARY to common belief, moonshine whisky is generally of very poor quality. These mountaineer distillers have little or no knowledge of rectification and fusel oil is, therefore, present in its original proportions. Besides, the liquor is sold before it has had time to age. Strange as it may seem, moreover, adulterations are quite often used, such as tobacco or buckeye bark, for adding to the intoxicating quality of weak liquor, and the addition of soap or lye to make it hold a good "bead." According to the moonshiner, good, unadulterated liquor when shaken in a bottle will contain numerous bubbles on the surface. If four or more of these bubbles remain against the edge of the bottle for some minutes it is said to "hold a good bead." Notwithstanding the poor quality of the average moonshine whisky, however, the unadulterated article is not infrequently equal to and even above government proof.

The usual price obtained is \$1 a gallon, or double that sum when retailed in small quantities. With corn averaging seventy-five cents a bushel and labor cheaper than in other sections of the United States, "making moonshine" would on first thought seem to be quite profitable. But when one allows for the large quantity of "hush liquor" given away, for bad debts, for occasional seizures of apparatus, for fines, etc., it will be realized that the business must pay very small dividends. Indeed, the moonshiner and his family are in no better, if as good, circumstances than their neighbors who devote their time to farming.

The product is disposed of in several ways. A considerable portion is sold and given away at the still itself and at the dwelling of the operator. Another method is as follows: A hollow tree or cave adjacent to the nearest village is designated by common consent of the moonshiner and some of his friends, one or more of whom acts as agent between the

seller and buyer. When a resident of the village wishes some whisky he hands the necessary money, together with a jug or bottle, to the agent, who deposits both in the secret place and goes his way. After a lapse of several hours, usually twelve or more, the agent returns and finds the money gone and the receptacle full of the desired liquor, which he delivers to the customer. The latter seldom knows who actually made and sold him the stuff.

#### UNDERSTOOD EVERY WORD.

THE late Bishop Phillips Brooks' power over his audiences-to sway them from laughter to tears-is well remembered by all who ever heard him speak. Once, at least, he was weighed in the balance and found wanting, and by the members of a country parish, at that. His predilection for terse Saxon words, the ability to use which with effect is so coveted by all orators and writers, proved his undoing.

The great preacher had been invited to spend a fortnight at the country house of a friend up the Hudson. When his acceptance was received the rector and vestrymen of the only Episcopal church for miles around were greatly elated. Here was a chance to hear the noted clergyman and to draw the city people summering in the neighborhood to the church, A committee waited upon the clergyman the day after his arrival and easily obtained his consent to officiate at the service on the following Sunday.

The fact was duly advertised in the country papers and when the day came the church was filled to the doors. The city people were out in great numbers, while the country folk had gathered from miles around. The sermon was followed with the closest attention, but on many honest country faces there was a look of great disappointment.

"So that's yer great preacher from Bosting, is it?" asked one of the farmers as he helped one of the city boarders into the carryall.

"Yes; were we not fortunate to have this opportunity of hearing him?" replied the lady. As no answer was vouchsafed, she asked curiously: "What did you think of him?"

"Wal, I was clear disappointed. I thought I wus agoin' ter hear eloquence, but I declare if I didn't understand every word he said."

#### SAGE ADVICE OF A FATHER.

"My son," said the fond but wise parent, "you are leaving me to go out into the world. I have nothing to give you but advice. Never tell a lie. If you wish to put one in circulation get it published. A lie cannot live, but it takes one a long time to fade out of print.

"Always read your contract. A man might consider he was getting a sinecure if he were offered a position picking blossoms off a century plant, but, you see he wouldn't have a remunerative occupation if he were paid on

piecework.

"Be not overcritical. Even the most ordinary sort of a genius can tell when the other fellow is making a fool of himself.

"Remember that the young man, like the angler's worm, is rather better for being visi-

bly alive.

"Be careful in the choice of your surroundings. Environment will do a great deal for a man. For example, flour and water in a china jug is cream sauce; in the pail on the sidewalk it is billsticker's paste.

"Don't forget that there's a time for everything and that everything should be done in its proper time. Never hunt for bargains in

umbrellas on a rainy day.

"You may make enemies. If you know who they are don't mention them. Silence is golden; it saves the money that might otherwise be spent in defending a libel suit. If you don't know who they are-well, abuse lavished on a concealed enemy is like charity indiscriminately bestowed. It's a good thing wasted."

#### A JUMPING FLY.

A curious lantern fly, discovered by naturalists in the Malay archipelago, possesses the power of jumping a distance of several feet without opening its wings. It has a projection on its head which, when bent back and suddenly released, throws the insect into the air. This fly was seen to jump from the ground to the roof of a hut.

#### SAND AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

ONE of the problems which has given the management of the Suez canal much trouble is that of the sand that blows into it, adding to the dredging expenses.

A considerable number of plants have been tried in the effort to fix the sands so that a comparatively small quantity would be blown into the canal. All of these plants have failed except one, which, it is now believed, will be quite effective in keeping the sand in place.

This plant is the casuarina tree. It thrives in the southern hemisphere, and grows well on the sand banks that skirt the Suez canal. It not only survives intense drouth, but also excessive humidity, which is important, as the northern part of the canal is subject to inundations at some periods and drouths at other seasons of the year.

The roots of this tree penetrate the sand so deeply that they tap subterranean sources of water. Many of the trees planted twenty-five years ago have thrived so well in their new habitat that they are now over forty feet in height.

#### PROTECTION FOR A FOSSIL FOREST.

Ages before man made his first appearance upon the earth there flourished a superb forest of gigantic cone-bearing trees on the shores of an inland sea which then overflowed a large part of what is now called the State of Arizona. The water rose, the trees died, and after a while the woody structure of their trunks was replaced by silica, thus converting them into fossils. There they lie to-day, scattered by the thousands along the sides of what is now a little valley, half a mile in width, near the town of Holbrook, Arizona, and people call the place Chalcedony Park, or the Petrified Forest.

Some of the trees were as much as 200 feet high, and many of them are well preserved, but none now stand erect where they grew. Most of them have been broken into sections from two to twenty feet long, owing to heat and cold, and sometimes these sections lie in heaps like piles of cartwheels, and there are millions of smaller fragments. But the most remarkable feature of the stone forest is a natural bridge formed by a single tree of agatized wood, spanning a cañon forty-five feet in width.

The hearts of the great logs often contain beautiful quartz crystals, and the agate into which the wood has been converted is so handsome that parts of many of the trees have been taken away, for conversion into objects of art or for the sake of their value as curios. Recently a stop has been put to this by legislative prohibition, but it is thought desirable that the Petrified Forest should be further protected and permanently preserved by setting it aside as a reservation for public purposes, and an effort is now being made in this direction. Thus, it is hoped, will be maintained in perpetuity one of the greatest natural wonders of the world.

In the forest are ruins of several ancient villages, the houses of which were built of logs of the fossil wood. The prehistoric dwellers in that neighborhood not only used the log-sections for building purposes, but employed the wood agate as material for stone hammers, knives and arrow-heads, which were widely distributed by barter, so that they are dug up to-day in ancient burial grounds hundreds of miles away.

#### BILLIARD BALLS FROM POTATOES.

THINK of making potatoes over into billiard balls! That is just what is done by a new process. For some time there has been danger that the ivory supply would be cut off. It is generally understood that the supply comefrom the tusks of elephants, but elephants are getting scarce. Necessity was the mother of invention in this case, as in others. Inventorlooked around for something to take the place of the elephant tusks. A Dutchman named Knipers has found a way of treating the pull that is left over in the making of potato flour with acid and glycerine. This forms a mass that may be molded; it is dried and ground to powder, and then formed into blocks with the aid of water. Thus is produced an ivory like substance that can be cut, turned, bored etc. It is an excellent substitute for ivory.



CORN PONE.

BY SISTER ALICE SMITH.

Take two cupfuls of corn meal, two cupfuls of wheat flour, one cup of sugar, half a cup of melted butter. Add one beaten egg, one scant teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, mix with enough fresh buttermilk to make a moderately stiff batter. Bake in a shot oven. Serve with cream or butter.

7 7

BY SISTER N. J. ROOP.

CELERY PICKLE.

CHOP fine enough cabbage to fill a quart powl, after it is salted slightly and all the water pressed out. Chop enough celery to fill a quart bowl, but do not press. Now put the two in a mixing bowl with half a cup of white sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, a dessert spoon of Jamaica ginger, and a tablespoonful of white mustard seed. Mix well and add a pint of good vinegar.

Warrensburg, Mo.

OKRA SOUP.

BY SISTER JOHN E. MOHLER.

Take one-half dozen tender okra pods, sliced crosswise, one onion shredded, three good-sized ripe tomatoes cut into small pieces, i bit of red pepper, salt, and a generous piece of butter. Boil all together until very tender, in fact boil all to pieces, and then add a bint and a half of rich milk. Serve very hot. Warrensburg, Mo.

OATMEAL COOKIES.

BY SISTER MAUD O. FAHRNEY.

Take one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three-fourths cup of lard and butter, three cups of oatmeal, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, or if you like flavor with other spice, one teaspoonful of soda. Dissolve with a half cup of boiling water. Take flour enough to make stiff. Roll and bake in a moderate oven. Turn pan upside down to bake.

Elgin, Ill.

BAKED ONIONS.

BY SISTER MARY WAMPLER.

Onions are delicate and delicious cooked thus: Cover six large ones with boiling water boil ten minutes, drain and cover again with boiling water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and boil till tender, but firm. Drain, put in a baking dish, sprinkle with salt, put a lump of butter on each and cover with rich milk, give a heavy sprinkling with bread crumbs and bake till a light brown. The milk can be heated before put in the baker, requiring less heat in the baker than if put in cold.

Dayton, Va.

FOR THE SICK.

BY SISTER FANNY E. LIGHT.

BEAT up one egg with a teaspoonful of sugar. Pour it into a teacupful of boiling milk, stir until it thickens like custard. Have a slice of bread toasted in a dish and pour the custard over it, then serve.

Manheim, Pa.

#### CHOCOLATE NUT CAKE.

BY SISTER PEARL JACKSON.

For the cake part take one cup of granulated sugar and one-half cup of butter. Beat to cream, then put in two eggs, one at a time, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, putting one teaspoonful of baking powder with the last half cup of flour. Bake in two layers.

For the filling take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one cup of milk, two bars of grated chocolate, butter the size of a walnut, put in a granite pan and cook to the soft ball state, stirring occasionally, then remove from fire and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Take about one-third of this mixture and add one teacup chopped nut meats, stir until cool enough to spread. Put this between the layers, and spread the remaining icing on top and sides of cake. Save some of the whole nut meats and arrange on top of cake. Use English walnuts or hickory nuts. Grease the pan that the icing is cooked in to prevent scorching. This is excellent if the recipe is followed closely.

South Bend, Ind.

#### BAKED EGGS.

BY SISTER H. I. BUECHLEY.

Take a dish or pan in which you serve eggs on table. Put butter in the pan the size of a walnut, and melt it. Then break in the pan six eggs, and pour over the eggs three table-spoonfuls of rich sweet cream. Season with pepper and salt. Bake about five minutes longer if the eggs are desired harder and less if softer. This is an excellent breakfast dish.

Carlisle, Ark.

#### FASTNACHT CAKES.

BY SISTER AMY ROOP.

Take three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of lard, one and one-half pints of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tarter, and enough flour to roll nicely. Cut, and bake in boiling lard.

Westminster, Md.

#### COFFEE CAKE.

BY SISTER HATTIE Y. GILBERT.

Take one cup of light brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of shortening (lard and butter), a big teaspoonful of soda, one level teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of ground cloves, and one cup of chopped raisins. Dissolve the soda in the coffee. Put all together before stirring. Add enough flour to make stiff. Bake. This cake should be made several days before using. We prefer it made a week before eating. Keep it well wrapped to prevent drying out.

Daleville, Va.

#### SPONGE CAKE.

BY SISTER KATE RILEY.

Take three eggs, whites beaten to a stiff froth, then beat the yolks. Put them togeth er and beat again. Add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat again. Add one tea spoonful of baking powder sifted into one and one-half cups of flour, sift three times. Last ly add one-half cup of boiling water, stirring in a little at a time. Flavor with lemon of vanilla. Bake either in sheet or layers.

Highland, Ohio.

#### BAKED NOODLES.

BY SISTER GRACE GNAGEY.

When the noodles are made, cut fine as for soup. Put in a bake dish, one in which they may be served, add milk and butter and sea son to taste. Bake until nicely browned on top. Serve hot. Some think noodles must be dried before using but that is not necessary.

Pasadena, Cal.

#### SWEET BISCUIT.

BY SISTER JENNIE NICHOLSON.

Take three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, on and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of lar or butter, and four teaspoonfuls of bakin powder. Bake in a quick oven.

Hillsdale, Pa.

# 侧MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

APRIL 27, 1901.

No. 17.

#### HEREAFTER.

I wonder, love, if after death You and I shall sit together Talking of our earthly days, Of the pleasant woodland ways, Where we've walked in soft May weather, Drinking in the violet's breath.

I wonder, love, if after death You and I shall still remember Gusty evenings in December, When we spoke of old-time places, With the firelight in our faces, And the wind shrill on the heath.

Can it be that we shall meet, Knowing God, but not forgetting This orb, in its starry setting, With its June suns and its sleet, After death?

Will your face, love, then be fairer; Will your voice be sweeter, rarer; Will your steps be dearer, lighter; Will your eyes be bluer, brighter; After death?

Oh, if cold should be our meeting— No clasped arms and no lips greeting, Woe no human tongue could utter, Dread no mortal voice could mutter, Would be death.

#### THE INDIAN VISITING HABIT.

THE Sioux Indians are determined that the Washington officials shall not break up their old-time custom of visiting a neighbor until they have cleaned out his larder. Although the Indian bureau has issued strict orders against these visits, the Indians have found a way to get around them.

Visiting between tribes, nations, and families is an old custom with the Indians. An unwritten Indian law is that the guest shall stay as long as he likes, and that as long as the guest remains, the host must provide food.

To-day each Indian is given his food by the government every two weeks, and it must last him that long. If it does not, he has to go hungry until next ration day, or get food from another source. Few of the Indians husband their food. In the majority of cases in less than three days after the food has been distributed little of it is left, for the Indians fairly gorge themselves. It is then that the improvident visit the more prudent members of the tribe, who laid by a portion of their supply.

The recent order of the Indian bureau says that this visiting must be stopped, but says nothing against the Indians holding a council or "pow-wow" whenever the spirit so moves them. It so happens that the spirit moves them about the time that a number of big chiefs get hungry, and cannot hold off until ration day. It also happens that the council is called to meet with or near a fellow-tribesman who is known to have a fat larder. The length of the deliberations depends upon the stock of goods which the Indian may have on hand.

The agents are at a loss to know how to break up this practice.

Just the other day Standing Horse was eaten out of house and home by several hundred fellow-tribesmen who held a "pow-wow" near his house. All summer Standing Horse had diligently worked a piece of ground, and raised a fine crop of potatoes and cabbages, which he and his squaw had stored away in their winter cellar. Since the summer was dry, Standing Horse and his squaw were compelled to carry water from the river, a quarter of a mile away, while the other Indians loafed around under the trees and smoked their pipes. Now Standing Horse and his wife have not a thing in the house to eat.

#### SHOOTING AN OIL WELL.

See Picture on Cover.

"SAY, can you fix this reel? I want it just like this other one. Put your best man on it, and tell him to take his time and do it right. I don't care two cents what it costs, but if it isn't right there will be a great row. The last one I got fixed only cost me \$2.40, and I nearly got done for with it, and I don't want you to fix this one for less than \$5. What do I do? Well, anyone would know you were new to the oil country to ask that, with that wagon standing there."

The speaker was a quiet, good-looking man, with a clear blue eye, who had driven up in a queer-looking wagon and thrown two reels filled with about 3%-inch lines on the floor. I looked with much interest at the vehicle and outfit, which was a well shooter's, and found an excellent set of springs mounted on first-class wheels. The seat was roomy and turned up on hinges, and disclosed a space divided up so that a can of nitroglycerine just filled each division, which was carefully padded, both bottom and sides, and the bottom covered with rubber that came up several inches to catch anything that might come from a leaky can, which is no rare thing.

"It might make a good axle grease, but I never wanted to carry the experiment very far, although I had a can once that I was carrying in an ordinary buggy leak down on the axles. You see there isn't much curl to my hair yet," said the shooter, as he was showing me the rig.

Each can holds eight quarts, which weigh twenty-six pounds. Some wagons are made for sixteen cans, although this one only held twelve. A couple of brackets bolted to the left-hand side of the body carried the pieces which formed the rack for the shells and anchors that make the torpedoes. The arms of the rack are carefully covered with rope or cloth, and come up high enough to bring their load within easy reach of the driver. Behind the seat was room for the reels, etc.

"Mr. Smith said you wanted to see a well shot, and if you get that reel all right and a couple of go-devils ready by the time I get back I will take you on, and as I intend to

use the reel you fix you had better either fix it right or make your will," said the shooter, with a laugh, as he drove off.

Just after dinner he came back, loaded in one reel, put in the go-devils, took me and started. The "go-devils" are castings about fifteen inches long, with wings extending out two inches each way from a center. They are let fall into the hole and strike the top of the shell, setting off the fulminate of mercury cap that explodes the glycerine in the hole. They must be of the most brittle, rotten iron possible, so that they will go into small pieces after doing their work.

Soon we left the main road and went twisting and turning among the trees and rocks, and presently drew up before a small board building twelve feet square and eight feet high, that had a sign on both front and rear: "Nitroglycerin—keep away."

It was without windows and the door had heavy hinges, and a heavy bar across it was secured by a strong, good padlock; for, strange as it may seem, my companion informed me it was no uncommon thing to have a magazine broken into and a wagonload of the contents stolen. On one side of the door hung a horseshoe held by a string. Inside were arranged several wagon-loads of cans; not shooters' wagons, but stock wagons, that hold from seventy-two to ninety-six cans. Twelve cans were quickly placed under the seat and we started again. Somehow the road seemed rougher and the horses not nearly so steady after we were loaded, although I was assured that the wagon always swung easier when loaded. As if this road was too good, we turned off into a mere track, where the trees had simply been cut down to enable a wagon and team to get through. I would much rather have walked, but my companion seemed very much unconcerned, and I reflected that if it was his ordinary occupation I would try to stand it for once. He kept regaling me with anecdotes of his experiences with those who wished to ride and didn't know his business; they somehow would make him stop while they got out and ran, while others would get out and stay long enough to bless him for not telling before they got in.

As the road kept getting steeper and stonier

I did not hear all the stories he told me, but began to wonder if I couldn't manage to get jolted out. At length we reached the main road, and in a few minutes a well up on the hillside was pointed as our destination. Some more rough road brought us to within about fifty feet of the derrick door, when the horses were unhitched, taken off some distance and each one securely tied to a tree.

Now the real business of shooting the well began. After learning the depth of the well and how far above the bottom the sand was, enough of the small tin pipe known as anchors was brought up and jointed together to hold the shell in the required place. The reel was bolted to the engine flywheel as near the center as convenient. The drilling engine is a center crank with flywheel on one side and pulley on the other, and the shaft does not extend beyond either hub. The tools had been stood on the casing head to help hold the casing in when the shot went off, and to them a small rope carrying a pulley was lashed in such a position as to be directly over the hole.

At this point the drillers and owners concluded that they had business elsewhere, and had faith enough in the shooter to let him finish without them. Six trips, with a can in each hand, brought the nictroglycerin up over the rocks and logs to the derrick. I didn't offer to help and he didn't invite me. The line was run down the reel through the pulley, the anchor fitted to the bottom of the shell, the shell carefully lowered into the hole and hung on the hook at the end of the line. This hook is made so that when the torpedo rests at the bottom of the well it unhooks and the ball drops to one side.

Before leaving the drillers had poured water into the hole, so that it stood about 300 feet, the hole being about 1,174 feet deep altogether. On the top of the shell, just under the ball, was a round piece of iron with a quarterinch rod; on the lower end of this rod a long cap, which rested on a small anvil piece. The go-devil, when dropped, should strike the plate and explode the cap.

The shooter went out to the reel and drew the shell up so that the top stood about three feet above the floor, and securely locked the reel. The cans were then uncorked, and I noticed that there were two corks to each can, the holes being on opposite corners, as they didn't want any slopping over. The contents were poured into the shells, and looked much like fine, winter-strained lard oil. It was hard for me to realize the energy stored up there, and that a few drops were enough to tear me into shreds.

As we walked back to the reel my companion remarked that perhaps I had better withdraw to a distance, as the most dangerous time was at hand.

"When I start letting off that brake, if anything should stick and then drop, it might be interesting, and if the reel does not work smooth and even I cannot tell how things are going down in the hole. Sometimes a shell sticks and unhooks, and sometimes the ball lets go. If your reel has hard spots you never feel sure." As he spoke I began to realize that a few cents on the price paid for getting things just right did not count for anything in a business like that. In a few minutes the shell was at the bottom, and I was given the privilege of dropping the go-devil.

We walked off about one hundred and fifty feet and waited. I must have been a hoodoo, as the shot failed to respond, and another godevil did no better. Then a jack squib was made. This is simply a small tube with two or three ounces of nitroglycerin in the bottom, several feet of waterproof fuse, with a cap on the lower end in the glycerin, coiled up, and some sand packed in to make weight to sink it through the fluid. The fuse is lighted with the squib dropped into the hole. This did the work. We could feel a jar, then came a rush of air, then sand and gravel, and with a great rush and roar the water and dirt came forth going high over the top of the derrick.

In a gusher country this might be followed by a flow of oil amounting sometimes to several thousand barrels in twenty-four hours, or by a flow of gas, with a pressure of hundreds of pounds per square inch and a roar that can be heard for miles. All the fire under the boiler and elsewhere around a well is extinguished before shooting, as some gas is always present, and many men have been burned up by the gas igniting. This well turned out to be a small pumper. We left it to the drillers to finish; they had to clean it out and then the owner tubed it.

As I drove back with the shooter it seemed a long time since I had left the shop, and I did not think I would care to exchange jobs with him if he did get \$5 per shot for his work, and it made me feel crawly to think of a man getting up in the night and taking on such a load, as is often done. Most of the hauling of stock is done at night, as it is cooler, there are less teams on the road and fewer people to kick about hauling it through the towns.

#### CENSUS TAKING IN INDIA.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

At the hour of midnight on this March I, I am posing for the 'Nook. We are at Kapadoadia in tents, out for preaching among the villages, about ten miles north of Bulsar. The moon is partly hidden by the many fleecy banked, white clouds, and the night is so calm and still as to be almost oppressive.

We have been sitting up, Mary and I and the baby, waiting for the census man, and now that he has come and gone, and our names are enrolled to be counted among the Christian population of India, we are ready to go to bed.

Not so the census man. He must hurry on to finish the portion allotted to him quickly as possible, for *all India is counted to-night!* From seven to twelve is the given time for this stupendous work, and this is how it is done.

Later.—On the 18th, 19th and 20th of February, the appointed persons visited everywhere and enrolled the names of every person living. This enrollment was carefully prepared. Religion, age, condition, race, education, employment, etc., were all carefully noted.

Notices were posted in the vernaculars here and there through the scattered villages asking the people as much as possible to be at home on the night of the first of March and keep the lights burning till the census man came. In other words it meant, "Don't go to bed till you are counted, that night."

On the night of March I the enumerators, each in his own appointed small section, set out at seven o'clock. Each took with him a group of common low caste people to carry the lanterns, books and ink to arouse and prepare the people, etc.

They brought the papers prepared on the previous canvas, and simply read off the names, asking if each one was now present. If any one were not present, his name was canceled. And if any other, whose name was not on the list, were then present, he was enrolled accordingly.

Thus it happened our own names were struck from the Bulsar lists, and at the same hour perhaps, added to the records of Kapadoadia.

All the people at the wharfs and in harbors were counted. Those on boats plying on Indian waters were likewise counted. All trains were stopped at certain stations for the counting of the passengers, and an enumerator was posted at each railway station. When travelers had been enumerated they received a ticket to that effect, so they would not be counted again. This ticket was in five languages, the one used on our railway.

Every precaution was taken that the records should be perfect, yet I have heard some fellows remark since, that they knew several who were not counted. But that element is in all society, looking for faults and rejoicing in the same.

The early returns show a great falling off where plague and famine were. Bombay has lost 51,000 since 1891. Many were out of the city on account of the plague, and the actual loss is not quite so many, perhaps.

Bulsar town now numbers 10,500, the county, or Taluka, 82,000,—a falling off of some thousands. Dharampor State, east of us, shows 21,000 decrease.

Many amusing incidents might be gathered. One enumerator on reviewing his instructions before starting out, read, "Count all that are asleep in every house." He was puzzled and as time was short sent quick word to head-quarters inquiring, "If they are all awake, then what?"

Bulsar, India, March 13.

#### THE CRUMBLING PATH.

BY SADIE WINE.

As I slept a vision rose before me which I shall never forget. A majestic mountain appeared which towered to the skies.

The sides were steep and rugged and strewn with all manner of gems and precious stones. On top of this mountain, above the clouds, was situated a beautiful city. Up the side of the mountain was wending a procession of men, women and children bound for the beautiful city. Each person carried a basket which the king of the city had sent him with instructions to fill it with the jewels strewn along his pathway. The king from time to time sent messengers to encourage the travelers and to help carry their burdens.

Now, I observed that many persons, instead of gathering jewels, loitered by the way, thus missing many valuable gems. Some preferred to wait until near the end of the journey to fill their baskets, but I noticed that the higher up the mountain the fewer the gems, so that many reached the city with few treasures. Now and then a traveler would recall a rare jewel just passed and on turning back to gather it would find the path crumbled away, so that it was impossible to retrace his steps.

On reaching the beautiful city some had but few gems, others had half-filled baskets, while still others had theirs well filled. The latter the king received joyfully while the former disappeared in the clouds.

When I awoke the mountain had disappeared, but I recognized all as the journey of life.

Herington, Kans.

#### THE RAILROAD TIE.

BY JACOB IHRIG.

THERE are men who take contracts to furnish so many thousand ties each year. They go as far as seventy-five miles up the streams from the railroad and hire men to make ties. They buy the timber for about three cents a stick.

There are dozens of men in the woods all the time making ties. They take their doublebitted ax, cut a small chip out of one side, then take a cross-cut saw and finish cutting it down. Then they take their ax and rough hew along the sides and then use a sevenpound broadax and hew it off square, for which they get ten cents. Sometimes they get eight out of one tree by splitting it. Some sticks make four, and they are called quarter ties, the sticks that make two are called half moons, and a single stick is a pole tie. One man can make from ten to twenty in a day. The contractor then hires them hauled to the nearest stream, and then hires men at one dollar per day to nail them togeth-

They take long poles and spike on the eightinch side, putting them close together, and at
every fortieth tie they leave the space of one,
so that the raft can bend. They put from
five hundred to one thousand in one raft.
Then two or three men, with long poles, get
on the raft to guide it, and they go twenty or
thirty miles a day. They are pulled out of
the water with a machine and then are
inspected and the good ones are worth twentysix cents each, and the culls are worth seven
cents, after which they are loaded on the cars
and shipped where they are needed.

Avery, Mo.



#### TO MAKE MONEY LIKE DOUGHNUTS.

CHICAGO subtreasury officials have no official information concerning the new 3-cent piece which it is said the government will soon coin for use in the West. The new coin is to be of nickel and its radical difference from all other coins with Uncle Sam's mint mark on them lies in the fact that it will have a hole in the center. It is the supposition that this hole in the middle will enable the hurried handler of the coin to detect its value by the sense of feeling. Some such safeguard is considered necessary for the reason that it is to be about the size and weight of the present nickel 5-cent piece. The size of the center hole in the proposed coin will be large enough to make it merely a ring of metal, this hole being about one-half the diameter of the coin. It will prevent one of the difficulties which handlers of small silver coins were troubled with when the metal money began to circulate after the era of paper money. The small coins which got into the hands of children and some classes in the remote districts were treated as curiosities and great prizes. To secure their safe keeping a favorite method was to punch a hole in them and tie them on a string. This destroyed the circulation value of the coins and dealers who subsequently took them in had to stand the loss, a fixed scale being finally arranged for deduction for punched dimes, nickels or other pieces. The new piece can be strung without injuring it.

It is the general opinion of government officials that there is no crying need for an additional subsidiary coin of small value and large bulk and weight, the 5-cent nickel piece and the copper I-cent piece being considered ample to meet the wants of the people of the West. Bank people and treasury officials have a very lively conception of the bother there is in handling the present 1-cent pieces, the larger institutions getting hundreds of pounds of them sometimes on hand. The weight as well as the bulk cuts quite a figure in these cases, and the addition of another intermediate between the 5-cent piece and the cent piece would, it is believed, but add to this trouble. Vault room for storage purposes and draying facilities would have to be provided in proportion.

The old 3-cent silver piece which was coined several years ago did not meet with popular favor and it was found impossible to keep it in circulation. The subtreasury people fear that the attempt to put out a new one will be but a repetition of this experience.

In the west and southwest the I-cent piece was slower coming into favor than in the east and the coinage of the new piece is supposed to be to meet a demand which the 5-cent piece is too large for and the I-cent too small. This would indicate if it is correct that the western people are relinquishing their old idea that nothing less than five cents was worth counting in a business transaction.

The 5-cent nickel piece has been in use for nearly fifty years, having been first coined during the latter part of the civil war or just after that. Before that time for many years the only small change in circulation was made of paper, 5-cent, 10-cent, 15-cent and 25-cent notes being issued by the government. The subsidiary notes also included a 50-cent piece and all of these were popularly known as "shin plasters." The necessity for them arose from the disappearance of metal money during the war period. Before that the silver 5-cent piece, or, as it is called by the mint authorities, the half-dime, had circulated. As the shin plasters disappeared the new nickel came in to partly take its place and it has held its position ever since.

One of the arguments in favor of the use of paper money has always been that it is much more difficult to counterfeit a plate from which to print these than it is to make a die from which an imitation of the metal coin can be struck. The rudest of outfits sometimes suffices to make counterfeits which pass easily for the smaller coins. The less the value of the piece the less close the scrutiny given by the person to whom it is offered, being the theory on which the false coiners go. That their reasoning is correct has been often demonstrated and though the profits from these smaller counterfeits are smaller than where the attempt is made to imitate the

larger and more valuable pieces the comparative safety in passing the little ones has had its attractions for those engaged in the busi-

However large or small the piece that the false coiners undertake to imitate, the government officials say there is but one end for them and invariably they end in the penitentiary. As in many other walks of criminal life, the man who makes his stake and retires to live honestly is unknown to the officers whose business it is to track them, and once begun the violator of law pursues his course until he is detected and the punishment follows.

As an extra precaution against counterfeiting, as well as to preserve the fine lines in the impression, the government each year destroys all old dies and supplies a new set to the mints.

#### WORK AT DIZZY HEIGHTS.

It would be impossible to calculate the number of windows in New York, although in France, where there is a window tax, the authorities keep track of all these details. The important fact, from an industrial point of view, about these windows is that they must be cleaned, and consequently a number of companies have been organized to take the trouble of cleaning them off the hands of the owners.

The men who are sent out to do this work must not only learn how to clean windows, but must also accustom themselves to working at a great height from the ground, with an ever-present possibility of falling. In most office buildings, particularly the new ones, a safety apparatus is used to protect these men. This consists of a belt worn around the waist, with a loop at the back through which a rope passes. This rope is provided with an iron hook at each end which fits into a fastening screwed on the outside of the window frame. This arrangement allows the man to move along the window sill freely, and yet is an absolute safeguard if he slips.

After the men have learned how to clean a window they are started in first on the ground floor windows of shops, then they try the windows of private houses, and finally, when they

are fully at home in their work, they are sent to the high buildings. The new men are generally sent out in gangs of four or five under a competent foreman, who sees that they take no unnecessary risks. Occasionally it happens that a man finds he cannot stand working at a height, and he has to give up this work altogether. Special ladders are used in cleaning the big plate glass windows in stores, ladders with rubber padding on the ends of the uprights. It seems to the passerby as if the pressure of these ladders with a man's weight on them would be great enough to send them crashing through a plate glass window, but such an accident, said the head of a window-cleaning company, has never been

A workman will clean anywhere from five to twenty-five windows a day.

#### GET ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

SELECTED BY A. BRINDLE.

HALF a dozen happy-spirited workers are worth a whole regiment of growlers. Don't be a grumbler. Don't sour everything that is around and about you. Don't be a crape machine and make a funeral procession of your life. Don't creep into gloomy shadows like moles and bats. The best workers never grumble, and grumblers seldom work. Get on the sunny side of life. The sunny side of a hill is the most pleasant. The sunny side of a house is the most pleasant to live in. Look out for the sunny side. Remember that no one has ever yet found the world just what he would like it. Half the time and strength spent in growling would very often set things right. Don't try to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and unpleasant things. Break up the stagnation of your life; cultivate the social traits of character until your whole being shines forth in bountiful sunshine.

Kauffman, Pa.

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It is not such a very distant jump from the English to the French language. There are 3,000 words used alike in French and English without variation in spelling. The variation is in the pronunciation.

### SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN EXCURSION AGENT.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

AFTER receiving an appointment as an excursion agent, the first thing is to find out what to do and what not to do—especially the latter, since so much depends upon maintaining the harmonies of the great variety of human temperaments that are thrown together in a tourist car coursing toward the land of the Setting Sun. Next he must study the time cards of his and connecting lines, and be ready always to impart needful information as to travel.

Nor must he be ignorant of the best edibles for a lunch basket. His patrons will consult him as to this necessary baggage, and he should be well informed as to the kind of food best adapted to an inactive condition for three or four days. To know what often means delicious meals for the excursion agent.

An excursion agent must not shy at bundles, baskets and grips. He must lay hold of these and carry in and out of the car as if he were born thereunto, and especially should he inwardly rejoice to assist ladies, children, cripples and the aged.

I shall never forget the expressions and the faces of many people after entering California at "The Needles," which nestles by the muddy Colorado River. From "The Needles" to Barstow is about one hundred and seventy-five miles as the railway serpentines. The line lies between treeless, grassless mountain heaps of jagged, extinct volcanoes, and the sand and gravel-well, as the boy exclaimed, "A desert is just sand." Truly! Over this "just sand" the death-like condition billows to the horizon, and at every turn your eyes catch that sameness, which is empty of all fascination. No wonder mothers exclaimed, "If this is California, I want none of it;" and the children, "If we die where will we be buried?" and fathers, "It is awful!" And while one cannot say, "God made it in his anger and forgot," yet somehow you feel that you want to get through quickly and forget.

Occasionally the train stops at stations twelve to fifteen miles apart,—stops at a building with two roofs and some space between to

keep the occupants from melting. Then you get out and look for some living thing,-just something with breath or life to take the desert out of your mind a little. "There goes a horned toad," says one, a speckled little creature with protuberances on its head not much like horns. Then here is a lizard or swift seeking a fly for dinner, and if you look further may be you will see a lazy rattlesnake coiled on a flat stone waiting for the horned toad to come along and eat him. Later you come to the desert yuccas or yucca palms, odd-shaped trees ten to twenty feet high, full of spines which point downward,-a sort of armor which says to the small boy: "Climb me if you dare." No boy ever dares. Even a bear wouldn't do it.

About the third year of my touring a young man, who had just graduated from a law school in Michigan, was on the train, accompanied by his mother and a cousin on the way to California. It was in the month of August. As we were speeding through Western Kansas, the young attorney and I conversed until eleven o'clock, and were the last in our car to turn into our berths to sleep. It was warm,hot. The train was running at high speed to make up for lost time. At Dodge City the porter, an ex-M. E. preacher, whose voice had failed in religion, came to me and said: "That young man who conversed with you jumped off the train. Come help me tell his mother." I arose and we went to the lady's berth and aroused her. The ex-preacher said: "Dear madam, trust the Lord, do not become frightened, trust the Lord. Your son jumped off the train at Offerle and is not hurt, praise the Lord." The mother began to cry and said: "Why did he jump off?" The porter tried to comfort her and she got up, and, with her nephew, went out into the station to await the next train. We gathered up the lawyer's clothes, purse and ticket, and sent them back on the next train. I enclosed a note asking him to write me at Lordsburg and tell me all about it. In a week I got a letter from him running about thus:

Dear Excursion Agent:

"Astounding things happen. After lying down the night we were last together, I soon went into a doze. In a somnambulistic state, I presume, I arose and walked out of the car and at Offerle jumped to the platform, alighting on my feet and falling on my back. Then I knew what I had done. The train was running forty miles an hour to make up for lost time. I walked to the ticket office and in my almost nude state frightened the boy operator almost out of his senses. He loaned me an overcoat and conducted me to the hotel where I clung to my bed until my garments came back. I know how it feels to be in a Kansas summer breeze with scant garments. I am unhurt. Took next overland train and met mother and cousin at Dodge City. In Arizona our train ran into some cattle and our car was ditched. I began to think I was the hoodoo of the party. Curious experience, but all right at last."

This young man is now one of the leading attorneys in Los Angeles, California.

Belleville, Kans.

#### ANDAMANESE GUARDS.

Great Britain sends most of her wickedest criminals to her convict settlement on the Andaman islands in the bay of Bengal. The little natives of these islands make the best convict guards in the world, and the man who attempts to escape and is tracked by them regrets his attempt ever after, if he lives through the ordeal. These little people can climb like monkeys, move in the dark like cats, flit as silently and unseen as bats, track their enemies by scent like bloodhounds, shoot poisoned arrows out of their blowguns with great accuracy, and swim like fish.

They are the happiest people in the world; they do not know enough to be unhappy. They have no money, no clothes, no homes, no morals, no religion, no conscience, no laws, and no medicines. The British government pays them for their bloodhound services with pork, rum, and tobacco. They wouldn't take cash if it were offered to them. They know nothing of clothing for modesty or fashion's sake and need none for covering, for their climate is delightfully even. They live in the hollow trees. The only work that they do is to hunt. Wild pigs, bears, and turtle abound

in their paradise, and every male Andamanese is a sure shot with bow and arrow.

Their faces are jet black, and the teeth and whites of the eyes are so large and so bright that they really appear light in the dark. And in addition they had, and have still, the habit of painting their faces hideously with red ochre.

The Andaman islands were explored for the first time by the French traveler Peyraud in 1607. In 1791 Great Britain took them and changed them into a convict colony, which they are yet. Among the prisoners there are some of the worst criminals that this earth can boast. The scum of India, China, Africa. Australia, Java, Borneo, and the outcasts of civilized lands all have drifted there. And surrounding the prison grounds live the little Andamanese, never working, waiting like terriers for the pleasure of a convict hunt. Where no human foot apparently could press they pass as swiftly as snakes, and in the same manner, for they crawl as easily and as fast as white men can run. Under and through the jungle growths they writhe and slide, quickly as a reptile, silently as shadows.

#### SHORT OF WATER.

UTAH proposes to avert pending calamity to her agricultural section by supplying the Great Salt Lake basin with needed water. Irrigation has cut off the supply and the lake itself is in imminent danger of drying up. The usual supply of water is being withheld and evaporation is rapidly lowering the level of the lake. Centuries ago the shores of the great inland salt sea were high on the mountains, where the line of the ancient brook is visible to-day and the lake, which has sunk to its present dimensions, promises to disappear far more rapidly than in the ages past.



## NATURE



# STUDY

#### BUFFALOES DO NOT FIGHT.

"HERE is something that makes me mighty tired," said an old Kansan as he exhibited a magazine article about buffalo killing in the early days. " This writer talks about the danger the hunter was always in from wounded bulls that would turn on him and fight. I never knew a buffalo to turn and fight in my life. I have heard about such cases, but I never believed them. I have talked with hundreds of buffalo hunters and I never knew one who had been put in danger by a wounded buffalo bull. And this fellow tells about the number of hunters who lost their lives from rattlesnake bite. Did you ever know positively of a man in Kansas who died from the bite of a rattlesnake? I never did. I have known of dozens who were bit, but never one who died from the bite. I believe that nine out of ten men will recover from a rattlesnake bite without the use of any remedy whatever. I had a dog which was bitten scores of times. He never had any treatment except that which he gave himself by rubbing the bitten place in mud and water. When that dog was bit he would make a race for the nearest creek, and after paddling around there an hour or so would come home badly swollen up but out of danger."

Which reminds us of a remark made by Professor Dyche, the mighty hunter of the State university. Dyche has killed bears all over the American continent, and one day when some one passed the remark about the danger of the sport he said: "I never had a wounded bear turn on me to show fight and I have wounded dozens of them. Once in the northwest I wounded a grizzly and he stood looking at me irresolutely for a few seconds, growling and showing his teeth, but he did not charge, though he had the best chance in the world. I took my time and knocked him over with another shot, and that's the nearest any of my

bears ever came to showing fight. A bear is something like a big Newfoundland puppy and about as inconsequential."

#### FISH GREW A FRESH TAIL.

DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON, the president of the Academy of Natural Science, is very fond of a collection of goldfish which he keeps in a big aquarium in his office. Some months ago one of the most amiable of these fish developed a kind of fungus growth on its tail. The growth became huge and the fish lost appetite, grew thin and seemed to be pining away. It turned at last on its side—a sign that it was half dead, as all keepers of aquaria know.

Dr. Dixon then decided to operate on the goldfish, and with great care he performed last month the first under-water operation known to science, amputating entire the tail, which had been rendered useless by the fungi overrunning it. The goldfish bore the shock well and began forthwith to improve in health. Strangest of all is the fact that a fine new tail has already grown out from the stump of the diseased one.

#### PHOSPHORESCENT FISH AND INSECTS.

Many experiments have been made with a view to determining the exact nature of the light emitted by fishes and insects, which is light without heat, but the question remains unsolved. A French scientist recently reported to the academy the result of some experiments that he had made with phosphorescent animalculae, to see whether this light might be produced to such a degree of intensity as to be useful to man. He cultivated in suitable media a large number of micro-organisms and succeeded in getting a light that illuminated a room about as moonlight would do. No radiation of heat was preceptible.

#### HOW TO KEEP GOLDFISH.

GOLDFISH are easily kept alive and healthy for many years if one only knows how to do it. "Goldfish," says an expert, "should never be kept in the so-called globe, or circular aquariums. Constantly swimming around the vessel, they exhaust themselves and die, sometimes after a couple of days. Square aquariums are best, and the vessel must be properly filled with gravel and aquatic plants, the more plants the better.

"Furthermore, the fish should never be kept in running water, and the water should never be changed more than twice a year—provided, of course, the aquarium is properly constructed and has the necessary amount of gravel, aquatic plants and the like. If this be the case, the carbonic acid gas exhaled by the fish is inhaled by the plants in the water, and the oxygen given out by the plants is breathed by the fish, thus producing an equalization that keeps the aquaruim in a healthy condition and obviates the necessity of changing the water.

"When it is necessary to change the water it should be done in a warm room, and the fresh water must not be of lower temperature. In changing the water the fish might easily catch cold, a thing to be avoided.

"There should be a number of tadpoles in every aquarium. They not only eat the waste material, but they form an interesting object of observation when changing from tadpole into frog."

#### PORES IN THE HUMAN BODY,

"IT may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface of the skin as the back.

The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external of the body. They

run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin and there they kink and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin.

It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating twenty-eight miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven or twelve miles. Take your pick. Our motto is, 'We aim to please.' If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority.

\* \*

The Bermuda lily was introduced into this country in 1875. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to the florist. This florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of the lily bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermuda. Very few lilies are exported, as the cut flowers do not arrive in good condition. Nor does it pay to export the growing plants, because of the duty and the cost of freighting so delicate a cargo. The bulbs are exported all over the world and are a valuable source of revenue.

26 26

A BLACK fox's skin is worth \$1,000—a great deal more than the skin of the ordinary Chicago sly fox.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interear, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and will be returned, if not found available, if a request to do so accompanies the copy.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-NOOK.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter,

#### TIMES AND SEASONS.

PEOPLE who write for the INGLENOOK, or who place advertisements in its columns, often think that their work is neglected, and the advertisements they have paid for are without results, when all that is the matter lies in the fact of a misunderstanding of the time necessary to hear from the constituency addressed. Now, in order to help to a little intelligent patience in this matter, let us explain that this article comes from the editorial room, is marked "Must" and that means that it must go in the first issue, and it is put through as fast as possible, taking precedence over every other class of matter.

This is written April II, goes at once to the composing room, and the reader can tell by the date on which his eye first notices it, how long it takes to reach him, when things go as fast as they can. Consider further that this copy of the magazine may not reach more remote readers for a week later, and that it may take the greater part of a week for it to be read, some days to have a letter written about the wares you may advertise, and some time for it to reach your home address, and you may not go to the office every day, and

possibly you may think the returns are wholly wanting when it is working as fast as it can. So possess your souls in patience, for patience begets many admirable virtues.

What is true of the class of writing mentioned above is trebly true of literary communications. Some excellent articles are laid away, and will not appear for many months in the future. Clearly it would be out of tune with the season to print an article descriptive of spearing fish through the ice in the July In-GLENOOK, or one telling of gathering wild strawberries, in the Christmas issue. This is mentioned in detail here to show a good many writers that they are not neglected or turned down because they are not brought out the week after they mail their articles. Now then, hereafter, let those who "take their pen in hand" add to their other virtues a renewed stock of patience, and don't write the editor man who has other troubles of his own.

#### THE GOODY-GOODY BOY.

We haven't anything special to say against the goody-goody boy. He is a nice little fellow, and he loves to go to school, and he loves his dear teacher and he loves books, etc., and he loves to do right and he will never, never, be bad.

But for wear just give me the boy who runs barefoot, who can climb trees and catch fish, and who takes the dog for a stroll down the meadow with no more thought of his books and his dear teacher, and the rest of it, than the brindle dog tracking a rabbit. The goody-goody boy will either die, or turn out a bady-bad rascal, while the boyish-boy will be teaching the Bible class in the Sunday school twenty years hence. Still, if you want to be goody-goody we will not stop you.

It is always encouraging to the youth to hear every day how nice and good little Willie Brown is, and how bad he, the youth himself is. The 'Nook doesn't want the best of everything all the time, and the 'Nookman makes you a present of goody-goody and only asks that the bad "boy" he takes be not mean, or cruel to animals, or dishonest. The logic of events will justify the choice.

#### THEY WANT TO KNOW.

When was John Wesley born, and when did he die? Born in 1703, and died in 1791.

Why do the sun and moon look larger at their rising than later?

Because of atmospheric influences that cause an apparent enlargement.

What does the abbreviation D. D. S. mean?

Doctor of dental surgery, a dentist's title, when graduated at a dental school.

Are canceled postage stamps of any value?

All depends on the kind. If you mean the ordinary stamps in everyday use in this country they are worth nothing at all.

How are the red and the black of the Inglenook cover printed?

The cover goes through the press twice, once printing the red, and then the black when run through the second time. If there were three incompatible colors it would require a third running through, but with certain colors an entirely different effect can be produced by printing one color over the other.

What are falling stars?

Pieces of mineral matter flying through space, getting within range of the earth's attraction, and catching fire by the friction in passing through the air. Some of the meteors are solid iron, weighing many hundreds of pounds, burying themselves in the earth, and remaining hot for weeks.

Is there anything especially wrong about answering a matrimonial advertisement?

The other day the authorities caged one of these "object matrimony" women in Chicago, and they found over a bushel of letters in her room, from many people, and at the bottom of all of them was greater or less extortion of money to tide over imaginary straits that each one thought was strictly confidential with himself. If you want to correspond with the lone widow there is no law against it, but you may find your letter in print some fine day, and reprinted in the home weekly. Don't go out of the way to make a fool of yourself.

What are bay leaves, often mentioned in cookery?

Any storekeeper, selling licorice, will give you a handful of the dried bay leaves, and they are used in soups, etc., a couple of them being boiled along with the food, and fished out before serving. Some like, and others dislike the peculiar flavor. Licorice is usually packed in the leaves.

What is the circulation of the INGLENOOK?

It would not be fair to the magazine to say, as a statement would be remembered for a long time, and the actual fact changes with every mail, and there are four deliveries daily in the office. It runs into thousands, and ought to be much greater, and would be, if people only knew more about it.

Why are eggs and rabbits associated with Easter?

The egg has, for ages, been associated with the resurrection, and the rabbit part of it is of the same sort as the Santa Claus fiction. There are many folklore stories, one in each country, about rabbits and eggs, and that the rabbit nest with eggs in it is associated with the festival is only the perpetuation of a child myth.

Is the scheme in the INGLENOOK for finding homes for children operated in connection with any society or organization?

None whatever. It is from a desire to help both the givers and takers of children among our own people, and originated in the fact that fifteen people wanted one child, and knowing that our own members, either having a child to put out, or wanting one, would prefer Dunker training we decided to take a hand in it, hoping that some silent good would come out of the movement.

How are seedless fruits grown?

As a rule they are sports, that is, an orange, through some freak of nature, will develop a fruit without seeds, and then it is only a question of grafting. The seedless raisin is said to be produced by ringing the bark of the branch bearing the clusters. So done, Nature does not seem to have the power or will to produce seeds. These sports and variations are continually happening everywhere, and it is the wise observer who sees and perpetuates them. The Concord grape was, originally, a sport.

### THE FIRST HOME OP JOHN JAMES AUDUBON IN AMERICA.

BY PETER S. RAPP.

MILL GROVE on the east bank of the picturesque Perkiomen, near its confluence with the river Schuylkill with its rocky banks, caves, and abandoned copper mines on the one side, the other a long stretch of meadows, was the first home in America of John James Audubon, the great ornithologist. The home is kept almost in its original shape by the present owner as when Audubon resided therein

Audubon's father was one of a family of twenty-one children and he sent his son, John James, then a young man, to look after his Mill Grove estate on the Perkiomen. Previous to the elder Audubon's ownership, Rowland Evans owned what is now Mill Grove from 1776 to 1784 and built the present house and we presume built the mill also, which is still standing near by, from which Mill Grove received its name. John Audubon owned it from 1789 to 1804. The present owner is W. H. Wetherill.

History tells us how Audubon traversed the shores of the Perkiomen and Schuylkill, hunting and fishing in connection with his love for the pewees that built their nests in caves that are still to be found, also how he visited what is now Fatland Farm, adjoining Mill Grove, owned at that time by the Bakenells. Lucy Bakenell was the greatest attraction at this time for young Audubon. No doubt his former pursuits at this period of his life had little attraction for him, as his affections went out toward Lucy and were reciprocated by her, which eventually resulted in marriage April 8, 1808.

After his marriage Mill Grove passed to other hands. Seventeen years from this time he passed through the most gloomy period of his life.

Two years ago the name of the village near Mill Grove was changed to Audubon. Two granddaughters of John James Audubon, Misses Maria Audubon and Florence Audubon, daughters of John Woodhouse Audubon, participated in the ceremonies, and held a formal reception after the exercises were over.

The Misses Audubon reside at Salem, Washington County, New York. There are nine living descendants of the ornithologist.

The following original poem by George M. Moloney was read on this occasion:

AUDUBON.

O, gentle lover of the birds,
Who through these scenes did roam,
And found amid these hills and dales
A fair bride and a home.

The pleasant, peaceful village, To-day is named for thee, 'Midst sounds of joyful music, 'Neath starry banner free.

While from the groves and dells around,
The feathered songsters send
A tribute of sweet melody,
To the memory of their friend.

O fair and peaceful village, Before unknown to fame, Go down to future ages Bearing a famous name!

May nature's choicest blessings Forever with thee dwell, For now thy name is that of one Who loved all nature well.

#### ANOTHER BIBLE.

BY ,S. S. GIBBLE.

In looking over the Inglenook I see that a brother has a Saur Bible, German, printed in 1776. I have one printed by Christopher Saur in 1763, German also, in good condition, boards used for lids, with ropes at the back to hold the lids. There is some German writing on one of the white leaves in front, but we cannot read it. On the first printed page, on top, is "Vorrede" on the bottom "Germantown den 8ten December, 1763," in Germanscript.

Lykens, Pa.

#### HARD TO WRITE TURKISH.

ARABIC words, phrases and expressions, as in the case of the Persians, were freely employed by the Turkish writers. So the original Tartaric, or Turkish, dialect of the Ottomans, blended with the refined, melodious tongue of the Arabs and the sweet and harmonious language of the former followers of

Zoroaster, formed what is to-day the literary language of the Turks. Hence the variety in the expressions and the richness of the words of the Turkish literature. While in the European languages Latin and Greek words are used merely as a foundation stone upon which the respective national words are built, the Turks, on the contrary, employ almost to an unlimited extent Persian and Arabic phrases in their original shape. Hence, again, the difficulty of mastering the literary Turkish, which necessitates also the study of the other two oriental tongues.

This variety of languages, coupled with the difficulty of the union of sentences into one so-called "chain," which is unknown to any European language, renders Turkish one of the most difficult of the living tongues of the world. To be able to write well in Turkish, or, to use their own expression, to be a good "kiatib" (writer)—not in the sense of an author—is held in that country as one of the highest accomplishments that a person can possess.

#### BARROOMS OF THE BISHOP.

THE people of England are much interested these days concerning the working of the plan of the bishop of Chester for dealing with the evil of excessive drinking. The bishop thinks that prohibition does not prohibit and that regulation is much better. As regulation has in view the evil done by drinking, special pains are taken to supply only the purest The houses under the bishop's scheme are to have a uniform external appearance, distinguishing them from ordinary licensed houses, notices prominently displayed that food and nonintoxicants are supplied at popular prices, the intoxicants to be placed at one end of the bar and the nonintoxicants at the other, with tables at which buns, sandwiches, tea, coffee, etc., can be served.

In villages the houses are to have club, temperance and recreation rooms, and where space is available a billiard-room and library, with backgammon, drafts and similar games, are to have also a bowling green and other counter attractions to the bar and tap room. The idea is that it is hopeless to try to extinguish thirst for stimulants, but wise to reduce

the danger arising from excess or from bad whisky and beer to the minimum. The good of the drinker, not the promotion of a theory, is the main object.

#### WILL NOT LEND THE BOOKS.

A NOTED book collector of New York, one whose library is filled with some of the rarest treasures of the bibliophile's heart, recently complained of the total lack of the collector's spirit among literary men. "I was recently asked by a literary man to send him a copy of an extremely rare book that I have on my shelves to aid him in some work he is doing. Now, I want to help him all I can, and if he will come to my house he can have the use of the book as long as he wants it, under the most favorable circumstances. But send him the book-no, under no circumstances! It is not the fact that it is worth hundreds of dollars anywhere in the market, but the fact that if damaged or lost it would be utterly irreplaceable that makes the collector shudder. If it were lost or spoiled Mr. Literary Man would send an abject letter expressing his deep contrition at an untoward accident, perhaps with a check inclosed, but of the real horror of the situation I think he and his tribe could have no inkling."

#### M 2

THE oldest statue of George Washington in existence is said to be a wooden figure carved of a solid block of oak, which is now used as a tobacconist's sign in New York. At first it stood in Battery park for more than fifty years. In 1843 it was erected in Washington square. It was finally sold by auction for \$300 to a dealer in antiquities, who in turn sold it to the present owner, the tobacconist. The figure stands ten feet high, and weighs 800 pounds. It represents Washington in a blue coat, with brass buttons, buff breeches, riding boots, yellow vest, and ruffled shirt front. The left hand, resting on the hip, holds an old-fashioned cocked hat. The work is weather beaten, but it is said to be a very remarkable piece of wood carving.

# Last year the farmers of the United States received \$185,000,000 more for their products than in 1899.

#### HUGE ELEPHANT DISPLAYS WISDOM.

THE biggest elephant known to be in captivity is registered at the Coliseum, Chicago. He is known by the title of Old Baldy.

For a generation he has been the star feature of a circus. He is probably as old as the Declaration of Independence and weighs about four tons. All elephants are said to be wise, but this one is conceded by animal students generally to be the smartest of his species. A strange sight is the easy and clever way in which Old Baldy gets in and out of the huge car in which he travels.

All his traveling mates, and there are twenty-five of them, walk down a heavy gang plank that inclines from the car door to the ground. The car doors are ten feet high, which makes the big elephants stoop to get through as they step out upon the descending plank. Old Baldy is so tall and so wide that he cannot get out of the car door until the gang plank is taken away. He then drops to his knees, and, wriggling his great body forward, slowly manages to get his front feet out and upon the ground.

The floor of the car is about five feet above the ties of the roadbed, but this does not keep Baldy from reaching the solid foundation of earth without mishap or trying delay. Once his forefeet are on the ground he draws his body forward, allowing his hind legs to drag along the car floor. In this way he is soon able to get one hind foot out, and then the rest is easy.

All the other elephants of the herd look up to Old Baldy as a sort of adviser and protector. He seems to feel this and has quite as much to do with bringing to book any of the family who go out of the way of right doing as their master and trainer, Herr Souder. In fact, Herr Souder claims that Old Baldy can understand English as well as a man, at least when it is spoken by him. At the winter quarters of the show in Baraboo, Wis., Old Baldy is never chained and is depended upon to look after the herd. Last winter one of the wild girls of the elephant family, who has an unconquerable appetite for cigarettes, named Laura Jean Libbey, got away while Old Baldy was napping and made a trip to a cigar shop in the center of the village. She

had been there before, and as soon as the tobacco dealer saw her he began to supply her with cigarettes, which was the wise thing to do to keep the shop from being wrecked. As soon as Old Baldy missed his charge he tore from the building in double quick time for the tobacconist's shop, where he knew the truant could be found. He grabbed Laura Jean by the ear and twisted it until she cried in pain. Then he picked up a long iron poker and belabored the truant all the way back to the winter barn.

Another member of this interesting family. one of African origin, with big, fan-shaped ears and a little head, had a great habit of stealing. The keepers had tried every way to break him. During performances he would reach out his trunk and deftly take handkerchiefs, belt buckles, etc., from unsuspecting visitors. He would run away every chance he got and steal everything he could from the villagers and hide the stolen articles in all sorts of places about the animal quarters. When Old Baldy was called upon to take the wrongdoer in hand he let him escape two or three times and then furtively watched what was done with the things purloined. frosty morning after the sinner had returned from his stealing trip Old Baldy ran him into a corner and beat him fiercely with a small stake. Then he took him by the ear to the places where the stolen articles were hidden and made him take each in turn back to the place where it was stolen. After that Old Baldy refused to let him eat for several days any of the bran of which the elephants are so fond. Since this heroic treatment the African elephant knows the difference between " mine and thine" and will not even indulge the dishonesty peculiar to his kind of dipping into his neighbor's luncheon.

Still another and possibly more remarkable proof that Old Baldy has something besides bone back of his expansive forehead, or at all events a sort of intuition that guides him rightly, is found in his keeper's story of the way he helped him to build up a fortune. Two winters ago Herr Souder conceived the idea of having Old Baldy perform upon a colossal piano.

Baldy seemed to have an ear for rhyme and

time and it was thought this could be turned to account. After Old Baldy had been practicing upon this big piano keyboard for a time he learned to pick out a tune.

That an elephant should have the toothache s one of the things that have probably come under the observation of few people. One of the biggest elephants with the Ringling show s paradoxically named Babe. This huge aninal last winter got very uneasy and troubled ner keepers. She didn't eat much and looked as if the way of things didn't suit her. Now, while the elephant is usually looked on by the rowd as a good-natured beast, as a matter of act when it gets in a tantrum it is the hardest of all to manage and is more anxiously vatched by those in charge than any other inimal in the menagerie. Therefore it was hat when Babe began to sulk the managenent got worried and a good deal of time and a good deal of talk were used in trying o find out the cause and bring the big seast back to her former placid mood. The Ringlings winter their show at Baraboo, Wis., vhich is the cherished birthplace of the famiy, and a humble barber of that town it was hat solved the difficulty. He said that Babe and the toothache.

This may have been a guess, but, whether it not, Mr. Alexander thought he could find out. It took a lot of prodding to make Babe pen her mouth for inspection. Then it was ound that a tooth was really badly decayed and the gums considerably inflamed. Several emedies were applied without any apparent affect and then it was decided to extract the ooth.

As a last resort. however, Dr. Richmond, a lentist of New York, was appealed to, as Babe and already lost several teeth and a further acrifice of this kind, of course would not help her digestion. Dr. Richmond said the tooth ould be filled and immediately set about to perform the task. This brought him face to ace with one of the greatest jobs in his experience. To kill the nerve wires almost as hick as spiral springs were necessary. It was slow process and several of the animal careakers had all they could do under Dr. Richmond's directions. The elephant was relieved rom pain with copious applications of co-

caine as the work proceeded, and, with the wonderful intelligence of her species, she seemed to realize the cause of this relief. She kept her mouth open and the men had no trouble in performing the work. Special tools had to be made for cleaning, grinding out and filling the cavity, and the trimming and digging out was done with a keen-edged tool almost as large and heavy as a cold-chisel. Babe seemed to appreciate the situation and its friendly circumstances and made not the slightest show of resistance. After the amalgam was placed in position Babe's appetite returned, her digestion improved and free from pain, she recovered her former docility and even temper.

#### THATCHED COTTAGES DISAPPEARING.

Gradually and too surely the old thatched cottages of England are going. Where the thatch exists slate is not substituted for it; it is repaired, when necessary with straw or reeds, more commonly with the former. But where a thatched cottage tumbles to pieces or is burnt, the new one that takes its place is given a slate roof, writes an English correspondent. Large numbers of the old cottages, with the wooden beams amid their bricks and the thatched roofs, are destroyed by fire. There is little chance of stopping a fire when it has laid hold of the wood or the thatch.

#### some other differences.

In a recent Inglenook the reason why a woman cannot throw a stone was shown to be because of anatomical differences. All nature shudders when she takes a rock and aims at a stray dog, and the only safe place is a hundred yards behind her. Then when she undertakes to sharpen a lead pencil with a dull table knife, the man of the house takes his hat and walks out for a while. It is of absolutely no use to volunteer to do it for her. She knows. Then again when she puts on her stockings, or even a pair of rubbers, and there is nobody about, she always sits on the floor to do it.

A GERMAN doctor says if men would quit the habit of parting the hair there would be no more baldness in the world.

#### A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY MARK EARLY.

A FEW years ago several of us wished to take a short vacation and, being bent on having much sport in a short time, we decided to go to the ocean by the way of the Siuslaw river, in Oregon, making a distance of 140 miles to the head of tide water. So we began preparing for our trip, gathering together the necessary articles, consisting of frying pan, coffee pot, tin plates and cups, some groceries, bedding, a tent, and our firearms. We had a good, faithful team which was accustomed to such excursions.

The first night we camped on the banks of the Willamette river. Those of you who have been out on a trip of this kind know that it does not take long to get things prepared for the night. One boy was teamster, the other wood, tent, and bunk manager; while I held the honorable position of cook and "pot wholliper." In a short time supper was ready, to which we all did justice, then retired to dream of the past, present, and future, as the bread we ate for supper was not as light as we were accustomed to at home. Now you will want to know how the bread was baked. I know some of the young ladies will want the recipe, so I will give it. Mix flour, salt, baking powder, and water together to suit your taste, then let it stand till you get so hungry that you have to bake it, then place the dough very carefully in a frying pan, and hold it over the coals. When it is nicely browned on the lower side, give your pan a gentle toss and see how many times the bread will revolve in the air before alighting in the pan brown side up. Repeat as often as necessary.

The next morning we rose very early, as it has been my custom for years, and started out with gun in hand determined at all hazards to have some fresh meat for breakfast. The first thing we saw was a large sign in large letters, "NO HUNTING ALLOWED," but we were not looking for signs. A few rods away we spied a fir grove. On arriving there we found a large band of grouse and in a few moments had several fat ones bagged. We then returned to camp, prepared our grouse, ate breakfast, and resumed our journey south-

ward. The next night we again camped the banks of the Willamette in sight of Co vallis, one of the most beautiful towns Oregon. In the morning we tried for fish i stead of game and succeeded in catchir enough for breakfast. They were fine mouttain trout.

Resuming our journey we passed through the Long Tom country, so called because of the river which flows through it. We travely for eighteen miles through a low, flat prairie probably passing only one-half dozen house. The land is owned by wealthy stockholder and in the fields large herds of cattle roam pleasure.

In the evening we arrived at the home of some friends who lived eighteen miles west of Eugene. We were now in a country when deer were plentiful, so we determined to sto over a day and try our luck.

The next morning we started out bright an early for the mountains which were one mil away. We crossed the Long Tom on som logs that had fallen across the stream, the we scaled the mountains. After we had gon about one-half mile we came to a well-beate deer trail in a deep ravine in the mountai side. While we were determining which wa we should go a fine large deer came leapin down the mountain toward us. Here we ha a surprise party. We did not see the deer no did it see us until it was within a few yards us, but in a few short jumps it stopped, turned and was as quickly out of sight again, but no until we had shot at him several times, one which would have proven fatal in a short time. We followed the blood drops to th river where we discovered he had gone dow stream. We headed him off and found him crouched under the brush on the bank of th river and with another bullet we called his our own deer. We were satisfied with ou morning hunt and started for camp, two of u carrying the deer while the other carried th guns. The next morning we resumed ou journey, passing through Elk prairie which very beautiful but narrow, being one-half mil wide and seven miles long. On either sic the mountains tower in grandeur. We fol lowed the Long Tom river for some distance then crossed over a high ridge to Elk cree

which winds around through the mountains. The creek is so named because of the numerous elk at its source. Leaving this creek we trike the source of the Wild Cat, and truly it was rightfully named, for it plunges down hrough the deep gorges at a terrific rate, naking a roaring noise which can be heard at great distance.

After leaving the Wild Cat we strike a peaceful little stream called Trout creek. We soon came to the place where the stream emptied into the Siuslaw river. By this time we knew we were nearing our journey's end.

Night was coming on and it was necessary or us to look for a camping place. We traviled for some distance before we could find a place level enough on which to pitch our ent. At last we found one where the sand had been washed out on the bank of the river, and here we camped for the night. The roaring of the cougars in the distant mountains lid not affect us nearly so much as the sand which kept creeping in our bed.

The next morning we followed down the Siuslaw river. On either side are numerous litle homes, as there are always some people who like to live secluded lives. The farms consist of a narrow strip of land probably ten ods in width by two to three hundred in ength, extending from the river to the mounains. Here they live quite happily, for in ummer they have fine fruits and vegetables and in winter an abundance of game.

I remember of one place where the mountains of solid rock towered for hundreds of feet on both sides of the river. Before reaching this place we thought we would have to take a roundabout way, but on nearing it we saw a wagon road to our great surprise, in the perpendicular wall, one hundred feet above the river. The Government spent many hundreds of dollars blasting a road through here in order to reach Florence on the coast where he lighthouse stands. This rocky road was one-half mile in length and from two to six seet wider than was necessary for us to pass. Above in some places the rocks would scrape he bows on our wagon.

In looking down on the water one hundred eet below, as it rolls and tumbles over the ocks, a person feels at times somewhat shaky. A short distance beyond this we came to a tributary of the Siuslaw which comes down through a very deep cañon. At the mouth of this cañon is a level forty-acre field and at one time was the home of a happy family. But now it is covered with logs, rocks, and soil, caused by a terrific land slide about one and one-half miles up the cañon.

In the spring of '91 eighteen inches of water fell in a few days and as the steep mountain side was covered with huge fir trees ranging from three to ten feet in diameter, and from 100 to 300 feet high, the soil being only ten feet in depth to solid rock, the water soaked in between the soil and the rock, causing the whole side of the mountain to slide down into the cañon, making a dam, thus backing the water up the river for several miles. Finally the pressure became so great that the dam gave away, sweeping everything before it. Large trees were ground into splinters. The earth and trees on both sides of the cañon below the slide were ground away to the solid rock, as the immense volume of debris swept down, covering the forty-acre field mentioned.

Passing by this, numerous slides were seen, but none so extensive. At noon we reached the head of tide water which was twenty-four miles from the ocean. Here we bought a large barrel of salmon, each one dressing from twenty-five to forty pounds, and costing twenty-five cents apiece.

The wagon road stops at this point as it is nearly impossible to make it farther through the mountains.

From here we took a little boat, called the Mink, for the beach, and in a few hours' ride we reached Florence. After having a jolly good time bathing in the surf and watching the sea lions play, and occasionally seeing a porpoise, we returned home, having been gone just two weeks.

Elgin, Ill.

THE number of emigrants from Ireland for the ten months ending Oct. 31 was 43,640, as compared with 40,269 during the corresponding period of last year.

THE obese lady in the museum believes in making the most of herself.

#### ESKIMOS ARE DYING OUT.

Among the great questions that are being studied by scientists, in connection with the far northern district of Alaska, is whether or not the advent of civilization into that section is making inroads on the native races. Strange as it may seem, within the last two years the native population of Alaska has been decreasing, and by those who have made a careful study of the matter it is said that within the last twelve months there has been a decrease of fully 60 per cent in the number of those who in former days were considered among the hardiest races and who, in sunshine or frost, were physically strong and knew but very little of fatigue.

As a matter of fact, investigations, it is said, show that the native races of the new realm of gold are fast dying off, and at the same rate of decrease, as in the last two years, it will be only a short time until the Eskimo will be only told of in history or in the fireside tales of those who have been the pioneers in the land of six months' night.

In the work of research the Alaska Geographical Society has made extensive investigations and the above facts are the result of its labors. In July last Arthur C. Jackson, president of the society, went to Alaska in the interests of the society, and during the two months of his stay there he paid much attention to the condition of the natives. Among the sights he witnessed in a number of the small Indian settlements along the western coast of the district and far into the interior were many that were heartrending and told a tale of want and suffering that are surely carrying the native Eskimo to his doom. Mr. Jackson returned to Seattle on the Roanoke and in an interview regarding this subject, given at the Rainier-Grand, he said:

"The condition of the native Eskimos in western Alaska is pitiful to behold. During the past year disease has wrought much havoc among them and unless some measures are taken shortly by the government to better their condition it will only be a short time until that race of people will be numbered with the past. During our travels, for my wife was with me, we saw many touching sights, some of which are never to be forgotten.

"To the advance of civilization is partly du their state, for it cannot be said that the Eski mo has yet adapted himself to the new condtions. While I was at Cape Nome I talked with the census supervisor. He informed me that many of his enumerators who did the work in the Koyukuk district brought in with them stories of an appalling nature. He said that in several of the districts, from reports he had received, he was convinced that fully 60 per cent of the Indians had died from disease and privation since the enumeration began.

"In several of the sections that we visited we found little Indian huts in which there had been no fire for the entire winter season Wood was scarce, the head of the family was either dead or ill with one of the many diseases that have been rampant among the Indians of that section during the last season and there was no one left to go on a journey for wood. So, through the long winter day and night, these impoverished people lived in squalid poverty with no fire to keep the body warm or with which to prepare a meal, should the victuals be in the house with which to do it.

"But this is but one of the conditions that we found among the Alaska Indians that would make the heart sad. Since the advent of the white men into the district in great numbers and the consequent introduction o firearms in abundance the Indian has found it a comparatively easy matter to get all the guns he wanted. It was not long before he understood that powder and ball was a quick er method of gathering skins to sell to his white brother than the bow and arrow. The result of this knowledge was that, whereas in former times he killed, as a rule, only a sufficient number of fur animals to keep him in meat, with arms in his possession he began to ruthlessly slaughter large numbers of fur-bear ing animals, the meat of which he could no: use and which he allowed to lie on the ground and rot. He saw the white man do this and gave no thought to the consequences or that he was not in the same position as the foreign er whom he attempted to follow.

"The result of this is that to-day there is a scarcity of the fur-bearing animals in western Alaska. The Indian, before he realized it. vas robbed of his meat, subsistence, and worse han all, probably, is the fact that in this wannon destruction he has lost the animals that urnished him with the furs from which he hade his clothing. So it has come to pass hat during the last winter, while the house was cold, there was very little meat and the verage Eskimo had not sufficient clothing to eep himself warm.

"It is true that within the past two years are Alaska Indian has had a greater revenue com his furs than ever before, but the Indian p there is just as improvident as the Indian any other part of the United States and so has nothing left with which to purchase eiger food or clothing. To these conditions to large extent is due the great amount of disase and death that has prevailed in that discit during the past year, and thus it can be aid that directly to the advance of civilization in Alaska is due the present condition f the Eskimo and his threatened extinction."

#### PENNSYLVANIA HEARD TALKING.

As some of the States in the Union have een praised and no one praises me I guess I ill do it myself. So here goes.

It is not so nice for people to praise themlives, but the truth ought to be known if it oes sound like boasting.

I guess there aren't very many of my sister tates have any more natural scenery than I ave. My hills covered with evergreens and ther plants and flowers, my valleys clothed broad acres of waving grain, my rivers runing on in a peaceful ripple and my mounin summits with rocky crowns on their heads certainly not found everywhere.

Then, too, I have excellent schools and colges, though I must admit, and to my shame, ome of my sisters in the West are somewhat head of me. Mind, I say "some."

No other State has the reputation of furshing all the steel ordnance used in the nited States, and not many have natural gas suing from their rocks.

Then there are my railroads netting the surce and connecting all my chief towns and ties with these iron and steel rails, and the on steed goes thundering along at thirty, forty and fifty miles an hour. Of course other States have railroads too, and I am not vain enough to think mine any better, but not so many small towns are connected in some of my neighbor States.

My surface is somewhat hilly in some places, but that is in the west, where the Allegheny Mountains cross. The eastern part lies in the beautiful Atlantic plain.

Now, so much for my present reputation! But I have some history, too. Was it not in my metropolis that the First Continental Congress was held? Was not I one of the original family? It was my commonwealth that bound and held the family together during the Civil War and from which I got my nickname "Keystone."

Now so much for myself and I will leave the rest for someone else to tell.

[The above is from a bright Pennsylvania girl, and is true, every word of it. The 'NOOKMAN, being born in grand old Pennsylvania, would like to add that it has all the anthracite coal, the most oil, the best medical schools and the largest asylums and jails, and more people in them, the best cooks, the best maple molasses, the finest shad, the biggest iron and steel mills, more smoke and dirt, and the most brethren compared with any other State. The Editor admits there are other places too, and if any of the outlying provinces have anything to say for themselves the columns are open. It is a waste of time, however, to stand up and be counted with Pennsylvania.]

#### ANOTHER OLD BIBLE.

BY J. STUTZMAN.

I HAVE a Bible that was printed in Basle, Switzerland, in the year 1720.

It is fifteen and one-half inches long, nine and one-half wide, and four and one-half thick. The first 33 pages are history registers, the Old Testament part has 688 pages, the Apocrypha 136 pages and the New Testament 294 pages. Part of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation and all of the twenty-second chapter are gone. Otherwise it is in a good state of preservation. It is pretty well illustrated with wood cuts. It is profusely interlined in fine print with Martin Luther's explanations. It is bound in calf, with brass tacks on both sides, and a clasp. It is printed in the German language.

Virginia, Nebr.

#### ROPES FOR CLIFF SCALERS.

PERHAPS the most useful gift a bride can give to her fiance is a horse hair, or better still, a human hair rope. That is if they live on the lonely island of St. Kilda. The rock scalers there consider themselves rich if their prospective brides are able to furnish to them a rope of this nature. The ropes vary in length, a really good one of forty or fifty feet being especially prized.

According to a woman traveler who has spent much time in St. Kilda the usual rope is a stout hempen cord wrapped round and round with sheep's wool; over this a lining of horse hair; finally brands of human hair. To manufacture such a rope is the work of years, but the St. Kildan girl saves her hair combings religiously, also drying and bleaching the fibers of rough grasses that grow on the windswept island. These fibers strengthen the cable, while the elasticity of the hair prevents chafing against the rude cliffs during the rock scaler's descent.

A curiosity collector wished to buy a fine specimen of hair rope, but the \$100 offered was refused calmly by the professional egggatherer. The cord in question was veneered with auburn hair—the thirty years' collection from heads of parents, aunts, cousins and acquaintances. This may not seem remarkable to those who know little about St. Kilda, but when it is said that the population is about 200 and that a good walker could circle the island in two hours a different notion must be entertained.

Occasionally an accident will happen to the best rope. Fancy yourself dangling in midair, the rope held by two or three men on the top of a cliff, far out of sight. Thundering waters below and thousands of seabirds wheeling in frightened confusion above, about and all around you. Then, when a sharp corner of the cliff interrupts, there is the sickening cutting of the slender string, for slender it seems under existing circumstances.

If the climber is agile he will swing toward a ledge, where, companion of the guillemots and razor-bills, he must wait until a second rope is lowered for his deliverance. If no ledge is approachable the angry foam hides him forever.

No wonder the rock scaler values his hal rope. A charitable woman saved a trunkfu of hair to send to the climbers of the Hebride but, unfortunately, the house caught fire an her three years' collection was destroyed.

An advertisement appeared in an Irish paper some time ago, offering \$150 for a genuin St. Kildan hair rope.

#### SPILT WINE.

THERE is a curious superstition in Italy tha there is something very lucky about win which is upset by a guest, and that everyon at table should promptly dip his finger in th flowing liquid. A well-known singer ex plained this custom the other evening while he was dining at a ducal table and was so un lucky as to upset a glass of wine on the cloth He instantly dipped his finger in the wine an made the sign of the cross on his throat, ex plaining to the company why he did so. Ev eryone present dipped a finger in the wine an made a little cross "for luck," even the duk himself. The singer crossed his throat be cause his fortune lay in his voice, but h strongest point must surely be his tact.

#### SUSTAINING POWER OF ICE.

Two-INCH ice will sustain a man or properl spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a ma on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inc ice, heavy field guns, such as eighty-pounder eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, with ca riages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds square foot on sledges, and ten-inch ice su tains an army or an innumerable multitud On fifteen-inch ice a railway could be built.

#### A TABLOID PROPOSAL.

- "BLINKS has a perfect mania for condening everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"
  - " No."
- "He held up an engagement ring befor the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"
  - "And what did she say?"
  - "She just nodded."



#### A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

THE INGLENOOK is a welcome visitor in our ome. It is much handier in its present form. It is new dress we admire it as we addire a person with a new dress when the old worn threadbare. We are always glad for langes in this advanced age of the world, the form of a thing, after all, is not the most sential part, it is the real worth of the thing self and we think the INGLENOOK is growing that end more and more as the weeks go

The kind Editor has given us sisters a deuttment to work in, "The Home." Now let ch do her part and tell some of the best we n about our home affairs. Don't let us say can't. Let us try. Let us not just tell what good for these carnal appetites of ours, but t us also say some things that will help us ong the sometimes hard and rough pathway household duties, that will help us to make ar work a pleasure instead of a drudgery and burden.

I was just thinking when reading over some the recipes, that a conglomeration of inedients put together and baked, then taken to these delicate organs of ours to sustain e and health, is not the best, as we do not op to consider if it is good for our health.

Nonce heard a doctor lecture on the laws health. He said, "The ladies of this count, when they visit each other and eat someting new that tastes good, will at once get e recipe, go home, and make it too, not once quiring if that is the best for their health, it so that they are even with their neight."

We ought to study the laws of health and try to take care that we may have strong, healthy bodies, which are the temples of the indwelling of the spirit of God.

McPherson, Kans.

[The above is all right, but most of the 'Nook people do not know that they have any "insides" to tamper with, and the editor has seen whole families which,—he gives it as his opinion,—were hollow, and that it was not a question of what to eat, but rather whether there was not a little more of it. The youngster on the back porch, with a doughnut in one hand and a piece of pie in the other, and the INGLENOOK open on his knees, has orders to go ahead. Food is cheaper than medicine.]

#### CRANBERRY SAUCE.

BY SISTER W. J. SWIGART.

Put two cupfuls of sugar and two of water in a kettle, and when boiling add one quart of cranberries, and three apples. Boil until tender. This is the best recipe for cooking cranberries I have found.

Huntingdon, Pa.

#### SCALLOPED POTATOES.

BY SISTER ELLA HECKMAN.

PARE as many potatoes as you wish. Slice thin. Then take a bread pan and put in enough potatoes to cover the bottom. Sprinkle salt and bits of butter over them, and then another layer of potatoes, salt and butter, and so on until the potatoes are all in the pan. Then pour in rich milk, enough to cover the potatoes. Set in oven to bake. Bake until the potatoes are soft and a little brown on top. Serve while warm.

Cerrogordo, Ill.

#### BUNS.

#### BY SISTER IDA M. SAYLOR.

TAKE two cups of bread sponge, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg; mix well together, adding enough flour to make a stiff batter. Let it raise until very light. Mix stiff. Let it raise again. Make into biscuits. Let raise again and bake.

Meyersdale, Pa.

#### OATMEAL CRACKERS.

#### BY SISTER H. KURTZ.

Take two-thirds cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one-half cup of sweet milk, one level teaspoonful of soda, two cups of wheat flour, and three cups of oatmeal. The dough should be as stiff as it can be rolled, and if necessary add a little more milk. Roll and cut in squares, or any desired shape, and bake.

Hebron, Iowa.

#### MOCK MINCE PIE.

#### BY SISTER D. M. MILLER.

Take one cup of seedless raisins, one cup of chopped apples, one-half cup of vinegar, three-fourths cup of sugar, one-half cup of broken crackers and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, and cinnamon. Mix the above, and thin with water, some thinner than mince meat. This will make two pies.

Milledgeville, Ill.

#### LEMON PIE.

#### BY SISTER D. F. LEPLEY.

Take one large lemon, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of flour, two cups of cold water, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put the flour, sugar, and eggs together, then add the juice, grated rind and water, and butter (melted). Bake in a deep plate without an upper crust.

Connellsville, Pa.

#### APPLE FRITTERS.

#### BY SISTER SARAH A. SELL.

Take one pint of sweet milk, three eggs, little salt, two cups of flour. Beat wel Take four tart apples, pare, core, cut in slice dip in batter and fry in hot lard.

Newry, Pa.

#### MEAT PIE.

#### BY SISTER GALEN B. ROYER.

Thoroughly boil three pounds of mea Lift the meat from the broth of which then should be a pint or more. Slice an onior brown in butter a golden tint, add to broth Throw five medium-sized potatoes, sliced, it boiling water, when nearly done drain and sa aside. Take a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, lard size of unhulled walnut and water. Make a dough and line smathing pan. Take half the meat, cut is slices, place in pan with potatoes and bits of dough. Add the broth, see all is properly seasoned and cover with top crust. Bake a hour. Bits of cold meat may be used if you have the broth.

Elgin, Ill.

#### BEEF ROLL.

#### BY SISTER LUCINDA STUTZMAN.

TAKE five pounds round steak, ground fin Add three cups of sweet milk, two cups of cracker crumbs rolled very fine, salt and pepper to taste. Mix with your hand (as yowould sausage). When well mixed put in roaster with a top cover. Put bits of buttover the top, and bake two and one-half hour You will find this very nice.

Virginia, Nebr.

#### MARYLAND CRULLERS.

#### BY SISTER A. ROOP.

Take three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cut of lard, one and one-half pints of sour mil one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Fry in boiling lard.

Westminster, Md.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

MAY 4, 1901.

No. 18.

#### TRANSLATED FROM MAETERLINCK.

And if some day he come back,
What should he be told?
Tell him he was waited for
Till my heart was cold.

And if he ask me yet again, Not recognizing me? Speak him fair and sisterly; His heart breaks, maybe.

And if he ask me where you are, What shall I reply? Give him my golden ring, And make no reply.

And if he ask me why the hall Is left desolate? Show him the unlit lamp And the open gate.

And if he should ask me, then, How you fell asleep? Tell him that I smiled, for fear Lest he should weep.

#### MRS. NATION AS A SCHOOLGIRL.

THE older people of Versailles, Woodford County, Ky., are now talking of Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, as they knew her when she was a little schoolgirl.

She was a flaxen-haired, rollicking girl of twelve years, whose father, George Moore, forty years ago, owned one of the handsomest country places on the turnpike.

Carrie Moore exhibited as a schoolgirl the same traits of leadership, courage and determination which now characterize her assaults on the saloons.

George Moore, Mrs. Nation's father, came to Versailles in 1853. He was born in the Walnut Hills neighborhood, nine miles from Lexington, Ky. He first married a Miss Bowman, of Fayette County, by whom he had one daughter, who is remembered as a very beautiful girl and a great belle.

His second wife, the mother of Mrs. Nation, was Miss Campbell, of Boyle County, Ky. Another daughter, Mary, and several sons were born to the union. Carrie (Mrs. Nation) was born in Boyle County.

She was nine years old when her parents removed to Woodford. The family was very prominent there. Mr. Moore was a farmer and live stock trader, and his standing in the community was excellent. During part of his residence there he was very wealthy, but he is said to have lost heavily in trading and speculation.

Upon the summit of a hill just back of the Moore farm there is still standing an old stone schoolhouse, where, during the fifties, Professor Hanna, a schoolmaster from Pennsylvania, instructed the children of the neighborhood in mathematics, spelling and history.

Carrie Moore received her first schooling there. She was strong-willed and self-assertive, so her old schoolmasters say, and from the very start she was a leader and dictator in the little country school. She was never a zealous student, but possessed a naturally bright and quick mind, and usually knew her lessons.

#### THIS BOY WAS SHREWD.

TOMMY, aged five, had a pony and a dog, and, while he liked them both, he liked the pony best. One day a visitor, to test his generosity, asked him if he would not give him the dog. "No," replied the little fellow, "but I'll give you the pony." This surprised his mother very much and she asked him why he did'nt give the dog instead. "Don't say a word, mamma," whispered the little schemer, "when he goes to get the pony I'll sic the dog on him."

#### NIGHT IN JERUSALEM.

BY H. B. BRUMBAUGH.

WE have read of the things that are dark, black and crooked in many of the great cities, and of the night scenes of the Bible, but little has been said of the things that have been done, and are still done, in the city of Jerusalem. And I suppose it is because of the fact that in this oriental city there is so little to be seen that can be worthy of note.

All cities have, more or less, their individual peculiarities. And this is especially true of Jerusalem. In our late travels through Europe and the Orient we made it a point to visit the large cities that we might get some idea of their characteristics and see how the people lived and how they behaved during the night time, especially during what may be called seasonable hours for strangers to be out of doors. The European cities are found in many respects, as our own—things good, indifferent and bad—some very bad.

The Bible says that the night cometh wherein no man can work. But modern civilization in our large cities has largely changed these notions, and they say the day cometh wherein no man can work. Like the jackals of the Palestine hills they lay by during the sunshine and only come out in swarms, as darkness covers the land, to make the world hideous as they prowl around after their feastings, seeking whom they may devour.

The Orientals, be they Jew, Moslem, Greek or heathen, still cling to the old Bible idea that night is the time to be indoors, and for sleep. And this is especially true of the Jerusalemites.

During the daytime her streets, lanes, bazaars, shops and gates seem to be a mass of living beings, and as you look and see the crowds pushing and rushing to and fro, you are made to wonder what will become of them when the night cometh. Did you ever stand in a farmyard, almost literally filled with chickens, turkeys and geese, and watch them as the sun lowered behind the western hills? In less time than it takes to tell you, they cease scratching and picking, make for their roosts and everything is as quiet as the grave. So it is with the crowded city of Jerusalem.

As the evening comes, and the night falls, there is a very sudden cessation of business and noise on the streets. And before you are aware of it the store fronts and shops of all kinds are closed-the money exchangers and bankers' tables are removed, the streets are vacated of their crowds of human and animal life, the donkeys with their masters and families are indoors, huddled, in some cases, together, while the huge camels have hunkered down and are resting under their burdens. It is night and quiet reigns within all her borders. In her streets are no gas or electric lights, so that if duty or curiosity should call you out after closing time it is necessary to be provided with guide, torch, or lantern. Otherwise, you may be very unexpectedly called upon to give an account of yourself. And this is a hard thing to do when the man you meet happens to be a Turk and knows as little about your language as he does about you.

And yet there are night scenes even in Jerusalem. While there a few years ago we made a number of night excursions through the city and a few outside of her walls, only to learn how lonely and deserted her streets are as darkness throws her mantle over them. In no instance did we meet a living soul, save one moonlight night when on a stroll to the Garden of Gethsemane. After spending an hour or more around the sacred spot, and after the moon had sunk behind the Jaffain hills, as we were about to return, we noticed a company from the Damascus Gate circling around the eastern wall and up the side of Olivet, bearing torches, as if in grand procession. It was a Jewish funeral, bearing one of their number to her last resting place. We, with innocent and curious mien, attended the interment and saw what we never saw before, a body prepared for burial after the oriental stylewrapped in linen from head to foot, lowered into the ground and covered with stone and earth without either box or coffin. How cold and cheerless it seemed! But such is their custom, and what custom says seems the right thing to do.

The moonlight of Palestine is so bright, clear and lovely, that it seems a great temptation to be out doors. So it is, especially on the flat housetops in the early evening. But

soon the chilly sea breeze floats over hill and dale accompanied with a heavy dew, and you are glad to hasten indoors where a more genial atmosphere is found, willing to leave the silvery light streets to the prowling cats and howling dogs.

The nighttime of the Holy City may be made lovely in praise and poetry by those who have never been there. But the few pen pictures that we have of it in Bible story and otherwise are neither attractive nor inspiring.

Huntingdon, Pa.

#### MILLIONS IN CHESTNUT TRADE.

THERE is a large field in this country for the cultivation of the chestnut. The French make delicious confectionery in which the meat of the nut forms an important ingredient. We import large quantities of these sweetmeats into this country. John C. Covert, United States consul at Lyons, France, thinks that we might grow the chestnuts ourselves and make the sweets.

There are many places in the United States, along the shores of Lake Erie, near Cleveland, he says, where the ground is admirably suited for the growth of these trees. As the sugar is fifty per cent cheaper in the United States than in France, and as machinery would certainly replace human labor here, the American candied product should soon undersell that of France.

In some parts of France chestnuts form a very important article of daily food. They are boiled, pulverized and eaten like mashed potatoes. They may be roasted on coals, boiled with celery or roasted in a hermetically-sealed earthen pot. They are used in the dressing for turkeys, geese, chickens and game, and are also served as dessert.

The chestnut occupies a conspicuous part in confectionery in France. Every confectioner buys them raw and prepares them. The best candied chestnuts cost forty-five cents a pound, or coated with chocolate fifty-two and one-half cents, in France.

There are large establishments all over France, where chestnuts are prepared. The principal one, in Lyons, employs from 225 to 250 hands, chiefly girls and women. It handles over 25,000,000 pounds of chestnuts annually.

In the preparation, the nuts are first peeled and then boiled in clear water, when the "second skin" is removed. They are then placed in sirup highly perfumed with vanilla. The fruit is left three days in this sirup and then set to drain. Afterward it is treated to a thin coating of vanilla, packed in boxes and shipped.

The chestnut tree requires no special care on account of its hardy character, and has not therefore been the subject of the horticultural writer. It flourishes in gravelly land or shale. A calcareous ground is fatal to its growth. In many parts of France the trees are planted upon hillsides, because their roots take a tenacious hold of the earth and prevent washouts.

## THE START OF THE SEEDLESS OR NAVEL ORANGE.

THE first seedless orange trees were apparently freaks of nature. Their counterparts have never been found. In the summer of 1872 William F. Judson, United States consul at Bahia, Brazil, heard an account from natives of a few trees in the swamps on the north bank of the Amazon, some sixty miles inland, that bore oranges without seeds. He was of a scientific bent and a consul that knew his business. He had heard of the starting of orange groves in Florida and he believed that seedless orange trees were well worth experimenting with there. So he sent a native up the river to cut some shoots of the trees and get some of the fruit. When the native returned the consul was delighted with the specimens. Forthwith he sent six of the orange tree shoots, carefully packed in wet moss and clay, to the agricultural department at Washington for propagation.



#### PHOSPHATE MINING IN FLORIDA.

BY ASA D. ROBERTS.

FARMERS and gardeners of the fertile valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers, of the rich-soiled plains of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Minnesota, and other great grain-producing States of the North and West, know very little of the trials, labor, and expense the farmers of less favored lands of some parts of the South, the old worn-out lands of the East, and the soils of farms of the Old World, are put to in the raising of their crops and the necessities of bringing them to the highest standard. Different sections produce different kinds and classes of crops, and in the section that is adapted to a certain crop, the land there is tilled year after year, growing the same form of vegetation, and put through the same process of work, and unless this land is richly endowed with inexhaustible chemical properties of soil which produce this kind of plant life, it will tire in its labor, just as a beast of burden will at the constant load placed upon its back. Then, as a matter of course, these chemical properties have to be furnished the land artificially.

Vast factories are running, at all times manufacturing this commercial fertilizer, and the mining of this material is one of the very important industries of the United States.

Florida produces a very large percentage of this fertilizer-making material, and a brief description may be interesting.

There are two classes of phosphate, which is the chief component part of commercial fertilizers, mined in Florida, viz: The hard rock which is in large bodies and boulders, resembling huge cliffs buried in the sand, and pebble phosphate, which is found in beds of streams, or rivers of the present or past ages. A student in geology can continually find interesting specimens of ossified portions of animals of past ages which are now extinct, strata and substrata that are continually upsetting the theories of the textbooks regarding the formation of this part of the world. The curio hunter and the cabinet fiend find here a continuous source of delight.

The pebble phosphate is found in the bed of rivers and under the face of the ground where former rivers ran, from five to forty feet below the surface. It is composed of pebbles, bones, teeth and petrified plant life and contains the necessary chemical qualities for producing plant life, after it has been put through the processes of drying, grinding and mixing.

Only the mining and drying work is done in Florida. The mining is done by means of centrifugal pumps run by steam. These pumps are on dredge boats. In the Pearl River mines, in De Soto County, there are eight dredges, each working an eight-inch pump. The eight-inch suction pipe is placed beneath the water, and the strong suction of these pumps draws the water, which carries sand and rock with the water to the screens which let the sand and water run through, but retains the phosphate on the screens from which it is run on barges, by means of a chute, by the dredge. The sand and water are carried a hundred feet to the back of the boat by a twelve-inch sand pipe.

These dredges begin in the river channel and pump out into the bank, that is, they keep caving the bank in and pump it all through the dredge, screening all the rock through. The bank on an average is from six to twenty feet high above the level of the water in the river. Then the ground is all pumped to a depth of at least sixteen feet under the water, all of this ground being pumped through the dredge boat. It is estimated that one dredge boat will pump forty acres of ground in one year.

These dredges are run night and day. The barges of phosphate are towed by a tug boat to the hoist where it is taken from the barges and loaded on cars.

Some of the teeth and bones mined bring forth specimens that are unknown in this day and age of the world. For instance, the teeth of the largest sharks caught now measure less than an inch in length. Shark teeth have been pumped up here measuring over four inches in length. A horse's tooth is not over an inch across. Immense jaw teeth are pumped up here measuring six inches across the face of them, and eight and ten inches deep. A large shark's backbone of these times very seldom measures over an inch in diameter. Vertebræ

are pumped up here over six inches in diameter. Tusks of some mammal are very plentiful, but these tusks have not the ivory tinge, for they have been in the water and ground so long that they have become discolored. One tusk was mined here that was over eleven feet long and seventeen inches in circumference.

It is one of the strange ironies of fate, that the best deposits of this phosphate, or plantproducing mineral, are found under the poorest and least fertile soil. Land that looks as though a black-eyed pea would rot and starve to death on, sometimes covers a most rich deposit of phosphate. But then, all signs fail in Florida

Arcadia, Fla.

#### ANOTHER SAUR BIBLE.

BY ISAAC FLORY.

WE have a Saur Bible, 1776, which has descended as a most sacred family relic. It is ten and one-half inches long, eight and one-half wide, and three and one-half thick. It is bound in heavy, plain, black leather, with board backs, which are stiff and cumbersome. It had two clasps once, but has only one now. This is brass riveted to a strap of leather. Incisions are made in the binding, in which the ends of these straps are fastened by rivets. Two brass catches for the clasps are riveted in incisions the same as the straps.

The book is well preserved, having no loosened leaves, but it boasts no white ones. Those which were doubtless pure white once, are decidedly brown now, as are the edges. The printed pages are fairly white yet, but have many soiled spots, as if they may have been wet and then soiled by dust. The lower corners of several pages have been burned close up to the print. Every word is still readable.

There are 992 pages of the Old Testament and 277 of the New, beside the index, preface, and title pages. Genesis begins with a large red and black capital, and at the head of the first chapter is a peculiar, colored, hand-painted design.

We do not know to whom this book originally belonged, presumably to great-grand-father Leeds, of Baltimore, Md. A colored

pen drawing came down with the book, which, laid on an open INGLENOOK (magazine size), leaves a white margin of a half inch. In the center of this drawing is a writing—pen printed—which we have found no one able to read. All agree that it begins, "This Bible belongs to me. Written the 26th of February, 1799." Then follows what seems to be the writer's sentiment of the "Holy Gospel." We have tried in vain to find one to read and translate this inscription. It seems that the writer did not affix his name, and there is no name in the Bible.

Laporte, Ind., R. R. No. 1.

#### GREAT BELLS IN CHINA.

PEKIN is rich in remarkable bells, the finest specimens being located in the bell tower on the western side of the Tartar city, and the Tachungsu, or temple of the great bell, beyond the city wall. The latter contains the great bell of Pekin, cast by order of the Emperor Yong Lo in 1415, and hung in the present tower by the Emperor Waulch in 1578. This gigantic object measures fifteen feet in height, is nine inches thick and has a circumference of thirty-four feet at the rim. It weighs fifty-three and one-half tons and is covered inside and out with inscriptions from the Buddhist outras in Chinese characters. How this huge piece of metal was raised to its present position is a mystery which has never been solved.

#### SMALL ANVILS.

The anvil that rings to the sturdy black-smith's sledge may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silversmiths and various other workers. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish and so on, these little anvils are made in scores of varieties, ranging in weight from fifteen ounces up to a number of pounds each. All the little anvils are of the finest steel. They are all trimly finished, often nickel plated, and those surfaces that are brought into use are finished with what is called a mirror polish, the surface being made as smooth as glass.

#### THE OSTRICH FEATHER.

The establishment of farms for breeding ostriches appears to have been first tried as an experiment by the French Society of Acclimatization in Algeria. Subsequently the practice extended to South Africa, which is now par excellence the home of ostrich-farming. Between forty and fifty years ago there was at least one flock of domesticated ostriches in Cape Colony; but it was not until the present quarter of the century that ostrich breeding became an important factor in South African industries.

To what important dimensions the trade in ostrich feathers has now attained may be gauged by an inspection of the show rooms in the Dock warehouses during the week previous to a sale. Two floors covering a large superficial area are reserved for these feathers alone. They are divided into lots, each lot occupying a separate compartment. As many as 3,000 or more of these lots are disposed of at one sale, when they frequently realize as much as \$750,000.

The feathers are sorted according to the type or quality, and laid out in these compartments for the inspection of buyers, each lot being numbered in the sale catalogue. It is an education to watch an expert valuer at his work. Accompanied by his clerk, he handles the feathers with a rapidity born of long practice, and in less than a minute has made his valuation, which he instructs his amanuensis to note against each lot, with a comment on the quality which is eloquent in its brevity and comprehensiveness. Then he passes on to the next lot, and the process is repeated until all the compartments have been inspected and valued.

The valuations guide his operations at the forthcoming sale. When it is realized that in one compartment the feathers may be worth only \$2.50 per pound, and those in the adjoining compartment as much as \$50 or \$75 per pound, or more, it is not difficult to see that in this trade, if in any, a man must know his business thoroughly. The fluctuations in the prices of ostrich feathers are very great. At one sale a certain class of feathers will sell at a certain rate per pound; two months later, at

the following sale, the same quality may realize thirty or forty per cent more or less per pound.

Like every other commodity, the values of ostrich feathers are regulated by the laws of supply and demand; but there are few other articles of commerce which are so subject to the caprices of fashion. At the present day, when ostrich plumes, ostrich-feather boas, and ostrich-feather fans are in so much request by the fair members of the community, prices are decidedly high; but if a revulsion of taste were to take place for no more cogent reason than the example of the few who set the fashion in those matters, a sudden and violent change would take place in the commercial value of the feathers.

It is, therefore, incumbent upon the dealer to watch the trend of the fashions as well as of the feather market, and to regulate his operations accordingly. Having such an uncertain factor to deal with as feminine taste in personal adornment, it behooves him to be wary lest he fall a victim to misplaced confidence in the permanency of a fashionable craze.

The ostrich attains maturity in three years. and during that period great care must be exercised by him who hopes to be a successful farmer. The feathers are plucked every six or eight months, each bird vielding some two dozen. These are sorted and arranged before shipment, and tied tightly with string into bundles, the number of feathers in each varying according to their size. The manner of tying the bundles is so characteristic that by its means an experienced man can tell the particular district from which they come. Their tightness and uniformity are remarkable; if once unloosed, it would be impossible for an untrained hand to produce so workmanlike a result. However diversified the tying may be, there is one feature which, with some honorable exceptions, is common to all the bundles; the inferior, scraggy feathers are hidden well out of sight in the center!

Ostrich feathers are exported chiefly from South Africa, and in very much smaller quantities from the Barbary States and Egypt. They are packed in large cases, which are covered with canvas ("gunnies") and securely wired. They are sealed in such a manner as

to suggest that they contain gold rather than articles of merchandise. As a matter of fact, they are considered of such value as to be treated in certain respects like the yellow metal. Freight is charged, as on specie, so much per cent on their value. In some instances the rate is very high.

The Soudanese evidently understand their business, for their bundles are tied with a superfluity of twine; and, with their instinct for color, they add what appears to be a perfectly unnecessary wrapping of gaudy paper, heavy with gilt. The explanation of this is simple, for the string and the paper both add to the weight.

The large plumes which one sees curling so gracefully round ladies' hats come from the wing and the tail of the bird. The white plumes require careful bleaching before they are fit for their ultimate place of honor, for they are sadly tinged with yellow, the result of contact with the sandy soil where the birds are reared. The plumes of the male ostrich are larger and finer than those of the female bird, thus exemplifying a law of nature which is universal in the feathered world; and the female feathers are further distinguished from those of the male bird by a dark shading at the back, which one must leave the naturalist to explain.

The feathers of the male are of two colors only—black and white; the feathers of the female are of various shades. The bundles of short feathers plucked from the body of the ostrich, and technically named "floss," are used chiefly for boas and fans, as well as for hats. Boas also form a convenient outlet for defective plumes.

From the merchant and dealers the feathers pass into the hands of the manufacturers who prepare them for the wholesale and retail

market. They finally reappear as fluffy boas encircling graceful — or otherwise — necks; cooling fans which, dexterously wielded, speak the language of flirtation; or nodding plumes in wonderful hat creations.

The annual value of ostrich feathers imported into London—which is the sole market for this country—has now reached a sum of about \$5,000,000. Whatever, therefore, political economists or philosophers may have to say about the trade, there can be no doubt as to its dimensions. France and America are also important markets for these feathers. The dames of Paris and New York are, no less than their British sisters, under the spell of the graceful plume and the fluffy "floss."

# GREAT DOMAIN HE RULES.

It may surprise most persons to know that the British possessions in North America and the West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States in America, even including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone King Edward's possessions are nearly 100,000 square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking in the West Indies and Newfoundland more than 200,000 square miles larger.

No man ever before reigned over an empire so great as King Edward's. The empire to which Victoria acceded in 1837 covered one-sixth of the land surface of the globe; the empire to which King Edward has acceded covers nearly one-fourth. It is fifty-three times as big as France, fifty-two times as big as Germany, three and a half times as big as the United States without Alaska and the island possessions, and three times as big as continental Europe.



# CURSE OF CHEAP COCAINE.

The vice of cocainism is spreading alarmingly among the poor as well as the rich, as the drug is becoming cheaper all the time. A one-ounce package, which less than five years ago cost about \$6, can now be purchased for seventy-five cents.

One result of this cheapening is that the cocaine habit is becoming common among tramps and paupers as well as business and professional men. It is no longer an aristocratic vice, if it ever was. In New Orleans and other parts of the South and West the drug is freely bought in 5-cent packages.

It is almost a specific for catarrhal troubles, and though using it as a remedial agent unconsciously many persons, charmed with its speedy and delightful results, become addicted to it habitually, and finally become slaves to its use.

Its first effects in small doses are to create a feeling of elation, of greatly increased mental and physical superiority and of freedom from care and anxiety. The morphinist finds in it a substitute to relieve the sense of depression following the use of that narcotic. The hard drinker is charmed with its effects, as his depression yields to a sense of elation and abnormal exaltation. But in the use of cocaine there follows a sure reaction. In a short time there are developed characteristic symptoms of the habitual cocainist. If he be a lawyer, a writer or a clergyman he shows marvelous fluency and prolixity of speech. He has a rare fecundity of words, but they betray a tendency toward circumlocution and irrelevancy. In letter writing he betrays his secret vice by his diffuseness without directness.

There are novels, which are highly popular to-day which show almost conclusive evidence of having been written under the influence of cocaine, and several poems characterized by marvelous rhythm and smoothness have had their inspiration in this drug.

Habitual use of it impairs the judgment and results in the grandiose ideas often associated with paretic diseases. One's sense of right and wrong becomes impaired. A man formerly open and frank becomes secretive, selfish and dishonest. A Wall street authority told that he knew of three of the most reckless operators of recent years whose losses of fortunes are directly due to impairment of their judgment through the use of cocaine.

After the abnormal sense of elation and power come delusions. The victim fears sudden attack. He sits up at nights watching for burglars. He is fearful of accident and abnormally suspicious of imaginary persecutors. Most victims in this stage carry revolvers.

# PRESENTS KINGS GET.

LOYAL and eccentric subjects often make wills in favor of their sovereigns, and the bequests are sometimes curious.

Most curious of all was a bequest to the late Queen Victoria from an old Scotch woman named McWilliam, upon her majesty, who, while staying at Balmoral, had often bestowed tea and groceries.

Mrs. McWilliam in her will bequeathed to the queen a large family vault in the village kirkyard.

The authorities thought fit to inquire into the case, which they naturally believed to be a bogus one, before acquainting the queen with the fact.

Investigations, however, only went to prove that the old lady's will was correct

She had purchased and gorgeously fitted up a large vault at the place in question. Most of her savings had been expended on the mausoleum, which Dame McWilliam, in her simplicity, really believed would be honored with the bones of her beloved sovereign.

Cats were a favorite post-mortem tribute of British subjects to their queen. More than 200 wills have been probated in which her majesty figured as the legatee of the family mouser. The amiable intentions of these would-be benefactors of royalty—or the feline tribe—were frustrated by Queen Victoria's aversion for cats and determination not to have them near her. She hated them as energetically as does Lord Roberts.

In some cases an annuity was provided for the maintenance of the legacy, so that the queen might be at no expense for cream and meat; but that did not change her majesty's mind on the subject. Dogs, too, she might have had in scores, were it not that her affections were already centered on those she had obtained by other means. Nevertheless, she frequently accepted these legacies, and afterward bestowed them on members of her household.

On one occasion a racehorse, for which \$5,000 had been refused in its younger days, was bequeathed to her. The animal was sold for charity.

Cats and dogs also figure prominently in the bequests to the present king and queen.

Several dogs on the Sandringham estate have been the final bequests of their donors, and Alexandra has caused them to be carefully looked after.

Among other things, she once received a pair of cage birds of an almost extinct variety, left her by an old gentleman, who had brought them from abroad, and they were valued by experts at \$3,000.

Among the many bequests which have fallen to the lot of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is a hotel at Brunn, left him by the proprietor some years ago. It was a valuable property. The emperor accepted the bequest, although he did not employ it for his own benefit, but sold it for an enormous sum, which he gave to a children's hospital.

On the continent, as in England, animals are often left by will to monarchs; but Queen Victoria's cats and dogs fade into insignificance beside the three elephants of the Emperor William and the great white bear of the czar.

The elephants were bequeathed to the kaiser by a menagerie proprietor. As his majesty had no use for them, he presented them to the Berlin zoo.

The czar's bear, on the contrary, is a royal pet, kept in captivity at the winter palace.

# FASHION NOTE FROM THE CONGO.

THE postal authorities at Brussels have lately noticed the mailbags dispatched to the Congo were not being duly returned, and after a lot of trouble they have discovered the reason.

It appears that the postmen in the Congo Free State make presents of the mailbags to their wives or fiances. These ladies simply cut out the bottom, and by drawing what is left over their heads, and with the assistance of a piece of string they have an ultra modern ready-made costume.

The fact that the sacks are furnished with an enormous black seal bearing the legend "Brussels-Center" does no disconcert them in the least.

# EVER SEE HIM?

He said he wasn't sleepy. He said he didn't want to go to bed. And he wasn't going to sleep, not he. And then he settled in a rocking chair and watched the lamp steadily. Then his eyelids worked slowly. "James!" said his mother, "you go right off to bed." And then he straightened up and denied the statement that he was sleepy. Then his rocking stopped and his head sunk down, and his eyes batted once or twice, and he was gone, and nothing but a lump of a heavy, listless boy remained, who had to have his shoes untied, his clothes peeled off and his mother steered him to bed, where he fell in like a log and never woke till he was called three times next morning. Do you know this boy's name?

"Did ye iver how a toot' pulled, fether?" said youthful Teddy with the swollen jaw. "Hunners av thim, hunners av thim, me by," said the father, reassuringly.



# NATURE



# STUDY

# A PARTRIDGE NEST.

BY ANGIE CLARK.

One day last summer, as papa was walking along the edge of his potato field, he scared up a partridge. After a short search he found the nest, and in it were sixteen partridge eggs and one hen egg.

We watched the nest with a great deal of interest. One day, soon after, when we went to the nest, the hen egg had hatched and the little chick was running about with the old partridges.

We put the partridge eggs under an old hen to hatch, but they got broke, and we were going to let the partridges raise the chick, but some bad children got to throwing at them, and we were afraid they would kill them, so we brought the little chick to the house to raise for a pet, but it soon died.

Johnson City, Tenn.

# AMERICAN OPALS.

Some of the finest opals in the world are now being mined in Washington, Oregon and Idaho. In the last-named State some remarkably beautiful specimens have been obtained from a bed of volcanic ashes, near Moscow, and thousands of dollars' worth of the gems have already been taken out. The precious material is supposed to have been deposited by water when the rocks were still hot, and masses of cinder when broken open reveal the stones, many of which are of the quality known as "noble" opal. This kind of opal is whitish, translucent, and shot through with small and brilliant gleams of all the colors of the rainbow.

Gem experts say that the colors described are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles. Similar tints may be obtained by partially fracturing a chunk of glass with a hammer. Recently a German chemist, by evaporating ether from silica, has obtained beautiful specimens resembling opals and showing all of the exquisite hues.

That opals hardly deserve their unlucky reputation is indicated by the escape of a big jewelry establishment in New York a few years ago from a fire which, while destroying all the rest of the building in which the jewelry establishment was housed, left its quarters and stock untouched-notwithstanding the fact that the firm had on exhibition at the time one of the greatest collections of opals in the world. One of the stones in the collection was the great Hope opal, which is said to have been an ornament of a Persian shrine in the seventeenth century. It is oval in shape, an inch long, and represents the sun, with a full face carved on its surface, the rays being supplied by an antique gold setting.

A certain Senator of ancient Rome named Nonnus had an opal as big as a hazel-nut, which Mark Antony coveted; but its owner would not give it up, preferring exile with his treasure. The stone, indeed, was the Kohinoor of those days, though it would not now be valued so highly in all probability.

# WHY BEES WORK IN DARKNESS.

BEES go out all day gathering honey and work at night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone there all the time. Why do they prefer to work in the dark? is often asked. Every one knows that honey is a liquid with no solid sugar in it. After standing it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance or granulates and ultimately becomes a solid mass.

Honey has been experimentally inclosed in well-corked flasks, some of which were kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result was that the portion exposed to the light soon crystallized, while that kept in the dark remained unchanged.

Hence we see why the bees are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are placed in their hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this it would in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

# SIGHT OF SNOW A TREAT.

Some years ago in the month of December, a jeweler of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, paid a man to collect a freight car full of snow in the mountains and deliver as much of it to him as he could. On Christmas day in the jeweler's window was a huge snowball, resting on a deep iron tray, and when the news spread about the city traffic was blocked for several hours until the novel sight had melted. Men who had not seen snow for forty years, when they emigrated from the "old country," hobbled out among the crowds and people swarmed and struggled to get a glimpse of what they looked on as a sort of eighth wonder of the world.

# ELEPHANTS IN ENGLAND.

WHILE excavating for the foundations for the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert museums in South Kensington, a car load of fossilized bones was brought to the surface by the workmen. These were taken in charge by Dr. Woodward of the geological department, who pronounced them the remains of the primitive denizens of the soil that lived there before man came to interfere with them. The bones belonged, he said to a London newspaper representative, to the elephant, the stag

and the primeval horse, and date back to a time before Great Britain became isolated, ere yet the Straits of Dover had been cut through.

# QUEER FREAK OF NATURE.

A. WILSON, F. R. S., in the London Lancet cites the case of an antelope kid, killed in south Africa, which had an elephantine head and proboscis, while the tail was of the proboscidean, rather than of the antelope type. The author supposes the pregnant ewe to have been frightened by an elephant.

# CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS IN ENGLAND.

ATTEMPTS will soon be made by California vegetable growers to put fresh asparagus on the market in London and in other places in Great Britain. It is expected that the California product will compete with French asparagus, which is sent to England in large quantities.

### VALUE OF IRRIGATION.

Land cultivated by irrigation is more productive than land where rainfall moisture alone is sufficient to mature the crops.

SILK of the great spider of Madagascar is strong, fine and elastic. It is used by the natives for fastening flowers to sunshades. The spiders which produce it are busy spinners, and a spider has been known to produce two miles of it in twenty-four hours.

One of the King of Dahomey's famous Amazons has been imported into Liverpool for show purposes. She is 8 feet in height, broad, and very muscular.



# 低INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

# GOING WRONG.

THERE are many given ways whereby people go to the bad. Some of them are near the door of reformation and the victim may recover the lost ground, and then there are others from which retrogression is difficult, indeed. And there is one that represents the sum of all evil. Reference is had to a bad woman, not so bad but that she may walk the street unsuspected by the pure in mind and heart. She stands for every possible crime and moral defection, and there is no evil in the world with which she may not be associated, and generally she is.

A man may drink and become a Gough or a Murphy. He may be a liar and a thief and reform, and he may have all mentionable vices and yet recover. But let him take the last step and fall into the clutches of a designing woman and wrapped in her scarlet mantle is every gift of all devils that soon fall into the hands of the man who touches her garments and walks with her. At the bottom of every great crime is the reflected face of the adventurous Cyprian, just the same as there "peeps from her wimple" the high features of true womanhood in the history of every life that is a factor for good.

There seems to be in every person in earlier years an overmastering interest in the ways of evil. Youth think there is no harm in knowing wrong when they see it, and hence think they must see it to know it. The fact is that the street of the evil and depraved woman leads through an avenue of artificial and poisonous flowers straight down to hell by way of all suggestable crimes. The woman, once entered upon the street, can never return to a reputable home. The man who follows her may, by the grace of God, turn back, but he is not wise to risk it. The people who think they know these things, who think they can identify evil and evil intent, are usually those who have the most superficial knowledge, or none at all, of the ways and wiles of women who lay themselves out as traps for the unwarv.

There is honor in knowing nothing of the shady side of life. Those who advertise their personal knowledge of these things either parade their moral shortcomings or pose as criminals without the fact back of it.

Every picture on the mind remains to bless or curse its owner, and happy the man and woman, young or old, who have no lewd pictures that they must continually keep turned to the wall that those about them may not see. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of evil and going wrong is the charnel house at the door of the graveyard of all good.

# TAKE NOTICE.

WE are always glad to receive manuscript for consideration. We take the best, and reserve the rest. It may interest contributors to know that there are between three hundred and four hundred articles of various kinds on file for the future INGLENOOKS, and if an un solicited contribution is sent on here, and then, in a week or so demanded back, because it has not appeared in the time the writer thought it should, the practice, hitherto, of stopping everything and hunting up the article for return is abandoned from this on. We have been in the habit of writing a letter of explanation why the article has not appeared, and then, in several instances, it has been re-

turned to us, only to be asked for again in a week or so. This is all to be stopped, in fact, it is stopped. We are glad to examine your article, to print it when the time seems opportune, if it is accepted, but kindly remember to affectionately bid it good-by when you mail it at home. In the case of personally solicited articles—that is an entirely different story, and none of this applies to such. Send on your articles, but remember to give and ask not again.

Don't Be Silly. Sooner or later, if you live, you will have to wear spectacles. Nine people out of ten take it as an advertisement of the advance

of years and put it off till the last moment, and then smuggle themselves into "specs" as though it were a crime to wear them. Don't be silly. At the first intimation of failing sight go to a reputable oculist and not to a hardware store, and have your eyes examined and then get the glasses and wear them wherever and whenever required. You may "always have to wear them," but that is better than going around with a cane feeling your way, or holding on to a string and being led by a dog.

# HERE YOU ARE.

What is the excursion rate from the Conference at Lincoln to Quinter, Kansas?

We are not sure. Write the Union Pacific Land Commissioner at Omaha, Nebr.

Can sugar be made out of the sap of other trees beside the maple?

Yes, and it is noticeably the case with the birch. Birch sugar has a peculiarly pleasant flavor.

Did the ancients use soap, as we understand it?

Yes. At the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap, in good preservation, has been found.

What is a high power microscope worth?

All depends on the instrument and accessories. Five or six hundred dollars will get one, and one for ten dollars is equal to all common demands. A very cheap one is apt to be usedess, except as a toy.

What was the cause of the Mexican war?

A desire to get the land Mexico owned, and we got it.

Will the INGLENOOK please furnish the readers with a series of cultural plant directions?

Something of that kind has been in contemplation for a long time. The difficulty has been in not knowing just where to begin. Suppose you ask for what you want. The 'Nook is at your service in all reasonable matters.

Are the Spanish American republics managed as our own country?

No. They have constitutions and organizations, modeled largely after the United States, and the "President" is usually a dictator. It lasts till some malcontent, with sufficient of a following, hatches a revolution, then a poor fight is put up, though sometimes somebody gets hurt, and the man who was in is ousted, and the winner is "President." He lasts till there is another revolution, and they develop over night. Stable government means stable people, and they are not to be found in the subtropical countries. The word revolution does not mean the same there as here. What would be a riot in a village here is a rovolution there.

Where do the robins go when they migrate? Do they nest when away from us, and do they retain their colors the year through?

Robins go South, and this is a very elastic term. They are found all along the gulf coast, and thin out northward toward the Virginia line, and as a rule do not nest in the South in the winter season, nor do they change their colors. A robin redbreast is a robin the world around, and as he lives on insects, and has faith in humanity he should never be disturbed. Nearly all of our migratory birds nest in the South, as they do North, but in much fewer numbers, and the rule with them is to pass, as a huge wave, north and south, with the seasons. In the North an occasional bird, for some cause, braves it out through the winter. If all the old robins died off or were killed this season their young would migrate in the Autumn, by reason of what we call instinct, a word used to cover our ignorance.

### THE CROSS.

The origin of the cross is shrouded in the dim mists of almost prehistoric antiquity. It forms part of the lore of the most ancient of religions. Never is a great excavation made but that many variations of the cross forms are exhumed and under circumstances which prove that they have been religious symbols.

The history of the cross as revealed to mankind may be roughly divided into three great periods. First, the time when it was regarded as the symbol of budding life and springtime; second, when, as a result of man's introduction of the ferocious form of torture known as crucifixion, it became the execrated sign of the most awful of all deaths, and finally its beatification through the Christian religion plan of redemption.

There are many evidences to prove that prior to the time of Christ the cross was, with the Jews, a sign of salvation. The brazen serpent was mounted on a cross and when Moses instructed the people of Israel to mark their doorposts with the blood of the sacrificial lamb, he told them to make the mark in the form of a cross. The sign of the cross is frequently found on ancient Jewish monuments near Persepolis.

Crucifixion is supposed to have originated among the Assyrians, the most brutal of all the ancient nations. The custom spread but slowly, for to the pagan minds death on the cross was a thing of such revolting horror that they were loth to advocate its adoption. It was not until began the corruption that was finally to cause the downfall of the proud Roman empire that the barbarous eastern form of execution by crucifixion and impalement, was introduced into the west.

In Judea the punishment was frequently used.

The four principal kinds of known crosses were, first, the plain upright stake, like the capital letter I; second, the cross of St. Andrew, resembling the letter X; third, the cross in which the beam was fastened on top of the upright, thus forming a letter T; finally, the best-known and most pictured cross, the cross of to-day.

The last named is the oldest, and undoubtedly is the one which figured in the greatest number of early crucifixions. It was usually made of olive or oak and was from seven to nine feet in height.

What became of the true cross is one of the greatest miracles of all time. It is true that there are in many old and new world cathedrals bits of wood purporting to be parts of the true cross. In some cases, notably that which concerns the fragment of the tablet placed over the cross by Pilate's order, and which is now in the ancient church of Santa Croce at Rome, their authenticity seems fairly well established; but so minute are the fragments that, according to one ancient writer, if all were collected and put together they would only make a block of wood about twenty inches long, eight wide and three thick.

What, then, became of the rest of the true cross? This is a question which has caused endless controversy. Concerning this priceless relic much has been said that is utterly fallacious. There are, however, certain known facts which make a story of absorbing interest.

It was three centuries after the crucifixion of Christ before the cross was found. Its discovery was due to the devout Helena, wife of the Emperor Constantine, who abolished crucifixion and to whom the Christian religion owes the original adoption of the cross as a symbol.

Over the spot where the cross was discovered a chapel was erected, and the sacred wood was retained by Helena in Jerusalem and deposited under the great church or basilica erected by Constantine over the place of crucifixion and burial.

For 300 peaceful years the cross remained in the custody of the bishop of Jerusalem. Every Easter it was exhibited to the pilgrims who thronged the holy city. Then came 300 years of comparative obscurity, from which the cross emerges to become the center of upheavals that convulsed the entire civilized world, arrayed the west against the east and caused the spilling of oceans of blood—the wars of the Crusades.

Jerusalem had fallen into evil days, the pagan Saracens had swooped down and captured it together with the most precious of Christian relics—the cross. The Saracens rejoiced

greatly over the splendor of the gold and jewels that encased it, despair prevailed all over the Christian world when it became known that the sacred relic was again in the hands of the unbelievers. Richard, the Lion Hearted, and many other warriors, went to the rescue, but to no avail.

Finally the cross disappeared; of its fate nothing is known. For hundreds of years a search was maintained, but without success. It is generally believed that the superstitious Moslems, fearing the powers of the cross, destroyed it in order to prevent its possible recapture by the Christians.

This, in brief, is all that is known of the history of the cross itself. Now for a brief glance at its history as a Christian symbol. After the crucifixion over three centuries elapsed before the cross, in any form, became a part of church observance and seven centuries passed before the crucifix was finally adopted.

This prolonged delay proceeded from two main causes, the early Christians had not fully eradicated the old prejudice against the cross and beside thought the scene of the crucifixion too sacred to be pictured in images. Then, too, was the ever present fear that the worship of the cross might develop into a sort of idolatry. This fear was, indeed, for a brief time realized.

Prior to the fourth century the holiest of Christian symbols was the monogram of Christ. It was woven into all ecclesiastical vestments and formed a prominent feature of other decorations.

About the year 393 the first crucifix was inroduced into the church. It was made of lark red wood and at the intersection of the two parts bore the figure of the lamb, the oblection to the using of the actual figure of Christ being still strong.

Somewhat later came the Greek crucifix, one of the most beautiful of all the forms, and which many contemporary divines contend would form a more fitting part of church cerenonials than the one in common use.

This Greek cross was meant to typify the riumph over death, but in such a manner as o divest as far as possible the entire subject of its grewsome and morbid aspects. It blos-

somed with flowers of gold and silver and was richly studded with gems.

In 692, during the reign of Justinian, the council of Trullo was held. The object of the famous conference was to devise a means by which to circumvent the mysticism and symbolism that were threatening to undermine the Christian religion and deprive it of its true meaning. It was pointed out that the signs and symbols used in the services were becoming more important than the things they stood for, and that to the ignorant mind the story of the life and sufferings of Christ began to be only a sort of myth, an allegory. It was resolved to substitute the actual human figure of the crucified Christ for that of the symbolical lamb. This act resulted in the creation of the orthodox crucifix of to-day.

Even though vested with the full authority of the church, artists and sculptors could not at a stroke emancipate themselves from the awe inspired by the holy passion. They were tardy in representing in stone and on canvas the actual scene of the death of the Christ. The first crucifixes show the Redeemer attired in a long robe, although this is palpably a blunder, for not only the custom of the times, but the express authority of the Bible proves that the soldiers divided the Master's raiment and cast lots for it.

The most interesting crucifix of this type, and which is claimed by some to be the oldest known, is the crucifix fresco discovered in 1594 in the cemetery of Pope Julius. In addition to the figure of Christ, Mary and John are represented.

It is a mistake to suppose that all present day crucifixes are what Roman Catholics and Episcopalians consider orthodox. There are three principal kinds, the Roman, Jansenistic and Pugin.

In the true Roman cross the arms are horizontally extended, with the head above the crossbeam, expressing that the Savior did not die for the predestined, but for all.

The Jansenistic cross has a striking point of difference, which puts it in conflict with the Roman conception. The thorn-crowned head is placed below the beam of the cross and the hands are extended far above it, interpreting the Jansenistic theory that Christ did not die

for all, but only for the few who come under the head of "many are called, but few are chosen."

There are very few Pugin crucifixes in the United States. One of the most rare is owned in Chicago. It is composed of bronze and silon and was made by Pugin himself in 1841. Pugin was a famous architect and a noted member of the Church of England. His crucifix bears on one side a very beautiful image of Christ and on the other a figure of Mater Dolorosa.

# CIVIL SERVICE IN CHINA.

THOSE who hold official positions among us are usually qualified to do so by more or less learning; but even the most scholarly among them might pause ere he ventured to assert that his stock of knowledge equaled that of the least learned of Celestial officials.

If you aspired to "office" in far Cathay here are some of the things you might expect to happen to you: Having learned by heart from end to end the Chinese Shakespeare and the Chinese Chaucer and the Chinese Milton and a dozen other Chinese classics so thoroughly that you could quote any passage from one of them correctly at a moment's notice—having stuffed your head with all this learning and a great deal more, and practiced for years writing essays and poems in beautiful literary style and exquisite penmanship, you would go up for the civil service examination.

That is, you would go up for the first of a long series of examinations. This preliminary one would be conducted by a functionary who would lock you up for five days to write a poem.

You would take writing materials with you and enough rice to keep you alive, but you would not be allowed to speak to a soul, and, above all, you would be cut off from your beloved Chinese Shakespeare and Milton and all the rest of them, whom you are supposed to know by heart. They are thousands and thousands of years old, these Chinese classics, and as no one is ever supposed to know as much as they did, you will not dare to put in your poem any original thought or feeling or write in a style that is not a severe imitation of theirs.

If at the end of five days you have given birth to a poem which satisfies the district leader—himself necessarily an eminent scholar and severe critic—he passes you on to the prefectural city of the department.

Imagine yourself going through a further series of imprisonments and examinations, each more exacting than the last. At last, after producing some poems and philosophical treatises admirable enough to win the approval of the learned and exalted official, who may be said to correspond to the mayor, you would be sent on—if you were not already sick of office-seeking—to the capital of the Chinese province in which you reside.

You would have a hard time there. Thrown into a dungeon four feet by five feet six inches, without doors or windows, you would remain a prisoner until you had completed three essays and a poem on the remotest and most abstruse themes. Then, with one day's breathing spell and an opportunity to lay in a fresh stock of ink, and rice, you would serve two more successive terms of imprisonment, each time producing the same number of elegant compositions.

If you prove to be the scholar you thought you were, the potent and erudite governor would confer upon you a degree entitling you to hold any ordinary office. But if you aspired for the very highest honors, entitling you to a really big political "job," you would journey to Pekin, and there endure new ordeals and humiliations and produce new gems of classic learning.

There are generally about 6,000 competitors at this final ordeal. The cream of the graduates go up for a supreme examination at the hands of the emperor in person, and the four most successful receive the proud titles severally of chwang yuan, pang-yen, tanhwa, and chwanlu.

After passing all the necessary examinations your chance of obtaining office is about one in a hundred. The trouble is that the number of victors is very much in excess of the spoils. But the spoils are considerable. Bribery has been carried to perfection in the far east.

China is haunted by vast numbers of needy scholars whose learning entitles them to rank with mandarins, but who have no means of

ivelihood. They are too proud to work, but of by any means too honest to cheat, brew nischief, stir up litigation, levy blackmail, sell adicial influence, incite to discontent, plot gainst foreigners, and make nuisances of hemselves generally all over the empire.

# EXPERT SAFE-OPENERS.

"When any one of the manufacturers gets out a new type of safe," said a veteran agent, he can always be certain of half a dozen ustomers who will fairly tumble over one anther in their eagerness to purchase.

"Strange to say, they are not men who are n need of safes; on the contrary they have afes to burn. They are his business rivals, tho are anxious to lose no time in putting heir skilled mechanics to work unraveling the ecrets of the new mechanism.

"You must understand," continued the vetran, smiling, "that the strongest card of a afe agent is the point-blank assertion that very lock except his own can be opened by nexpert, and he must be prepared to make ood, when the statement is questioned. I con't think I exaggerate when I say that this ne claim brings about more sales than all ther arguments put together.

"Suppose I am trying to persuade the offiers of a country bank to put new doors in teir vault. 'But, my dear man,' they protest, these doors we have now are nearly new and re guaranteed burglar proof by —— & Co.' glance at the vault, smile sarcastically and arug my shoulders. 'Do you really believe nat work is the slightest protection against urglars?' I inquire. 'Of course we do!' they horus anxiously; 'do you mean to intimate nat it isn't?' I affect reluctance, and every irector stares at me and breathes hard.

"'Well, gentlemen,' I say at last, 'I never ke to run down a business rival, but since ou ask me I don't mind telling you that we are a man at our works who can open those oors any day in less than fifteen minutes. hat will give you an idea how long they ould hold out against a modern burglar.'

"Of course such a speech throws the whole owd into a cold sweat, but nevertheless they dignantly scout my assertion, and I proceed

to jar them again by calmly telegraphing for my man. Next day, let us say, the expert arrives. I take him over to the bank and introduce him to all hands as a workman from our shops.

"' Now, then, gentlemen,' I chirp cheerfully, 'get out your watches and see how long our friend here will be in breaking into your burglar-proof closet.' At that the expert walks over, lays his ear against the door and begins to manipulate the combination. The chances are he has been studying it for months and months, and every faint click is like so much plain print.

"Generally it takes from four to six minutes to do the job, and when the door swings open the poor directors look at each other and groan. After that I close my contract.

"I selected a simple case as an illustration, and often the work is a great deal more complicated. But it all turns on opening the other fellow's door, and what I wanted to make clear was the importance of the professional expert.

"The moment any novelty is introduced he makes it a study and keeps at it until he has devised some method of exhibiting it to its disadvantage. The touch and hearing of men of that class become so abnormally sensitive in time that they appear to be guided by instinct, and they do things they can't explain themselves. No, I never heard of one turning crooked, and I doubt whether any burglar that ever lived equaled them in skill."

# WALLS MADE OF CANNON BALLS.

In some new bank buildings that are being erected in London it has been decided to trust neither police, private custodians nor safes. All walls connected with the money vaults are to have old-fashioned cannon balls loosely imbedded in them, the idea of course, being that the rounded surface of the cannon balls will cause burglars' tools to slip and there will be no chance of picking the walls to pieces quickly enough for burglarious depredations.

36 36

THERE is no use in crying over spilt milk. It's more to the point to take care not to upset the pail at all.

# MOUNT VERNON.

BY J. L. MILLER.

Mount Vernon, the beautiful home of George Washington—but that is not the place the caption of this article has reference to, for most any schoolboy can tell more or less about that Mount Vernon. But there are other Mount Vernons, and the one in question is an old military fort, unoccupied, except for two families, when the writer was there, that served as a Garrison for Uncle Sam's soldiers during the Civil War.

One bright afternoon in April, half a score of girls and boys, on pleasure bent, started from Citronelle for a twenty-mile trip across the country, through the piney woods of Alabama. All the signs of habitation passed on the way were a few negro cabins. We camped at a vacant house about half way and resumed our journey the next day. About ten o'clock we drove through the large doorway leading into the Garrison which seemed more like going into a prison, for it is surrounded by a high wall. We stopped in front of the residence of Mr. Greene, who has been placed in charge of the fort by the Government, and by whom we enjoyed a hearty welcome, for it has the appearance of being rather a lonely place, so many vacant houses-and only two families. It certainly would make an ideal winter resort; so many nice brick houses and a beautiful location, on a high elevation; in fact, it is a little plateau; and altogether shows the care and precaution the Government exercised in choosing the site for a fort, as it afforded a commanding view of a large scope of country.

The inclosure, called the Garrison, contains about forty acres, and is surrounded by a brick wall about ten feet high and two feet thick, with arches over the doorways, of which there are three. Several of the party, including myself, traversed the entire length of the wall.

The place has the appearance of having been a veritable little town at one time, with all the modern conveniences and needed establishments for self-support and pleasure,—from the bakery to the theater hall, also modern water works, and—I was going to say—

electric lights, but am not sure about that neither do I think there were any saloons, fo I was over most all the ground and failed t see any

With Mr. Greene as guide, we were show all the most interesting places, and als given the history as we went along. He too us to the dungeon—for they had a priso there with a dark dungeon attached. Wer any of the 'Nookers ever in one? Well, the door was opened, and our little party quietle walked in, and our guide as quietly closed the door. My stars! but there wasn't a star to be seen—not even the tiniest of a single ray collight,—it was blacker than the darkest night any 'Nooker was ever out, and I need not emphasize the fact that we breathed easied when the door opened, and we felt safer of the outside.

We were taken out to the target ground where a strip of timber had been cleared away for about a mile. Here the soldier practiced at long range shooting from offinish cliff. We found several large calibe balls which we took along as relics.

Just across another hill, within easy rift shot, are the skeletons of half a hundre houses and all alike, where there was an Ir dian village at the time the fort was occupied I call them skeletons for the windows and doors have been removed. Push Mattie Ha was chief among the Indians, and it seems : though the United States troops anticipate trouble from them, for there was a special! prepared tower for inspection, as well as de fense, facing the village. And had the In dians made a desperate attack with a view taking the fort, and been successful in scalin the outer wall, they would have encountere a second low wall imbedded around in th slope of the hill with iron palings on top; an at this stage of the attack the soldiers woul have repaired, as a last resort, to the barrack (a large building in the center of the Garr son), which has a tower perhaps seventy-five feet high, from the top of which they coul carry on a deadly fire with the enemy, so w conclude that it would be no easy matter t take the fort, for they were prepared to war off a powerful enemy.

We ascended the tower, from which we coul

ee, on a clear day, the smoke from the steamers on Mobile bay, some forty miles away. On he woodwork, on top of the tower, scores of ames were carved showing that the place did not lack visitors. We went up again in the norning to see the sun rise, and we beheld a reautiful sight. A heavy fog totally obscured he vast stretch of pine forests before us, and rom our position above the fog, it looked ike we were viewing a great sea. The ight will long be remembered, as the writer emained, trying to make a mental impression of the grand scene, until the sun had risen and he fog disappeared, and likewise the writer.

In several of the buildings hundreds of omparatively new cots, mattresses, and lankets were stacked up. But these are here or times of emergency, that is, for instance, when yellow fever strikes Mobile. Mr. Freene said he could prepare to accommodate ix hundred persons on ten hours' notice. One of our party found a poem, written on he wall of the Commanding Officer's dwelling, composed by a yellow fever refugee, Oct. 27, 1897, when hundreds from the yellow ever district sought refuge in the Government Detention Camp on a ten days' probation.

The barracks building is fronted on one side with a grassy plot, and around this a gravel triveway. It certainly was a beautiful place when all was in shape.

The place savored a little of a weirdness to the writer, perhaps because of so many vacant buildings. It seemed as though some great dalamity had befallen the place and disinhabited it.

Our article would not be complete without telling of our visit to the "ghost" building after dark. Some of the party claimed to have heard it, for it wasn't to be seen, but the writer failed to hear the "ghost."

This last incantation may serve to keep any 'Nooker, who should happen to be wandering in the vicinity, seeking refuge after night, out of the Garrison, for I was informed that Mr. Greene had orders to shoot without warning, anyone prowling about inside the wall after dark.

Norborne, Mo.

# WHITTIER'S DOG.

DURING one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate. and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.



## YOUR HOME ADORNMENT.

Now is the time to take up the matter of the adornment of your homes, and the Inglenook wants to throw in a word or two of caution and advice to those who own their own places, or, even though tenants, wish to beautify their surroundings. There is no surer sign of taste, or the lack of it, than the look of a home in a plant way. It does not require much money to have the home a picture of beauty, and while it takes a certain amount of work, it requires more taste and no little commonplace knowledge of how things are done.

The subject is entirely too comprehensive for treatment in a single issue of the 'Nook, but there are some underlying principles that we wish to call attention to in this number of the magazine. Most of the 'Nook readers live in the country where they have exceptional opportunities in the way of soil and fertilizers. This is a very important feature, and one that country people hardly realize. But there are thousands and thousands of city dwellers who would be put to their wits' end if they were required to find soil for a four-inch flower pot, And one reason why some country plants are "as good as anybody's" is not because of the skill or care of the grower, but in spite of their lack of knowledge, and because of the proximity of the woodpile, and its treasures of rotten wood, and the barnyard and its black and fat fertilizers.

Now the first thing to do is to map out in your mind's eye how you want your flower garden to look, and then act accordingly. One of the very poorest, as well as the very commonest ways, is to dig a bed wherever your fancy strikes you and then stick in at random all the old geranium stubs and sickly coleus that you have watched over all winter and let it go, and if the chickens wallow in it you can "Shoo!" them off, or not, as you happen to see them. Now a better way is to determine beforehand where your beds are to be, and then arrange accordingly. Here is principle number one. Of course this is granting that the beds are thoroughly fertilized, and that you have not made them raised to dry out, but have worked them flat. But the first thing to remember is to mass your flowers, one

and only one kind to the bed. If you war more kinds have more beds.

And now that you wish to bed out a give section or plat, see that you do not crowd th plants. If you have ever seen a specime plant, say of a petunia, arrange the sma plants so that they will just touch their oute leaves when fully grown. The mistake ninety nine out of the hundred amateurs make is a standing their plants so close together that the best they can do is to grow leggy and spir dling. They should never be so close together that they will not make, each one, if conditions are favorable otherwise, the finest specimen plants of their kind.

Then, secondly, remember that some plant require the sun, while others do best in the shade. Never interchange these conditions not unless you are sure you are stronger tha nature, and if you will take the INGLENOOK' word for it, you are not. And now finally, fo this issue of the 'Nook, allow us to strongly advise you to plant no second-hand or com mon varieties. It is just as easy to grow the best as it is to have common kinds. If you have had the good fortune to see real garden laid out and cared for by high-priced experts you may remember something of what you saw, and further, should you see these place again there is not one in a thousand in which you will not be welcomed and given any infor mation you ask for, if half-way intelligen questions are asked. So, then, plant nothing "common or unclean," but get the best going and one thing about nearly all plants that wil grow outdoors is in the fact that there is no secret about them, and the washwoman with ten cents can buy a package of the same seed: the millionaire has, and all that is remaining to observe are the commoner rules of success ful plant growing, and the cottage home may be a blaze of color the season through. The 'Nook will do its best to answer any questions its subscribers may ask in this line, and cor respondence is cordially invited.

# OUR SUN'S DESTINATION.

More than a century ago Sir William Herschel was able to fix roughly what we call the apex of the sun's way in space, or the point mong the stars toward which that way is di-

Herschel found that a comparison of old ellar observations seemed to indicate that he stars in a certain part of the sky were pening out, as it were, and that the constellaons in the opposite part of the heavens hemed to be drawing in, or becoming small-

There can be but one reasonable explanaon of this. We must be moving toward that
art of the sky where the stars are separating.
Herschel fixed the position of the apex at a
oint in the constellation Hercules. The
tost recent investigations of Newcomb have,
in the whole, verified Herschel's conclusions.
A tiny circle might be drawn on the sky, to
hich an astronomer might point his hand and
ty: Yonder little circle contains the goal
bward which the sun and planets are hastenig to-day. Even the speed of this motion has
een subjected to measurement and found to
about ten miles per second.

The objective point and the rate of motion has stated, exact science holds her peace. Gere genuine knowledge stops, and we can roceed further only by the aid of that imagnation which men of science need to curb at yery moment.

But let no one think that the sun will ever ach the so-called apex. To do so would ean cosmic motion on a straight line, while very consideration of celestial mechanics pints to motion on a curve.

When shall we turn sufficiently upon that are to detect its bending? It is a problem at we must leave as a rich heritage to generations that are to follow us.

The visionary theorist's notion of a great entral sun, controlling our own sun's way in bace, must be dismissed as far too daring, ut for such a central sun we may substitute central center of gravity belonging to a eat system of which our sun is but an ingnificant member.

We cease to be a lonely world and stretch it the bonds of a common relationship to onder stars within the firmament.

36 36

A HUSBAND in hand is worth a dozen in the itlook.

# DOG RELISHED THE POISON.

THAT a little dog can stand more poison than an elephant was demonstrated in Hoboken recently, according to the story told by the police.

Two children, Katie Newmann, twelve years old, and Arthur Stein, seven, were bitten by a dog belonging to Mrs. T. Berman, of 327 First Health Inspector Toni Trannah brought the dog into Recorder Stanton's court and sentence of death was pronounced upon it, the recorder ordering it to be shot. Detective Fenton took the dog into a back room and was about to put an end to its existence with a bullet, when Charles Whittemore, an agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, suggested what he said would be a more humane way of killing the dog. He produced a box containing a white powder and said that two ounces of the stuff had been sufficient to kill the elephant Tip in Central park.

Fenton agreed to use the powder instead of his revolver and a small dose was given to the dog. The animal smacked his chops approvingly, stood on his hind legs and begged for more. Another dose was given to him and the dog seemed delighted and grateful, jumping in friendly fashion on the detective and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals man.

As the poison seemed a good deal of a failure as an instrument of death Fenton was about to shoot the dog, but Whittemore begged him to wait a while, saying that the poison would work all right if given time. Fenton not only waited, but gave the dog more of the powder, until he had eaten about half a pound, but the more he got the better pleased he seemed to be, and after waiting about an hour for the poison to work, the detective carried out the verdict of the court with a shot from his revolver.

THERE'S only one thing worse than an old fool, even though the saying goes that there is none other like unto him. Two of them are sometimes worse than the couple of youthful lovers, when it comes to cane and spectacle love-making.

# A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY WILLIAM D. NEHER.

This is my experience, on one occasion, in being a few minutes too late to catch a certain train, on the Choctaw R. R. between Memphis and Forest City, Arkansas. Living in Forest City, business called me some eight miles east to a small flag station, across the St. Francis River, in the Crittendon bottoms. I boarded the train on time, arrived at my destination, and found I would have to go out about three miles from the station. There was no conveyance obtainable, so I had to walk. On returning to the station I found out to my surprise that I was a few minutes too late to catch the 6:30 train in the evening. It was almost dark and no other train was going until 2: 40.

I took in my situation at a glance. I could not get home by private conveyance, if obtainable. I could not get any accommodation for the night, for the station was made up of negroes, and it was too cool to wait outside for the train. So walk was the only thing to do, and that was very dangerous, it was dark as pitch, and three miles of trestle to cross, which stretched across swamps, marshes, cypress brakes, creeks and the St. Francis River. But walk I must. Trestle after trestle was crossed without any mishap, and with only the steel rails to guide me. Then I realized I had come to the long trestle across Crow Creek and the river, almost a mile of solid trestle. Before starting across I listened but no sound came to my ears. All looked black in the distance. So, taking courage, I started across with a foreboding of trouble. I was feeling my way along, as a blind man, something like one-half way across, when to my horror I heard the shrill scream of an engine in the distance. Just rounding a bend and entering the trestle I could see the flare of a headlight. On it came, speeding down upon me. What must I do?

I was in the center of a span. To stand still meant certain death. To jump meant thirty feet of space, then into ice cold water, I knew not how deep or how swift. No one can imagine my feelings unless placed in like peril. There was no time to lose. The headlight looked like a mountain of light. 'The

engine cried, "Clear the track." I crawle to the end of a tie, gripped it with both hands, and let my body swing over, just as the engine went roaring by. There I hung supended, the cold waters rolling beneath, and the rumbling cars above me. Such a roaring and rumbling I will never forget. I felt dizz My grip was playing out. It seemed mit utes until the caboose glided by, and by a terible effort on my part I got on top the trest! Then, weak and faint, I wended my way of arriving at home without any more advertures.

Wynne, Ark.

# WHERE COFFEE CAME FROM.

THERE is extant a tale of the discovery coffee, a story which might have suggested that the charles Lamb the idea for his "Dissertation Roast Pig." This is the legend:

Toward the middle of the fifteenth centur a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, an finding himself weak and weary from fatigu he stopped near a grove. Then, being in war of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tre which happened to be full of dead berrie His meal being cooked and eaten, the trave ler discovered that the half burned berrie were very fragrant. Collecting a number these and crushing them with a stone, I found that their aroma had increased to great extent. While wondering at this he a cidentally let fall the substance into a ca which contained his scant supply of water Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liqui was instantly purified. He brought it to h lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a momen after the traveler had so far recovered h strength and energy as to be able to resun his journey. The lucky Arab gathered many berries as he could, and, having arrive at Aden in Arabia he informed the mufti his discovery. This worthy divine was an i veterate opium smoker, who had been suffe ing for years from the effects of that poisono drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted be ries and was so delighted at the recovery his own vigor that, in gratitude to the tree, I called it cabuah, which in Arabic signific force.



# A VEGETARIAN BANQUET.

In Boston, recently, there was a vegetarian anguet given by the believers in that sort of ning, and we give it here, as a sort of change, at the sisters may know something of these latters. Undoubtedly some of the articles erved were palatable, and will stand a trial in ur homes.

It was unique in that the only animal food erved or used in preparation was the milk of ne cow and its products-cream and butter. lo chemicals were employed, and the only easoning was a bit of sage or thyme.

It was "enjoyed" by some sixty persons.

The table was laid in the form of the letter E," emblematic of the society responsible or the experiment, and gaily decked with lowers and some of the ornamental dishes of he meal.

Young ladies waited upon the table and assted in the preparation of the food under intruction of chefs who were trained experts in ae attractive cooking and serving of food exlusively vegetable.

The menu was as follows:

Soup.

Nut French.

Cream of Peas.

ut Shortened Sticks. Whole Wheat Wafers.

Toasted Granose Biscuit.

Whole Wheat Rolls. Wheat Rolls.

Butter.

Roast.

Mock Chicken Dressing.

Entrees.

Green Peas. Salad Balls. Scalloped Potatoes. Lettuce. Cranberry Jelly.

Cake.

Cocoanut Crisps. Fruit.

Nut.

Oranges.

Lemon.

Coffee.

Bananas.

The soup was of two kinds-nut French and cream of peas. The composition of the first was as follows:

One-quarter pound canned nut stock, two cups canned tomato (strained), six cups water, half tablespoon brown flour, half large onion, one and one-half medium-sized bay leaves, one-fourth teaspoon sage, three-eighths teaspoon thyme, two and a half teaspoons salt; simmer from thirty to sixty minutes, and serve in bouillon cups.

The cream of pea soup is thus compounded: One pint canned peas (strained), two cups milk, one and one-half cups cream, teaspoon salt; heat in double boiler and serve.

With the soup nut sticks, a trade article, crisp and palatable, were served.

The piece de resistance was a roast trade article composed chiefly of nuts and gluten. This is the mode of preparation:

Three-pound can of the article, put in a dripping pan with two cups of water and with a medium-sized onion sliced thin over the top. Bake two and one-half hours in a moderate oven, basting several times.

Gravy—Remove the roast from the pan; add to the small quantity of liquid remaining one and one-half cups of water; take two tablespoons of nut oil, one tablespoon each of brown and white flour; dissolve into a little water; thicken the liquid in the pan with the mixture; add salt to suit. Do not strain.

Chicken dressing, also with the roast-Bread crumbs moistened with cream, salt, beaten eggs, onion and sage. Bake slowly forty-five minutes.

Salad balls followed the roast.

Scalloped potatoes—Cut very thin with slicer; fill the pan, adding three parts of cream and one of milk; sprinkle with flour and salt; bake an hour or more until done.

Green peas with cream, prepared and served in the ordinary way.

Whole wheat bread, without shortening; creamery butter.

Nut cake, without chemicals or shortening: Six eggs, whites and yolks separated, one cup granulated sugar. Add the sugar to yolks and beat to a cream. Whip whites to a stiff froth. Add the creamed yolks to whites, with three-fourths cup of gluten and one cup chopped English walnuts. Mix well. Put in square tins with movable bottoms, and bake forty-five minutes in a slow oven.

Lemon or sunshine cake—Six eggs, separated, one cup granulated sugar, three-fourths cup pastry flour. Whip the yolks and add the sugar; whip the whites stiff; add the yolks, sifting the flour slowly and fold the mixture gently. Flavor with orange and lemon extracts. Pour into three movable bottom tins. Bake thirty minutes slowly.

Filling for lemon cake—One tablespoon cornstarch, one-third cup water, juice of two lemons, one cup sugar, two eggs (separated); dissolve the cornstarch, and with it thicken the water while boiling, and cook until clear; add yolks and sugar, and whip in briskly; add whites, and fold in gently; cool, and spread between layers of cake.

Cocoanut cake—Layers same as in lemon cake. Filling as follows:

Half cup milk, one-half cup sugar, threefourths cup shredded cocoanut; place milk in double boiler, with cocoanut, steam twenty minutes, strain and return in boiler to fire; add the-milk, thickened with cornstarch; add the sugar and whites of two eggs whipped light; put between layers, with cocoanut sprinkled lightly on each.

Cocoanut crisps—One cup shredded cocoanut, chopped fine; one cup pastry flour; water sufficient for an ordinary dough; a little salt. Knead thoroughly; roll as thin as possible—as thin as paper; cut in diamonds, put on perforated wire-baking sheets, and bake in moderate oven till light brown.

Coffee—One cup common cereal coffee—in a cheese cloth bag—and one quart water. Bring to a boil, and set off at once. Serve with cream and sugar.

# COCOANUT PUFFS.

BY SISTER ELLA ECKERLE.

Take two cups of grated cocoanut, one color powdered or fine granulated sugar, beate whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls flour or cornstarch. Drop on buttered till and bake quickly.

Roanoke, Va.

# COOKIES.

BY SISTER JENNIE A. STEPHENS.

Take four eggs, one and one-half cups white sugar, one cup of butter, four cups sifted flour, and one teaspoonful and a half baking powder. Mix all together with the hand. Roll out soft as possible. Bake in quick oven. Flavor to taste.

Corvallis, Oregon.

# CORN PONE.

BY SISTER LIZZIE G. ARNOLD.

Take one cup of sweet milk, one cup sour, or butter milk, one-fourth cup of lar two eggs, a little sugar, and cornmeal enoug to make a batter, not too stiff, and a little stand one teaspoonful of soda. Mix and bal brown.

Albert City, Iowa.

# LAYER CAKE.

BY SISTER FLORENCE MYERS.

Take two eggs, one-fourth cup of butted two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of swe milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking pot der, and two and one-half scant cups of flow Bake in layers, flavoring with lemon or van la. Then take one cup of milk. Put in a pand let come to a boil. Then mix one table spoonful of flour, and one of sugar. Put in pan and boil, and flavor with lemon or vanil Spread between each layer and sprinkle with shredded cocoanut.

Goshen, Ind.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

MAY 11, 1901.

No. 19.

# THE SOFT SOUTH WIND.

WIND that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms woo the bee,
Wind that flings from a golden mouth
Tender spray of the summer sea,
Wind that keeps for us light and bloom,
That cradles the bird in the tree-top nest,
Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,
Of the winds of heaven we love thee best.

Over the springing wheat fields pass,
And over the small home gardens fare,
Evermore bringing to grain and grass
And the flowers thy breath of blessing rare.
Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,
O wind of the South, so strong and fleet!
Never a drop of its joys to waste,
In the days of the springtime coy and sweet.

# AND NOW THEY ARE TRAINING ELEPHANTS BY MACHINERY,

ELEPHANT instructors have devised a new method of imparting wisdom to their charges. In former years there were as many methods as trainers, but with the invention of machinery and the progression of thought a material change has been wrought.

At the present time the elephant instructor goes about his work in precisely the same manner as does the contractor of a sky-scraper. If the material in hand is to be raised, the very quickest and safest way of elevating it is employed. If a ten-ton beam is fitted to a certain position on the fifth floor, it is placed there in the shortest time possible by the use of a huge crane. If the elephant trainer wants an exhibition of head-balancing or rope-walking he is enabled by the use of the crane to furnish a cue of the most effective nature in a minimum of time.

Dangling at the end of the huge derrick the elephant is placed in any position desired. Once in this position his education is commenced from that point. The new method of training is an experiment as yet, but its success is assured, at least so far as young elephants are concerned. Recently the Forepaugh-Sells circus, which has its winter quarters at Columbus, Ohio, received a consignment of a dozen or more baby pachyderms from Ceylon, Sumatra and India. Their ages ranged from eight to twelve years and their weight between fifteen hundred pounds and a ton.

Coming fresh from the jungles of their native country, the young elephants possessed anything but a docile nature. Hence, their training was accomplished only with difficulty.

The beginner was taken into a ring in the circus training barns and heavy harness attached to a strong crane or derrick placed around the beast's body. The instructor then gave the command, "Stand on head and forefeet." This would be Greek, of course, to the pupil, but the meaning of the command gradually dawns upon the animal's instinct after being lifted into the air and tilted forward on his head and trunk several times. Thus, in due course of time, the youthful pachyderm is taught successfully all the acts known in elephantine wisdom.

The Japanese are not originators, but imitators. The Chinese can originate, but cannot bring to any degree of perfection; the Japanese cannot originate, but are clever at adapting and improving. Their classical books are of Chinese origin, as is also their religion. Their navy is British, their army German, their legal code French, their educational system American, and their various industries are taken from all over the world. They are not simply copied, however; the borrowed ideas are eaten and digested, as it were, and so stamped with the imprint of the art and life of the Japanese as to become their own.

# NEGRO MISSIONS.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

The negroes are a very superstitious race. They are also very religiously inclined. During slavery they received some religious training on some plantations. They even held meetings of their own. Many of the churches where the whites worshiped had a part set off where the negroes could sit.

The close of the war left four million persons free, with no property and no education. Persons in the North took an interest in them and took steps to help them. The form which this assistance usually took was that of helping them to an education. Men and women went South to teach the negroes. In many places the whites would not tolerate this and many teachers were driven away and some lost their lives. There are places in the South to-day where a white person undertaking to conduct a school among the negroes would find it dangerous work. This opposition does not come from the better class of whites. Scattered over the South are a number of good schools which are supported by northern money and which have for their object the education of the negro both intellectually and religiously. There are at least six such institutions in the city of Atlanta, Ga.

The negroes of America are not heathens. As a race their contact with Christianity led them to accept it as a religion and any religious work among them is in that particular different from what it would be in a country where people must be taught to believe in the religion as taught in the Bible.

Probably eighty per cent of the negroes of the South are members of some church, and of such members probably ninety per cent are either Baptist or Methodist, with the Baptists largely in the majority. This can probably be accounted for in two ways, first, those two denominations were the most common among the whites in the South during slavery, and the slaves accepted the beliefs of their masters. Secondly, the form of worship of both denominations is largely emotional, which exactly suits the negro; the more noise and excitement the more religion and the better they

are pleased. For these reasons several denominations whose form of worship is not so much of the emotional order have found the work slow and difficult. To illustrate: A colored Presbyterian church has been in existence in Macon, Ga., since 1865. To-day they have a membership of possibly 150 all told, but the day I attended their church there were about twenty five present. Against this one Presbyterian church there are probably a dozen or more Baptist and Methodist with membership ranging from 100 to 2,000 each. In the same city is one Congregational colored church of about one hundred and fifty. In connection with this church is a school with twelve white teachers. This school has been in operation since 1865 at quite a heavy

The negro is much inclined to go with the big crowd, which helps the large churches and is against the small ones.

Persons who have no opportunity to study the subject are likely to conclude that a mission could be opened among the negroes just as one would among whites, but such a plan does not seem to be feasible from the simple fact that a white person undertaking the work in that way can scarcely retain the respect of either the whites or blacks. The most feasible plan for beginning a new work is to open a school which they gladly attend, as the colored schools in the rural portions are usually very poor. The negroes are very anxious for education and by this means one can train the children and have a better opportunity to reach the older ones. Their prejudices are very strong and give way slowly, especially where other whites are opposing the work.

Most of the schools or missions have as a prominent part of their work an industrial department where the pupils are taught useful employments. The girls are taught house-keeping, sewing, cooking, and such like, while the boys are taught practical farming, or a trade, such as blacksmithing, carpentry, bricklaying, wagon making, printing, etc.

One of the great problems of negro missions is to make moral, law-abiding and self-supporting citizens. The three great vices of the negro race are stealing, lying and licen-

tiousness. Church membership is no guaranty that a person is not guilty of one or all of them.

The more they can be induced to become independent, self-supporting citizens, having homes and families of their own, the more these vices can be eradicated. Consequently a few of the missions have made efforts toward assisting worthy negroes to secure homes of their own. The idea is a practicable one in some localities.

The negro missions now in operation work along one or more of the following lines:

- 1. Educational.
- (a) Intellectual.
- (b) Moral.
- (c) Religious.
- (d) Industrial.

2. Preparing workers to labor among their own people.

3. Assisting worthy negroes to secure homes of their own and teaching them how to conduct a home which will be conducive to the highest development of themselves and their children.

Saginaw, Texas.

# COST OF THE LAWMAKERS.

THE most expensive parliament in Europe is that of France, which costs \$1,500,000 a year. The French people are very well represented. There are 300 senators and 584 deputies, a total in excess of 800. Each receives a salary of \$1,800 a year.

In the United States the ninety senators and 360 congressmen are paid \$2,500,000 in salaries.

The members of the British parliament serve without salary. The incidental expenses of this body last year were but \$260,000. The German reichstag, with its two branches, costs the voters on an average \$100,000 a year.

Russia has no parliament in the American or French sense, so that this item is entirely

saved. The legislators in the Italian parliament receive no salaries, but have free transportation on railroads. The cost of the Italian parliament last year nevertheless was \$420,000.

The salaries of lawmakers in many parts of Europe seem trifling, according to American standards. In London, for instance, there are 150 members in the upper and 250 in the lower branch. The former get no pay at all and the latter but \$300 a year. And if any session lasts longer than four months they are paid at the rate of \$2.60 a day additional. The parliament of Holland comprises 150 members in two houses. Members of the upper house receive \$4 a day and of the second body \$800 a year and mileage. The parliament of Holland costs \$300,000 a year.

The most scantily paid of any of the regularly salaried lawmakers are those of Austria. There are two legislative bodies for Austria, one meeting in Vienna and one in Buda-Pesth. The total cost is \$800,000 a year. An Austrian law provides that the members receive ten florins, or \$2 a day.

# SHE TOLD TOO MUCH.

THE stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistress, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household. There was a girl who belonged to the familiar category of "children and fools."

"If anyone should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly-engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it or something else has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress, from her room at the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:

"Yes'm, Mrs. B. is at home, but she ate so much pudding for dinner she had to go to bed."



# CONCERNING CAPE NOME.

BY DAVID W. KING.

DOUBTLESS many INGLENOOK readers have read of Nome City and Cape Nome, but few have more than the vaguest ideas of the places in the far North.

Last year Nome was a city of 25,000 people. Hundreds of substantial houses were built. but for the most part it was a city of tents. It was tough. The rag-tag and riff-raff of the West was there, but beyond a few killings early in the spring and frequent robberies during the summer it was a peaceable community. The military, under command of General Randall, maintained peace. There was comparatively little sickness, as only strong, well people went there, and the mortality list was light, not exceeding 250. In September a very high tide, accompanied by a gale from the southwest, destroyed the whole water front of the city, sweeping away about 3,000 tons of coal and wrecking many ships. A quarter of a mile of one side of Front street was swept out to sea. After that the price of supplies went up until on November 4th, when the writer sailed for Seattle, coal was worth \$100 per ton, hay and oats \$225 per ton, bacon fifty cents per pound, and all supplies in proportion. The Standard Oil company is standing by the people and this winter is holding the price of coal oil, which is largely used for fuel, at the very low price of \$4.50 per case of ten gallons. There are plenty of supplies and an abundance of fuel, hence there will be no suffering this winter. I estimate that 8,000 people are wintering in the Nome country.

Nome is not altogether cut off from the outside world this winter. A semi-monthly mail is being carried in over the ice via Dawson. The distance from Dawson is about 1,500 miles and the journey is made by dog sledge in about thirty-five days. Last winter about 3,000 people, including many women, made this long journey. Only a few perished. From six to eight dogs hitched tandem constitute a team, and 800 pounds is an ordinary load over good roads. From forty to fifty miles per day is the time made, the driver usually running behind to keep warm. During the winter season the temperature falls

very low, often to seventy-five degrees, and forty degree weather is very common. Warm houses, fur clothing and violent exercise while outside make it possible to live. All journeys are made on foot, usually running. Reindeer are used, but the dogs have proven more valuable, as they will endure more fatigue and make better time over rough ice. They are shod with heavy leather pads.

But one class of men should think of going to northern Alaska. Youthful vim, vigor and that spirit of determination which has made the West is absolutely necessary. The man who is afraid and who cannot go for weeks in wet clothing, sleeping in wet blankets at night and sharing hard grub with the dogs had better stay at home. It is no country for the loafer. Nature demands much for the prizes she offers there and only 'the most intrepid may enter the lists. It is hard work, but the prizes are yellow.

Experience is not altogether necessary—placer mining is simple—anyone may distinguish gold and few but know the uses of a shovel and pick. It is the willingness to stand knee-deep in ice cold water and handle these implements which counts most. It is no place to go in search of employment. For the most part men are working for themselves.

Thousands of men are now preparing to go north again this spring. Fully ninety-five per cent of those who came out after September last year will return. It is safe to say that 20,000 people will go to the Nome country this year. Many fine ships will be engaged on the northern runs and one may travel with comfort. The best ships will not leave for the first trip until after May 20. The fare has been fixed at \$125 first class and \$100 second class. Freight will be about \$40 per ton ship's measure.

The matter of wholesale litigation which held the country back last year will cut little figure this season. Alexander McKenzie, known as the "King of Receivers" and who was accused and doubtless was in collusion with Judge Noyes, has just been sent to jail at San Francisco for one year. Judge Noyes has been severely reprimanded by the judges of the United States circuit court of appeals and

may be removed this spring. At any rate the reign of corruption is ended and while there are many clouded titles and much jumping may be expected, there will be plenty of law honestly administered to settle disputes.

Alaska is a great country. But! Don't go there if you have to leave a family dependent, upon you behind. Don't leave a good position, unless you have a sure thing there. Don't spend your last dollar for a ticket. Be sure you have enough to maintain yourself while here and buy a return ticket. Don't send money there unless you place it in the hands of the right man. Above all, don't think of going unless you are willing to work for a couple of years and have the constitution to stand it.

Nome City, Alaska.

# MISSOURI MEERSCHAUMS.

SOLDIERS and sailors the world over and strangers in many strange lands have heard of Missouri only through one medium, which is the Missouri meerschaum pipe.

In Union County is the little town of Washington, on the Missouri River, about 55 miles west of St. Louis. It is the center of a rather unusual branch of commercial activity, which is the manufacture of cob pipes, or, as they are better known abroad, "Missouri meerschaums."

Twenty-five years ago H. Tibbe, a wood-turner in the little town of Washington, made the first cob pipe ever sold as an article of commerce. Two years or so ago he died a rich man. From the first lot of pipes sold at the corner grocery in the town the mauufacture has increased, until to-day one house turns out the enormous number of 17,280,000 cob pipes yearly.

They go to nearly every port and country on earth, and 120 people are employed in their manufacture.

The "meerschaum cob" is raised only in the Missouri River bottoms and within a radius of thirty miles around Washington. The corn on this cob is not unusual, being about the same as any other seed corn raised in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, but it is an extremely solid cob, as hard as oak. Imitators have taken the seed and attempted to raise

the corn in various parts of the United States, but have always failed to mature the cobs properly.

The farmers can be seen driving into the little town every day in the week—some of them with regular caravans—bringing their cobs to market. And they get more for their cobs than they do for the corn on them. The average price for cobs ranges from one to two cents a pound. Some of these farmers have annual incomes of \$4,000 derived from the corn product alone.

After the cobs are brought in from the farms they are seasoned from one to three years before they are ready to be "piped."

# MUSICAL SAND.

PERHAPS the most interesting experience of musical sands is that recorded by Kinglake in his journey across the desert. He says: "As I dropped my head under the sun's fire and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell—but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent their music beyond the Blagdon hills.

"My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened, but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing for church. After awhile the sound died away slowly."

Kinglake thought he had been the victim of a hallucination, but it is probable that he heard actual musical sounds, either issuing from the rocks beneath the sand or caused by the friction of the particles of sand over which the travelers were walking, as in the case of a curious mountain which Darwin visited in Guiana. It is called by the natives El Bramador, or the Bellower, because of the sound given forth when the sand covering it is put in motion.

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

### HOW THE POPE DRESSES.

IT may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact that Pope Leo XIII keeps more chambermaids and seamstresses busy than are employed by any prima donna or the most fashionable society lady. And this is on account of the constant attention required by the Pope's toilet. Each of the numerous pieces of apparel, after serving its purpose for a few hours, has to be cleaned and ironed. As the Pope always wears white garments of very delicate material, it is not surprising that they don't look quite presentable after being once used. The chambermaids have also to see to it that the Pope changes his costume according to the requirements of his official duties. Usually Leo XIII wears a plain white garment which, in summer, is made of silk moire. and in winter of fine cloth. It is held together in the waist by a white sash adorned with gold fringes. His head is covered with a white or red cap, made of velvet and trimmed with ermine. When the Pope leaves his apartment to walk in the garden he puts on a long red cloak trimmed with gold lace, and exchanges his cap for another likewise adorned with gold. At private ceremonials he wears a kind of surplice of lace and a red tippet which, according to the season, is of light satin or of heavy cloth. On his chest hangs the pastoral cross on a heavy golden chain, and the stole, a narrow vestment worn round the neck, is embroidered with the papal arms. On great festivals the Pope's costume becomes more complicated. It requires, first, the "falda," which is a seamless vestment of white satin, and a long and broad sash striped white, gold and amaranth. Over his shoulders he wears the "pallium," a band of white wool with two strings of the same material, and four purple crosses worked on it. The wool for the pallium, by the way, is obtained from two lambs which are brought annually to the Church of St. Agnes by the apostolic sub-deacons while the Agnus Dei is being sung, and from this wool the pallium is made by the nuns of Torre de Specchi. The Pope's feet are always covered with slippers of red velvet, upon which his family crest is embroidered. Besides the fisher ring, Leo XIII wears on his fingers numerous rings studded

with the most precious gems. On exceptionally great occasions the tiara is placed on the Pope's head. This is a cylindrical headdress pointed at the top and surrounded with three crowns to symbolize that he is "the father of princes and kings, ruler of the world and vicar of Jesus Christ." On such occasions the pompous costume of the representative of the poor Nazarene becomes so heavy as to prevent him from walking, so that he has to be carried in a litter.

# HANDSHAKING IN MEXICO.

"IF you think of going to Mexico," observed a commercial man, "you want to practice shaking hands with everybody you meet. If you do not form a regular habit of doing so before you strike the border, you are likely to commit no end of social 'breaks' before you get back on this side of the boundary line again. Handshaking in Mexico is indulged in much more generally than in this country. I went to Mexico when I was a boy, and the habit was so thoroughly ingrained in me then that I have never been able to shake it off in favor of the more formal American method of a distant bow. Sometimes, even now, I feel a little miffed for a moment when I am presented to a new acquaintance, man or woman, and have to be content with a mere hurried nod. I have to think out the situation before I understand that no slight is intended. But if one were to behave as coolly in Mexico towards a new acquaintance, that friendship would come to a standstill right on the spot. In Mexico no one thinks of coming into a room where several people are assembled without shaking hands with every person present. It is the same when one takes his departure you must go around and shake each and every hand again. If you meet a friend in the street car you must shake hands with him. Once in the City of Mexico I got on a street car which had a conductor who was evidently on friendly terms with some of his passengers. They were probably regular patrons, and he knew them by sight, and as soon as one of them would get on, he would come forward, shake hands, and then collect the fare. In a clothing store the clerk behind the counter, if

he recognizes you, will thrust his hand out to shake before he is ready to talk business.

"You'd think that this universal handshaking would suffice by way of greeting. But in the old times, and, I believe, to some extent even now, even in the most Americanized sections of the republic, there are still more effusive ways of expressing your pleasure at meeting a friend. Gentlemen acquaintances passing each other on the street either tip their hats as they would to a lady, or at least salute each other with the hand by touching the hat, or in more of a military fashion. Gentlemen who are old friends stop, pass the compliments of the day, and, if they have not met for some time, they will undoubtedly go through what is termed the 'bear hug,' put their arms around each other and pat each other on the back, one passing one arm over the shoulder of his friend, the other under his other arm, while the second party occupies a reverse position. When this embrace is concluded they shake hands and tip their hats, at the same time murmuring the conventional words of greeting. Then they are ready to inquire as to the health of the respective members of the two families.

"The American, when he sees two Mexicans going through this performance on the sidewalk, sets them both down as hypocrites. He thinks it absolutely impossible that such a theatrical performance can be sincere. But it is. It is merely the custom of the country, and is the outcome of local conditions and feelings. I don't advocate the 'bear hug,' but I do think the handshaking is rather pretty than otherwise."

# CHURCH RUNS A WOODYARD.

A MAN out of work, without money and without food for his family, applied not long since to Rev. Dr. George S. Anderson, pastor of the Highland Avenue Congregational church of

Somerville, Mass. His case touched the clergyman's heart. Investigation proved the man's tale of woe to be true. Then he conceived the idea of establishing a woodyard on a small scale. Several cords of wood were purchased and piled up in the big basement of the church. Men out of work and seeking employment were invited to come to the chopping block.

The plan proved a success. For every foot of scantling sawed the man with the saw received twenty cents. Two feet, or a quarter of a cord, sawed and split, making five sugar barrels full, netted the worker ninety cents. This was considered a fair day's work.

Four of these barrels of kindling are sold for \$1. Members of the church buy them. This pays the first cost of scantlings and the labor besides. No profit is made. The benefit of the deal goes to the man who works.

# MATCHES OF EARLY DAYS.

The Atlas, a London newspaper, published, on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light": "Among the different methods invented for obtaining a light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees. He supplies the purchaser with prepared matches, which are put into tin boxes, but are not liable to change in the atmosphere, and also with a piece of fine glass paper folded in two. Even a strong blow will not inflame the matches, because of the softness of the wood underneath: nor does rubbing upon wood or any common substance produce any effect except that of spoiling the match, but when one is pinched between the folds of the glass paper and suddenly drawn out it is instantly inflamed. Mr. Walker does not make them for extensive sale, but only to supply the small demand in his own neighborhood."



### THE WEASEL.

The weasel is the boldest and most blood-thirsty of our small mammals; indeed, none of our larger beasts are more so, says John Burroughs. There is something devilish and uncanny about it. It persists like fate; it eludes, but it cannot be eluded. The terror it inspires in the smaller creatures—rats, rabbits, chipmunks—is pitiful to behold. A rat pursued by a weasel has been known to rush into a room, utter dismal cries and seek the protection of a man in bed.

A woman in northern Vermont discovered that something was killing her hens, often on the nest. She watched for the culprit and at last caught a weasel in the act. It had seized the hen and refused to let go when she tried to scare it away. Then the woman laid hold of it and tried choking it, when the weasel released its hold upon the hen and fastened its teeth into her hand between the thumb and forefinger. She could not choke it off and ran to a neighbor for help, but no one could remove it without tearing the flesh from the woman's hand. Then someone suggested a pail of water. Into this the hand and weasel were plunged, but the creature would not let go even then, and did not until it was drowned.

A farmer one day heard a queer growling sound on the grass. On approaching the spot he saw two weasels contending over a mouse. Both had the mouse, pulling in opposite directions, and they were so absorbed in the struggle that the farmer cautiously put his hands down and grabbed them both by the backs of their necks. He put them in a cage and offered them bread and other food. This they refused to eat, but in a few days one of them had eaten the other up, picking his bones clean and leaving nothing but the skeleton.

The same farmer was one day in his cellar when two rats came out of a hole near him in great haste and ran up the cellar wall and along its top until they came to a floor timber that stopped their progress, when they turned at bay and looked excitedly back along the course they had come. In a moment a weasel, evidently in hot pursuit of them, came out of the hole, but, seeing the

farmer, checked his course and darted back. The rats had doubtless turned to give him fight and would probably have been a match for him.

# RACE OF WHITE INDIANS.

A WHITE Indian is indeed a rara avis, and great therefore was the surprise of M. Van Montanaeken, the well-known Belgian traveler, when he suddenly found himself face to face with a colony of such Indians, as he was making his way through the heart of Peru during his recent exploration of that country and Brazil. He conversed with them for some time and took photographs of two of their chiefs, which on his return to Europe he intended to put in a book that he was about to publish. Unfortunately he died before the book was ready and his widow has now presented the photographs to the Royal Geographical Society of Anvers.

This tribe, according to Montanaeken, is known as that of the Lorenzo Indians and its home is in what is known as the Amazon country, part of which lies in Peru and part in Brazil. Unlike almost all others of their race, these Indians have a clear white skin, and, furthermore, the strange but common custom of tattooing and painting their bodies does not prevail among them. Strikingly handsome, too, many of them are, with frank and pleasing countenances that are by no means of the ordinary Indian type.

A nomad life they live, wandering in small bands over the vast solitary plains and apparently making no effort to better their condition. To this lack of energy, as well as to the numerous wars which have been waged against them by adjacent tribes, must be ascribed the fact that they are not to-day nearly as numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago, and if their number continues to decrease at the present rate the outlook is that the tribe will soon become extinct.

These picturesque Indians do not encumber themselves with clothing. The women wear merely a strip of cotton or other stuff around their loins and the men consider themselves in gala costume when they have hung over their shoulders two narrow bands of network, one of which remains as a sort of belt over

their arms, while the other falls down from the left shoulder and terminates at the right hip.

# ODD WEDDING TRIPS.

Unconventionality seems to be the rule in bridal trips just now. It seems to be the aim of the wedded couples, instead of following in the well-worn rut of precedent, to seek some new and novel manner of spending their honeymoons. Out in California, Eric Pleyer built before his marriage a house of two rooms fifty feet up in a giant tree. There he took his bride, and there the couple spent a most delightful and novel honeymoon, free from all interruption from prying guests. Mr. and Mrs. Pleyer had but to pull up a ladder and they were safe in their nest from interruption.

A Cornish couple who wished to be let alone during the honeymoon proposed to the keeper of a lighthouse standing remote on the rugged coast that they relieve him of his duties for three weeks. The arrangement was effected, and they declared to all their friends afterward that their three weeks of honeymoon were quiet and delightful.

A couple were recently married in London in their traveling attire and went directly from the church to take the first train connecting with a boat for the continent, says an exchange. For three weeks their friends heard not a word of them. They traveled to out-of-the-way and old-fashioned towns, where they would be sure to meet no acquaintances. But the most peculiar thing about their wedding journey was that they took with them neither baggage, handbox nor bundle. They bought whatever they wanted as they traveled, and so had no care of luggage.

A well-to-do couple in Holland recently made their wedding trip in a canal boat, in which they traveled two hundred miles. The journey was leisurely, but full of pleasing experiences They took no servants with them and did their own cooking. When the weather was pleasant they went ashore and built a fire and cooked and ate gypsy fashion. At other times they kept house on the canal boat. After two weeks of this they took a train for their new home, where cooks and other servants awaited them.

One newly-married couple of an unconventional turn of mind climbed to the top of Mount Blanc. It was a hazardous trip by reason of a terrific snowstorm in which they were caught, but they arrived safely at the summit, where the bridegroom embraced his bride in the presence of the guides and swore eternal fidelity. She made a similar vow and then they came back to earth again.

A French aeronaut took his bride for a honeymoon in his balloon. They had a most exciting trip, alternating between pleasure and peril for over three weeks.

# DANGER IN A CLOSE SHAVE.

It is not generally known among men that a close shave is apt to bring on a cold. Barbers, however, are acquainted with this fact and it is rather on account of it than through any desire to bring their patrons back soon again that they do not, unless ordered to, administer close shaves. "A close shave," a learned barber said yesterday, "removes not only the hair, but a portion of the skin as well. It removes, in fact, a thin layer of skin all over the line of the beard. No blood is visible to the naked eye, but under the microscope a close-shaven face reveals a thousand widely-opened pores, each exuding a tiny drop of blood. You know how the sudden removal of heavy clothing tends to bring on cold. How much more, then, does a close shave, which is nothing more nor less than a removal of part of the skin clothing, tend. with the exposure that it creates of pores and nerve tips, to induce colds, sore throat and even pneumonia."



# NATURE



# STUDY

# COLORED RAIN.

THE colored rain that fell in various parts of Germany, the same phenomenon having been observed several days earlier in Italy, is, of course, ascribed by scientific men to the presence of dust in the air whose particles, commingling with the rain drops, destroyed their limpidity. This dust may have been carried for great distances. It is thought, for example, that the colored rain in southern Italy may be due to dust blown across the Mediterranean from the Sahara, and some of the scientific men of Hamburg believe that the phenomenon observed in various parts of Germany may be due to a volcanic eruption in Iceland. The "muddy rains" that are sometimes observed have often been attributed to the diffusion of volcanic ashes through the atmosphere, carried perhaps many thousands of miles from the place of the eruption.

Perhaps we do not commonly appreciate what an active agent the wind is in the removal of matter from one place to another unless this activity takes the form of a hurricane or tornado.

Several years ago a considerable shower of barley fell from the heavens in a district of southern Spain. The source whence the barley came was a mystery till it was learned a little later that a whirlwind in Morocco had swept clean a number of threshing floors, where the farmers with their flails were separating the grain from the straw. This was probably the solution of the phenomenon observed in Spain. The grain had been carried across the Mediterranean from Africa to Europe.

It is well known now that the wind as a carrier of matter plays an important part in the course of ages in determining the topographic aspects of the earth's surface and thus helps to distribute the industrial features of life. A great deal of the dust of the Sahara has helped

to make the fine soil that produces two crops a year on the banks of the Nile. The vast accumulations of loess, among the most fertile of the soils in China, which in some places are as much as 2,000 feet thick, are deposits of dust blown southward from the rainless regions in the heart of the continent. This has been proven by the fact that the organic remains found in them are never marine and are very rarely even of fresh water origin. They consist almost entirely of land shells, with now and then the bones of some land animal.

A man in London who deals in minerals and other material illustrating natural history advertises dust from famous volcanoes, some of it collected at places far from its place of origin, whence it was carried by the wind. He has dust from Cotopaxi that fell at Quito, after a journey through the air of thirty-four miles; dust from Cotopaxi that landed on the slopes of Chimborazo, sixty-four miles away; dust from St. Lucia that fell on the deck of a ship off Barbadoes; dust from volcanic strata several inches in thickness that are far from any existing volcano.

# SHELL-LESS NUTS.

SEEDLESS fruit, thornless roses, shell-less nuts—these luxuries will be common in a few years if present predictions are verified.

The methods of growing fruits, nuts and vegetables are undergoing a revolution. It is believed that even the cores and skins can be practically done away with. By saving the strength of the plant used up in this way fruit will be grown larger and with a finer flavor.

The seedless orange is so far the most successful of the fruits experimented on. It is the result of years of cultivation.

The navel orange, which has very small seeds, was first grafted on the common or-

ange. The result was an orange with smaller and fewer seeds than any in the market. The experiment was repeated over and over again until the present variety of absolutely seedless oranges could be grown. As the seeds grew smaller the orange itself became larger, sweeter and more juicy.

Apples and pears have been grown without seeds. The fruit so far obtained is smaller than the ordinary varieties and lacking in flavor. With a few years' more cultivation it is believed that seedless apples and pears will be as common as seedless oranges.

Currants and grapes are grown in large quantities without seeds.

A great deal more attention is being paid to the cultivation of nuts than ever before. Experiments in growing chestnuts larger than the ordinary wild nuts have been successful. The object of nut-growers now is not so much to grow larger nuts as to do away with the shell and the thick walls which separate the kernel.

An Ohio grower has already succeeded in growing hickory nuts with shells so thin that they can be broken by the hand.

The results obtained in growing roses without thorns or superfluous leaves are already familiar.

# KEEPING BEES IN CHICAGO.

RAISING bees in a crowded city is the problem that puzzles the man who would produce honey without the necessity of going into the country and far away from the home markets. It is not the easiest thing in the world to raise bees in town, yet there are several successful apiaries in Chicago.

Honey is sent to the market in two ways, the first as comb honey, which is considered by many people as *prima facie* evidence that the honey is not artificial, and the second is extracted honey, for which the word of the farmer must be taken, as well as the word of the commission dealer and the grocer.

The man whose abode lies somewhere near nowhere in particular, away from railway transportation facilities, and who has to depend upon his wagons to take his product to the railroad station where it is unloaded

and again loaded for the city markets, will likely come to the conclusion that honeycombs are fragile affairs, and will extract his honey and bottle it before it leaves his bee farm.

This city beekeeper, therefore, has the best of it. He can take his combs to market readily, and in many cases people come to him for his honey, see it taken from the combs and go home satisfied that they are getting the genuine product.

The city apiarist naturally finds difficulty in locating his farm where a sufficient space is provided between the "colonies," for bees are pugnacious things, and when one army gets within stinging distance of another army there is bound to be a battle royal, the result being a large decrease in the harvest of honey on that particular farm.

Still, the outskirts of any large city provide plenty of room for the apiarist, and this is the case in Chicago. The season's crop of the apiarists in Chicago will yield about six tons this year.

# CAMELS ARE ILL TEMPERED.

LOOKING at the patient camel one wouldn't suppose that he has a temper so vicious when aroused as to make him a most dangerous beast to an unarmed man. Recently the camel sowar of the residency in Aden met a fearful death while trying to drive off a camel which was worrying his own beast. It was in the night and he had left his house to chase away the intruder. As soon as he reached the strange animal the camel seized him by the throat with its teeth, lifted him off the ground and violently shook him, rushing about madly in the meantime. The man drew his dagger when the animal came at him, but he was unable to use it. At the shouting of two Arabs who ran up the camel dropped his victim, but it was too late to save the man's life, for he had six ghastly wounds in the throat and neck.

A little while before this incident a Somali boy was teasing a camel, which chased him. The boy plunged into the sea to escape, but the camel followed, swam out to the boy and killed him in the water.

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...PUBLISHED BY ...

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# THE CHILD.

HE owns the bird songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet—
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture bars
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

# THE TITLE PAGE ILLUSTRATION.

This is a monument in India, a tower two hundred and forty feet in height, with a winding stairway inside, through which the top may be reached. The exact origin of the tower is lost in the mists of the ages, but it is supposed to be commemorative of some Mohammedan victory about the eleventh century. The diameter of the base is a little over forty-seven feet, and it tapers out to about nine feet at the top. There was formerly a sort of cupola at the top, but it was overthrown in an earthquake, and is shown at the right of the picture.

### THE BOYISH BOY.

Some little time ago we paid our respects to the goody-goody boy, and deliberately chose the so-called bad boy for raising. We are never sure when we write an article for publication how it is going to strike the reader, unless it is made up of platitude and commonplace matter that everybody agrees to and nobody cares specially about. But there has been a chorus of approval for the indirect condemnation of the goody-goody boy, and it seems that deep down in the heart of most people is a dislike for hypocrisy.

Now, of course, there are boys and boys, and girls and girls, but somehow it seems to the 'Nook that the boyish boy, one who is fitted to his age when he is a boy, gets the better of the real nice boy a little later in life. There are reasons for this, but it is not necessary to enter upon them now and here, and it is only the Inglenook's intent to call attention to the fact that the boy who is talked to, prayed over, and fussed about generally, is the one most likely to be at the head a little later True, his best interests call for an occasional collaring and a more or less complete larruping, but that is an essential to his development. But take the boyish boy ten or fifteen years hence and you will not know him, he will be so improved. The dirt-begrimed little paws of to-day will be turning the pages of Virgil, perhaps, and in his pockets, instead of the top, a dead bumblebee, a piece of fishline, and a penny, will be something higher and better-a pony interlinear, for instance, if at college, and consider that the 'NOOKMAN winks a wicked wink, for he understands, if you don't.

# OUR ADVICE.

Or course if a person is so situated that he can not make an honest living in the location he finds himself, it is not only his privilege, but his duty to get out of that into a more favorable place. But the young person who has a hankering to leave the old home, and go to some city and become a clerk, or something of that kind, should hesitate long before he takes the leap. There is an old and homely, but a true saying, that no one should jump till he

knows where he is going to light. The old home place may be very humdrum and slow, but it has something that the one who is a "clark" never is sure of, and that is, the element of permanency. The chances of promotion in the city, in clerical capacities, are very slight, and marrying the senior partner's daughter and being taken into the firm is something that actually has happened, and may happen again, once or so in a generation, but not often enough to justify giving up the farm.

It is better, if you desire to "see the world," to stay at home till you have enough money to take a longer or shorter trip, and then when you are doing so, removed from the hard necessities and imminent care that is never absent from a salaried place of the petty sort, you will see things at their best without the uneasiness that always accompanies an ill-advised leap.

We are always concerned with the future of an innocent person. We have seen the country person at the station waiting for the train that is to bear him away from home. He has his luggage with him, in such shape that the country is spelled all over it, and he turns his face away from home and never looks back. And we have seen the same person returning, after a few years' residence in the town, and he was blase, and in place was the man who had lost the healthy freshness of the country home and had taken on the knowingness of the down stairs and back district sort. Distinctly was he a loser. The 'Nookman's advice is to stay by the green fields and the singing brook. With the latest books and magazines the home person has all there is to it. What is over that seems attractive is only the fool's fire that hangs over the marshes before the storm.

# THE HOW OF IT.

Why can not domestic fowls fly like birds?

They can, when pushed, but prefer the ground. Flight with birds is something done in the line of food hunting, and this, in the case of domestic fowls, is not a necessity. Let them run wild for a generation or two and all of them will fly well.

Does wheat turn to chess, or cheat?

No. never.

What is orris root?

The dried root of a species of blue flag that you may have seen growing in the garden. The root is dried, and it takes two years to bring out the characteristic fragrance. You might try it with a root of the flags you have access to.

How are different breeds of chickens originated?

Bred in different parts of the world, for ages, a distinct type is obtained, differing from those of other parts. These and their crosses make the various kinds. There is a continual tendency to revert to an original type, and this is overcome by selection.

What causes gray hair?

Mainly lack of the usual nutrition at the roots, and the absence of the coloring matter. It is an incident of age, though not always, and there are no so-called restoratives that will change the color through any fair means. Most of them are nothing but disguised dyes.

Are the advertised Correspondence Schools any good?

In some departments of knowledge they are, but more depends on the learner than on the method of teaching. A journalist cannot be made by mail. A learner may be helped more or less, but the guarantee that the person finishing the course will be immediately fitted for the position of editor is all nonsense, and none know it better than the managers of the schools.

Is there any cure for obesity?

Yes, and a sure one. Eat less and work more. No matter what you weigh now this will reduce you if you are over fat. As a rule all the remedies, so called, better be let severely alone. If you have too much fat, and are otherwise healthy, and most fat people are in good health, accept the situation with a laugh and don't worry yourself with medicine. Work and diet will bring you down, though most fat people object as much to a thin diet as they do to hard work.

# HOW ABOUT YOUR NAME?

It is often a matter of wonder to many where all the different names came from. On a very broad and general classification one may, reasonably well, decide that the Schoppehausers and the Heinderbeisters are not Irish, and that the McGinnisses and O'Connors are not German, but there are many not so easy of determination. Now how did the names in common use originate? It is a question of interest to every Inglenook reader.

Away back in time the people who herded together in clans or tribes took their tribal names from some natural object that was near them. Thus they would be peaks, rivers, hills, plains or what not, and would be so known among adjacent peoples with whom they warred or had interchange of social or commercial interest. This fixes the clan name, but does not supply the given name, but it will be easy to see that anyone of them possessing some personal characteristic, or marked capacity for anything, would be sure to be distinguished in name. The redhaired man, the swift runner, the high jumper, and all such people would have their specialty added to their names. Among some of the Indian tribes of to-day the custom is for the father of a just born child to go to the door of the tent or tepee and the first object noticed or imagined, is the name of the child. This will account for the White Clouds, and the Sitting Bulls, etc.

Back in the Old World, where we all, or most of us, came from, the man who owned the land in Germany would be distinguished by the con, in France by de, and the people who lived on his place would be distinguished by the prefix, at, and after a while the addition of son accounts for a multitude of names, and then the occupation of the man determined his name. If he was a smith, a miller, a hunter, or the like, it is easy to see why he was so named. It is astonishing how many of our names are directly associated with common objects, places, or occupations. It may not seem so to all, but mainly it is because the etymology of our name is in a foreign language with which we are not familiar. Then there is an ever present disposition to change long names for shorter ones, or those the people think sound better. This is easy, for if you give a stranger a name as belonging to you, he never questions you. If the 'Nook reader were to say that Ferguson was his name nobody who had not known him by any other name would think of disputing it. Ferguson would pass. This easiness of acceptance is what makes it facile for a degenerate Smith to turn French and spell his name Smythe.

Foreigners often come to our shores with unpronounceable names, and either change them themselves, or the neighbors do it for them, and one way and another names are readily accounted for, even to the given name. The main difficulty is in knowing its meaning in the language from which it is derived. Probably no two names have a common origin, especially in this country, made up, as it is, of literally all creation, but back where we came from it would be understood readily by those who heard any name pronounced. Now think of how many around you represent either objects, actions, occupations or peculiarities.

# JOURNEY OF A POSTAL CARD.

Notwithstanding the regulations to the contrary letters are sometimes sent on a journey around the world. A Philadelphian, who was anxious to see how long it would take a postal card to girdle the world, and what route would be taken, purchased an international postal card and mailed it in that city, addressed to the sender at his residence in Philadelphia, via New York, Liverpool, Paris, Marseilles and Naples, with the information on the back of it that the card had been started around the world.

After an absence of exactly four months the missive reached the sender. Every post office through which the card passed had its postmark stamped upon it, and it bore evidence that every post office official throughout its entire course who had handled the card took as much interest in the affair as the sender did.

After leaving Naples, the card started across Italy, to Brindisi, thence up the archipelago to Venice, thence across to Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo and Suez, through

the Red Sea, Gulf of Aden and Arabian Sea to Bombay, thence to Calcutta, from there down the Bay of Bengal, up through the China Sea to Hongkong, over to Honolulu and thence across the Pacific to San Francisco, to Denver and to Philadelphia. The entire distance traveled by the card was between 27,000 and 28,000 miles.

# WOULD ACCOUNT FOR PAIN.

"It is a matter of common knowledge that a person who has had a leg or an arm amputated will afterward complain of 'feeling pains' or aches in the toes or the fingers of the amputated member, as they put it, or, more properly, in the extremity of what would have been the limb had it not been amputated," said a Washington physician recently to a Star writer.

"Some people are inclined to doubt that these sensations exist in the minds of the patient, while others who are willing to accept it are at a loss to understand the cause of the complaint. The reason is comparatively simple, though it is not generally understood.

"If a man's leg be fractured and crushed from the knee down, for instance, he will complain, before amputation, and often afterward, of pain in his foot and toes. He does not feel the sensation of pain in the crushed parts. This is because the pain is felt at the termination of the nerves of sensation in the foot of the injured limb and not along their course.

"It is upon this principle that a man complains of a pain in 'his foot' when the foot is cut off. The pain is really in the stump of the limb, but the sensatory nerves 'refer' it to the former termination of the nerves. This reference acts upon the brain to the extent of causing the patient to seem to feel the ache in the place where the foot formerly was."

# ONE MORE OLD BIBLE.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

I HAVE a Bible, in German, with notes by Luther, published in the year 1720. It is complete throughout and in a good state of preservation.

Belleville, Kans.

#### \$5 M

# SHE WAS A BISHOP'S DAUGHTER.

An Episcopal bishop residing in the South tells a comical story, in which his own daughter figures in the leading role. Strongly imbued with her father's doctrine, she has grown up a strict Episcopalian, and had never attended a revival or camp meeting in her life, although, as her younger brother relevantly remarked: "The woods were full of them."

When she was about sixteen she went to visit an old friend of her mother's in New York and her hostess, after much persuasion, prevailed on her to go to hear Tom Harrison, the famous boy evangelist.

"But, Mrs. Burnett," she had finally objected, "suppose he would speak to me. I'd be so frightened I shouldn't know what to say."

"Why, Virginia," her hostess had replied, "the church will be so crowded that nothing is more unlikely than that he should single out either one of us."

But the girl's fears were realized.

As the great preacher left the pulpit and passed down the aisle, exhorting first this one, then that one, he paused at the pew where the bishop's daughter was seated.

"My dear child," he said earnestly, "are you a Christian?"

"N-no, sir," she replied, "I'm an Episcopalian."

With a twinkle in his eye the evangelist passed on without another word.



# BIG PROFITS IN FROG FARMING.

In the Trent River basin in Ontario, Canada, there are a number of frog farms which have been carried on successfully for a number of years, producing many thousands of pounds of this edible amphibian. During a single season one of these farms will produce at least 5,000 pounds of frogs, besides 6,000 or 7,000 live frogs, mainly for use in stocking other places. The dressed legs yield all the way from a shilling to fifty cents per pound, so that the revenue, considering the relatively small expense, is large.

Dr. Lugger, of the State Experimental Station, always on the lookout for an opportunity to perform a marriage ceremony between a scientific fact and an industrial possibility, has given the matter much attention, and he pronounces the opportunity for frog farming on an extensive scale exceptionally favorable in Minnesota. He calls attention to the fact that while some provision is being made to re-stock the over-fished lakes of the State, thus rendering them productive as well as the land areas of the State, there is no such provision for the swampy places, beloved home of the frog.

In these swamps frogs could be successfully cultivated. They could be planted to frogs, so to speak, where they are not now supplied with the croakers, and the revenue to be derived is well worth the effort expended. On the Ontario frog farms no attempts are made to confine or catch the frogs until time for shipment. When this time comes, workmen gather with torches whose glare so blinds the frogs that they are easily captured. They are then placed in pens of water and, when ready for market, the water is drawn off and the frogs captured. Usually no food is required, as this is generally found in abundance by the frogs themselves, but, where it is necessary, food is given in the form of certain refuse, though nothing must be given which would in the least pollute the water. When the frog has passed the tadpole stage and has reached maturity, he needs a different kind of food, the tadpole being wholly aquatic and finding all it needs native to the water. Now and then a particularly robust bull frog will eat some ducks, small fishes and the like.

Frogs are at a merchantable age when they are from two to three years old. They are quite long-lived chaps and have been known to reach the age of twenty years. A curious fact is that when the tadpole is just about ready to blossom out into a frog, it may be kept from the air in a glass aquarium for years, never advancing beyond this stage, because it cannot do it without the influences of the out-o'-door life, a case of arrested development. The frog farmer must see to it that his pond or swampy place is kept free from mud turtles, snakes and crayfish, for these are death to the frogs.

In Canada the plan sometimes followed is to gather the frogs in the spring, just as they are coming out of their winter's sleep in the mud. Large numbers are thus captured. Sometimes they are caught with rod and line, the hook being baited with a piece of red cloth, worms or insects, while small-bore rifles and spears are also used. Cróss-bows are also effectually used.

In Minnesota there are three species of edible frogs. There are the bull frog, scientifically known as the cateobiana; the green frog, known as the clamata, and the spring frog, or the veresceno. There is another Minnesota frog, of a brownish color, which is unfit for food, but one can get a supply of the eggs, Dr. Lugger says, by visiting stagnant pools in early spring with dipper and bucket, but this plan is not so satisfactory as the regular stocking of the ponds with mature frogs. He advises protecting the young by means of a close fence built around the pond to keep out raccoons and reptiles, while a screen should be provided to keep out the invading birds, whose long legs enable them to stand in the water and devour the helpless tadpoles. The cages or coverings must be so arranged, also, that there will be space for the young frogs to come to land to breathe, rest and exercise their legs. The more abundant the food and the warmer the water the more rapid the growth, so it is better to select a shallow rather than a deep pond.

Dr. Lugger believes that the swamps of the State might be made to yield as much acre for acre, as the arable soils, when properly stocked and harvested of its frogs. He calls ttention, also, to the unrestricted hunting of rogs in some localities where they are now bundant, and where there are convenient ailroad facilities for shipping, and he indiates the danger, unless some provision is nade, that the present method of hunting hem without any attempt at re-stocking, will esult in the extinction of the frogs.

# ARE ROLLING IN WEALTH.

At the office of commissioner of Indian afairs a few days ago contracts were let to catlemen for the renting of the pasture lands of he Osage Indians, in Oklahoma. These Indians have 800,000 acres of pasture lands, of thich 600,000 acres were rented. This will dd to the annual income of the tribe about 120,000. "And already," said Captain A. C. conner, assistant commissioner of Indian afairs, "the Osage Indians are the richest peode in the world.

"Several years ago the lands of the Osages 1 Kansas were sold, the sale realizing \$8,000,-00. This money was placed in the treasury f the United States, and from it the Osage ndians derive an annual income of \$400,000. n addition to this they own 1,570,195 acres of and, which is fairly worth \$5 an acre, making he value of their land holdings \$7,850,875. here are 1,972 Indians in the tribe, counting nen, women and children. They all share like in the tribal wealth, and when a child is orn it becomes a joint property owner with Il the other Indians in the tribe. The profits om the \$8,000,000 held in the treasury, the ecent rental of pasture lands, and other ources of revenue, give the Osages an annual icome of approximately \$600,000, a per capi-1 income of \$304.25 for each man, woman and hild. When a family consists of man and 'ife and eight children, as often happens, the imily receives each year in cash \$3,040, and n their lands they raise all their foodstuffs nd considerable grain for the market.

The realty holdings of the tribe have a per apita valuation of \$3,987, or, for a family of no. \$39,870. There is no other race of people the world, it is declared, that can make ich a showing.

The Osage Indians have not failed to profit

by this wealth. The sons and daughters of families are sent east to colleges and boarding schools to be educated, many of them receiving professional training. There are a few families, of course, which still live with almost the simplicity that marked the lives of their savage ancestors, but the desire for education and culture is rapidly spreading, and when the Osages become citizens, a few years hence, they will be fully equipped for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

The homes of some of the most progressive Osages compare favorably with the dwellings of white people of equal wealth. Their houses are richly furnished with carpets and modern furniture, and in many homes there are pianos upon which the boarding-school training of the daughters has taught them to perform. Horses and carriages are not infrequent, and though the automobile has not yet made its appearance, it is not an impossibility of the future.

The enviable condition of the Osages has led to a considerable influx of white settlers on the reservations, many white men seeking alliances with the daughters of Osage families. The tribal government, however, has found a way, if not to stop, at least to profit by this white emigration. From every white person on the reservation a monthly poll tax of \$1 is collected. The imposition of this tax has driven from the reservation many suitors for the hands of Osage maidens and has given those who remain an ardor and eagerness for matrimony which might not follow were long courtships not thus rendered expensive luxuries.

# A GIRL'S ESSAY ON LIFE.

Over in New York a twelve-year-old girl who was asked to write a composition on "Life" produced the following: "Life is like French verbs. You try hard and you seem to fall and you stumble and get discouraged and hate the whole thing and suddenly, when you don't care any more, you find you know how to do it."

A MOSQUITO gets its growth in a short time. It is fully developed and equipped for business in three weeks.

# THE LATE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY.

The queen's washing bill runs into \$500 a week. The royal laundry is an ivy-clad edifice that nestles in a romantic corner of Richmond park, and is one of the very few spots connected with the private life of the royal family to which the public is never admitted on any pretense whatever. Ladies and gentlemen of her majesty's household occasionally make a pretext for paying a visit to the laundry, but even for them the key of the wing allotted to the personal washing of the queen remains in the pocket of the head laundryman.

The keynote of the queen's laundry is elbow grease and warm water. Soda crystals, chloride of lime, soft soap and finishing wax are not used, and there is a modern rotary drier which frees the linen from moisture in an artificial draught. But the expert in charge believes in the virtues of soft water and rubbing, and flat irons, and clotheslines, and the consequence is that the royal garments and table linen are always beautifully white and sweet and strong. No better proof of the superiority of the old-fashioned methods could be desired than the fact that many of the towels used in her majesty's establishment are a quarter of a century old, and have plenty of good wear in them yet.

In former years, various members of the royal family made their own arrangements for the cleaning of their body linen. But it was feared that the risk of infection, if the garments were brought into contact with those of the general public at the ordinary laundries, was a very real one, and it was accordingly decided by the queen that the personal linen of all the members of her family should go to Richmond, while the household linen was to be arranged for in other ways. Consequently, a regular supply of closed boxes arrives daily from the residences of the princes and princesses in various parts of the country, each bearing the full name of the owner of the contents and a distinguishing number. From her majesty's residences come similar boxes and baskets, partly containing her own washing, and partly the table linen, furniture covers, window-blinds, and the like of her vast establishments.

The task of providing these baskets divolves upon the lord chamberlain's department at Windsor castle, and there is always surplus available for use, as the number royalties who use the laundry increases their personal wardrobe grows.

As soon as a box of linen arrives at the laundry it is turned out in a special sortic room and its contents compared with the lis sent. A very businesslike system has to maintained in order to prevent articles goir astray, and simple methods are also favore to permit of their being easily manipulate One peculiarity of the laundry is that di cleaning is seldom resorted to, and lemon ar pear stains are allowed to remain if they wi not yield to the action of hot water and scen ed soap of an expensive quality, and this why you will sometimes notice great spots discoloration on the chintz covers of the fu niture in the state apartments of the roy palaces.

The department devoted to the household linen of the queen's palaces is quite distinct from that in which the personal linen is deal with. It is not unusual for this department ( have to deal with a thousand towels in a sing day, to say nothing of the other items en braced under the head of household linen. is the rule for the blinds, covers and other things of that kind to be taken down and ser to the wash at certain fixed times every season even if they should appear to be in no in mediate need of treatment. There is a larg supply of Turkish towels, which are roug. dried. Everything, in fact, is dried befor being passed under the ironing appliance and ironing machinery is used very sparingly because of the importance of not running the risk of spoiling articles which in some in stances are of unique interest and value.

Everyone is familiar with the royal chintze In preparing these for use the laundrymen us a gloss which imparts to them the peculiar appearance which is liked, and a large section of the finishing room is taken up with the caler dering press. The wax is omitted in the cas of the chintz covers for the furniture in he majesty's private quarters, which accordingly present a dull appearance.

Special attention is devoted to the tabl

loths, which are got up in spotless fashion, nd it needs no saying that they appear upon he table only once before being removed to he soiled linen basket.

No attempt is ever made at the laundry to lye articles that have lost their original color nd indeed coloring matters are supposed to e rigidly excluded from the building. Alhough the utmost economy is practiced by he royal wearers, they are accustomed to pass ver some things to their attendants after a rst use, and this applies especially to pettioats and other garments of flannel, which are ever used again by them after once being ent to the wash.

The queen is in the habit of giving personal ttention to the washing of her old lace. It is ot often that it requires cleaning, but when it loes she gives it personal supervision.

# UNCLE SAM'S SALARY LIST.

According to the latest official list, there thre 19,446 public functionaries of various rinds and degrees employed exclusively in the District of Columbia, conducting the numerous departments and bureaus of the federal govmrnment. These are the civilian appointees n the executive departments and do not infilude senators and representatives and several hundred employes of the houses who vibrate between the capital and their homes in other parts of the country. Nor does this aggregate Include 350 or 400 army and navy officers, active and retired, who form a large permament colony. The monthly compensation of phese 19,446 civilian employes amounts to \$1,635,708.81. Therefore the aggregate sum in alaries annually paid out in Washington by he government disbursing clerks reaches the normous total of \$19,628,595.72. Besides, probably not less than \$3,000,000 additional goes to the senators and congressmen and heir subordinates and perhaps \$1,250,000 nore to the army and navy officials, most of whom are of high rank with large pay, there being constantly here not less than sixty generals and admirals, active and retired. These otals form a grand aggregate of \$23,878,050.72 annually paid out in Washington in the single tem of salaries.

It is a vast, unvarying, constant stream of cash flowing from the government coffers into the hands of the banks, business houses and professional men of Washington, the official personnel of the United States acting merely as middlemen, because this money is largely spent or permanently invested. In all the departments salaries are paid semimonthly and if desirable the office-holder can draw sums oftener, if the money is due to him, but this is dependent wholly on the courtesy of the disbursing clerks. It is not singular, then, that there are never any hard times in Washington. The money for these vast salary disbursements is not squeezed out of Washington itself, except, perhaps, an infinitesimal proportion of it toward defraying the expenses of the local government, but the great bulk of it comes from elsewhere, poured into the city's lap by the nation at large from internal revenue taxation, custom duties, etc., mainly levied elsewhere. This is a distinct feature not enjoyed by any other city in the union-similar disbursements in the great municipality of New York, for instance, are made from the moneys raised by local taxation. In other words, it is merely one hand paying the other; the community as a whole is no richer from the transaction. In Washington, on the contrary, every month nearly \$2,000,000 of additional money, never previously available, is scattered broadcast, so to speak, among its citizens. How can there be such a thing as hard times in this town in such circumstances?

SHE was an old Irish grandmother and she was scoring her eighteen-year-old grandson for the foolishness of "going with the girls." "Yes," said the youth, "it was different with you, for I heard grandpa say you never had a beau in your life till he took you up." "Yer grandfether cud' niver tell the troot', I had more nor forty at wan time in the old country." "Then why can't I have one?" inquired the boy. "Sorra the day whin me own grandson talks back till me! ochone! ochone!"

× ×

MOTHER (hearing Ethel say her prayers)—And let us all live to a good old age—

Ethel—I'll not pray for auntie to live to an old age, 'cause she's ashamed of her age now!

# GETTING MARRIED.

It is the duty of every person healthfully constituted to get married. It is not a matter that needs much urging on the ordinary mortal, for a great many spend a good part of their lives in the preliminary skirmishing about in connection therewith. It seems to be an eminently satisfactory performance, considering the zeal the average principals throw into the work. This the 'Nook notes only in a scientific way, looking impartially at the youthful, pinfeathery, specimens of humanity engaged in the game. The 'Nook and the NOOKMAN are wedded, and consequently can speak in an orthodox fashion on the whole business. And there are some funny and sad things connected with the exploitation. There isn't any system in the madness, and no two cases are exactly alike.

It is what ails William Henry and our Mary Jane. He comes around in a sort of accidental way, and she happens, just by chance, to have on her blue dress bought with her share of the calf money. He has a red necktie, and a pair of shoes a size too small. The mother understands, and goes out into the kitchen, cuffing a younger brother who shows a disposition to listen at the parlor door. The visitor and the visited begin on the weather and wind up with the red plush album, "This is Uncle John, and that is Aunt Hannah, and they live in Kansas," etc. The whole matter strongly reminds one of the first green silk that shoots from an early roasting ear husk. This is stage one.

After a while the matter comes to be understood, and her mother can get more work out of Mary Jane than ever before, and have it without grumbling by a little diplomatic reference to the coming Saturday night and a veiled promise to bake a cake that afternoon. The album has filled its mission and the conversation takes a highly intellectual range. "Has your folks got your butchering done yet?" and, "Has yours?" Stage two.

People commence to talk about it. The parents on each side grow chummy and confidential. At a council meeting, a whole day

long, with a long intermission, is where a good work is pushed along. She picks a raveling off his coat collar and brushes his sleeven This is an unfailing sign. Like vaccination, has "took," and no mistaking the sign. There is a good deal of earnest talk nobod who knows would want to hear, not unless he desired a temporary sickness. "This is so sucden, he! he!!" and this is stage three.

After this stage is reached, and all partic know it privately, and every old maid, masci line and feminine, in the whole country ha talked it over, then comes the mysterious in terval in which "gettin' ready" figures. Thi is where Maw shines. Mary Jane is to b fixed out regardless. Paw objects feebly to s much expense, but he is ruled out and shut u remorselessly. What does he know about such things? It only comes once in a life time,-that is usually, not always. It is sign of eternal friendship and amity between Mary Jane and Elizabeth Ann when th former takes her upstairs and spreads all th new finery on the bed for admiration. Chap ter four.

William Henry is worked up. In fact a the time approaches he begins to get wabbl and shaky. Not that he rues the bargain, no at all, but then you know how it is yoursely. The 'Nook has taken every part in marrying except being the bride, and has noticed that is always the man who is unsteady. She looks down her nose and smiles. She had landed him, but the poets call her the "blushing bride." William H. often doesn't know which is his right hand at the critical moment But it is blundered through, somehow, and Maw cries a little, and Paw watches a fly of the ceiling. Chapter five.

After the trip, then comes little chickens household duties, little clothes, mysteriou visits, and much whispering around the edges. Ten to one everything is all right, and, well look around you, and if you young folks will believe it, what you see you are going to past through, and how could it be otherwise. When the story ends and the curtain falls, of half falls, the survivor remembers much that

as not thought of at the time, and so it is a story that is told, and we write, The End.

## MAKING OF RUBBER BANDS.

"THE little elastic rubber band that is nowdays used in various businesses in place of vine seems a simple sort of thing, but there e few, if any, of the multitudinous articles ade out of rubber for which there is such an formous demand, especially in the United tates," remarked a wholesale dealer in rubar bands in New York to the writer the othday. "In this country the number of ruber bands sold in one year amounts to about 60,000 gross, or 57,000,000 single bands. At past sixty per cent of the goods are made in Jew York and the rest are produced in facpries located in New Jersey and New Engand. In New York there are a half dozen ctories devoted partly or exclusively to the anufacture of rubber bands.

The process by which the bands are made simple. The rubber in a liquid state is colded into tubing of sizes suitable for runing the small and medium varieties of ands. When the tubing is ready for use it is not into a rapid-running machine having nives, which cut or slice the rubber into ands. The larger bands are cut by machinity from flat sheets of rubber and joined lighter with the aid of heat and a pressing larger.

"Rubber bands are made in only two colrs, black and brown. They range in size from he-quarter of an inch to six inches in length. he smallest bands are one-sixteenth of an ch wide and the largest are one and one-half ches wide. The smallest bands are worth venty-four cents per gross, while the meum-sized bands sell at from forty-eight to nety-six cents per gross wholesale. Larger zes cost from one to six dollars per gross.

"The greatest consumers of rubber bands re druggists and grocers. They use the nallest and medium-sized bands in place of line for putting up small packages. The trge flat and expensive bands are used by purt officers, lawyers, bankers and merchants refiling documents and papers. No rubber unds are imported into this country, but a

few American rubber bands are exported to the West Indies and South American countries.

# HOW THE BLIND "SEE."

That the blind "see" very accurately with their hands has been well understood by educators and has recently been demonstrated in Washington City in a very interesting way.

When Ellen Terry, the English actress, visited Washington she invited a number of blind people to attend one of her matinees. At the close of the performance Miss Terry took her blind guests to her dressing room where they held her hands and ran the tips of their fingers over her face in order that, as they explained, they might "see" her. Miss Terry caused to be made a portrait of herself in relief and sent the same to the room devoted to the blind in the congressional library. As a result of Miss Terry's suggestion, a number of busts and relief portraits of eminent people-busts and protraits which were going to waste in the copyright division of the library -were sent to the room used by the blind in order that they might "see" these interesting exhibits.

When former President Harrison died, the blind visitors to the library were very much interested in a study of his career. A bust of General Harrison that had been made by a Japanese artist and sent to the copyright division during the World's Fair was carried to the reading room. The blind people inspected this bust, and a number of them exclaimed: "How like a Japanese our President was." It was difficult to understand what these unfortunates meant until it was observed that the Japanese artist had elevated the eyebrows and given to the former President a decidedly Japanese cast of countenance.

# SOMETHING NEW IN MINING.

HE—I saw our old neighbor, Mr. Skinner, to-day.

She-Did you? What is he doing now?

He—He's interested in one of these wild cat mining companies.

She-The idea! I never knew you had to mine for wild cats.

# TATTOOED MEN ON SHIPS.

It has long been the fad with men in the navy to have tattoo marks made on their arms, hands or body. Why the desire for indelible disfigurements, is hard to explain and probably it is a mere matter of marine tradition.

Every sailor usually exercises his ingenuity to bear the grandest and most unique tattoo. Consequently the designs are multifarious and often remarkably well executed. The method of ordinary tattooing requires no uncommon skill and the kit used is extremely simple. A sharp-pointed stick or quill pen, some India ink and Chinese vermilion, five or six small needles inserted in a small cleft stick, with their points even and bound firmly in place by thread, comprise the entire outfit.

The design to be tattooed is first drawn in ink on the skin with the pointed stick or quill and then pierced with the row of needles until blood appears. The ink is then absorbed by the skin through its minute punctures. The scab which usually covers the spot after the operation soon disappears and the tattoo is left indelible.

Every man-of-war in the American navy has a few of her crew who are skilled in tattoo work. The Japanese are credited with being the best tattooers. Many of their designs are beautiful and done in brilliant and varied colors.

Stars, flags, coats of arms, full-rigged ships, anchors and liberty heads are the most popular tattoo marks of the American sailor. Red hearts, pictures of some sweetheart and her name are frequently tattooed on a sailor's arm. These testimonials of affection have figured prominently in breach of promise suits in the courts and have also proved rather embarrassing when, as it sometimes happens, the sailor marries another girl.

When the tars on the battleship Indiana strip to bathe some striking and interesting pictures are seen on them. Some men are literally covered with tattoo marks and are veritable human picture galleries. On one old salt a python is pictured so true to life that it seems about to crunch the man to death. Its menacing head rests on the sailor's breast and its powerful folds tightly circle his

body to the ankles in such a realistic manner as to fill the unsophisticated observer with unspeakable horror. Another of the crew is hero of San Juan. On his breast is tattooed spread eagle, whose wing tips extend to harmpits. Beneath the eagle are crossed can non and framed by wreaths on either side ar seen the pictured fortresses of San Juan. The wreck of the Maine, and above it a woman with grasped dagger, signifying revenge, is souvenir of the Spanish war that adorns the arm of another of our old sea dogs.

Sailors who have visited Jerusalem bear souvenir tattoo. The star of the east, th crowns of the three apostles and crosses representing the four mounds on which the holicity are built are grouped in tasteful design.

One German of religious proclivities ha his back covered with the Lord's Prayer, tat tooed in German print, each letter of which i distinct and legible. Pictures of the Lord supper, in many colors, and each character easily recognizable, the liberty bell and th statue of liberty are also tattooed. Many our naval officers and hundreds of our men be hind the guns bear a tattoo of the crucifixion This is extremely valuable to the wearers i they chance to fall dead or injured into th hands of hostile foreigners. Not only Chris tians, but many superstitious natives will air and comfort the injured one if he bears a pic ture of the crucifixion or if dead will give him a decent burial.

Tattoo marks are often invaluable in identifying mangled sailors. Some men bear a "apprentice mark" and all tattoos on a sailo are carefully recorded and described in his en listment papers.

The fact that Uncle Sam's tar is of neces sity physically strong, usually exceptionall shrewd and invariably of unquestioned cour age verifies the familiar rhyme:

"It's all very true you can beat a tattoo, buyou can't beat a tattooed man."

Tommy-Oh! Ouch! Stop that!

Mamma — Why, Tommy, aren't ye ashamed? I wouldn't cry that way if it was my hair that was being combed.

Tommy (fiercely)—I'll bet you would if was doin' the combing.



# RAISING TURKEYS.

BY SISTER EMMA M. YOUNG.

Two hens and a tom are plenty to start with, le sure you have the best that can be obtained. Seed well and they will begin to lay early in Tarch. Watch them closely and gather the ggs soon, or they will get chilled. Let one gg in the nest or they will make a new one. Fou must look close to find it as they cover the ggs and you should cover after taking out the fresh egg or they will be suspicious, as ney are a very sensible bird. When you have enough for a setting, place under some food hen, and never under a turkey.

Now in four weeks you can look for the oung turks. Two days before give the hen nd nest a good dusting with some good inect powder for lice, as lice are sure death to oung turkeys. When hatched do not relove from the nest for two days, only to feed. Tou will be well paid in lively young turkeys and by Thanksgiving you will have something be truly thankful for.

Ashland, Ohio.

# A NICE CORN BREAD.

BY SISTER ANNA BOLENDER.

TAKE three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup if sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one and a alf cups of corn meal, one-half cup wheat our and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Iix the sugar and butter into a cream, then dd eggs, mixing well. Mix the baking power in the flour, put all together, adding a inch of salt and stir well. Bake in a modate oven.

Dayton, Ohio.

# COOKIES.

BY SISTER MARY A. HIMES.

Take two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of half(butter and!half lard, a little lemon flavoring, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll out thin. Bake in a hot oven. They will keep good for weeks.

McCune, Kans.

### PEPPER NUTS.

BY SISTER MINNIE BARKDOLL.

Mix into a baking pan three pounds of molasses, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of lard or butter, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and two each of cloves and ginger. Place on the stove and bring to a sharp heat, then take from the stove and stir in three and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in boiling water. Lastly stir in four and one-half pounds of flour, and let stand in a cool place over night. In the morning work out into halfinch rolls, cut in inch lengths, place in pans not too close, and bake in a moderate oven.

Warrenville, Ill.

### HARD SOAP.

# BY SISTER LUCINDA STAUFFER.

Take seventeen quarts of soft water, two boxes of lye, eight pounds of clear grease, one-half pound of rosin, and one-half pound of borax. Dissolve rosin, borax, and lye. Then add grease and boil rapidly one and one-half hours.

Pitsburg, Ohio.

# A QUESTION FOR THE SISTERS.

WRITE the INGLENOOK your opinion of the success of a book containing nothing but signed Dunker recipes would probably meet with at the hands of the public. The present publication of these recipes meets with decided interest at the hands and on the tables of those who are not members, and with what have been published, and the hundreds yet on hands to be brought out, a splendid cook book could be made, with the advantage of all the recipes being not only within reach, but signed by people you know, or at least know about. The book could be made to sell for about twenty-five cents, and would contain all the published recipes, and many that have not yet been brought out. What do you think of the idea? There are cook books without end. but none as practical and personal as ours would be.

# ANOTHER WAY TO MAKE NOODLES.

BY SISTER MARY V. EBERSOLE.

Take one egg, three-fourths of a cup of sweet cream not too rich, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Make a stiff dough. Cut in several cakes. Roll very thin and cover with flour. Cut in two in the middle. Turn the flour sides together. Rub it again with flour, cutting it through again, making it as small as desired for the length of the noodle. Now cut crosswise one-eighth of an inch wide, shaking them apart, and adding a little more flour to keep them from sticking together. Have some rich broth boiling or broth made from butter, pepper and salt. Drop them in. Boil twenty minutes.

Salem, Oregon.

# SNITS AND KNEP.

BY SISTER JENNIE KINSEY.

This is to be made only on bread-baking days. Soak one pint of dried apples for two hours, then place in a kettle with a pound of smoked ham, or shoulder, not too old, and boil for one hour and a half. Take from your raised bread dough a sufficient quantity to

make at least one fairly-sized bun for each your family. Work into this one egg, leave raise awhile, then work out in tiny cake leave them rise until quite light, then gent drop them one at a time into the kettle wi the meat and "snits." Let them boil for twe ty minutes, when all will be ready to serve. Inot lift the lid before the twenty minutes u less you want heavy and soggy biscuits. eating them they are good when covered or with the broth they have been boiled in, spread with jelly, preserves, or apple-butter.

Boyd, Ohio.

# WHIPPED CREAM PIE.

BY SISTER LULA GOSHORN.

PREPARE a nice crisp pie crust, prick we with a fork to prevent puffing, bake quickly and put aside to cool. Mix one and one-had cups of thick, sweet cream, at least twent four hours old, with one-half cup of gran lated sugar, all of which has been previous thoroughly chilled, and in a cold place, beat with a spoon, egg or cream beater, until stands up stiff, and fine. Then add one-had teaspoonful of lemon extract and pour the cream into the cold crust. A cream pie, be at its best, must be eaten fresh. This is pie that is at once simple in its makeup, good to look at and delicious to taste.

Ladoga, Ind.

# GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.

BY SISTER HANNAH F. DUNNING.

Take one peck of green tomatoes, sonions, sliced together, one cup of salt ovboth. Mix thoroughly and let remain ovnight. Then pour liquor off in the mornin throw it away. Mix two quarts of water, arone of vinegar, boil twenty minutes, drain arthrow liquor away. Take three quarts of vingar, two pounds of sugar, one tablespoont each of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, arthree green peppers chopped fine. Boil from one to two hours. This recipe will make of gallon of pickles.

Denbigh, N. Dak.

# 他INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

May 18, 1901.

No. 20.

# SATISFIED.

LOVE wore a threadbare dress of gray, And toiled upon the road all day. Love wielded pick and carried pack, And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager-fed and sorely tasked, One only wage Love ever asked— A child's white face to kiss at night, A woman's smile by candle-light.

# NOT HIS BIRDS TO KILL.

One of the most fascinating companions one can meet is John Muir, the famous mountain climber. He talks so delightfully that the listener dislikes to interrupt him, even by a casual remark. He runs on in a steady, sparkling strain of witty chat, charming reminiscences of famous men, of bears in the woods and red men in the mountains, of walks with Emerson in the beautiful flowered meadow of the Yosemite, of tossing in a frail kayak on the storm-tossed waters of Alaskan fiords. By turns he is scientist, mountaineer, story teller and light-hearted schoolboy.

Alhambra valley, where he has a home of many broad acres, is a beautiful vale curled down in the lap of Contra Costa hills, sheltered from every wind that blows and warmed to the heart by the genial California sunlight. Here he dwells, a slender, grizzled man, wornlooking and appearing older than he is, for hard years among the mountains have told upon him.

It was a fair picture of peace and plenty, under the soft, blue September sky. A stream ran close at hand, shaded by alders and sycamores and the sweet-scented wild willow. On the bank nearest us stood a solitary blue crane, surveying us fearlessly. A flock of quail made themselves heard in the undergrowth, and low above the vineyards a shrike

flew, uttering his sharp cry. Noting him a friend said to Mr. Muir:

"So you don't kill even the butcher birds?"
He looked up, following the bird's flight,
"Why, no," he said; "they are not my birds."

# TH' PONDERIN'S UV A SPINSTER.

EF we hain't got no pertickler hankerin' arter a thing it's apt ter 'pear oncommon foolish when other folks go tew wearin' uv theirselves all out a-tryin' ter git a-holt uv it.

I kinder wonder sometimes, when settin' by myself in th' lonesome twilite, ef th' heft uv things what all on us is asweatin' arter don't look summat that way ter th' angels.

Kaze it's mighty curus how things changes 'cording' ter th' p'int uv view.

Ef we're a-lookin' up, they 'pear ter be kinder circled with a skyey glory. An' our fingers itches ter grab 'em, an' our hearts bleeds with the want uv 'em, an' our eyes gits dim with longin'.

But ef we jest 'tend t' our climbin' till we git up whar we kin look down onter 'em, it's wonderful how different 'pearin' they be. Jest ez like ez not we'll see th' brown earth sile all settled onter 'em. An' we find out, mebbe, that th' beautiful mist what made all them ranebows inter our eyes when we wuz a-lookin' up'ards hain't nothin' more'n th' swampy fogs uv th'lowlands. An' now that I think of it, posserbly th' reason why sum uv them prayers av ourn hain't ans'ered is kaze they hain't reelly wuth it when they're looked down onter from th' top.—Elvira Hopkins, of Tompkins Corners.

When searched, a New York beggar was found to have 531 cents in his coat. He had collected them in less than half a day.

# THE PEWEE FLYCATCHER.

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THESE impressive and always delightful reveries, often accompanied my steps to the entrance of a small cave scooped out of the solid rock by the hand of nature. It was, I then thought, large, quite large enough for my study. My paper and pencil, with now and then a volume of Edgeworth's natural and fascinating tales, or Lafontaine's Fables, afforded me ample pleasures. It was in that place, kind reader, that I first saw with advantage the force of parental affection in birds. There it was that I studied the habits of the Pewee; and there I was taught most forcibly, that to destroy the nest of a bird, or to deprive it of its eggs or young, is an act of great cruelty.

I chanced one morning early to go to my retreat. The sun's glowing rays gave a rich coloring to every object around. As I entered the cave, a rustling sound over my head attracted my attention, and, on turning, I saw two birds fly off and alight on a tree close bythe Pewees had arrived! I felt delighted, and, fearing that my sudden appearance might disturb the gentle pair, I walked off; I concluded that they must have just come, for they seemed fatigued-their plaintive note was not heard, their crests were not erected, and the vibration of the tail, so very conspicuous in this species, appeared to be wanting in power. Insects were yet few, and the return of the birds looked to me as prompted more by their affection to the place than by any other motive. No sooner had I gone a few steps than the Pewees, with one accord, glided down from their perches and entered the cave. I did not return to it any more that day, and as I saw none about it, or in the neighborhood, I supposed that they must have spent the day within it. I concluded also, that these birds must have reached this haven, either during the night, or at the very dawn of that morn. Hundreds of observations have since proved to me that this species always migrates by night.

I went early next morning to the cave, yet not early enough to surprise them in it. Long before I reached the spot, my ears were agreeably saluted by their well-known note, and I. saw them darting about through the air, giv-

ing chase to some insects close over the water. They were full of gaiety, frequently flew into and out of the cave, and while alighted on a favorite tree near it, seemed engaged in the most interesting converse. The light fluttering or tremulous motions of their wings, the jetting of their tail, the erection of their crest the neatness of their attitudes, all indicated that they were no longer fatigued but on the contrary refreshed and happy. On my going into the cave, the male flew violently towards the entrance, snapped his bill sharply and repeatedly, accompanying this action with a tremulous rolling note, the import of which I soon guessed. Presently he flew into the cave and out of it again with a swiftness scarcely credible: it was like the passing of a shadow.

Several days in succession I went to the spot, and saw with pleasure that as my visits increased in frequency, the birds became more familiarized to me, and before a week had elapsed, the Pewees and myself were quite on terms of intimacy. It was now the 10th of April; the Spring was forward that season, no more snow was to be seen. Redwings and Grakles were to be found here and there. The Pewees, I observed, began working at their old nest. Desiring of judging for myself and anxious to enjoy the company of this friendly pair, I determined to spend greater part of each day in the cave. presence no longer alarmed either of them. They brought a few fresh materials, lined the nest anew, and rendered it warm by adding a few large soft feathers of the common goose, which they found strewn along the edge of the water in the creek. There was a remarkable and curious twittering in their note while both sat on the edge of the nest at those meetings and which is never heard on any other occasion. It was the soft, tender expression, I thought, of the pleasure they both appeared to anticipate of the future. Their mutual caresses, simple as they might have seemed to another, and the delicate manner used by the male to please his mate, riveted my eyes on these birds, and excited sensations which I can never forget.

The female one day spent the greater part of the time in her nest; she frequently changed her position; her mate exhibited much uneasiness, he would alight by her sometimes, sit by her side for a moment, and suddenly flying out, would return with an insect, which she took from his bill with apparent gratification. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the uneasiness of the female increase: the male showed an unusual appearance of despondency, when of a sudden, the female rose on her feet, looked sideways under her, and flying out followed by her attentive consort, left the cave, rose high in the air, performing evolutions more curious to me than any I had seen before. They flew about over the water, the female leading her mate, as it were, through her own meanderings. Leaving the Pewees to their avocations, I peeped into their nest, and saw there their first egg, so white and so transparent -for I believe, reader, that eggs soon lose this peculiar transparency after being laid-that to me the sight was more pleasant than if I had met with a diamond of the same size. The knowledge that in an enclosure so frail, life already existed, and that ere many weeks would elapse, a weak, delicate, and helpless creature, but perfect in all its parts, would burst the shell, and immediately call for the most tender care and attention of its anxious parents, filled my mind with as much wonder as when, looking towards the heavens, I searched, alas! in vain for the true import of all that I saw.

In six days six eggs were deposited; but I observed that as they increased in number, the bird remained a shorter time in the nest. The last she deposited in a few minutes after alighting. Perhaps, thought I, this is a law of nature, intended for keeping the eggs fresh to the last. About an hour after laying the last egg, the female Pewee returned, settled in her nest, and, after arranging the eggs, as it thought, several times under her body, expanded her wings a little, and fairly commenced the arduous task of incubation.

Day after day passed by. I gave strict orders that no one should go near the cave, much less enter it, or indeed destroy any birds' nest on the plantation. Whenever I visited the Pewees, one or other of them was on the nest, while its mate was either searching for food or perched in the vicinity, filling the air with its loudest notes. I not unfrequently

reached out my hand near the sitting bird, and so gentle had they both become, or, rather, so well acquainted were we, that neither moved on such occasions, even when my hand was quite close to it. Now and then the female would shrink back into the nest, but the male frequently snapped at my fingers, and once left the nest as if in great anger, flew around the cave a few times, emitting his querulous whining notes, and alighted again to resume his labors.

On the thirteenth day the little ones were hatched. One egg was unproductive, and the female, on the second day after the birth of her brood, very deliberately pushed it out of the nest. On examining this egg, I found it contained the embryo of a bird partly dried up, with, its vertebræ quite fast to the shell which had probably occasioned its death, Never have I since so closely witnessed the attention of birds to their young. Their entrance with insects was so frequently repeated that I thought I saw the little ones grow as I gazed upon them. The old birds no longer looked upon me as an enemy, and would often come in close by me, as if I had been a post. I now took upon me to handle the young frequently; nay, several times I took the whole family out, and blew off the exuviæ of the feathers from the nest. I attached light threads to their legs: these they invariably removed, either with their bills, or with the assistance of their parents. I renewed them, however, until I found the little fellows habituated to them; and at last, when they were about to leave their nests, I fixed a light silver thread to the leg of each, loose enough not to hurt the part, but so fastened that no exertion of theirs could remove it.

Sixteen days had passed when the brood took to wing, and the old birds, dividing the time with caution, began to arrange the nest anew. A second set of eggs were laid, and in the beginning of August a new brood made its appearance.

The young birds took much to the woods, as if feeling themselves more secure there than in the open fields; but before they departed they all appeared strong, and minded not making long sorties into the open air. On the 8th of October not a Pewee could I find on

the plantation: my little companions had all set off on their travels. For weeks afterwards, however, I saw Pewees arriving from the North, and lingering a short time, as if to rest, when they also moved Southward.

At the season when the Pewee returns to Pennsylvania, I had the satisfaction to observe those of the cave in and about it. There again in the very same nest, two broods were raised. I found several Pewees' nests at some distance up the creek, particularly under a bridge, and several others in the adjoining meadows, attached to the inner parts of sheds erected for the protection of hay and grain. Having caught several of these birds on the nest, I had the pleasure of finding that two of them had the little silver thread on the leg.

# A BRIGHT LETTER.

Dear "'Nookman":-

YEARS ago when The Christian Family Companion, or possibly The Vindicator, was the church paper, there was a "Home and Family" department in it sometimes. That was the only part of the paper I—then a child—cared to read, and then I learned to look for the name of the now "Nookman," and read everything I saw from his pen. I have kept that up to some extent, yet I am not a subscriber to the Inglenook, nor do I expect to be while I have opportunity to read it in my brother's house. At any rate not until my little boy and girl are older.

Perhaps this account of my one-sided acquaintance with the 'Nookman will serve as an acceptable apology for this letter, but the "really reason why" I am writing is that I am a believer in the sunshiny idea of passing good ideas along, and I want you to give this one to the sisters, if it pleases you to give it in your own way—not in mine, nor to use my name.

Eight years ago, last November, I read in a paper that swallowing the white of an egg would dislodge a fish bone caught in the throat.

There were several cases of diphtheria in our town and surrounding country, and our physician was kept more than busy. One afternoon my husband and his father took a number of my house plants that I valued highly to the house of a friend who lived some three or four blocks distant, and whose brick house was heated by a furnace. She was glad to have my plants in her window and I was glad to have them out of danger from frost.

Soon after their departure my baby boy, nine months old, who was playing on the floor, began to cry as if in pain. I went in and picked him up in some alarm as he breathed strangely and with difficulty and complained of his throat. Of course I thought of diphtheria. I gave him water which he swallowed as if his throat hurt. I then blew flour of sulphur in his throat,—for diphtheria, and waited in distressful anxiety for the return of the father and grandfather.

The noise made in breathing suggested some foreign body lodged in the œsophagus, lower down than the throat, and I thought of all sorts of things, and the fish bone and white of an egg recurred to me. I thought, " If he has picked up and swallowed a splinter perhaps the white of an egg will dislodge that quite as well as if it were a fish bone." So I gave him the white of an egg. By and by the fathers returned and the baby's father put out posthaste for the doctor. The poor, tired old doctor had just reached his home and had to go to another diphtheria patient directly, so he heard all about the symptoms, said he would send the medicine he knew he would give were he to come, and promised to come at night if I wanted him. I had the baby quieted and asleep when my hnsband returned, and of course did not disturb him for medicine. Presently he awoke, cried and seemed very ill indeed. I held him in my arms waiting for him to get easier before giving the medicine. Soon the poor baby heaved and threw up-what? The white of that egg, in the very center of which was wrapped a double cloth-covered button as large as, or larger than, a man's ordinary pearl collar button.

The doctor told me afterward that in all probability the white of an egg had saved my child's life, for from the evident location of the button in the œsophagus, and from the size of the button, in a very short time inflammation would have made it impossible to de-

termine anything about the trouble or to do anything to relieve it.

Now, if you want to tell the mothers of the INGLENOOK that if their babies swallow buttons, or get fish bones lodged in their little throats, the whites of raw eggs swallowed by the babies will change the whole face o' nature, you are at liberty to do so as far as I am concerned, but I dislike seeing my name in print, so you will oblige me by not telling them who told you.

# A TALKING HEN.

BY GRACE SCROGGS.

How many of the Inglenook readers ever heard of a hen that could talk?

The writer is very fond of animals and when mother gave me six fluffy "peeps" for my own last summer, I resolved to make pets of them all.

These chicks had lost their mother when they were but a few weeks old, so I became guardian, and it was my business to see that they were fed and watered each day.

Several weeks passed, and one day, to my great surprise, I found one little Plymouth-Rock pullet would respond each time I spoke to her, with a "chickety-cluck-cluck." After that my whole attention was turned to this one little talker.

I would step out on the porch, and call, "Little Petty! Come Petty!" and then she would come clucking all the way, and when I would ask her to sing for me she would straighten up, and, as bidden, would sing the sweetest song a chicken knows, after which she would receive a piece of bread, or some other morsel of food as compensation. Petty would even talk or sing for visitors when asked to do so.

Dr. S. Z. Sharp was visiting at our home last fall, and Petty was carried into the parlor to sing for him, and the kind old brother was very much amused at the queer songster at his elbow that was singing for him her best song, at her mistress' bidding.

Petty is now a full-fledged hen, and the mother of a fine brood of chicks. When asked if she wants food or water she will immediately begin to swallow as though she were eating or drinking.

I call her a talking hen.

Centerview, Mo.

# FEEDING A CIRCUS IS COSTLY.

It requires 600 pounds of meat, 600 loaves of bread, 80 gallons of coffee, 10 gallons of tea, 42 pounds of butter, 600 pounds of vegetables and 60 gallons of milk to feed the employes of a circus one day. In addition to all this the animals consume 600 pounds of fresh meat, 20 tons of hay, 200 bushels of corn and 80 bushels of oats.

Food is a big item in the daily expenses of such an institution as a circus. The elephants alone, whose appetites are never satisfied, could eat up the show in a few months and still call for more; so many dollars must come in at the door to meet the feed bills alone. In addition there are 1,000 salaries to be paid, while a train which lacks but 180 feet of being a mile in length must be transported. Then there are hundreds of other expenses which swell the daily cost of maintaining a circus to an amount in the neighborhood of \$7,000.

All food is purchased in the towns where the show exhibits by a forage agent, who travels 24 hours ahead and orders the produce delivered on the grounds early on the morning of the arrival of the circus. The demands made on the merchants of some of the smaller towns where exhibitions are given are often so great that the citizens live for a week afterward on dried beef and canned goods.

One day last summer a big circus cleaned out one town in Iowa so thoroughly that hardly a pork chop was left. This means business for the butcher, the baker and the merchant, and indirectly the farmer is benefited, so, after all, the circus is not only helpful in the way of affording amusement to the toilers, but adds to their pocketbooks.



# IN THE PENITENTIARY AT JOLIET.

At the very door of the penitentiary the visitor is stricken with the chill and blight of the whole place. There are flower beds upon the lawn just within the iron fence which surrounds the grounds lying in front of the main entrance, and half a dozen men in gray suits and caps putter around the flowers and bushes with spades and wheelbarrows. They are removing the plants and blooms to some place where the frost cannot reach them and leveling off the beds after the transplanting. But even at the first glance there is something about their work and the manner of it which is different from that of men outside that grim iron fence. They do not chat with one another. Not a sound is heard save the clashing of spade on barrow or the creaking of a wheel. They do not straighten up now and then from the back-breaking task to talk for an idle moment, as do the gardeners who labor under the free sky.

They are "trusties," these men who are allowed to work outside the bolts and bars which inclose the big, humming shops inside the walls. A long stone walk leads from the spot where they work to an open gate in the iron fence, and outside that gate is freedom. Trolley cars go buzzing past the gate; the homes and shops of the neighborhood can be seen beyond it and children at play in the road. A few steps, it would seem, and the men in the gray clothes would be free from the bondage of the prison-as free as the citizens who pass and repass the big gates constantly. But those steps would never be taken. "Trusty" as those convicts are, they are never for a moment free from the surveillance of a gray-haired man who sits outside a little house like a switchman's shanty, directly opposite the main door of the prison. He wears a blue uniform with brass buttons and as he sits there with his chair tipped back against the little shelter house and a pipe between his lips a rifle rests upon his lap. Through halfshut eyes he idly watches the gray-garbed men at their work. He knows just how close to the big gates they may go-and so do they. At an angle of the high wall is placed another shelter house and behind its windows, which command a view in every direction, sits another guard with a rifle, and his eyes, too, follow every move of the silent, swift-moving men in the garden below him. They will not run away.

Although the stern discipline maintained in the shops where the bulk of the convicts work is relaxed a bit in the office, the men are permitted to talk with one another only as it is necessary in connection with their work. There is no chatting or story telling in this office. A laugh is never heard there any more than in the gloomy precincts of the shops in the big yard. A telephone in one of the offices is in charge of a young fellow in the gray costume of the institution, who answers all the calls and summons the various officials as they are wanted. In his leisure time he busies himself keeping the room in order or sits quietly by the window waiting for the jingle of the telephone bell. Everything is scrupulously neat and clean-as might be expected where there is practically no limit to the amount of free labor that may be impressed into service. Not a scrap of paper or lint is allowed to lie upon the floor for a moment. Everything painted is glistening and the floors are as white as soap and water will make them.

Things begin stirring in the penitentiary at an early hour in the morning. The force of men detailed to prepare breakfast for the 1,200 inmates are at their task about half-past 5 o'clock. They work in an immense kitchen, supplied with great steam kettles, boilers and all necessary appliances for preparing a large quantity of food in a short time. There is a huge bake oven adjoining in which 300 loaves of bread are baked daily-not the little pound loaves on sale in the shops, but great long fellows which are chopped into slices by machinery. Hundreds of gallons of coffee are boiling, meat is stewing in the great vats and all the other preparations for 1,200 breakfasts are under way by the time the men in the two cellhouses are awakened. The cells are arranged in four tiers in each of the cellhouses, the latter forming the two wings of the main "house." The locking system of the cells is so arranged that all the bolts can be thrown at one time by a lever operated by a guard at the end of the tier. The breakfast is prepared

and measured out in the kitchens and served in tin pans and cups which are ranged on long tables on the floor of the cellhouse, one for each prisoner.

When all is ready there is a signal sounded for the occupants of the upper tier of cells to get ready and one of the prisoners seizes a bar of the cell door. In many cases there are two men in a cell. When the bolts are thrown back by the lever another signal is sounded and each man pushes open the cell door and steps out on the narrow gallery, followed by his cellmate if he has one. At a third signal the doors are closed again and the men crowd up into lock-step formation. Then under the watchful eyes of the guards they march to the end of the gallery and rattle noisily down a winding iron stairway and pass to the tables, where each man takes up a pan of food and a cup of coffee. With these the return march is made to the cells where all meals are eaten. As soon as the upper tier is disposed of the next lower tier goes through the same performance, and in a few minutes every one in the cellhouse is eating.

There are two bunks in each cell, fastened to the wall above one another like the berths in a Pullman car. The lower bunk is used as a table, a square of oilcloth being placed on the bedclothing to prevent its getting unnecessarily soiled. The beds have been made up by the prisoners as soon as they dress and before going down for breakfast. Placing the pans and cups on the oilcloth, the men munch away as contentedly as they may. The meal is perhaps not as delicate as a breakfast of oatmeal, poached eggs, buttered toast, fruit and coffee would be, but it is substantial and wholesome.

An hour is allowed for dinner and at I o'clock they are back at the machines again. Not a word is allowed between the men while they are at work unless it is something directly connected with their work. In most of the shops the contractors who have purchased from the state the labor of the convicts at fifty cents a day have overseers, who move about among the men, keeping an eye out to see that work is done properly, that no material is spoiled and that the contractor is getting his money's worth. New men are instructed in their duties by this representative and a new arrival

learns his bit of trade rapidly. Of course, he learns little that could be any use to him outside the prison. If he is started at a heelnailing machine he keeps on nailing heels until his time is out, while another convict does each of the other tiny details of making shoes or chairs or brooms.

When a prisoner desires to move away from his bench for any purpose he raises his hand like a child in school and keeps it in the air until the guard sees it and nods to him. intervals men detailed for the purpose pass among the workers with pails of drinking water. The dipper is silently handed to the man who quaffs the water and hands the dipper back without a word. The whole thing seems to run on signals. When a worker finishes up the stock he has in front of him and is obliged to wait for the next lot to be brought he does not loaf around watching the other workmen. He sits on a little stool at the end of his bench with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the floor. When visitors are shown through, the convicts are forbidden to look at them, and the maneuvers they go through to catch a glimpse of the strangers from the outside world without being spied by the guards are pitiful. They have a trick of flashing their eyes on to and off of the visiting party with great swiftness, but one glance is enough to tell them whether they know any of the callers.

At 5 o'clock they march back to the cellhouse, where supper is ready for them, and the meal is served and eaten in the same way as its predecessors. From that hour until o o'clock the men are at liberty to do as they please-read, chat or sleep, but they are locked in their cells. An electric bulb burns in each cell until 9 o'clock, and when it winks out the men are obliged to turn in and not a word is to be spoken after that. There is a library of about 18,000 volumes, managed by prisoners, and each convict is allowed to draw one book each week, a catalogue hanging in every cell. Once in six weeks they are permitted to write a letter and once in eight weeks to receive visitors. A ration of chewing tobacco is served each week to those who desire it, but smoking is allowed only once a year - on Fourth of July.

# TRAINING OF WAR HORSES.

The main difficulty in training a war horse is to accustom the animal to the thunder of firearms. A horse that can be quickly trained to the roar of cannon and musketry is an acquisition which instructors know how to appreciate. You hear people talk glibly enough nowadays of supplying our troops in the east with plenty of remounts and it's quite evident from the remarks they make that they imagine they need only to lasso a few thousand wild horses in Texas, ship them off to Manila and—voila! our soldiers are remounted!

Although most horses can be quickly trained to face the most withering fire, many are very difficult to convince that a tremendous noise is not necessarily a signal of danger, while some never can be taught to ignore the rattle of musketry.

Your correspondent has had the pleasure of visiting the farm of a trainer of war horses, situated in the wilds of Texas.

In a field adjoining the stables I found ranged in a circle ready for instruction some three dozen fine horses, including a few splendid chestnuts. The instructor stood in the center of the circle (with the horses facing him), gave the signal to the attendants to be in readiness and fired three chambers of a revolver in rapid succession.

Instantly there was a great commotion. Most of the horses reared and plunged and it was only with the greatest difficulty that some of them were prevented from breaking away and racing madly about the field. A few, on the other hand, did nothing more than prick up their ears and toss their heads, and these were promptly taken away for test. The more restive ones, of course, were subjected to the revolver shots until they could face them unflinchingly.

The second test is much more severe. The horses are galloped up to a supposed company of infantry, who fire simultaneously as soon as the animals have got properly into swing. The first volley usually plays havoc with the formation of the advancing cavalry, and some of the horses rear so wildly that their riders have considerable difficulty in keeping their saddles. In a few moments, however, the charge is continued, another volley fired—this

time, of course, at closer range — and the formation is once more deranged.

This maneuver is continued until, familiarity having bred contempt, the horses advance as readily in the face of musketry (both volleys and "straggling" fire) as when faced by nothing at all. They are then taught in precisely the same way to disregard the boom of cannon.

Once properly trained, a horse faces the deadly fire of an enemy on the field of battle with an absolute fearlessness of which man, be he brave as a lion, is incapable.

This, however, is only natural. The horse has been taught to believe the din of battle to be quite meaningless and without result. When in actual warfare he sees horses and men around him shattered and lifeless there is nothing to suggest to him that that same din of battle and death are in any way connected, and the reports of firearms consequently for him have no terrors whatever.

The whistling of bullets and the screaming of shells—unknown, of course, at the maneuvers at home—while insignificant details to the horse, are sadly full of meaning to the man and often enough do our soldiers envy the ignorance of the horse—the "ignorance which is bliss."

# MEN WHO MISSED CROWNS.

THE English crown has been rejected only once, and then Cromwell was the man who refused the honor. Nevertheless, practically as much power was attached to the protectorship, though it was without the regal emblem.

The crown of Greece has been refused more often than any other. Lord Derby, one of the greatest statesmen of the Victorian era, might have worn it, had he chosen, for it was offered to him thirty-eight years ago upon the expulsion of Otto, owing to the friendly feeling he exhibited toward Greece. After some consideration, however, he decided that his position as a British statesman prevented his being a monarch, so he refused the throne and the \$250,000 a year attached to it.

Garibaldi, the great Italian patriot, might have been king of Sicily had he not refused the proffered throne. Victor Emmanuel thought that nothing short of a kingdom would be sufficient reward for the great services he had rendered to Italy, so he resolved to cut off Sicily, and make it a kingdom under Garibaldi, but subject to the Italian government. Moreover, the great soldier was the idol of the Italian people, and it was feared that Victor Emmanuel himself would easily be deposed in his favor if a rebellion were organized. Garibaldi, however, disliked honors, as he did riches, and, rejecting the offer, retired into obscurity as soon as he had done what he considered to be his duty.

Much as the great Napoleon loved power, he once refused the monarchy of Spain, this being the third consecutive time it had been declined. Ferdinand VII. first of all passed it on to his father, who, in his turn, rejected it in favor of Napoleon. The "little-corporal" would undoubtedly have reigned as king of Spain as well as emperor of France, only the Spaniards showed every inclination of rising if he attempted to do so.

Another man who might have been a king had he wished was Bismarck. Not only did Prussia crush Austria in the great war of 1866, but several minor states as well, and for his services in bringing the campaign to a successful issue Bismarck was offered the throne of one of those kingdoms which now came under Prussian surveillance.

The throne of Austria was refused in 1848 by the father of the present Emperor Francis Joseph. He was the Archduke Carl, and, when Ferdinand I. abdicated on account of internal strife in the year mentioned, he absolutely refused to have anything to do with the monarchy, though he was the rightful heir. The crown was then offered to his son and accepted, but the father remained Archduke for years afterward.

Some years ago Prince Napoleon, nephew of the great Bonaparte, died in exile after refusing the first offer of the crown of Roumania when it was converted into a kingdom. He was a man of great ambition, and fully believed that at a future date he would be offered the monarchy of France; so he declined the former in the hope that he would get better things. By so doing he lost his chance of ever becoming a king, and died a few years afterward, an outcast.

# ANOTHER OLD BIBLE.

BY H. F. CAYLOR.

Being a reader of the Inglenook, and having seen in it the accounts of several old Bibles, I wish to say that I have one in German print. It was printed in 1765, by John Christoph Stöhr, Büdingen.

It is in excellent condition; size, six and one-half by four inches, and two inches thick. It came into my possession on the death of my father in 1888, he having received it from Eld. Philip Boyle, who died in New Windsor, Carroll Co., Maryland, in the early seventies.

Denver, Colo.

# MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

In the days of slavery, Abram was an especial favorite of his master, whom he had served as a body-servant from his youth. At the death of his master, his mistress accorded him the same privileges he had enjoyed, and at the time of emancipation he resisted every temptation to quit the old plantation. However, in the exercise of his magisterial duties. and his rights as a privileged character, he became obnoxious to the other negroes, and no amount of remonstrance on the part of his mistress seemed to avail. Finally her patience became exhausted by his frequent interference with her plans, as well as with the rights of the negroes; and she determined to dismiss him; so calling him to her she said, kindly:

"Abram," she began in a kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and we must part."

But before the mistress was able to conclude her preamble, Abram exclaimed:

"Lawd, Mistis, whar you gwine? You ain' gwine git no bettah plantashun dan dis'n. You take old Abe's advice, honey, en stay right whar you is."

LITTLE DICK—Papa, did n't you tell mamma we must economize?

Papa-I did, my son.

Little Dick—Well, I was thinking that if you'd buy me a pony I should n't wear out so many pairs of boots.

# NATURE



# STUDY

# SPEED TESTS OF BIRDS.

IF you consult the usually accepted authorities on the speed of birds in their flight, you are likely to be misled by an exaggeration of from 100 to 300 per cent. This is because figures have been given on hearsay, appearance and very superficial observation.

Recently American, English and French observers have been comparing notes, and are practically agreed, after most careful calculation, on the speed of the best-known birds.

They started with the carrier pigeon and have made him a base of comparison. He has heretofore been credited with 110 miles an hour, but it is now agreed that he is entitled to 50. A quite recent carefully-conducted test, of 592 miles, from the Shetland islands to London, showed that the most rapid pigeons made 37 miles an hour. On shorter distances none made more than 50 miles.

Because frigate birds have been seen far from land, and have been supposed not to fly by night or to rest on the water, they have been credited with a speed of from 150 to 200 miles an hour. If they did fly at that speed they would have to overcome an atmospheric pressure of from 112 to 130 pounds to the square foot of flying surface.

There is no certainty that they fly more rapidly than a passenger pigeon, or that they do not fly at night or do not sleep on the water.

The swallow, indeed a rapid flier, has been credited with 180 miles an hour, but he must be cut down to 65 miles, and the marten is five miles behind him, though authorities have placed him 10 ahead.

The teal duck is brought down from 140 to 50 miles an hour. The mallard is five miles slower, and flies the same as the canvasback, while both of these are five miles an hour ahead of the wild goose and eider duck.

The pheasant makes 38 miles an hour, which is three miles ahead of the prairie chicken and quail, though the latter appears to fly much faster on account of his temporary bursts of speed, that seldom exceed 200 feet. The crow flies 25 miles an hour.

Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones, and have deceived many observers. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many awkward-appearing, very much larger, slow-flapping birds.

The most satisfactory tests of speed have been made on extended tracts of level land, where timekeepers with stop watches stand on lines, at given distances apart, and time the shadows of the flying birds as they pass from one line to another.

# VOICES RUINED BY FLOWERS.

The prevalence of eye troubles among those who handle hyacinths in the great Harlem nurseries is no new thing, but the exact cause has been a mystery. The disease is commonest in the autumn. The symptoms are great irritability of the eyes, eye catarrh and intense itching.

A New York physician has been examining the pollen of hyacinths, and has found abundant cause for trouble. It is full of living mites and sharp needle-like crystals of oxalate of lime. It is not yet certain whether the inflammation of the eyes is caused by the organic or the inorganic constituents of the dust.

Certain other flowers exert a disastrous influence on the voice. The French physician, Cabanes, gives some interesting examples of this.

"At a soiree in Paris," he says, "a celebrated singer was presented a large bouquet of Parma violets, which had been sprinkled with a concentrated extract of the same flower. She was very fond of violets, and inhaled the

perfume eagerly.

"Presently she attempted to sing, and found that her voice was entirely gone. Her vocal cords were, for the time being, completely paralyzed."

Many singers regard not only violets, but also mimosas, hyacinths and tuberoses, as highly dangerous, producing lasting hoarseness and even complete loss of voice.

Singers of nervous temperament are more affected by flowers than are those of a more phlegmatic type.

# NUTMEGS.

Up to 1796 the nutmeg was raised only on the Banda Islands, down south of Asia, near the equator. The Dutch owned the islands, and made so much money out of the nutmeg trade, they would not allow any of the seed or trees to be carried to any part of the world. But on all the islands of the Indian Ocean is a bird known now as the 'nutmeg pigeon,' because his food is the nutmeg fruit. This bird did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done, and carried these nuts to the surrounding countries; and after a time trees sprung up and grew, and now the world has the benefit. Some of the finest nutmegs come from Penang. The nutmeg tree is very valuable, for, when once started, it is easy to raise, and will bear fruit seventy or eighty years, and sometimes produce every year a thousand or more nuts. Besides the mace and nutmegs, there is a great 'deal of oil expressed from the fruit known as "oil of mace."

THERE are two schools of vegetarians. One favors vegetable food which grows below the earth's surface, and the other favors that which grows above.

# A PUNGENT ODOR.

It is said that a grain of musk will diffuse a perceptible odor through a room for twenty years. It does this by filling the air with particles of its substance, that being the way in which all perfumes act, and yet so infinitesimally small are the particles that the grain of musk shows no diminution of weight at the end of twenty years.

\* \*

A DESCRIPTION of the ravages of white ants. or termites, in Rhodesia is furnished by the Rev. A. Lebœuf to The Zambesi Mission Record, January. It is no uncommon thing, says the writer, for the colonist, on returning from his day's labor, to find the coat he left hanging on a nail of his cottage wall and the books on the table absolutely destroyed by these tiny marauders. Nor is this all. "On awaking next morning," writes Mr. Lebœuf, "you are astonished to see in the dim light a coneshaped object rising from the brick floor a short distance from your bed, with two holes on the top like the crater of a miniature volcano. Upon closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the brick floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the nails, evelets, and maybe part of the heels."

THERE is a spider in the London zoo, obtained somewhere in the Soudan, that is the fiercest beast of his kind that ever spread out his legs in a menagerie. The ordinary-spider has only four legs on a side. This creature has five.

ALASKAN travelers say that the mosquitoes there have driven men to suicide.



# 他INGLENOOK

# A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ..

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

# ARE YOU GOING, TOO?

In the present issue of the Inglenook is a list of people who expect to attend the Annual Meeting. There are others, and if their names are sent to the 'Nook at once, they will appear. The meeting of the Inglenook family at the Conference is likely to be an interesting one, and if you are present there you want to attend and hear what is said about the magazine by its many friends.

# DOES RIGHT ALWAYS WIN?

It is a saying that right must and will triumph, and however true it may be in eternity it is surely not correct when applied to this world. Wrong often wins when right is in the dust. People die dishonored through right. If this shakes our confidence it is because we forget that God has plenty of time, away beyond our foresight, and in the end—the far, unseen end, evil is left out of the calculation, eliminated in some unknown way. Fifty years ago the detested abolitionist died without seeing human freedom, even afar off. To-day there are no abolitionists, for there is no slavery to abolish. Prohibitionists

to-day may not see the end, but the time is coming when there will be no more trade to prohibit. And it is so in all evil things.

In the case of the individual it may not be so clear, but by the eye of faith we may see a clean and clear score in the case of every wrong, even though the grave has closed over the principals before the final adjustment. In the end right will be victorious, though none see that end.

Why is the INGLENOOK like a Here's One woman? The reason is an excellent one, but who can tell it off-hand?

Be polite to all around you. If you are intimately acquainted with people all the more reason for courtesy. If they are stran-

gers it is good policy to be polite to them, and not only is it good policy but it is right, and that ought to settle it. Politeness is like an air cushion,—there is nothing in it, but it is a very comfortable thing. He who is polite is likely to win out in an otherwise even competition.

Where if ly wide circulation geographically, even though it does not mount high numerically. Over a thou-

sand copies go to post offices where there is but a single subscriber. And it goes to Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, India, and other countries. Some of its readers do not get to see it till it is over a month old. And there are tens of thousands of the very people for whom it is made who do not take it—more's the pity.

# READ BELOW.

IF you are going to the Annual Meeting at Lincoln, you will be interested in the following letter. The object is for the INGLENOOK people to get together and compare notes. It agreeable all around the Editor will make a little speech, and there are others, likely, who will do the same. It's going to be worth while, and everybody is invited to be present and get acquainted.

Editor Inglenook:

Your letter found its way to me in course of time, and in reply I will say if the Committee of Arrangements have no objections, your request will be granted for a meeting of the INGLENOOK family, on Tuesday evening, May 28th, from 0:30 to 7:30 P. M., the only scrap of time left unclaimed.

I will present the matter before the Committee at next meeting, and no doubt but that it will be perfectly satisfactory with them, so that you can go on. To wait until I could consult them by letter would throw it too late for you to announce, so I assume the responsibility and will explain to them.

Sincerely,

J. B. MOORE, Chairman Program Committee.

# Q. & A.

Where can the book, "One Hundred Reasons why the Earth is not Round" be had?

Never heard of it. Who knows?

Is there anything in palmistry and phrenology?

Very little to our mind. Many people believe implicity in both.

What profession or calling can a young woman engage in where there is but little competition?

Higher wood carving, photo-engraving or high-class cookery. These cannot be learned without a teacher.

What is kerosene emulsion?

. Soapy water and kerosene churned or violently stirred so that they mix mechanically. Used as an insecticide.

Who discovered the X rays?

Prof. Roentgen (Rentgen) a German scientist. They are so-called because they were an unknown quantity in science.

Can beet sugar be made at home?

It would cost more than it would amount to. The manufacture of beet sugar requires many thousands of dollars invested in complicated machinery.

What is the strawberry-raspberry?

A thorny bush on the order of the raspberry, having most beautiful crimson fruit the size of a hickorynut, but not good to eat, though it can be eaten. It is a dreadful thing to spread and no reader should think of planting it.

Is oleomargarine sold in Elgin?

Yes, and the use of it is very general. It is better than the average butter of the stores, cleaner, as palatable, cheaper, and always uniform in quality.

Can a monthly employee command his wages on national holidays if he does not work?

All this depends on the agreement and practice of the employer. Without agreement, and in case of a failure to work, it is doubtful whether the employed could collect pay, though there may be State laws to the contrary.

How does it happen that the ancient ruins come to be buried as they are?

The dust of the ages does it. A thousand years of accumulated vegetable decay, or the shifting sands, caught by the obstruction, soon make a pile of debris. The tendency of everything left outdoors is to be covered up and disappear.

What was a publican, spoken of in the Bible?

At the time the first books of the Testament were written the Romans held the Holy Land in bondage. In the transaction of public business natives were sometimes employed, and these were cordially hated by their own people. Matthew was a publican, being employed at a Roman customhouse.

What is meant by chartering cars?

Hiring them as you would a carriage or hack. All railroads will do it if a certain amount or number of tickets is sold or paid for. Thus one can get a car on some lines for eighteen full fares, if that number of people are going to the same point, and one person can have it all to himself if he pays. Some roads have cars with sleeping and cooking arrangements, and send a cook and porter along, either furnishing the food, or the party getting it. A pretty stiff price is charged, and one man or many can have it as they may agree. Pay enough and the railroads will furnish a whole train, or even sell you the road. Money is at the bottom of it all, and is what makes the special car go. There is a good deal of it done, especially in the case of theatrical parties, hunting, and the like.

# WHICH PAYS BETTER, CITY MISSIONS OR COUNTRY MISSIONS?

BY D. L. MOHLER.

The great purpose of all missionary effort is to reach mankind with the means of redemption. It is not sufficient to simply hand a man a Bible and tell him to read it. We must make our spirituality felt on the person we wish to save. These two, the Bible and his own individuality, are the means the missionary must use in the work of evangelization.

All other things being equal, it would seem, naturally, that the place where the missionary can reach the greatest number of people with his personal influence would necessarily be considered the best paying one. But possibility of exerting his influence, and the conditions that encourage or retard the development of the work, must be considered, also, in determining which pays best.

In the determination of "pay" several things must be considered; viz, the number of converts; the quality of the converts and their durability; and the material they will make for further missionary work; and last, but of great importance, the comparative expense.

It would seem at first sight that the greatest number of people could be reached in the city, and if continual association and positive personal influence are considered this is true. But the worker's sphere of influence is not so extensive as in the country mission, because in the country the same man can keep up several preaching points, and by having Sunday schools organized make the work self-supporting in a few years, while the city missions require a long time to become self-supporting.

The city missionary undoubtedly has the better opportunity for exerting his personal influence in ministering to the needy and suffering, and this is one of the best kinds of missionary work.

A greater proportion of the hearers in the country will gladly accept the Word than in the city, because they are not in such close contact with worldly vanities and corrupting influences.

It is easier to get the people in the country

to attend meeting, because when they have been at home all week they wish to go somewhere on Sunday; but in the city the men are with their families but little during the week, and on Sunday sometimes prefer to remain with their families or spend it in some kind of amusement or debauchery. All things considered a greater number are gathered into the church in the country than in the city, for the same outlay of money and men.

The next point to be considered is the quality of the members gained.

The Brethren church has always had its real strength in the rural districts. Ordinarily, the influence of fashions, secret societies, the commercial spirit and many other evils are much stronger in the city, and being constantly present, frequently overcome the members in periods of temptation. Anyhow, there is a moral atmosphere in the city that is very antagonistic to a rather stern system of discipline like ours.

In this we do not attempt to individualize: we simply take the general conditions. Individually, we have many worthy ones in the cities, and many unworthy ones in the country, but collectively the rural congregations seem most earnest.

Seeing then that the city members seldom develop into building material, where must we expect to find our material for missionaries and active workers?

The church is just passing out of the formative into the fully-developed and aggressive stage; and the great demand at present is, and for some time will be, if not forever, to make and secure suitable material for further broadening out. Where must we expect to find this? It seems to us the answer is self-evident.

The common people are the ones among whom we can work to the best advantage. The self-denying principles of the Dunkers is too rigorous for the aristocratic, and too restrictive for the vicious. The middle classes are the common people. These live principally in the country.

Lastly we come to the financial side of the question. The workers in the city must necessarily be fully supported because it is next to impossible to find employment there un-

less the whole time is devoted to it. The mission workers need much time for the mission work and hence cannot get employment. Some of our ministers are disposed to severely censure our city ministers for not engaging in manual labor or business during the week as they themselves do. It can't be helped. We can't make conditions. We must take them as we find them, and that is the way of it in the city.

The missionary in the country can have his truck-patches, cow, pigs, chickens, etc., and thus almost make all his own living and require but little more than his traveling expenses. Some people think the ministers and missionaries should be kept at preaching all the time, and not be asked to do any work. We believe it is a good thing for every minister to actually work a part of the time. Paul did. It keeps him in touch with the common people. This can be done in the country, profitably; in the city hardly. The same means will thus reach much farther in the country than in the city.

Now, some may think from this that we take the position that city missions are a failure, and should be abandoned; *neither this, nor that.* We simply take the position that, all things considered, the country missions pay best.

Leeton, Mo.

# PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS AND DRAGON FLIES ON THE WING.

THE naturalist who combines with his love of birds and animals the desire to obtain photographs of certain creatures in their free state has a difficult task to accomplish.

An artist can draw a picture of this bird or that animal in any position or under any conditions; but we are conscious that his work is made up for the occasion, as it were, whereas the photograph gives us the real thing.

But the ardent student of natural history

does not shrink from tedious work and disagreeable circumstances, but devotes a vast amount of time and patience to attain the desired result.

One naturalist has a photo of two ruffs engaged in a fierce encounter, and any one who understands these birds will admit that such a picture is not easy to obtain. They belong to the woodpecker family and are distinguished by a kind of "ruff" collar of feathers, whence the name; they are pugnacious, and during the breeding season they will fight like gamecocks, with ruffs bristling and heads lowered.

It is not difficult to get near them, for their whole attention is taken up by the business in hand, but their movements during the fight are so rapid that it is next to impossible to get a good shot at them with the camera.

The naturalist had to try day after day and for hours together; he would lie flat on the ground, hidden by some plants or shrubs, or would sit astride the branch of a tree, or crouch behind a mound of earth—anywhere or anyhow—camera in hand, and at last he succeeded, after wasting several dozen plates.

Have you ever noticed a dragon-fly on the wing? And have you ever thought of taking a photograph of it? This little creature has a rapid flight, and takes a zig-zag course, calculated to make a photographer so irritable as to unfit him for society for several hours.

It took three summers for one man to get a good photograph of the insect on the wing, but in the end a picture was taken which was so good that it distinctly showed the markings on the limbs. The cost of that photograph in time and in wasted plates and films was never computed.

To obtain a negative of the crane, the spoonbill or the bittern at home in their native swamps is a task which few naturalists, however ardent they may be, would care to undertake.



# THE KAW RIVER BOTTOM POTATO.

BY ALPHA L. MILLER.

THE Kaw valley, as a potato producer, is not excelled in Kansas.

The yield is good and the quality is excellent.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam, very deep and is drought proof.

The ground is sowed to cane or turnips in the early fall, and after the first hard frost, the cane or turnips are plowed under and the ground is left for the winter.

In the early spring the ground is plowed deep, harrowed twice, and leveled down perfectly smooth and it is then ready for planting.

The seed potatoes are always northern grown and the Early Ohio predominates. They are shipped by the car-load lot in the fall and stored during the winter.

The seed is cut one eye to a piece, the cutters getting two cents a sack, and is planted with a potato planter, one row at a through. The potatoes are dropped about eight inches apart, and covered with about three inches of soil with the rows two and one-half to three feet apart.

After the potatoes are up, or coming up, they are plowed with a cultivator, four spring teeth to a side, eight teeth in all. The plowing continues until near blooming time then they are hilled up with mole shovels attached to the outside wings of the Junior one-horse cultivator.

The harvest commences in the latter part of June and sometimes lasts until the first of September, the potatoes being harvested with a potato plow which splits the row like a lister.

The pickers are each given a station, varying according to the length of the fields, the number of pickers, and the yield of potatoes. Enough pickers are hired to keep from one to three plows going. Each picker has a sorting table, a slatted trough higher at one end and narrow at the lower end, with hooks for sacks, a wire half-bushel basket, and plenty of sacks. They receive from two and one-half cents to seven cents per sack, and put two bushels in each sack. The sacks are then sewed, the

sewer being paid by the car load, hauled to the station, weighed and loaded in cars. From there they are shipped to market and sold by commission men bringing from thirtyfive cents to sixty-five cents a bushel.

The markets are usually northern markets, few cars being shipped east.

One of the largest and best-equipped potato ranches is the Price ranch near Loring, Kansas, comprising nearly a thousand acres, which was, until lately, planted in potatoes, the rows being nearly two miles long.

There are from fifteen to twenty regular men hired on this ranch the year around, and from fifteen to forty pickers in the harvest season. The yield in 1893, put in cars, would have made a train nearly six miles long.

Another great firm is the Mann and Frisbie ranch, near Wilder, Kansas. They handle more potatoes than the Price ranch, shipping on the main line Santa Fe by the dozen car loads. Their sacks for 1898 cost nearly \$5000, and their yield has been enormous since.

Near Loring lives Thomas E. Ewing, who was once the potato king of the United States, but in helping and supporting his race, a great crowd of colored people who live in his great potato warehouse, and who live off of his income, he has become only one of the lesser potato men and has nearly quit growing potatoes.

Olathe, Kans.

# PEARL ISLANDS FOR SALE.

Consul General H. A. Gudger, representing the United States at Panama, informs the state department that the Panama government has offered for sale the rights of the fisheries in the Pearl islands for a term of fifteen years. Mr. Gudger adds:

"For something like a hundred years and more the small group of islands fifty miles to the south of Panama known as the 'Pearl islands,' have been famous for their remarkable yields of pearls and coral. During certain seasons of the year, when the waters are unusually clear, these waters are worked by divers, and many pearls of great value have been found there. The pearls rank well in grade and color; in the latter respect they range from the pure white to green and lead gray and fre-

quently jet black. These fishing grounds have been a source of great revenue to the government as well as to the few more fortunate finders. Some little expense is attached to the business, as it is necessary to have experienced divers and thoroughly versed in the business.

"It is estimated that the shell of the ovster. commonly known as the mother-of-pearl, if trimmed and shipped to Europe or the United States would be sufficient to defray all ordinary expenses and leave the find of pearl as a clear profit. It is not common to have valuable finds, yet the fisher is sometimes rewarded with pearls of great worth. Some two years ago a small boy, while diving in the shallow water more for sport than work, found a pearl which he sold to a local dealer for \$4,000 silver (\$1,760). This dealer delivered the same pearl to a buyer in Panama and received \$10,000 silver (\$4,400) for it. This pearl is now in Paris and an offer of \$6,000 gold has been made therefor and refused. Formerly those who worked in these waters paid a percentage on their finds, later an annual tax. It seems that now the government has decided to sell the exclusive right to the highest bidder for a period of fifteen years."

# HE EXPLAINS.

IF I live till the 18th of next August I'll be eighty-nine years old and I'm just as good a man as ever I was. That is, if it wasn't for the rheumatism and the misery in my back, I'd be. They act toward me as though I didn't know anything. Only the other day I took a little walk and they came a tearing after me as if I didn't know where I was agoing. They said I'd get on the track and the cars would run over me, as though I didn't know enough when I saw the cars coming that I wouldn't step off on the other track and let them go by. Young people think old people are fools, while old people know young folks are.

Who's president? that's a pretty question to ask me. Didn't I vote for him? Cleveland's president—that's who 's president. Times are not like they used to be. You can't take up a newspaper but that it is full of people who are killing and murdering. It wasn't that way when

I was a boy. You needn't tell me there wasn't many newspapers when I was a boy. There was. We got the Dollar Newspaper when, I don't mind just now when it was, but it was some after the year the stars fell. What was in the papers then? Well, it wasn't all killing and bank robbing. People was honest in those days. I was in Philadelphia once. I went on the canal to help get goods for Connor's store—you mind Connor's store? What? There hasn't been any Connor's store for forty years? If I had you there I'd show you. It was in Westmoreland County, or was it in Ohio? I don't forget. I just disremember a little.

I want to go back and see the place where I was raised seventy years ago. I could go right there myself. The old gate I mended with a leather hinge and the way I fixed it I knowit's good yet. I'm going back next year if the misery in my back gets a little better. If they don't let me go on the cars, I'll start some fine day and walk it.

I don't like the way my married grand-daughter makes my bed. I like it with a little hollow in the middle and she makes it smooth. My wife used to make it just right. And if I take it into my head to get married again, I'll do it and they ain't agoing to stop me. That oldest boy of mine sasses me and he's only sixty-two. When it comes bedtime instead of going to bed they sit up reading and playing fool music. I go to bed when it's dark, I do, and other people ought to do the same.

They don't take care of my things. There's that blue coat with the big brass buttons behind that I got in 1859 and they let it all go to pieces and the moth eat it. I'm going to get measured for a new suit of clothes and I'll take care of it myself and not let them destroy it like they did the other.

Well, good-by! If it wasn't for this misery in my back I'd go down the road a ways with you. If you get on the track and the cars come step off till they get by. I'll be better in the spring and then I'm going afishing. Good-by.

THE pawnbroker might make an honest politician. He certainly keeps his pledges.

# SOLID AIR.

The moment that air has been liquefied, a still greater degree of cold renders it possible to convert it into a solid. In the same way when carbonic acid gas was liquefied under pressure and cold, when the pressure was removed, the volatilization produced a great degree of cold, the result being frozen or solid carbonic acid gas. Thus when liquid air is allowed to evaporate, it is possible that the liquid will become solid. The same is true of any other gases which have been liquefied.

This is the first intimation received of any such experiment. Years ago it used to be stated that the celebrated physicist and chemist, Bunsen, had no doubt that in certain planets, when a hailstorm occurred in them, the hail, instead of being merely frozen water, was in all probability metallic platinum.

As to the possibilities of such a compound as solid atmospheric air, no definite opinion can be stated. Whether it can have any economic value or industrial utility is entirely a problem to be determined hereafter by detailed investigation. Even liquid air, up to the present time, has not been found productive of any practical application. At present it may be simply considered as a wonderful curiosity in the laboratory of the chemist and physicist.

It is possible that the plastic, rubber-like solid air may be the great giant of the future and accomplish undreamed-of results.

Professor A L. Metz, of the Tulane University of New Orleans, has discovered solid air. Going the Dewars and Triplers one better, he has produced a substance about the consistency of indurated rubber or ivory, which remained in its solid form for a quarter of an hour in the open atmosphere.

The professor, who has a veritable mania for all scientific novelties, has frequently experimented with liquid air and for several weeks has been "playing horse" with a large shipment from the Tripler factory. Seeing the supply was nearly gone, the chemist concluded to devote all that remained to a single experiment a little out of the usual run.

Taking a large test tube about eighteen inches long and over an inch in diameter, he

put the liquid air into it, filling it to within six inches of the top. He then corked it and through the cork inserted a bent glass tube which was connected with his vacuum apparatus, and the latter was started full force to cause the most rapid evaporation possible.

The effect was rather startling. The liquid air bubbled and boiled as if it had been exposed to the most intense heat, but of course it must be remembered that at the time it was put into the tube the liquid air stood at the frightfully low temperature of 312 degrees below zero, and that thus subjected to rapid evaporation the temperature fell to some unmeasurable degree far below its former figure.

In fact, the cold became so intense that the atmospheric air all about the tube condensed and liquefied on the outside of the tube and ran down like drops of water on the outside of a tumbler of ice water. These drops were caught in a Dewar tube and proved on experiment to be identical with the Tripler product.

In the meantime the volume of air in the original test tube was found to have condensed into a small lump scarcely more than an inch deep and in appearance resembled fairly clear ice.

In order to further experiment with the product thus secured it was found necessary to break the tube. The little piece of frozen air, which Professor Metz also describes as resembling a bit of frosted glass, was then subjected to several tests.

Laid upon an anvil, it was struck with a hammer; the sound given out was that which one would hear on hitting a piece of firm ice, but in the present case the hammer rebounded as if it had struck India rubber.

Any object touching the solid air would immediately freeze to it and much valuable time was lost in disengaging the pincers when efforts were made to manipulate the strange product.

The discovery of frozen air opens a wide new field for speculation, not one of the least interesting being that of the possible presence of crystalline air particles in space. The utter cold existing in interstellar space is fully recognized and the probability is that should any air exist it does so in the form of minute rystals, like the infinitesimal frost particles thich fill the air on very cold days.

In the open space these air particles may rell serve to diffuse the solar light, a diffusion which has as yet never been satisfactorily xplained.

In the more practical uses of every-day life he solid air would seem to go far beyond the romises of liquid air, as it certainly furnishes n absence of heat far in advance of the fluid orm of the medium, combined with smaller ulk and simpler transportation.

# WHAT A PLACE FOR A BOY.

THE steamer Charing Cross, from Rosario, argentine Republic, recently landed at the condon docks with the strangest cargo ever arried. She started out originally with 31,000 bags of sugar and 8,000 bags of linseed. The vessel, however, was mysteriously conerted into a candy factory when at sea, and obody knew anything at all about it.

Her cargo was stowed away in four different olds of the ship, and the work of unloading ommenced on the day following her arrival. he ship and dock hands rapidly cleared the rst, second, and fourth holds without experincing any difficulty, but when they came to nload Number three they found that the sugr there had become one solid block of dark rown substance-12,000 bags, equal to 1,000 ons of sugar had been converted into taffy The mass was as hard as marble, and it was ound impossible to unload it in the usual The hard substance was firmly atached to the sides of the vessel and had enompassed everything else in its grip, so nothng could be done but dig the stuff out. A ody of forty men, using picks and shovels, as employed in breaking up the taffy burg the hold of the ship, and after thirty five ays' labor the men at length succeeded in learing away the last bit of taffy.

It had taken eight men only nine days to nload the other three hatchways, containing he major balance of the cargo, the minimum ate at which a ship load of sugar can be disharged being fifty tons per day per eight nen. But the combined efforts of forty men ngaged in clearing out the taffy pit in the

ship's hold could not turn out more than five tons a day.

The determination of the congealed mass to resist the onslaught of the forty men resulted in the breaking of about one ton of iron tools of all sorts, including wedges measuring three feet long, which got twisted and bent like so many limp wax candles; pickaxes, whose points got flattened out; chains, the strong iron links of which snapped in two; great iron bolts that got splintered like clothes pegs, and huge crowbars that got bent like hairpins. If those 12,000 bags of sugar had not been converted by a mysterious agency into taffy their removal from the ship would have cost only \$165, but in the present instance the cost of digging out the hardened stuff cost \$2,350.

The sugar market has lost 12,000 bags of "fly fancy," as sugar is called at the docks; but confectioners and breweries have bought the taffy, giving \$35 a ton for it, or less than its original value. Altogether the making of that thousand tons of taffy means a loss of \$5,000 in the aggregate, but the ship has become famous, for the Charing Cross is now referred to as the "taffy ship."

The cause of the transformation cannot be discovered. The sugar was loaded in tropical weather, and those particular bags which went wrong must have contained sugar which was in an abnormally moist condition. The hold in which it was stored is just abaft the engineroom, and subject to great heat. The subsequent change of temperature, from torrid to frigid latitudes, helped to solidify the mass.

The men who assisted in digging out the taffy had to be careful of themselves while at work. If they stayed longer than a minute in one position, the surface of the taffy berg being so glutinous, they got stuck there, and could be taken off again only with the assistance of four or five men, and then the soles of boots were frequently left behind.

In Norway the average length of life is said to be greater than in any other country on the globe.

THE height of the atmosphere is supposed to be about fifty miles.

# THE BACTERIA IN OUR FOOD.

Why is butter salted? Mrs. C. C. Frankland gives a scientific answer in Longman's Magazine: "We must first realize that the bacterial population of a moderate-sized pat of butter may be reckoned by millions; that a tiny lump only large enough to go into a thimble has been known to be tenanted by nearly 4,800,000; that, in fact, in consuming a slice of bread and butter you may unconsciously be assimilating individual lives exceeding in number those of the whole of Europe.

"Thus the urgency for keeping these hordes in check, and hence the efforts which are made first to set up effectual barriers to their ingress by taking proper precautions in the production of milk, and, secondly, in the conduct of the processes involved in the manufacture and distribution of the finished article. Included in these processes is the addition of salt in such quantities as to justify the butter being known as salt butter, or, in other words, to suppress to a large extent the activities of the butter bacteria. That salt does act in this manner is shown by the fact that in butter thus treated a very large reduction in the number of micro-organisms present is effected. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the common butter microbes do not by any means regard salt as their elixir of life!"

The writer also refers to the investigations of a Russian savant, M. Zakherbekoff, who carried out an elaborate inquiry into the bacterial quality of the milk supplied to St. Petersburg. The figures he obtained are appall-Milk described and supplied as the purest procurable was found to contain a minimum of over 10,000,000 and a maximum of no less than 83,000,000 of bacteria in from twenty to twenty-five drops, while in other samples a minimum of 2,400,000 and a maximum of 114,500,000 were found. How unnecessary such bacterial pollution of milk is may be gathered from the fact that milk under healthy conditions contains no bacteria whatever as it issues from the cow; that if due precautions of cleanliness, etc., are observed milk may be obtained absolutely sterile, or, in other words, entirely devoid of bacterial life. Such milk has frequently been procured from cows in cases where it has been required in its natural state, free from bacteria for experimental purposes.

# SHOT PIPE OUT OF A WELL.

A REMARKABLE accident occurred during the "shooting" of an oil well in the cele brated Liberty township field, five miles wes of Pittsburg, on the Renninger farm. A 200 quart shot of nitroglycerin had been put it the well, and Contractor Craig himsel dropped the "go-devil." The effects of the shot were most startling. The column of oil as usual, mounted to the top of the derrick and several score feet in the air. But there was a long black line that extended still further into the air and continued to project after the flow of oil had subsided

It was what is known as the casing of the well—several hundred feet of iron pipe about five inches in diameter that is sunk into the well while being drilled to keep out the surface fluids. Fully 200 feet of the pipe had been shot into the air, crashing through the top of the derrick. As the men surged forward around the well the sections of pipe began to break off and fell crashing down on the derrick, smashing oak timbers and falling into the crowd. All fled for their lives. Eight of ten sections broke off, and then another unexpected event happened—the balance of the pipe slid back into the well. The derrick if a total wreck.

# HEROINES IN DANGER'S FACE.

LADY MACDONALD, the wife of the British ambassador to China, who was imprisoned within the walls of Pekin during the siege of that city by the "Boxers," has written an interesting account of that perilous time While all the world outside of China was wringing its hands in horror at the supposed fate of the ministers and their families and the besieged men and women were flying to the British compound for safety, Lady Macdon ald's cook "gave notice." Before his resignation could be accepted or declined he del camped. The hospitable British legation secured a substitute, but he was a very pool cook and objected to hear the bullets rate tling.

"Occasionally," says Lady Macdonald, "I ead the riot act and threatened to hand him ver to the Boxers if he did not reform, and or a few days he would do better, but it did not last.

"Of wines we had a plentiful stock, and the nen drank champagne almost every night, but ve had no onions or potatoes, both of which regetables are hosts in themselves. To ease he hospital I established a convalescent ward n my husband's study, and here cases which only required slight attendance from the docors came to be fed up (save the mark!) and heered. The six beds in this room were arely empty, for there was much competition o convalesce in the minister's house, where isitors and lights were allowed at unlawful yours. One little Italian civilian thought nimself in such comfortable quarters when he same to be nursed for a few days that it was only by dint of forcibly ejecting his possesions that I got rid of him to make way for nother patient. He never forgave me for elling him plainly he was well enough to eave, and he departed with an angry heart in ais cured little body.

"The making of sheets, pillow cases and hirts for the hospital; of sandbags, for which all the curtains and draperies, even to some olls of silk given to me by the king of Corea, were sacrificed, kept us busy during the day. On a low computation I think we ladies must have made about 30,000 sandbags. Sewing nachines whirled unceasingly, and as fast as he bags were ready they were carried to be illed either for the defense of our own or some other imperiled legation."

When reliefarrived the unhappy people had almost reached the limits of endurance. Then in the early morning hours Lady Macdonald heard the rattle of the Maxims, and an hour after noon "a handful of Sikhs, tired, begrimed with dust and pouring with heat, lashed on to the tennis lawn, waving their guns. At their head was Major Scott of the Third Sikhs."

# EATS THE SINS OF THE DEAD.

In some parts of Wales a curious custom prevails at funerals. A poor person is hired—
'a long, lean, ugly, lamentable rascal"—to

perform the duties of sin eater. Bread and beer are passed to the man over the corpse or laid on it; these he consumes, and by the process he is supposed to take on him all the sins of the deceased and free the person from walking after death. When a sin eater is not employed glasses of wine and funeral biscuits are given to each bearer across the coffin. The people believe that every drop of wine drunk at a funeral is a sin committed by the deceased, but that by drinking the wine the soul of the dead is released from the burden of the sin.

# SHE WAS TOO KIND-HEARTED.

THERE is one young woman living at L'Anse, Mich., whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger, with a raveling hanging to his collar. Being one of those generous-hearted, wholesouled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kindhearted girl would do as much for her father were he to go to church with a raveling hanging down his back, so, when the audience rose for the first hymn, she concluded to pick it off. Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared. Setting her teeth, she gave a pull and about a yard of that horrible thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but, determined, she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unraveling his undershirt. Her discomfiture was painful when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

# IMPROVED PROVERBS.

QUACKS are stubborn things.
It's a wise girl who knows her own mind.
Society is the mother of convention.
Home was not built in a day.
Modesty is the best policy.
Circumstances alter faces.
A rolling gait gathers remorse.
All's not old that titters.
Let us eat, drink and be married for to-mo

Let us eat, drink and be married, for to-morrow we dye.

# COWS THAT WEAR GLASSES.

Cows wearing spectacles and geese wearing shoes are not common, but they exist. In Bohemia, when geese are to be driven for a long distance to a market, they are made to walk repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to walk for great distances without becoming sore-footed. In one section of the Russian steppes are to be found 40,000 cows wearing spectacles. that region the snow lies white on the ground for six months of the year, and the cattle pick a scanty living from the tufts of grass which grow below it. The sun shines so dazzlingly that the animals formerly suffered from snow blindness. Then it occurred to some humane person to try smoked glasses for the cattle. The experiment proved a success and large orders were given for the strange spectacles.

# UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

THE editor of the Automobile, a young magazine published in Lawrence, which is the seat of the University of Kansas, adds this hitherto unknown chapter to the history of Mr. Kipling: "During Rudyard Kipling's attendance at the Kansas university he had constant difficulty in making passing grades on his English composition. He would write of 'smoking seas' and the department would substitute 'misty,' informing Rudyard that seas do not indulge in smoking. 'Far flung battle line' was converted to read 'Far extended.' Rudyard had a habit of using both the active and passive voice in one sentence and the department labored long to break it. Finally he flunked in English and went his way. Pretty soon the wind brought back the echo of a voice singing of the smoking seas, and the English teachers crawled down from their musty chambers to join the rest of the world in its clamor of approval." By the same authority we are informed that Elbert Hubbard also attended the same university and also flunked in English!-Houston Post.

To the above we desire to add our mite of comment. No writer ever became forceful or

successful who stood by his grammars and In the very nature of things originality is impossible when a common meas ure is used. If all men had their clothes cul after one fashion plate they would all come to look more or less alike, and it is precisely so in the case of writing. Those who stick to their rules are forever bench men, workers after a model, and never become inventors Grammars are good things in their way, as blind guides, often used by the blind for instructing the blind. A good deal of what they teach is unnatural, and consequently inartistic. If a lot of people were drowning and someone on the bank were to call out, "Who wants to be pulled out first?" the one who taught school and knew his rules of correct speech, so called, would be the first to baw! out, "Me!" There are a few, common rules of correct use of words and ideas, and he who can tell his story vividly, and make it hang together well, has all there is of it, and if it is not conformable to the "rules of grammar all the worse for the grammar.

# SKIM MILK USED TO MAKE PAPER.

ONE of the most profitable side industries growing out of the manufacture of paper came from the discovery of the fact that casein was vastly better than the glue formerly in use for putting the heavy coating on the find grades of paper. The discovery was not only a bonanza for the man who made it and for those who backed him, but also for the dairies. The skim milk which is left after the cream has been taken off for butter and other purposes, and was in the nature of mere refuse for the big dairies, is now turned into a source of profit almost as great as that from butter itself from its use in the manufacture of casein for paper coating and sizing.

"I AM not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me entrusting her to your keeping for life."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't the same advantages for observing things as I have."



## FROM ONE LOOKING ON.

BY G. A. F.

DIFFERENT temperaments, different states of the system, occupations, seasons, climates are all to be considered in dietetics.

Foods the mental temperament must have. To create animal heat enough to keep life in the body, would overburden the vital with fat. And there is a vast difference whether one eats lard-fried potatoes in a climate where "they freeze while frying in the pan," or in a climate where they roast in the ground in the shade. Pork and hominy may do well enough for zero weather (and iron constitutions), but they are hardly to our taste when we seek the shadiest place for a snooze.

The man in the woods with an ax, or a gun, or a hoe in the field can eat whetstones, it is said. I would rather he made the experiment than I. But it is proven that one at work outdoors, from sun to sun, can safely eat a far heavier diet than one who sits at his desk all day.

Ecstasy of life, so dominant, so attractive in youth, saves them from ill effects of indiscretions the more sedate, considerate adult could not escape. We should learn from this to laugh more and worry less, to make life more a playday, and less a travail. It should then be of less consequence whether we ate pie or hardtack.

But to try to establish a dietetic law for the masses is absurd; for what is all right for one may be all wrong for another. One's common sense must determine largely what and when to eat.

Experience, constantly strengthens the

theory that vegetables, cereals, fruits, nuts, meats, all have their uses, and when properly used are medicinal as well as nutrimental. At no distant day the educated housewife's larder will replace the medicine chest. Then one long, sweet farewell to bitters and pills.

[This is the food controversy over again. It would puzzle the reader to tell just where the above writer stands on the subject. Contributions on these matters are always welcome, no matter where the writer takes her position. A truth is in the above-that the worker must, or should be, fed accordingly. Strong men in a lumber camp will get away with a lot of baked beans, warm gingerbread and strong coffee, that would appall the guests at a pink tea in the city. Yet they could not do their work on a thinner diet. A remarkable fact is that the hot South produces red-hot peppers and people who love to eat them. Then the colored man, laboring under the sweltering heat of the Gulf coast, prefers thick, fat, boiled bacon, and corn bread, as a diet. The feeling of the 'Nook toward these matters is to eat all you want and all you can get of anything you like, as long as it agrees with you. The trouble with the health food people is their insistence on the acceptance of their ideas and foods by persons who do not like them as articles of daily use, and who have no reason to use them .- Ep.1

### DOUGHNUTS.

BY SISTER ALLIE M. JONES.

Take one cup of granulated sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, and three cups of unsifted flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and sufficient flour to roll out. Fry in lard, and roll in sugar while warm.

Arcanum, Ohio.

# HOMEMADE HONEY.

BY SISTER MINNIE BARKDOLL.

Boil together for three minutes the following: Five pounds of white sugar, one and one-half pints of water, and alum the size of a hickory nut. Strain through a white cloth, and when partly cool stir in one tablespoonful of rose water.

Warrenville, Ill.

# CHEESE FONDUE.

BY SISTER ELLA ECKERLE.

SOAK one cup of bread crumbs in two cups of milk, add three eggs beaten lightly, one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly two cups of grated cheese. Mix all together and bake brown. This makes a very nice supper or luncheon dish.

Roanoke, Va.

# CARROTS.

BY SISTER JOHN E. MOHLER.

SCRAPE a half dozen of nice-sized carrots and cut crosswise into thin slices. Put on in cold water and boil twenty minutes. Drain carefully, then sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar over them, also a dash of pepper and salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one very finely-minced onion. Add a pint or a little more thin meat broth, and boil slowly nearly an hour. About five minutes before serving add a small bunch of finely-minced parsley.

Warrensburg, Mo.

# WHITE CAKE.

BY SISTER IVA C. METZGER.

Take the whites of four eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well sugar and butter, and the whites well beaten, add milk, then flour with baking powder. Can be used as jelly or solid cake.

Rossville, Ind.

# COLD SCALLOPED POTATOES.

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

HASH fine cold boiled potatoes, put in a pudding dish or skillet, pour over boiling milk with a little butter and salt to season. Bake one hour or more until the milk is all seethed in the potatoes. Quite palatable if just right. Raw potatoes can be scalloped the same, only slice instead of hash the potatoes

McPherson, Kans.

# STEWED CABBAGE.

BY SISTER NANCY BAHR.

Take tender fresh cabbage, about one pound cut pretty coarsely, put on to boil in boiling water and cook fifteen minutes. Then drain, put on sweet milk to cover and then stew until tender. Take one heaping tablespoonful of butter, mixed to a paste with one teaspoonful of flour, pepper and salt to taste. Boil up and serve.

Damascus, Oregon.

# SALMON SALAD.

BY SISTER DELLA KESLER.

Cut fine a head of cabbage that is tender and crisp. To this add one-half that amount of salmon, and a pinch of salt and pepper. Mix well, and pour over it a dressing made as follows: One cup of thick cream (sweet or sour) one-half cup of vinegar, and sugar to taste—beat well and pour over the above.

Red Cloud, Nebr.

## FRUIT COOKIES.

BY SISTER EUNICE EARLY.

Take three-fourth cup of butter, two cupof sugar, three eggs, one and one-fourth cup of lard, ten tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, two cups of raisins, four cups of rolled oats, four and one-half cups of flour sifted beforehand, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one level cup of soda dissolved in milk. Mix very stiff, drop in a pan and bake.

South Bend, Ind.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

MAY 25, 1901.

No. 21.

# SAY SOMETHING NICE.

BY FRANK BRITT.

Do n't say it, neighbor, no,
That angry word.
Just let your grievance go
I 'm sure 't were better so
By all unheard.
'T will not help him nor you;
Less said, the less to rue.
Yes, let it go unsaid;
Take good advice;
Do n't speak to hurt; instead,
Say something nice.

Do n't, brothers, be like bears;
It's all your loss.
Smooth down your bristling hairs;
Shake off your fighting airs;
Be sweet, not cross.
Far better, side by side
In love and peace abide.
Yes, boys, do n't snarl nor snap
Not once nor twice.
Do n't storm nor stamp nor slap;
Say something nice.

Do n't—hear me, man and wife
Scold, scold, and scold.
Too short the days of life
To spend so much in strife;
Your temper hold.
Speak words of love and praise;
Recall your courting days;
Mistakes and faults dismiss;
Melt out the ice,
And, with a smacking kiss,
Say something nice.

Do n't, parents, chide and chide
Those bairns so true,
Dear boys and girls bright-eyed,
I know they are your pride;
They love you, too.
Do n't speak so much of ill
Their young hearts so to chill.
Much good they do; to more
Kind words entice;
Your help their hearts implore;
Say something nice.

Do n't, do n't, O mortals blest,
Of lite complain.
God gives us what is best;
His gifts his love attest;
From plaints refrain.
No gift deserved, you know;
Then, do not murmur so.
Praise, praise for grace to-day
Above all price;
All wails and woes away,
Say something nice.

# HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

ONE day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and, with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language.

# DOING UP THE UNWARY.

"Put a little Peter in my friend's glass," said a woman in a Chicago saloon to the bartender who was waiting on her and her male companion. The request seemed innocent in itself, but ten minutes later the man was riding about in a cab in a state of stupor, and the woman had disappeared with his watch, diamond ring, and \$125 of his money.

"Peter" is the slang term for knock-out Many people associate the words knock-out drops with pellets. It is said that in some instances pills are used by men and women, but the more common form of the drug or drugs used is the liquid form, which is more convenient and less likely to be detected by the prospective victims. stupefying dose is carried in a small phial. which may easily be concealed in the hand which holds a bottle from which a convivial drink is to be poured and some or all of its contents are allowed to run into the victim's drink. In Chicago the results of the work of knock-out drops given to men and women, according to the freely-made statements of the police, are appalling.

The fact that knock-out drops have been extensively used in this city for the last two years is well known to physicians about town. Time and again they have been called to attend patients who had returned to their homes in a dazed condition and in not a few of the cases the patients have died, for the reason that the person administering the drug was not sufficiently familiar with it to know the safe limits of a dose. Nearly all the physicians connected with the coroner's office have been called upon to perform autopsies upon bodies of persons who died from an overdose of the drug, but in these cases it has been difficult for the police to get evidence on which to base a conviction.

Many men found unconscious in the street and taken to a hospital are supposed to be suffering from alcoholism. When it is too late to render relief the discovery is made that the man has been drugged, and is suffering from some sort of poison that seems to puzzle the physicians at the hospital. When death finally results in a case of this kind the coroner's physician finds from his autopsy that death

was due to the fact that the patient had a weak heart. Heart failure they call it in most of the cases, but if the physician who performed the autopsy had been familiar with the history of the case he would promptly have said the cause of death was a dose of chloral hydrate, too strong for the person to whom it was administered.

"What is commonly known as knock-out drops is chloral hydrate," one physician said. " From fifteen to thirty grains of it produces a sleep that lasts three hours. Of course, the sleep is deeper if the drug is administered in larger amounts. Then it produces a state of coma. Fatal syncope sometimes may occur. Chloral hydrate acts as a hypnotic on the brain, but when the heart is weak it kills. I have known of cases where thirty grains proved fatal, although the crooks about town who make use of it usually administer much more than thirty grains. They dissolve the crystals in water, and often compound the mixture by a rough guess that generally results fatally to the person who gets a dose."

In at least fifty drug stores in this town a stranger can buy chloral hydrate without a physician's prescription. Some of the druggists know what use it is to be put to at the time they sell it, but they charge \$2 or \$3 for an ounce bottle of the mixture, and so long as they get a good price for it they ask no questions. There are two drug stores in particular that are thriving on the sale of chloral hydrate. Their customers are thieves who make a practice of drugging and robbing men who come to Chicago to see the town. The thieves have their headquarters on the levee, and get in much of their work in that part of the city. They work in conjunction with the proprietors of cheap hotels, and divide their booty with them.

In the levee district there are many young women who use chloral hydrate for the purpose of carrying out their plans of robbery. Most of them have been taught to use it by the men with whom they associate, in many instances cabmen who have made a practice of drugging strangers in the hotel district. The young woman selects the victim and drugs him while sitting in one of the downtown saloons. The victim selected is usually

a man who has been drinking heavily. The woman orders bottled beer, and either requests the bartender to "put in a little Peter," or volunteers to pour it into her companion's glass. It is while doing this that she holds a small bottle of chloral in her hand and pours the chloral into the glass with the beer. A few minutes later, after the victim has swallowed the contents of the glass, he becomes dazed. He stands up to go, and imagines he's intoxicated. The cabman who is in the game is near at hand. The woman calls a waiter, says her friend is drunk, and asks the waiter to help him into the cab at the door. The robbery occurs later in the cab. After the woman gets possession of the victim's money and jewelry she informs the cabman, who drives through a dark street. The victim is lifted out and left on a stoop or lying on the sidewalk, only to be found later by the policeman on post, who sends for the patrol wagon. In some cases the victim is taken to a hospital. In other cases he awakes to find himself arraigned in court on a charge of intoxication.

# MAINE'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

Maine doctors send patients suffering from tuberculosis into the Northern pine woods.

There the patient must live far from his kind, enduring a loneliness that is often as bad as death. People whose lungs are seriously affected, and who know the conditions upon which their lives may be prolonged, often hesitate to accept the advice of their physicians and go thus into exile.

Every man who seeks the prolongation of his life in the woods must pay a heavy price. If he could go to an up-river hotel and come into contact with persons who travel to and from the cities, or if he could build a sanitarium and make his environment to suit himself, it would be different; but physicians have learned that isolation is one of the most potent of the curative agents that can be employed. Sufficient light work to keep up the appetite and to occupy the patient's mind so that he shall have no time for brooding over his ills is another part of the cure. Isolation, occupation, and warm, dry quarters on high land among the pine woods complete the treatment which the patient must take; which in time will probably restore him to health.

There are from twenty-five to fifty consumptive patients in the Maine woods at all seasons of the year. They reside in the forest year in and year out until their lungs begin to heal. After this, if there is no unfavorable symptom for six months longer, the exile is permitted to visit his friends for a few days, not oftener than twice a year.

After four years of such solitary confinement he is permitted to take board in a sporting camp where not more than four persons can be accommodated at one time, and to live there until his cure is completed or he is able to do a full day's work without fatigue. At the end of about five years the patient, if hale and able to work among men, gets a certificate which sets him at liberty.

Among the more than four hundred Maine people who are taken with consumption every year, not one in ten will agree to undergo the ordeal which is the price of recovery, and of those who do go to the woods, not one in five will stay long enough to take the full treatment. The majority prefer an early death to the prolonged absence from those who make life worth living. Yet the records show that nine out of every ten men who have been steadfast enough to see the treatment through to the end have come out cured, while of those who have died in the woods, only two out of nearly a hundred have died from consumption.



# CHERRY TREE ON THE TABLE.

Something new is promised in the way of a society fad, and the very wealthy New York set, which is always looking out for fresh opportunity to squander money, is pleased greatly by the novelty of the idea.

During the coming winter no really swell and properly-equipped dinner table will be considered complete on a festive occasion in the house of any fashionable millionaire unless there is a dwarf cherry tree for an ornament-at least one cherry tree, that is to say, though there may be as many as half a dozen. These trees will bear actual fruit, ruddy ripe, which the guests are expected to pluck for themselves when dessert time arrives. Not more than one hundred cherries will be on each tree, but inasmuch as they will be of extraordinary size and delicious quality, besides being so unusual a luxury, this number should suffice for a small dinner party at all events one of those ideally managed entertainments at which, in accordance with accepted theory in such matters, the persons present are not fewer than the graces nor exceeding the muses numerically.

These dwarf cherry trees have been evolved by the ingenuity of French gardeners, and during the last winter they have been the vogue in gay Paris. That they cost a good deal of money goes without saying, inasmuch as the fruit has to be forced by special processes in the greenhouse, and, the little crop once picked, there cannot be another until a twelvemonth later. The French are wonderful at this sort of thing, having developed the art of horticulture along certain lines to a point undreamed of on this side of the Atlantic.

The cherry trees, as they appear on the dinner table, are four or five years old, but have trunks only about an inch and a half in diameter. They have never been permitted to grow more than three feet high, being kept cut down to that point, while most of the branches are lopped off, so that the little tree has a wholly artificial aspect. At the proper time it is set in a pot and placed in the hothouse for the purpose of forcing it to fruit. And finally, when the fruit appears, most of the cherries are removed, while as yet imma-

ture, with a pair of scissors, only one hundred or so being allowed to ripen. As a result they have a size and quality far superior to the best of ordinary cherries.

Rich people in Paris are not less reckless of money expenditure than are those of the smart set in New York, and there is probably no place in the world where fruits of rare or exceptionally delicious varieties command such extravagant prices. The first cherry that was offered in the Paris market this year brought twenty francs, or four dollars—not a cherry tree, mind you, but a single cherry. But then it was the only cherry for sale on that day, and so it may be said to have been relatively cheap. It was purchased by Count Boni De Castellane, or, more correctly speaking, was bought for him by his order.

# QUEER USES OF INDIGO.

INDIGO makes you think of the Boers by indirection, for those defenders of their institutions make one wet rag in the morning do duty for the faces and hands of pap and mother and the eleven children; and then, too, the British fired shells of lyddite at them, and the fumes of the explosion turned them a gaudy yellow in complexion.

Now, lyddite is indigo on which nitric acid has been poured. It is not only a thing to be melted and loaded into shells and set off with a primer of guncotton, but it is a brilliant yellow dye. When the explosive is made in England it is called lyddite; when it is made in France it is called melinite but it will answer to either name if it is touched off in the right way.

This may seem a queer use of indigo, but it is still queerer that all the bright colors that we call the aniline dyes, and which we know are derived from the coal tar products, are so named from indigo's other name, "anil," made in the laboratory.

So many and so wonderful are the uses to which chemists have put the common, ill-smelling tar, that by-product which the early manufacturers of illuminating gas tried so piteously to get carted away, that one hardly dares to speak of them as queer. They are too great. They are amazing.

They are even awe-inspiring, for to see whither experimentation with the carbon compounds has brought us is to realize that there we are very near to the spot where the profoundest secrets of the living, growing world lie hid. When a human being can make from tar an indigo so good and so cheap that within the last four years it has risen to be the successful rival of the indigo that the good Lord causes to grow in plants, we may well pause and look back upon the long and tortuous way we have come since our first ancestors began to make queer uses of common things.

# VALUE OF FLAVORS.

CHEMISTS tell us that cheese is one of the most nutritious and, at the same time, one of the cheapest of foods. Its nutritive value is greater than meat, while its cost is much less. But this chemical aspect of the matter does not express the real value of the cheese as a food. Cheese is eaten, not because of its nutritive value as expressed by the amount of proteids, fats and carbohydrates that it contains, but always because of its flavor.

Now, physiologists do not find that flavor has any food value. They teach over and over again that our foodstuffs are proteids, fats and carbohydrates, and that as food flavor plays absolutely no part. But at the same time they tell us that the body would be unable to live upon these foodstuffs were it not for the flavors.

If one were compelled to eat pure food without flavors, like the pure white of an egg, it is doubtful whether one could, for a week at a time, consume a sufficiency of food to supply his bodily needs. Flavor is as necessary as nutriment. It gives a zest to the food and thus enables us to consume it properly, and, secondly, it stimulates the glands to secrete, so that the foods may be satisfactorily digested and assimilated.

The whole art of cooking, the great development of flavoring products, the high prices paid for special foods like lobsters and oysters—and these numerous other factors connected with food supply and production are based solely upon this demand for flavor. Flavor is

a necessity, but it is not particularly important what the flavor may be.

This is shown by the fact that different people have such different tastes in this respect. The garlic of the Italian and the red pepper of the Mexican serve the same purpose as the vanilla which we put in our ice cream; and all play the part of giving a relish to the food and stimulating the digestive organs to proper activity.

# UNIQUÉ NEWS SERVICE.

THERE is one development of newspaper enterprise - though in some respects the phrase involves a wrong description-which has received but little attention in this country. Now that the post office is bestirring itself in the matter of telephones it is quite possible that we may see a novel departure in the furnishing of news. There is such an organization in Buda-Pesth, where it has been in successful operation for over two years. It has about 6,000 subscribers. The service has a main wire of 168 miles, which is connected to private houses and various public resorts. Between 7: 30 in the morning and 9: 30 in the evening twenty-eight editions are spoken into the transmitter, ten men with loud, clear voices acting as speakers in shifts of two. The news is classified and given in accordance with a regular program, so that any subscriber knows when to expect the kind of news of interest to himself. A short summary of all important items is given at noon and again at night, and subscribers are entertained with music and lectures in the evening.—St. James' Budget.

A MAN noted for his "nearness" went into a meat shop and inquired the price of a certain soup bone. The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said: "Oh, I'll give you that." The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing and had missed the reply. "Can't you take something off of that?" he asked. The dealer took pity on him. "Yes," he said, "call it 10 cents." And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.

# FALLING FROM THE CLOUDS.

"PARACHUTE jumping is a modern adjunct to the ballooning business," said the retired aeronaut. "The records are silent as to the identity of its inventor, but it is not more than fourteen or fifteen years since it was first attempted. Hundreds and even thousands of dollars were paid in those days for a single ride.

"I took my first lesson in riding the bag from Van Tasel. It came about in a curious way. About eight years ago a western railroad began its attempt to make the Great Salt Lake in Utah a popular inland seaside resort. All sorts of attractions were offered. Among them were various sorts of outdoor performances of the kind made familiar by the circus.

"My partner and I were doing a trapeze turn at the beach. One day as we sat at lunch in a downtown restaurant my eye fell upon a big three-sheet poster announcing the first balloon ascension by the great Van Tasel at Garfield beach on the following day. Parachute jumping was little known in those days, and we made merry over the impossibility of doing what was set forth on the poster.

"At the next table sat a man who seemed mightily interested in our conversation. The bills set forth some immense sum that was to be paid the famous traveler of the air, and I remarked that I would be perfectly willing to make the trip for \$100. The next day, as we were walking on the beach, the man we had seen in the restaurant approached and began talking balloon. He asked if I was prepared to make good the offer of the day before. I was decidedly taken aback and began to stammer a reply.

"Then he explained that he was Van Tasel, and that he and his wife lived in San Francisco. The engagement had been made by telegraph and in the hurry of packing his canvas the balloon used by his wife had been substituted for his own.

"You know that parachutes are of different dimensions, graded according to the weight of the performer. His wife weighed 135; he weighed 170; and to use her outfit was out of the question. He said he was to get \$1,200 for eight ascensions, and if he could not get a

substitute he would have to throw up the contract. He offered me \$300 if I would go up the first two days, by which time he expected his balloon would arrive.

"It is a point of honor with show people to make good their little bluffs, and while I was hesitating he kept shoving at me column after column of newspaper clippings intended to prove that there was nothing dangerous about the leap. The upshot of it was that I took him up, and that afternoon I decked myself in my prettiest pair of tights, determined to die beautifully, if not bravely.

"I must have shown something of my inward misgivings in my eye, as the professor gave me a last opportunity to back out. I was game, however, and let them tie the lifeline to me and grasped the bar in both hands.

"The bag looked like a live monster as it tugged and leaped at its leash. It was a nine-ty footer of the kind then made to rise with startling rapidity so that the jumper could get the most there was out of the spectacular part of it. My nerve almost failed me as the moments passed, and if they had not given the signal to let go when they did I would have ignominiously backed down. As it was, I was on the point of turning round to speak to Van Tasel when the jerk came.

"I suppose it was a mere matter of instinct, but I followed the instructions to run a few steps and leap with the balloon in order to lessen the shock of the sudden separation from the earth. My legs were through rope loops and the line would have held me had unconsciousness come, but with the first wave of fright passed I actually began to enjoy myself.

"I looked down, and could see a wonderful panorama rapidly unfolding under me. I have seen the same thing many times since, but a more novel sight never struck my vision. Mountains seemed to be slowly leveled, and the waters of the lake gradually to spread over the earth, then rapidly to recede. I looked up, and was shocked to find the balloon gone. Apparently I was suspended from nothing but one hundred feet of taut rope. In fact, the bag had simply gone into a cloud, and was out of sight.

"The next instant I heard the signal shot

from the professor's revolver. My hand went out in search of the cut-off rope. I clutched it, then I let it go again. My heart was in my throat. 'Just one pull,' said my brain. Again my hand went out. Again I hesitated. Only a little tug, and then, what? Well, if I had had any idea of how long it took the old-style 'chute to open I would never have plucked up courage enough to pull that cord. My heart was beating a tattoo in my breast, and it was about all that I could do to hold on. I cautiously tried the rope. It seemed to be working. Then I cut loose.

"It was a clear drop of several hundred feet before there was any staying of the downward momentum. A sickness that seemed mortal possessed me. A drowning man, they say, sees his life pass before him in review. I saw nothing. I felt everything. My only recollection is of a horror, a terrible black shape crouching just above me. I did not even think to look at the 'chute. I simply held on and fell, fell.

"Then, just before unconsciousness came, just as I had made up my mind that the thud was coming the next moment, I seemed to awake from a dream to find myself sailing slowly, O, so slowly, it seemed, down to earth again, although really at the rate of one hundred feet a second. The change came so swiftly that it did not seem real.

"But there before me was the prettiest and most welcome sight I had ever seen—the lake, the mountains, the tiny human specks on the beach. Off to one side I saw the big balloon just toppling over for its drop. A moment later I struck the beach with a suddenness that jarred me almost unconscious.

"The next moment a half score of boatmen were pulling in my direction. A special prize of \$25 had been offered the man who picked me up if I landed in the lake, and the nearest man was hurriedly shouting to me to jump in so he could get me, promising to divide. I thought too much of my new tights, however, and then the professor came up beaming his congratulations. It seems I had really made a star ascension. While I had sat studying whether to pull or not to pull, the 'chute had followed the balloon out of sight and when I came down it was a tumble from the clouds."

#### IN POTTERIES.

PROBABLY very few people know just how the cups, saucers and crockery ware in general use on the table are manufactured, and fewer still have any idea of the intricate process through which each article must pass before it is ready for use. To begin with, five ingredients enter into its main composition, flint, spar and three kinds of pure white clay.

The mixing of these in their proper proportions is the secret of the trade and is really known to few people. Once mixed and thoroughly kneaded distilled water is introduced until the entire mass becomes about the consistency of thick cream. Then it is strained through cloths and the finest sieves, and finally the liquid is placed in tanks and the solid matter literally squeezed out of the water.

The clay thus reclaimed is the material used for making the crockery and is moulded by hand and simple machinery into the required shapes and then set away in steam-heated rooms to dry. Next the articles are scraped and sand papered until perfectly smooth, and then they are packed into fire clay boxes and burned in an immense kiln. After the first burning they are dipped in a solution, the mineral for making which costs \$1.50 per pound. This puts the glaze on and then they are again burned. Next they are sorted and then they are ready for the market.

Until very recently none of this work was done near Philadelphia, but lately a factory has been started by people who came from the big Trenton works.

The place is visited almost daily by classes from the various schools and institutes where clay modeling is taught, and the pupils derive much practical benefit from the trips.

\* \*

During a fire at Hawk Point, Mo., a corpulent woman stood on a barrel to throw some water on the burning building, when the top of the barrel caved in, and her husband vainly tried to extricate her, and finally was compelled to roll her to a blacksmith shop and have the staves removed.

\* \*

Charity uncovers a multitude of sins.

#### CIRCUS ARCHITECTURE.

THERE is one chapter in "David Harum" that every boy would enjoy. It is the one in which David tells the story of his life, dwelling on his boyhood days of poverty and hard work. In his whole boyhood career there was but one bright spot, but one perfect day—the day that "Billy P." took him to the circus. David became a successful banker, made a lot of money and was a man of great influence in his community, but all his money and influence did not bring him a day of happiness equal to that day at the circus.

There is one side of circus life, however, that few even of the most fortunate boys, ever see, yet, in the opinion of a veteran circus goer, this is the most interesting part of it. That is the way in which a circus travels, the loading and unloading, the getting up of the tents and making ready for the performance.

In olden times the wagons and cages of the circus were hauled at night from town to town by horses, but the circus has grown with the growth of the country, and now it travels by its own special train, on cars built expressly for its accommodation. For a big circus there are usually forty cars-enough for two trains. There are latticed cars for the horses, and crosswise under each of these cars is a gang plank, which can be pulled out and let down in about a minute. When the car door is opened the horses know by experience what is expected of them and they walk up or down the gang plank, as the case may be, without causing any trouble. Sometimes in the early morning or late at night a sleepy horse falls off the gang plank, but rarely hurts himself.

The wagons and cages are loaded on flat cars, so connected that the unloading can be done from the rear end of the rear car in the train. A couple of channel irons carried on this car take the place of a gang plank. By means of ropes fastened to a "snubbing post"—a stout post set in the ground—and also attached to the rear axle of the vehicles, the wagons and cages are eased down gently but rapidly. By reversing the process they are as easily loaded onto the cars.

The circus trains generally arrive at a city

at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. Except the noise of "switching" the cars on the "sidetracks" everything about the train is still. Men and animals are sleeping. But when the train is once in a position for unloading, an army of men suddenly appear from the sleeping cars like slaves of the genii summoned by the voice of their master. In a minute the scene is one of bustle and life, but there is no confusion. All is order and system and the unloading proceeds with the regularity of clock-work.

While this is going on, the master mind of the mechanical department of the show has been driven to the place where the exhibition is to take place. He surveys the ground with the eye of a general planning a battle. wants everything laid out to the best advantage. After a brief survey he makes up his mind, and the next minute he is walking about dragging a steel measuring tape behind him with a man to hold the other end. Another man follows him and wherever the leader points the other man sticks into the ground a steel skewer with a ring at the top in which there is tied a little colored rag. These skewers mark where the tent pegs are to go, and the man with the tape keeps on going until he has fixed the position of every peg that is to support the great canvas house soon to go up. The first wagon to arrive brings the cook and the cooking outfit, and the work of getting breakfast begins. The next wagons bring the tent pegs and poles. Six men with hammers drive the long pegs into the ground, each striking every pin a single blow. Then the center poles are hoisted into position by four-horse teams and the use of a block and tackle so rigged that they can hitch the team to the fall. The fall is the part of the rope to which power is applied in hoisting with ropes and pulleys.

By this time the canvas has arrived. It is in sections, done up in rolls of the size and shape of a bass drum. These sections are spread around the several poles, laced together and each section laced to a ring around the center pole; by these rings the roof of the great canvas is hoisted into place. From the head of each pole to each ring there is a block and tackle to which a four or six-horse

team is hitched and the roof is "snaked" into position. First, however, ropes have been put in place running from the edge of the roof to the tent pegs. Then the side poles that go under these ropes are set at an angle with the inner end under the canvas. This leaves the edge of the roof within easy reach and the canvas to form the side wall is hooked on. Then a final hoist is given to the roof, the side poles are straightened to a vertical position, and the great tent is up. The wagons and cages are driven to their places and the work of arranging the rings is soon done. Then comes the "grand street parade," dinner, and everything and everybody are ready for the afternoon performance.

#### WASHING DAY.

As washing-day, in Germany, only comes two or three times a year, it is a great occasion. The women of the house, assisted by others, vanish into the cellar during the first day, from which they emerge at evening with great baskets piled high with wet, clean linen, ready to be taken to the bleaching-field. This field is about half a mile from most of the houses and is the property of the town. It is a point of low meadow land which extends out into the river. At one side is a little stone hut in which a man and dog pass the night guarding the clothes.

In the center of the field is a stone-curbed well. Hither in the evening the clothes are brought on trucks, frequently drawn by large dogs, and here, in the cool of the day, they are spread upon the grass, sprinkled from large tin watering-pots, and left for the dews to finish the work which the soap-suds have begun. On a bright morning the various groups on the bleaching-field make a pretty picture. The peasant girls, with old handkerchiefs or veils tied over their heads, gay stuff dresses and

bare feet, run about between the long rows of snowy linen, or stand on tip-toe at the lines. Others stand awaiting their turn at the well with watering-pots on their heads, or at the tubs up to their elbows in the rinsing water; one refreshes herself with a long drink of water from an uplifted jug; a group of women sit in the shadow of the stone hut eating their breakfast of black bread and sausage, while the children make themselves useful by chasing stray pieces which the wind whisks away, or ornamentally turning somersaults and playing leapfrog. Everything is stirring and pretty to see, and invests even the practical washingday with an aureole of poetry.

#### THE PEAT BOGS OF IRELAND.

THEY cover some three million acres of surface mainly in the heart of the country, though extending into every part of it. Many thousands of acres, chiefly in the northeast, have been brought into cultivation; of the rest, some yields a little sour pasturage. but the main portion is of use only as it yields cheap fuel to the poor. These bogs are of all depths, from a few inches to thirty or forty feet. The shallow parts are those reclaimed for cultivation, and some of the deeper sections by ditching and draining, are rendered fit for the farmer's use. The peat and turf are cut up, piled into heaps and dried, when it is burned and the ashes evenly spread over the soil, this, with the moist climate insures tolerable crops.

It is supposed by many that these bogs were once the site of mighty forests of oak and fir, which dying fell into the peat where the moss and fungus growth soon covered the trunks, and the forest, growing, dying and falling, during the long centuries brought the peat inch by inch to its present depth.



### NATURE



## STUDY

#### ANIMALS UNDER THE BAN.

A NEW and important law in regard to animals has just gone into effect. It enlarges the powers of the United States Department of Agriculture, seeks to protect birds more thoroughly than before and guards against the introduction into this country of animals which might, if allowed to increase, become a pest.

The English sparrow plague could have been avoided had this law been formerly in operation and perhaps, too, there would not now be in the forests the "silence which speaks" so loudly of wanton cruelty and recklessness in the shooting of birds.

The object and purpose of this act are to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds in localities where they have not heretofore existed. Further on is the important clause which makes it unlawful for anyone to "transport from one State to another the dead bodies of any wild animal or bird killed in violation of local laws."

The new law deals with the importation of all kinds of animals as well as birds. The word "animal" is taken to include reptiles and "birds," to include all warm-blooded animals provided with wings, and therefore bats, apparently.

Every importer is required to apply to the Secretary of Agriculture for a permit to import domesticated fowls, pigeons, etc., and cage birds, such as parrots and canaries. Specimens for museums or scientific collections are also admitted without permits, provided the purpose of their importation is clear.

Some animals are not under any circumstances to be imported, except for museums.

Those under the ban at present are the mongoose, the "flying fox" or fruit bat, the English sparrow and the starling. These are "absolutely prohibited."

The mongoose, to most Americans, is known chiefly as the deadly enemy of snakes. But his tribe are as fond of chickens as of the cobra and the python.

As for the flying fox, he is a most unwelcome addition to the fauna of any country. A foot and a half long on an average, but sometimes much larger, he lives wholly on fruit and his one redeeming feature seems to be that he is esteemed good eating in the countries of the East in which he flourishes.

In regard to this matter of prohibited animals the powers of the Secretary of Agriculture are unlimited. He may at any time increase the list.

Twenty-five years ago the roseate spoonbill curlew, for instance, was extremely common in Florida. The great beauty of its plumage attracted the attention of the milliners, with the result that the bird is now protected only by imposing a fine of \$250 on anyone found shooting it in Florida.

The snowy heron, the great blue heron, even the seagull, have become a prey to the milliner—or rather to the fashionable woman—and are rapidly decreasing.

The powers of the State gamekeepers are not in any way diminished, but the whole work of saving the forests from being depopulated for the sake of trimming a "stunning" hat for some fine woman is now centralized and designated.

The purchasing of birds for those regions where they once flourished but are now seldom found has not been systematically carried on. Now that the power to do this is vested in the Department of Agriculture this work will doubtless be much more energetically carried on and much of the

harm done by hitherto lax laws and uneducated public conscience will be remedied.

The importance of the "prohibited animal" clause is apparent when the figures of the amount spent to destroy rabbits in Australia are taken to account. They amount up to \$5,000,000 and the plague has exhausted the ingenuity of science.

In Jamaica the mongoose is a plague that destroys much valuable poultry. It is only luck that has kept this country from suffering from this pest, as it would flourish in the Southern States.

#### GIANT STONE THAT ROCKS.

ONE of the greatest natural wonders of the world is the rocking stone of Tandil, in the Argentine Republic. It is located about 250 miles south of Buenos Ayres. The rocking stone, which has made the little town famous throughout Argentine, is the largest phenomenon of its kind in the world. The giant mushroom-shaped quartz boulder stands upon the summit of some picturesque hills 1,000 feet in height, three miles from the outskirts of Tandil. It weighs over 700 tons, and is so nicely poised that it rocks in the wind and may be made by the strength of one man to crack a walnut. Yet this boulder is so firm that, it is said, one of the old dictators, Rosas by name, once harnessed a thousand horses to it and was unable to dislodge it.

There are, of course, many such rocking stones scattered about the world, though there are none nearly so large. In New York State there are two, one near the town of Monticello, of about forty tons, and the other in Salem, of over eighty tons. The former is nearly as round as an orange, and so nicely balanced upon a table of stone that a child, by pushing against either side, can rock it back and forth.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA'S SUBTERRANEAN WONDER.

THE Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and the Luray Caverns in Virginia are visited by thousands of Americans annually. They, attract visitors from every part of the world.

A third subterranean wonder, according to the official descriptions, is this Wind Cave in South Dakota. There is a descent of 155 feet before the first room, called Bride's Chamber. is reached. Then follows the Snowball Room. which is even larger and more beautiful; then the Post Office, a long room with curious formations; then the Red Hall, a small room of red stone: then the Opera House, "an immense room, grand in its formations of box work and in the varied colors of the rocks that form the ground overhead;" then the Devil's Outlook; and then room after room until the traveler reaches Capitol Hill, "with its high dome ceiling, in the center of which Nature has placed a centerpiece of most beautiful box work." Odd Fellow's Hall, which comes next, has three links in the ceiling and a rock goat standing at the side. The Stone Quarry has great slabs of pink stone.

The following is from the official report: "Then we reach the Garden of Eden; here the box work is coated with a pure white frost, and the edges are trimmed with little white balls like pop-corn, and long frost petals, white as snow, and so delicate that a breath will almost destroy them. Noah's Beard hangs from a little point of rock in this frostwork about an inch long, and consists of long strings like fine silver wire fully two feet long. Words cannot describe this place, so we go down Corkscrew Path, a winding trail going down, quite steep, around a deep, dark hole, and are on the brink of Dante's Inferno. Amid a continuous change of formations and constantly-changing scenery, on this still lower level of 450 feet, we find the Monte Cristo Palace, the Assembly Room, the Fair Grounds-an immense room, 200 feet long and from forty to sixty feet wide, with a great dome near the center. We go down again through Alpine Pass, where we let ourselves down through a hole not any too large, and land in a great black hole, from which we pass on to the Blue Grotto, 500 feet down."

IF any of our observant readers have ever had any animal or vegetable monstrosities come under their notice will they please describe them and try to give a reason for them?

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## 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### WORTHY OF THE HIRE.

THERE is a class of people in the world who see nothing but money in the efforts of others. They can conceive of nothing but self-interest, for that is all they know about personally. There are some people in the world who render service without adequate pay. They are actuated by the highest motives, and are deserving of all credit and honor. Then there is an equally honorable class who work, expecting to be paid for it, and whoever does this is doing right, no matter what anyone may say about it. A good deal of the talk about entire consecration and giving up everything to "the cause," that is, any cause, is nothing but downright lying on one side and taking an unrequited service on the other. No man can be a Christian and do either of these things. He who works for a living is worthy of the pay incident to such work, and if he doesn't get it and take it he commits a double wrong, one on himself and on the one or ones he helps. Not every single or extended service need be paid for, but where people make a business of anything, from opening ditches to founding churches, they have a right to a good living thereby,

and whoever defrauds them of it does a mean thing and robs God.

The honest man recognizes honest pay for honest service, not grudgingly but freely, and he who impeaches the motive of the man who knots his pay in the corner of his handkerchief on a Saturday night perhaps is only deterred from becoming a highwayman from lack of personal courage. He would take the laborer's denarius if he could.

#### A RECENT TRAGEDY.

IT all occurred under the eyes of the INGLE-NOOK man, and it was a fine sample of a lack of civilization. This was the way of it, and if you see nothing wrong in it the Lord help you. A rabbit had built a nest under the porch of a vacant house, and one knowing the infantile squeak of little bunnies could hear the noise they made when they unraveled from the furry heap and attacked their mother. The mother rabbit had learned to keep out of sight, and especially did she fear the big brute with a hundred-dollar gun, and followed by a lesser brute that ran on four legs. and ran fast. The Autumn before she had only escaped by a hair, and several times she had been shot at. So she had reason to fear the couple, and especially did she dread the boy, who was remorseless in his murderous tendencies.

The other day, early in the morning, the old rabbit ventured out, and, lean and lanksided, she was cropping the early grass on the boundless prairie. Nobody was in sight, but the rabbit did not know that in a few minutes there would be half a hundred of her enemies waiting for the door of a manufacturing establishment to open, and the boy was there, too, and saw her leap clear of the short grass, and a cry was raised.

Over the grass-covered field they went, the rabbit ahead, but doubling as the rabbit habit is, and thus getting cut off by the crowd. Around the building, over and across, pursued by half a hundred people, bunny doubled and sped, striving to get into a drain or a hole, when a big dog joined in the chase. It was all over in a moment. There was a squeak, possibly a vision of the bunch of little ones,

and a fuzz and haze in the air when the dog shook the life out of the helpless, harmless animal, and a boy picked her up, laughed, pitched her out in the grass, and the crowd laughed, too.

And the little ones! Oh, nothing at all. They simply died one after the other, of starvation and thirst. Now will someone please pass the hat for a collection intended for the Congo district? On this side of the world we are all civilized, and need no refining influences.

#### BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.

Make your homes pictures of beauty around them, for a well-kept home proclaims the character of the inmates. The flash of geranium, and color scheme generally is assuredly an index of the mental make-up and habit of thought of the designers. It takes little money, for many an old woman has a cottage a blaze of color, and though she may never have heard of taste as a mental quality yet she has it in fact. All have the love of the beautiful, more or less, and in all it can be cultivated. The vine, the gaudy hollyhock, the flaunting goldenglow and every flowering plant, is a sentence from the grower's heart writ so that all who can read may understand.

#### HOW IS IT?

What is the absolute zero of cold, the limit? It is not known.

Can the pheasant be bred in captivity?

Yes, it has been done. There are usually three kinds bred in captivity.

What are mercerized goods?

Cotton goods treated with chemicals till they look like silk and wear better.

Ought not Christ to have been crucified on a Thursday if he rose on Sunday, having been buried three days?

The Jews reckoned time from sunrise to sunset as making one day. If Christ was crucified on a Friday, that was one day, the next, or Saturday, was the second, and on the third day, or Sunday, he rose.

What does the horn on the cover signify? Plenty, abundance, a pouring out.

What is cinnabar?

The ore from which mercury is had is called cinnabar.

What is hybridization in plants?

Natural or artificial mixing the pollen of one plant with another.

Would it pay to raise fancy-colored cats for their skins?

It might pay in a money way if cats could be bred in sufficient numbers, which they cannot be, and one had no scruples about the matter.

What makes the difference in coffee?

There are different qualities, grown in different parts of the world, and the product of the same tree is assorted. Then the age of the berry influences the quality greatly,—the older the better.

Is gold found often in pieces of large size?

No, not often, but sometimes considerablesized nuggets are discovered. The largest was found in New South Wales, and it was four feet nine inches long, three feet nine inches wide, and four inches thick throughout. It was worth \$148,000.

Why are not dandelions cultivated as flowers?

They are so common that only real flower lovers would likely care for them. If they grew only in one place in the world, and that inaccessible, they would be one of our finest flowers. Where there are many of them growing wild notice the wide difference in color, texture, size, etc.

Can potatoes be produced by planting the seed of the potato balls?

Yes, and in this way many new varieties have been brought about, but it is a slow process, and is unreliability itself, as far as new kinds are concerned. If you want to try it wash the ripe seed out carefully, plant, attend with care, harvest and replant, and in time you will get a potato of edible size, with about one chance in a thousand of its being as good or better than existing kinds.

#### HOUSE MOVING IN CHICAGO.

LAST year 473 houses were moved in Chicago. Thus there was an average of more than one house moved every day during the entire twelve months. Frame houses, brick houses and even stone structures are moved from one place to another by those experts who make a business of this particular kind of real estate transfers. That house-moving is still an important feature of the city's industries is attested by the fact that there are fifty firms in the city devoting special attention to taking dwellings from their foundations and carrying them bodily to some other point. The operation has been reduced to such a science that during the journey of the house not a timber or a brick in the structure is disturbed. The trip is regarded as so safe and so certain to be free from accident that often families do not move out of the dwellings at all, but remain in them perfectly secure while the houses change locations.

House-moving seems a very simple process, but there are in reality more complications connected with the process than a man who has never moved a house could conjure up in the wildest flight of his imagination. In the first place, a house cannot be moved except by movers who hold a city license granting them the privilege to engage in such work. Before a man is given such a license he must file a \$5,000 bond with the city house-moving department. This bond is a safeguard demanded by the city to protect the municipality in case an accident should occur during the moving and a damage suit should follow to which the city of Chicago might be made a party to the defense. The housemoving department has sole power to lay out the route along which the house must be taken. Whenever it is possible the movers are compelled to effect the transfer by way of streets that are little used. A fee of \$5 for the privilege of moving the house must be paid to the city.

This does not end the mover's troubles or those of the owner of the house by any means. All of the rules and regulations of the moving department of the city must be complied with and an inspector is always around to see that these are observed. The house owner does

not have to reckon with the neighbors from whose midst he is going to extract his house. but he is compelled by city ordinances to figure pretty carefully with the neighbors among whom he proposes to plant his building. If a majority of the residents in the block and on the same side of the street where the man wants to put his house object to the proceedings then the whole affair might as well be declared off, for an insurmountable barrier has been encountered. Or if the property owners for 150 feet in either direction on the opposite side of the street object the efforts of the mover might as well be discontinued. The law requires that the majority of the property owners in the block on the side of the street to which the house is to be moved and the majority of those within 150 feet in either direction on the opposite side must first give their consent to the placing of the house in the new locality.

After all of these matters have been looked after and settled satisfactorily then the actual active preparations for the moving of the house are begun. Houses are still moved by that same old simple process that has been in use for decades. The house is raised from its foundations on jackscrews, or "jacks," as they are called, and afterward placed upon broad. heavy rollers of solid wood. A great windlass is placed fifteen or twenty rods down the street and is anchored by heavy pins driven into the ground. A big, thick rope, strong enough to pull many tons, is then pulled from the windlass to which one end is fastened. The other end is fastened to the house. A horse is attached to a shaft connected with the windlass, and as the animal walks round and round the center pin the rope is wound about the latter and the house is pulled forward. When the house has been pulled up to the windlass then the latter is set forward again and the pulling process is repeated. operation is performed over and over again until the house has been drawn to the new location which it is to occupy.

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It is said that the Mississippi River levee system has resulted in raising the channel of the river above the surrounding country.

#### CATCHING COLD.

Why is it, asks Dr. Simpson, in *Popular Science*, that people who are most exposed to cold by outdoor employment are the people least subject to colds? Simply because no one catches cold by exposing the whole body to cold. Those people catch cold who try to coddle themselves and keep away from cold. A person more easily catches cold when a portion of the body is exposed, while the other portion is kept warm by artificial heat. One is more apt to catch cold sitting by a stove in an unventilated room than by facing a blizzard in the open air.

Nansen and his men, when in the Arctic regions, were exposed to the cold of every description, and it is stated that they never once suffered from colds. But no sooner had they returned to their native land than they one and all caught severe colds. The reason for this is probably because they were again warmly housed, and spent a portion of their time in unventilated rooms, sleeping in stuffy bedrooms.

The more children are coddled to keep them from catching cold the more apt they are to catch cold. The proper course to take is to clothe the children warmly, provide good stout shoes, and turn them loose in the open air. Let them go, rain or shine, cold or warm; let them have the open air every day. Such children are far less liable to catch cold. And their bedroom window should be open every night, winter and summer, in such a way as to avoid a direct draft upon them while they are sleeping, especially as they may uncover themselves when restless.

#### THE THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE was originally a thumb-bell, because it was worn on the thumbs, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch inven-

tion, and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bicentennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's work-basket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benfchoten. And it may further interest colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Ann van Weddy, the second wife of Kiliaen van Rensselaer, the purchaser of Rensselaerwyck, and the first patroon. Madame van Rensselaer's memory was duly honored in Holland on the occasion of the thimble bi-centennial. In presenting this useful gift, Van Benshoten begged Madame van Rensselaer "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his esteem." It was not until 1696, that the thimble was introduced into England by a Hollander named John Lofting, who opened a thimble manufactory at Islington.

#### LOST HIS BET.

THE other day a Londoner said to a countryman:

"I'll bet you anything you like you cannot spell three simple words that I shall give you within forty seconds."

"I'll take that on. Now then, what are they?" said the countryman.

"Well, here goes," said the Londoner, as he pulled out his watch: "London."

"L-o-n-d-o-n."

"Watching."

"W-a-t-c-h-i-n-g."

"Wrong," said the Londoner.

"What?" exclaimed the countryman, in surprised tones; "I've spelt the words you gave me correctly. I'm certain I'm not—"

"Time's up!" the Londoner said triumphantly; "why didn't you spell the third word—w-r-o-n-g?"



#### SPEARING FISH.

In an interesting article Mr. Ernest Mc-Gaffey tells the story of fish-spearing. He says:

Spearing for fish in the winter is allowable in some States all during the season. In other States it is prohibited during certain months. In those States where it is done some big fish are captured, and for those who are willing to endure the loneliness of the sport there are some exciting experiences. The best fishing is usually had on the lakes, although there are always a few people along the rivers following the same sport. Some of the small lakes, set deep among the hills, afford good places to spear bass and pickerel, and, while a greenhorn at the sport will sit for hours without getting any fish, the experts will generally land some good ones. It requires a great deal of skill to wield a fish spear with the quickness and skill necessary to impale the agile pickerel or the darting bass, and the "tenderfoot's" wild jab are amusing to the wily and scaly denizens of the fresh waters.

The fish caught are usually bass and pickerel, and often fish of from four to eight pounds are pierced and hauled up on the ice. The first thing the ice fisherman who is going to spear fish does is to provide his spear and his lure. The spear is one with from three to five or six prongs, fixed to a shaft of pine or other light wood and the barbs on the spear or spear head are sometimes arrow pointed, with both sides of the tine, or barb, cut in so as to keep a fish from slipping and sometimes made with only one side of the barb cut in. The spear heads vary in weight and thickness. It takes a good strong one to hold a big fish and occasionally a large pickerel will wrench loose even after he has been pierced through and break a tine and get away. But with a heavy spear he can only thrash around for a little, and if the spear is held firmly he can be drawn out on the ice.

The house or tent for the spearsman is sometimes of wood and sometimes of canvas. When a wooden house is made it is a small affair, just big enough to hold one man comfortably, although I have seen them big enough to hold more. A tent can be made to hold several, the same as a tent on land.

When we speared fish through the ice in northern Illinois and Minnesota we used to take a charcoal furnace into the house to keep warm by. The house or tent is placed over a hole cut into the ice and the spearsman sits on a box or seat of some kind ready for business. The shaft of the spear is shorter than the shaft used in spearing in summer, and is held in the right hand. In the left hand the fisher holds a wire, on the end of which a wooden minnow is fixed, the wooden minnow resting in the water a little ways below the surface.

It is work requiring the patience of the Esquimaux, the endurance of a rhinoceros, and quickness of hand and eye possible only to the experienced. Your senses must always be on the alert, your eye fixed on the aperture in the ice, and if a bass or pickerel sails into the opening you must be ready to instantly launch the spear at him. The spear is not thrown down into the water, but the movement is a jab. The spear is held close to the water and the motion must be quick as lightning to effect its object. Any clumsy preparatory move will be taken advantage of by the fish and he will be away like a flash, leaving you with an empty space to gaze into and a regretful feeling in your mind.

Sometimes it is well to move the phantom minnow around a trifle to give him a specious appearance of being lively, and sometimes this can be varied by holding him perfectly immovable. Pickerel and bass will rush for this lure, and the expert fisherman will strike them either as they dart or as they poise in the water and watch it. You must be careful and not let the spear shaft slip from your hand and under the ice, and it is as well to have a hole bored in the head of the shaft and a string run through it and over your wrist. This may save a weary walk to the house for a fresh The spear should be held at a "ready" for the shifting or turning of the shaft, even if almost imperceptible, is liable to alarm the prey. The jab should be a fierce one, and one of the difficulties of making it tell is in judging distance. Sometimes a big fish looks as though he was right up at the top of the hole, when in fact he is quite a little ways down. Sometimes a fish may seem quite a ways down and yet may at the same time be

rising, and thus throw the fisherman off of his aim. Like many other things, practice makes perfection, and my first experience merely brought me a pair of frost-bitten toes and not a scale of any kind of fish. The tines or barbs ought to hit the fish squarely. Many a fish escapes by being hit a glancing blow. If the tines do not sink deep and solidly the big fish will tear away. Pickerel and bass caught in the summer have borne spear marks from their adventures in winter flirting with the timber minnows. When a fish sails into a man's ken in this way, especially if he has been waiting like a graven image for a half hour or so, it sets the tingle of excitement stirring along in his veins. He must be as wary as a panther if he wishes to reap success.

It is lonesome sitting in a little cubby-hole out on the ice in this way for hours. If you have a companion you cannot talk for fear of frightening the fish, and if you are alone you must not whistle nor sing. All must be conducted on the same basis as the blubber hunter of the far north, who perches by the hole in the ice whence the seal is expected to emerge.

The scenery around one of those little lakes when the snow lies on the hills is picturesque to a degree. The trees stand stripped of their leaves, and even the smaller twigs have been whirled away by the fierce later blasts from the north. The winds have piled the drifts in fantastic shapes and now stoop occasionally and sweep these down and pile new forms and angles among the trees. The chickadees, and once in awhile a hairy woodpecker, flit about the tree trunks, and a solitary crow slants across overhead.

Sometimes a man who is skilled in the use of the spear will bring in half a dozen big fish in a morning or an afternoon. The fish seem to be attracted toward the opening independently of the wooden lure, possibly for the air that comes into the hole. But when they see the lure they very often make a rush for it, and the skillful fisher will jab down and transfix them before they can get away. It is well to have more than one wooden minnow, for sometimes a big pickerel will knock it off of the wire and under the ice, and you will miss him besides. A man can take his basket of grub along, and even warm his coffee over

the coals of the charcoal furnace if he wishes to. But it is almost invariably the rule that when you are biting into a doughnut or drinking a cup of coffee, or shifting your seat to get a little more comfortable, some big fish looms in sight.

What a picture a seven-pound pickerel makes as he suddenly appears in the opening! His fins extended, his pointed head watching the lure, ready to advance or disappear as the emergency may require. "A long, low, rakish craft" he is to be sure, and swift as thought he cuts the water. It is a most puzzling and unusual picture for the tyro, and looks like a fish painted in a picture, with the ice around him for a frame. As the spear is jabbed at the fish and he dodges and darts away the greenhorn will almost be ready to affirm that there was no fish there, unless it was one of imagination. But when the expert jabs down and brings a big fellow up dripping with the cold water of the lake and twisting on the barbs of the spear he will alter his opinion.

It is a unique sport, and, while it is claimed that it is only the pot-fisherman and nonsportsman who would be guilty of such a way of capturing bass and pickerel, it requires dexterity of a high degree.

#### # # HER DOG.

In the railway carriage a well-dressed young lady tenderly holding a very small poodle.

"Madame," said the guard, "I'm very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this compartment."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the guard.
"I couldn't even allow my own dog here.
Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll fasten
him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young lady. "I will trust him to no one." And with an indignant air she marched to the luggage van, tied her dog, and returned.

About fifty miles farther on, when the guardcame along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the guard, politely, "but you tied him to a portmanteau, and he was put out with it at the last station."

#### MINING LEAD AND JACK.

BY S. P. CRUMPACKER.

LEAD and jack are nearly always found in the same district. Jack is the ore from which zinc is smelted. We often find the two minerals sticking together. Lead is about the same color, when taken out of ground, as it is when on market in various forms. Jack has a reddish, rosin color. These minerals lie in pockets, and are generally found in flint rock. These places of deposit are of various sizes, and shapes, often several of these pockets are connected by small leads or veins of mineral. In Joplin, Mo., and Galena, Kans., mining districts they are found from thirty to three hundred feet deep. This makes it very uncertain prospecting.

One of the principal ways of prospecting is with a well drill, with about a ten-inch bit. The experienced eve can tell by the cuttings taken out of the drill hole, when they are in mineral. It is said that in the above-named mining district there is only one drill hole in fifteen that it pays to sink a shaft on. The shafts are dug five by seven feet and that gives two feet on one side for air pump, sail, bell cord, etc. When the shaft is down in mineral they start to drift on two sides of the shaft. This gives the drill men a chance to work in one drift while shovelers work in the other. They generally fire shots at noon or night. This gives time for the smoke to leave the mine before the men go back to work. Some use a battery with copper wire running down in the mine to fire the shot. Then with others they cut the fuse long enough to give them time to get out of the mine. After the fuse is lit, if the mine has a roof of solid rock, it is considered safe. In some of the old mines it is fifty feet from where the men work to the roof. If there is a dirt and bowlder roof it is dangerous, and has to be propped with timbers. Mineral is taken out in halfbarrel tubs, with a steam hoister, and is dumped on a screen. The fine dirt goes to the hand jig, where the mineral is separated from dirt and rock, that which over the screen is culled by hand. Miners very frequently drift into what they call "mud pockets." They are openings in the rock and look as

though there had been an upheaval in the earth, and the rock did not settle back to its original place. Some of these openings are twelve or fifteen feet each way. They contain free ore (free of stone), and a bluishyellow mud. The writer has helped to take block lead out of this kind of a place that weighed one hundred pounds to the piece. It looks strange to see the lead lying in this mud, in layers. Sometimes there are thousands of pounds of lead taken out of one of these openings.

After drifting twenty or thirty feet from the shaft, if the prospect looks favorable, they sink another shaft at the end of the drift. This gives a current of air through the mine, and room for more men to work. Now they are ready to put up a mill costing from five thousand to eight thousand dollars. The dirt, stone and mineral are all hoisted to the second story, and water is pumped to the same place. All go through crushers together, where everything is broken to the size of a pint cup. Then it goes through a trough, ten feet to the second crusher, and is broken to the size of a hen egg; then to third and broken into the size of corn grains. By this time the mineral is all cracked loose from the rock, and all goes into a steam jig. Lead, being heaviest, sinks first, jack, next in weight, then sinks, rock and dirt are carried over by the force of water. The mineral is shoveled into separate bins and is ready for the buyer.

Lead is about twenty dollars a thousand and jack thirty-five dollars per ton. With mills of this kind, and a line down in the mine so they can use a steam drill twenty men, in paying dirt will get out forty to fifty tons of lead and jack in a week. Sometimes the the dirt and stone trave so little mineral in them that a mill will not pay expenses, which are fifty to seventy-five dollars a day. These mines make work for thousands of men. Wages are from \$1.75 to \$3 per day, nine hours to the day.

Brazilton, Kans.

#### FUR FLOWERS FOR THE STAGE.

ARTIFICIAL flowers made of fur are the latest original contrivance for costumers' and milliners' use. The fur is taken, so far as possible, from the heads of various animals, particularly squirrels, the skin being cut in long rectangular sections, and folded rosette fashion in such a way that a blossomlike bunch is formed, the hairs all pointing toward the edges of the petals. The arrangement is made permanent by a few stitches, and a scrap of cloth is attached by sewing to the under surface, for the sake of reënforcement.

For a stem, a wire is passed through the centre of the flower, with a tuft of fur at the upper end of it. The tuft, being drawn down to meet the body of the blossom, lends to the latter a suitable finish, and a green coveringtube of rubber or other suitable material is drawn over the wire from its lower extremity, so as to give it the appearance of a stem. This last completes the construction of the flower, the effect of which is said to be very natural, the nap of the fur resembling the fuzz of the natural petal.

The inventor suggests the addition of a calyx of green cloth to give an appearance of naturalness.

#### MAKING A MEDICINE MAN.

WITH barbaric dancing, self-inflicted bodily torture and feasts of roast coyotes and fried reptiles, the Yakima Indians have again celebrated their strange ceremonial of selecting a medicine man for their tribe.

The recent dance which installed a new "doctor" among the Yakimas took place on the reservation near Toppenish, in the State of Washington. It continued for ten days, during which time the participants, lapsing into a frenzied condition, resorted to all the fantastic and heathenish practices prevalent among the Yakimas in former years. They chanted tribal songs, drank "firewater" and feasted upon Indian delicacies, such as cooked prairie dog and snakes and other edibles believed by them to possess peculiar charms over mind and body. They wounded their bodies and bruised their flesh-all to gain the honor of possessing a doctor's rattle, his badge of office, his symbol of power.

A rattle is always given the successful applicant for the office of medicine man, and when this is sounded the evil spirits are supposed to depart from the persons afflicted and to leave the tepees in which they are kept. In many instances this rattle, or proof of authority, is bestowed upon a warrior for some act of bravery, or because of a call from the Great Spirit to the important work of a medicine man. On the appearance of a member of the tribe bearing the rattle, those approached bow very reverently, touching their faces to the ground, and mutter a peculiar chant, which indicates they have great respect for the office of medicine vender.

At the recent ceremonies a number of Indians were anxious to compete for the medicine man's rattle at this annual feast, and the chief decided that he would test their powers of endurance in submitting them to repeated torture while the dance progressed. spectators numbered probably three hundred of the most ignorant Yakimas. The squaws, or kloochmen, built fires in different parts of the ground-floored structure hastily erected for the occasion, and smoldered sagebrush, barks and herbs over the burning embers until the atmosphere was poisonous and stifling. When all was in readiness those competing for the rattle marched up and down the center of the long group of spectators, swaying to and fro, and making hideous chants or guttural growls. The spectators beat the ground with sticks and chimed in with a peculiar chanting noise. The dance continued throughout the night, and the day was spent in feasting, drinking and sleeping.

The dance of each succeeding evening partook more and more of the ancient practices of barbarity. The squaws would become greatly excited and jump up to assist their favorites. Fire brands would be placed in the hands of contestants and against their flesh. The hair was singed, war bonnets burned and the most excruciating pains undergone. Some would slash their nude forms with knives, while others would run against posts in the building and cut gashes in their foreheads.

At last, on the tenth night, a superstitious frenzy seized the entire group, and a wild war dance and powwow were held. Many Indians were bruised and even crippled in the medley, as women joined in the dance, tore their hair and scratched their faces with their finger nails.

When daylight dawned only one man was able to stand up and dance, and he was given the rattle.

When Chief White Swan heard of the medicine dance he called those who participated in the performance before him and delivered a strong lecture against the continuation of the practices. He is a very religious Indian, being a member of the Methodist Mission on the reservation, and one of the educated class.

The tribe numbers about 1,200, of which many are intelligent farmers. The medicine dance and several of the old customs belong to what may be termed the renegades who live in tepees far away from the schools and churches of the agency. They have lands in severalty, a reservation of 1,400 square miles being allotted to them, but the ignorant ones prefer to lease their lands to the white people and roam about the country. In early spring they seek the salmon fisheries of the Columbia river, where they camp around in the tepees, and the women do the work of catching fish. Later they visit the Hood river strawberry fields and then close up the season by picking hops in Yakima Valley.

The medicine men never work at any occupation except that of curing the numerous afflictions of their tribe. One favorite method of treating smallpox and skin diseases is to set a tepee near the river, get inside and cover with a blanket, while hot rocks are placed in water over which the patient stands. When thoroughly saturated with perspiration the patient rushes out and jumps into the river. This is almost certain death, but the practice is persisted in by many of the ignorant members.

A medicine man frequently sits beside a pot of boiling water while he watches the actions of the sick person. After making some signs and perfecting some charms he jumps upon the patient, bites a hole in the flesh and catches some of the blood in his hands. The hands are then closed and dipped into the boiling water, and quickly removed, when the bad spirit is blown away and the sick one is healed.

But a medicine man's tenure of office is uncertain. Should he fail to cure any member of the tribe to whom he is called he suffers the death penalty, and is dishonorably buried among the common members.

#### THE PEDDLER AND HIS PACK.

When the bearded Russian or the business-like Pole gets his bearings and observes the general congestion of trade in the Ghetto district, whither he drifts as soon as he lands in Chicago, his ears greedily drink in the stories of outside trade that come from some humble but loquacious acquaintance. If he has \$25 sewed up in the lining of his waistcoat he begins seriously to consider the idea of investing in a stock of goods that may be carried on the back, obviating the charge of excess baggage.

If one has ever visited Jefferson street on market day he will understand how busy the inhabitants are out of doors, but behind store windows and in basements he will get glimpses of activity also, where everybody is seemingly trying to get the best of everybody else, and the stream of language is considerably thicker than the Chicago river. Venture into one of these small, over-crowded shops and a sense of chaos comes in the bewildering blending of goods, the confused fashion in which things are jammed in boxes and crammed on shelves and in which they overflow narrow counters. The articles listed under the caption of "Yankee notions" are found here in tropical abundance, with flimsy and shoddy in plentiful evidence. You also get immediately into a strong current of devitalized air that is full of aromatic suggestion.

The novice gets into the store with his friend, keeping his eyes and ears open for information. The mentor, who has been hardened by long tramps through the country, makes a general inventory of the store in a careless sort of way, as though he did not care to buy unless some great inducement were offered. Of course the dealer is accustomed to this sort of coquetry, for his faithful scouts have informed him of the peddler's arrival in the bosom of his family, for news travels fast in the Ghetto. The peddler, presumably opulent, picks up a bunch of lurid bandannas, strokes them as if the coarseness of their texture annoyed him, and sniffs at them as if the bouquet were offensive. Then he picks up a macaronilike string

of suspenders and pulls at them to see if the rubber is dead or responsive. Next he runs one of the combs through his whiskers, throws a cheap and flimsy shawl over his arm and shivers derisively. In fact, he goes through a pantomimic performance, visually discounting everything that he proposes to purchase.

Eventually he breaks out with a flow of Yiddish, and you observe the tidal wave of trade is at hand. The storekeeper, who has held his peace, gets back glibly, and, like the man with the gun, has the advantage, for he is behind his own counter, and volubility does not frighten him into any immediate concessions. The talk soon drifts into English, not so fast and furious, but more comprehensive.

"No, those handkerchiefs cost me 38 cents a dozen by the gross, and 40 cents is the lowest you or Rothschild can get them from me."

So the colloquy goes on over combs, collar buttons, socks and shawls, pins, needles, ribbons, cotton underwear, cheap lace, thimbles and pocket books. (Poor people are strangely addicted to buying pocket books.)

The selling of handkerchiefs is the easiest form of barter and trade, and so handkerchiefs are the staple article upon which the dealer bases his instruction to the purchaser, if he is inclined to give information as to the best way of pushing goods. Twenty-five dollars will go a long way, if judiciously invested, in securing a varied stock for a pack peddler. The reproduction of a true bill will give an idea as to original cost; what the selling price may be is the professional secret of the peddler.

2	dozen socks, at 75 cents a dozen \$	1.50
2	dozen socks, at 52 cents a dozen	1.04
2	dozen ladies' hose, at 78 cents a dozen	1.56
4	dozen children's hose, at 58 cents a dozen	2.32
4	dozen handkerchiefs, at 38 cents a dozen	1.52
	dozen handkerchiefs, at 24 cents a dozen	.96
	dozen linen handkerchiefs, at	.48
2	dozen red handkerchiefs, at 36 cents a dozen	.72
2	dozen lace handkerchiefs, at 40 cents a dozen	.80
4	dozen linen lace handkerchiefs, at 40 cents a	
	dozen	1.60
2	dozen coarse combs, at 68 cents a dozen	1.36
2	dozen fine combs, at 44 cents a dozen	.88
3	pieces of elastic	.15
4	pieces hat elastic, at 5 cents a piece	.20
2	gross buttons, at 24 cents a gross	.48
2	dozen chemises, at \$2.25 a dozen	4.50
50	thimbles	.50
1	Total	
	Total\$:	20.07

John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of his fortune by pack peddling, and the precedent he established has not been forgotten. The pack in the black oilcloth covering frequently weighs upward of 100 pounds, but this does not deter the peddler from the pursuit of wealth, even if he is too poor to buy or borrow a broken-down horse and crazy wagon to transport the freight. The winter is the best season, and the peddlers esteem themselves lucky if they do not have to flounder through the snows of the northern States, as the south is the favorite territory with the majority during the cold season. These hardy men penetrate the forest fastnesses of Wisconsin logging camps, the distant mining towns of the west and the lonely farms in the distant Dakotas; even the Klondike and the terrors of its frozen trails and fearful passes find them plodding in the rush with the most adventurous spirits. Traveling through the open country, they risk being frozen to death, moving from place to place more or less inaccessible. They must live by the inhospitable roadside. Frequently they must beg their way, or pay for lodgings with some of their scanty store of goods, for they have no option to secure sample rooms and send the expense account to "the house." Atlaslike, they carry their world on their backs, and ever struggle on in the hope of securing enough to start a store of their own. This is the high aim of the pack peddler, the cause in which he struggles, suffering the slights of men and mildly listening to the upbraidings of irate females who decry his goods but eventually buy them.

36 36

A VETERAN provision dealer is authority for the statement that nothing will draw rats like sweet potatoes. They seem to be able to smell this toothsome vegetable from afar and will come in droves wherever sweet potatoes are stored. In proof of his assertion this dealer said that he never kept potatoes in his cellar with other vegetables, but placed them up in a dry loft. Having a large cold storage chest in his cellar he had previously tried the experiment of placing a basket of sweet potatoes inside, and although the rats could not puncture the walls they did gnaw the woodwork of the chest, trying to get at the tubers.

#### MANUFACTURE OF GOLD LEAF.

THE process of gold beating is exceedingly interesting in its various details, and is one which requires the exercise of much judgment, physical force and mechanical skill. The gold must first be properly refined. The process is as follows: The coin is first reduced in thickness by being rolled through what is known as a "mill," a machine consisting of iron rollers operated by steam-power. After being rolled, it is annealed by being subjected to intense heat, which softens the metal. It is next cut up and placed in jars containing nitro-muriatic, which dissolves the gold, and reduces it to a mass resembling Indian pudding, both in color and form. This solution is next placed in a jar with copperas, which separates the gold from the other components of the mass.

The next process is to properly alloy the now pure gold, after which it is placed in crucibles and melted, from which it is poured into iron moulds called ingots, which measure ten inches in length, by one inch in breadth and thickness. When cooled, it is taken out in the shape of bars. These bars are then rolled into what are called a "ribbon," usually measuring about eighty yards in length, and the thickness of ordinary paper, and retaining their orignal width. These "ribbons" are then cut into pieces an inch and a quarter square, and placed in what is called a "cutch," which consists of a pack of French paper leaves resembling parchment, each leaf three inches square, and the pack measuring from three quarters of an inch to an inch in thickness. They are then beaten for half an hour upon a granite block, with hammers weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, after which they are taken out and placed in another pack of leaves called a "shoder." These leaves are four and a half inches square, and the gold in the "shoder" is beaten for four hours with hammers weighing about nine pounds. After being beaten in this manner, the gold leaves are taken out of the "shoders" and placed in what are called "molds." These "molds" consist of packs of leaves similar to the other packs, and made of the stomach of After being made ready in the an ox. "molds," the gold is beaten for four hours more with hammers weighing six or seven pounds each.

It will be noticed that the thinner the leaf becomes, the lighter are the hammers used, and it is also necessary in beating the gold, especially in striking the "mold," that the blow should be given with the full flat of the hammer, and directly in the center of the "mold." Should the beater strike with the edge of the hammer, there is every chance that the leaf will be broken and the pack spoiled. The leaf, after being taken out of the "mold," is cut into squares of three and three-eighths inches, and placed in "books" of common paper. Each "book" consists of twenty-five leaves, and there are twenty "books" in what is known as a "pack."

Gold foil is made in a similar manner to gold leaf, except that the sheets are thick and annealed separately, while the chief distinction is that it has, if a genuine article, no alloy whatever. The article known as "German gilt" is not made from gold at all. The wood upon which it is to be placed is first made exceedingly smooth, and then painted with a preparation which, being covered with silver leaf, has the property of producing a gold-like appearance.

#### HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

In days gone by, in a country town, there lived and wrought a stonecutter who, besides being reckoned skillful in designing tombstones, was also credited with a critical taste in the epitaphs inscribed thereon.

Being requested by the disconsolate, weeping relict of one of his fellow-townsmen to place on the slab of her dear departed the words, "My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to space them out so that an addendum was possible, and was by no means surprised at her visiting him a few months after to ask him, as she was about to remarry, to efface the inscription and substitute a more fitting one.

"No need for that, marm," was his reply, "I always looks to contingencies where there's widdies lef'. All that's wanted to the inscription on that tomb is jes' to add the word 'alone!"



#### AN OUT-DOOR BAKEOVEN.

BY MARY WAMPLER.

THE bakeoven is six feet square, and has a foundation of stone built on the order for a dwelling. About two feet from the ground the foundation is made of brick, which is about one foot in thickness. Now three feet above the ground, the hearth is laid. It is made level so that the bread and pies will set level while baking.

Above the hearth an arch is made of brick about two feet at the highest point. This is made quite thick and is cemented on the outside so that it will hold heat sufficient to bake leavened bread. In the back part of the arch is a chimney with a damper in it, and in the front part is a door, twelve by eighteen inches in size.

Below the hearth is an opening for the ashes, and in the hearth near the door is a hole in which the coals are scraped.

It has a roof thirteen feet long, extending out in front so as to protect the one who does the baking, as well as covering the oven. There are two implements to aid in baking, a scraper to scrape out the coals, and a paddle with which to put things in the oven. Both have handles, long enough to reach back in the oven.

Under the roof are four shelves on which to place the things before putting them in the oven, and also before being taken away. In this oven can be baked, at one time, about len loaves of bread and twenty pies.

The oven is heated with wood. This is plit fine, from three to four feet in length. It is generally put in a few days before bak-

ing, so that it will be dry and there will be no trouble in getting a fire.

Bakeday is here and in one hour things will be ready. So here we go to start a fire in the oven. Oh! what a smoke we have whirling and twirling. It goes up through the atmosphere except on damp days, when the air is light. Then we have quite a smoky time for a little while. As soon as the fire has stopped burning the damper is closed so that all heat possible may be kept in the oven, and the coals scattered evenly over the hearth, so as to have an even distribution of heat. When they have died out sufficiently they are scraped from the hearth and things to be baked are put in.

The bread is put in first as it takes it longest to bake. Other things are arranged accordingly, so they can be taken out when baked.

Some of the little folks may wonder if a bakeoven is a good thing. We think it is, and I will give some of the conveniences and also inconveniences. It will bake in one hour what it would take a stove or range half a day or longer to bake.

Then, again, it is not as heating or tiresome as a stove, while, on the other hand, if the weather is bad it is not convenient to carry everything outdoors, and then in again. Also it requires more fuel. And occasionally, when the wind blows, ashes are blown over the things and cannot be cleaned off the uncovered pies, but I was always taught that ashes were wholesome spice, although they did not look or taste well. We bake any thing in this oven except nice cakes.

We like our oven and would not do without it. When the weather is bad it is with some degree of dread that we take up the work of baking in the stove.

Dayton, Va.

#### WELSH RAREBIT.

BY SISTER ORA BEACHLEY.

Take and cut in small pieces one-half pound of good cream cheese, together with a piece of butter the size of a small walnut, a pinch of salt, pepper, and cayenne pepper if you wish it right hot. Put on the stove and let the above melt well together. Just before ready to use it add two tablespoonfuls of good morning's milk. Have a large meat dish with large square crackers (water crackers will do) placed side by side on it. Just before you are ready to serve supper dip a spoonful of the above mixture over each cracker. They are to be served hot.

Hagerstown, Md.

#### FRUIT SALAD.

BY SISTER DELLA KESSLER.

SOAK one-half box of Knox's gelatine in one pint of cold water for one hour, and prepare the fruit as follows: Two oranges, and two bananas, cut fine, one can of pineapple, the sliced pineapple preferred, juice and grated rind of three lemons, and one and one-half cups of granulated sugar. Mix fruit and sugar together. Add one and one-half cups of boiling water to gelatine. Pour over fruit, and mix well. Set in a cold place until it hardens. If allowed to stand over night the most satisfactory results will be obtained.

Red Cloud, Nebr.

#### FIG CAKE.

BY SISTER EMMA KINDIG.

Take one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into it, and the whites of three eggs.

Fig filling for cake: Put one-half pound of figs, chopped fine, in a sauce pan with one pint of cold water and one cup of sugar. Cook slow-

ly until thick enough to spread without running, then let cool, then with the whites of three eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of water, mix powdered sugar enough to make stiff spread on cake rather thick, then a layer of figs and on top of figs spread another layer of eggs. This makes a filling about one inch thick, and is a very good, rich cake.

Inglewood, Cal.

#### GINGER COOKIES.

BY SISTER MATTIE WERTZ.

Take one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one cup of buttermilk. Beat well together the sugar and butter. Then put in molasses and ginger, thoroughly mixing them. Then put in the eggs after they have been well beaten. Put in the milk. Use enough flour to make a dough as soft as you can easily work. Roll about one-sixth of an inch thick, and bake in a quick oven. The softer you keep the dough the better the cookies will be.

Johnstown, Pa.

#### FROSTED CREAMS.

BY SISTER M. A WOLF.

To make extra good cookies, take one egg, one cup of molasses, seven tablespoonfuls of lard, six tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to roll. Leave dough one-half inch thick. Bake on the bottom of a large bread pan. After it is baked put on frosting which is made as follows: one cup of sugar and one-fourth cup of water. Boil till it hairs. Pour in beaten white of egg and beat till it hardens. After the frosting is on cut in squares the size you like.

Libertyville, Iowa.

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PEOPLE who are fond of rhubarb would do well to remember that it can be preserved by canning in plain, cold water, no cooking being necessary if kept in a cool place.

# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

JUNE 1, 1901.

No. 22.

#### THE DANDELION.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

BRAVE little blossom, in the meadow-land How like a soldier stanch you take your stand; Bearing your oriflamme through storm and sun From early spring until the summer's done. Neighbors may change—the violet give way To buds which, likewise, soon must have their day, And when these, too, adorn the earth no more, Behold, you greet us at our very door.

Freely the gold within your heart is spent,
Freely your sunshine to the mead is lent,
Freely your face smiles upward to the sky.
While, quite unheeding, hundreds pass you by.
And yet I venture, if amid our world
Each year an instant, only, you unfurled,
We all would cry, on seeing you displayed:
"Oh, what a beauteous dainty God hath made!"

#### "MOUNTAINS" THIRTY FEET HIGH.

WE hear persons who go down to the sea in ships talk about "waves mountain high," but such waves exist only in the imagination, or are hyperbolic, for the purpose of adorning a tale.

If, on the land, you see an elevation thirtyeight feet high, you wouldn't call it much of a mountain; yet it is very seldom that an ocean wave reaches that hight.

Vaughan Cornish of London has recently been measuring waves, and has given an interesting report on their proportions. He didn't measure with his imagination or his sensation when being violently rocked in the cradle of the deep while on a wave-washed deck; but he used unimaginative, unimpressible, matter-of-fact instruments that recorded impressions only in meters and hundredths of meters.

In the southern Indian Ocean, between the Cape of Good Hope and island of St. Paul, he

measured thirty waves, during a violent northeast gale, and they averaged nine meters (29.53 feet) in hight. The largest of them was eleven meters (37.53 feet) high. Of these latter six followed each other with remarkable regularity.

In the open ocean a quite strong wind caused waves five meters (16.4 feet) high. East of the Cape of Good Hope during strong west winds, which blew with great regularity for four days, the hight of the waves only increased from six to seven meters (19.69 to 22.97 feet).

Such waves as these latter are very rare on the usual transatlantic route, and persons who tell tales about the great seas should be moderate in the estimates of hight.

#### CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story of two dogs.

"George had a nice little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passersby, nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything.

"Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions has been known to seize a cow by the nostrils. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered.

"Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?"

Instantly came the answer in one eager shout—"Thomas'!"

#### HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

BY H. I. BUECHLEY.

ONE beautiful March day I, in company with a friend of mine, boarded the Choctow Oklahoma and Gulf R. R. for the world-renowned Hot Springs, Ark.

The city has electric cars, electric lights, telephones and the other facilities that are found in a city.

But what makes Hot Springs famous are the seventy odd springs of hot water that come steaming out of the rocks in the mountain. The temperature of the water varies



Commercial Club.--Building Occupied by Organization Having Charge of the Entertainment of the Brethren.

This beautiful city may roughly be described as one street, winding hither and thither between the high mountains. Hot Springs is situated in the valley of the Hot Springs Mountains, about sixty miles from Little Rock, Ark., and is accessible from this place by the Iron Mountain and Southern R. R. and Hot Springs Western R. R.

Hot Springs has a resident population of from eight thousand to ten thousand, with a floating population of ten thousand to fifteen thousand more during the spring months. from 72 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit with a flow of something like a million of gallons daily.

These springs are controlled by the United States Government, which has a reservation of about one thousand acres, and the Government regulates the price of baths according to the equipment of the house. There is also a free bath house here owned and controlled by the Government for those who are not able to pay at the licensed houses. All the water a person wishes to drink is free, all you need is a cup and then help yourself.

The water, as stated before, varies as to heat and is as clear as crystal and tastes like ordinary water heated in a reservoir on the stove. Here may be found all manner of mankind with almost every disease that human flesh is heir to, the rich and the poor, all in quest of health and strength.

There is also here a United States Army and Navy hospital, I am told the only one of its kind in this country, and the finest and best equipped in the world, and it is under the supervision of a United States surgeon.

Hot Springs has more than fifty hotels and some as fine as there are in the country,—notably the Eastman, Arlington, Park and Great Northern and they have as many as one thousand rooms each.

A trip to this place of hot water will pay anyone for time and money spent.

Carlisle, Ark.

#### DIVORCES AMONG THE JEWS.

BY I. J. ROSENBERGER.

God saw in the morning of time that "it was not good that man should be alone," therefore he created for Adam a helpmeet, in the person of Eve. At first there was but one, -one person. God created Eve in a mysterious, yet suggestive way, by which they became two. Through the institution of marriage they became one. God gave them. (1) The fundamental law of marriage thus: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife." (2) The results of the union; and the results are, "they shall be one flesh." Adam received his new bridal gift with the following words of welcome: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." How suggestive are these

From the foregoing we glean the following:
(1) Eve being made from a rib taken from Adam's side, she therefore was a part of Adam, and hence there was no design of separation or being put away; for Adam, in putting Eve away, would put away a part of himself. No wonder "the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away."
(2) There was no design for Adam to take a second wife, for there was none for him to

take. This is doubtless the beginning to which Christ referred the quizzing Pharisees.

But this pure primitive marriage state did not long continue. As early as Genesis 4: 19 it is said, "Lamech took unto him two wives." God did not seem to have had an organized body in those days. His cause seems to have been perpetuated by individuals, under what seems to have been isolated circumstances; as Enoch, Noah, etc., until the fulfillment of the promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; his people then became organized under their leader and lawgiver, Moses.

The Jews' law of divorcement given by Moses reads thus: "When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her: then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." Deut. 24: I. Divorce is referred to as early as Lev. 21: 14; but the foregoing is the first and only divorce law in either the Old or the New Testament.

The clause: "That she find no favor in his eves, because he hath found some uncleanness in her," is not well understood; Bible students are divided on its meaning. It is apparent that it means a sin less than the sin of adultery; because for that sin they were stoned to death. (See Deut. 22.) The language, "because he hath found some uncleanness in her," would imply that divorces were allowed for various causes. This modified by the circumstance, "that she find no favor in his eyes," makes the language still more elastic and its meaning more indefinite. The marginal reading for "some uncleanness" is, "matter of nakedness." This with the qualifying clauses gives but little help in arriving at the definite meaning of the text. It is however evident that divorces were granted the Jews for many causes, and under their loose discipline they soon granted divorce for "every cause." For then, as now, "evil men wax worse and worse."

That Moses was the sole author of all the divorce law that ever existed, and hence the right of divorce was confined to the Jews is made further plain in Christ's answer to the

Pharisees in Matt. 19. Their question was, " Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Christ in his answer in verse four refers them to "the beginning;" then quotes the original marriage law, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother;" then follows the result, "they are no more twain but one flesh." "By way of emphasis Christ repeats God's words, "Wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh." Christ then follows this language of emphasis, with his seal, thus: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." That these words of Christ set aside the right of divorce is evident; (1) because the Pharisees asked: "Why then did Moses command to give a writing of divorcement and to put her away?" How plain is Christ's answer, "Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so." (2) The disciples understood Christ the same way; for they reply, "If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry." Hence the Pharisees understood Christ to set aside all right to divorce, and the disciples understood him the same way. And I say that Christ's words indicate this fact in strongest terms. Besides, Christ gives the New Testament law on this question thus, "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." This language precludes all right to divorce under the Gospel. "Whosoever," means any person without exceptions. Hence no exceptions in this case are admissible. St. Paul says: "The wife is bound by the law as long as the husband liveth." This language again, disallows all right to divorce. Hence to the Jews alone was the right of divorce given, by Moses, the sole author of divorce of all the law that ever existed and that law was one of permission, given "because of the hardness of their hearts."

Covington, Ohio.

#### CLEAN TOWEL SUPPLY.

THE clean towel supply business, which originated in Chicago, was introduced in New York in 1884. It has thrived here, and there are now about twenty-five concerns

engaged in the business in this city, with thousands of customers whose number is constantly increasing. There are a great many towel users who never dreamed of taking towels from towel supply concerns when the business was first started who now would n't think of getting them in any other way.

Cabinets are supplied with a place to keep the towels in, and they are also provided with a comb and brush, a whisk broom, a soap dish and soap. The cabinets are made in a variety of styles and sizes, each having a mirror in the front. Either hand or roller towels are provided, or both. The minimum supply furnished is four clean hand towels a week, and once a week the used towels are taken up and replaced with clean ones, the soap renewed, if it is out, and the other articles of the equipment looked after.

Towels are supplied to banks, stores, offices and pretty much all sorts of business places, in many of which a large number are used, the supply being renewed as often as may be required. There is one concern that supplies towels with the customers' initials on them, using a double set for each customer and supplying each with the same towels always. There are now supplied boot-blacking outfits, with polishing brush, dauber and blacking, the blacking supply being kept constantly renewed, all for so much a month. The towel supply business has now spread all over the country, and it is established in all the large cities.

#### ALWAYS A SURE WINNER.

They are not exactly bad boys, but they are invariably quarreling and fighting with one another. Probably it was the fact of frequent parental intervention that caused the few pauses in hostilities. At any rate, they are famous in their neighborhood.

One day not long since one of the neighbors, fond of contests of any kind, asked:

"Edwin, when you and your brother fight so much, who generally whips?"

Edwin gave a little wriggle as if in sympathy with memories of recent occurrences, and said, resignedly: "Mother."

#### GLASS EYES.

"We carry 10,000 eyes in stock," said the artificial eye fitter.

The woman who was waiting for her glasses was at once interested. "Tell me something about eyes," she said.

"What shall I tell you?" asked the eye man, who was opening one of the long cases at the far end of the room.

The woman laughed. "You might tell me all about them."

the foreign eye from the domestic article, but an expert can every time, and it is very apparent with wear."

"But why do n't someone go over there and find out about it?" asked the woman, who had never been in business herself.

The eye man shook his head and thoughtfully polished a set of gray eyes.

"It couldn't be done," he explained patiently. "It is n't possible, although of course the time will come when we will know. You see, it is a secret of the trade and the eye-



Auditorium, Lincoln, Nebr., Seating 3,000 People, where Sunday Meetings were Held at 1901 Annual Conference.

"If I could tell all about them I would be making them and making money," answered the eye man.

"You see, that is just the point," he continued. "There is something about artificial eyes we Americans want to know and it is something we don't seem to be able to find out. If we did it would not be necessary for us to buy our best eyes abroad. At present we buy everything abroad, from either France or Germany. Germany is the great eye country.

"Now, it isn't that the Americans can't make good eyes, for they can as far as they go. They get a splendid shape and an excellent color, but when it comes to the matter of glaze they are at sea. The glaze we put on an eye in this country is soft and without the luster and durability the foreigners are able to get. It might not be possible for you to tell

makers over there won't tell. I had a friend who spent two years and lots of money trying to discover the secret, but the workmen never breathed a word about it, although he lived in their families for months. They say they pass the knowledge down from father to son and the same men work in the same factory from the time they begin to work until they die."

The woman sat listening to what the eye man was saying and watching the tray after tray of eyes he laid on the table before her.

"There are one hundred in a tray," the man told her, but this she could hardly believe. As she looked at them, each eye in its own pocket of purple velvet, there seemed to be one thousand instead of one hundred. The woman looked at them and was fascinated by their varying moods, for they laughed at her, scolded her, wept before her, loved her. The

longer she looked at them the more human they seemed and the more natural it seemed that they should be lying in their velvet cases.

There were blue eyes and green eyes and brown eyes and black eyes and all the shades between. There were big eyes and little eyes and round eyes and flat eyes and kind eyes and cross eyes and every other kind of an eye.

"But they are all different," protested the woman.

"Why, certainly," said the eye man, as though that were quite proper. "We haven't two eyes in our entire stock exactly alike. "You know, we never get two people with eyes alike; indeed, we very seldom find anyone with both eyes the same. When we are fitting an eye we work for the shape and expression. When the focus is exact and the eye matches as to size and shape it makes little difference whether the eye matches color. It is very few people who will notice if it does n't. Of course we do n't send people off with a green artificial eye to match a blue eye, but I have known people with eyes that were misfits in color and even their relatives would not know it."

It is a general conception among people who do not wear artificial eyes themselves that they are round like marbles. Ouite the reverse is really the case and if it were not for the pupils and the iris, which gives the eyes a very natural look, they would have the appearance of imitation seashells. And they are thin shells of porcelain hollowed into the shape of the eyeball and with the iris blown in the center. Some of the most expensive have the white about the iris daintily handpainted and with the veins distinctly showing. For the deep hazel eyes there is a delicate pink shading, although this is only used for the eyes of negroes, the yellow or greenish yellow being more commonly seen

"Brown eyes are easy to fit," said the eye man when the woman had observed this. "They are usually one color, with the pupil simply a darker shade. It's the grays and the gray-hazels and the blue-grays there is trouble about. You can see how varied their markings are and how different each eye is from all the rest. The eyes may be exactly

the same shade, but if the markings are different they will look different. We have our greatest trouble fitting gray-eyed people and sometimes we have to send abroad to have special eyes made for them. It seems to me there is no end to the varieties of gray eyes. And they are all as different as can be."

"How long do people wear their glass eyes?" asked the woman, tearing herself from the fascination of the trays.

"That all depends," said the eye man, "it would be impossible to say any given time. Anywhere from three years to two months. I order six eyes a year for an actress and there is a dramatic reader who buys an eye every three months. Again some people wear an eye three years and still it will not be badly worn. Of course, the actress is very particular because she is before the footlights all the time and the slightest dullness would show. She has practiced until she uses the eye very well and no one would know-in fact, I believe very few people do know-that she has an artificial eye. She can turn it without the least trouble. Her eyes are never worn when she lays them aside, but she does not take any chances on them."

The eye man further explained that the eyes were taken out of their sockets every night and put back in the morning, the owner using a little bent instrument like a bodkin for the operation. The eye man demonstrated the trick on his own eye with ghastly reality.

"Do eyes ever break?" asked the woman, horrified at the mere suggestion.

To the eye man this was evidently an every-day consideration. "Oh, yes," he said in a matter of fact tone, "they often break, particularly if it is very cold weather. People enter a warm room from the cold outside and rush up to a hot stove. The sudden change is very apt to affect the eye, crack it goes and out drops the pupils. We have a good many complaints from Michigan on that very thing. With their cold weather eyes are often breaking. Down here, of course, it seldom occurs.

"To make up for it we have a trouble in Chicago which is reported nowhere else. After the eyes have been worn a short time the line of the open hid is marked by a streak of dirt which is ground into the porcelain. The dirt which gets into the eyes wears them out much faster than they could be worn in the country. It grinds into the polished surface leaving little dull specks."

"Well, I don't see how people turn these eves," said the woman, still wondering.

The eye man laughed. "It's the easiest trick in the world when you know how, but it takes a lot of practice. They have a scheme now which is being very generally adopted in eye operations in the east. When the eye is removed a tiny glass ball is set into the socket and the flesh drawn over it. When this has grown in place it makes a bunch over which the glass eye sets and by means of which it can be moved with the greatest ease. It gives the person a natural control of the artificial eye, which is moved unconsciously and in harmony with the natural eye."

"Oh, dear," said the woman, "just think of it," and she went away wishing she might wear an artificial eye.

"It would be such fun to pick one out," she told a friend later.

#### SAWDUST IS NOT USELESS.

SCIENTIFIC men have long been engaged in the study of methods of utilizing waste products, such as sewage, garbage and many other things, formerly thrown away as worthless. After it is ascertained just what these materials contain that can be utilized ingenious men set their wits to work to invent machinery and devise processes by which the valuable commodities may be extracted. In this way many million dollars' worth of oils, fertilizers and other useful substances are now saved and the world is so much the richer.

A great deal of sawdust has always gone to waste, though many mills have used it to supplement their fuel supply. Chemical analysts have been at work on the sawdust problem and it has been shown clearly that it contains very useful elements that are worth saving, and now machinery has been invented to extract these materials.

The experiments have proven that 1,000 pounds of sawdust will yield about 160 pounds of char which is practically the same as charcoal and equally as serviceable; 180 pounds

of acids, 160 pounds of tar and a quantity of gases that have been tested for heating and illuminating and found to be excellent for both purposes. While the acids, tar and char are the products particularly desired it is said the gases are of commercial value.

A machine has been invented in Montreal for the purpose of distilling sawdust and obtaining the desired products. Consul General Bittinger writes that the machine treats about 2,000 pounds of wet sawdust an hour. As Canada manufactures enormous quantities of lumber it is expected that the utilization of sawdust in that country will be an important source of valuable commodities.

There are twenty places in Europe where oxalic acid is extracted from sawdust. In Scotland sawdust is used to make floorcloth, coarse wrapping paper and millboard which is a kind of pasteboard used by book-makers in the covers of books. Thus sawdust, once thought to be a good deal of a nuisance, is beginning to be considered quite a useful article.

#### BARGAINS OF EVERY SORT.

An evening New York newspaper is devoting several columns each day to such of the public as have something they wish to trade for something else. Some queer propositions are advanced from all sorts of people. One man has an accordion that he wants to swap for a parrot's cage. Another wants to turn 2,000 pieces of copyrighted music into clothing. Another has a sewing machine to trade for a canary. These all seem musically inclined. A rubber plant is offered for a pet dog. Some coin crank has a dollar of the coinage of 1794 to trade for one of 1800. A banjo is offered for a small house dog or a typewriter. Very timely is a "life-size bust of Edward VII., which will exchange for a roll-top desk or other equivalent." A marble washstand is the temptation held out to someone who wishes to be rid of a secondhand piano. An oil painting of "Venus at the Bath" is offered in exchange for a stamp collection or a bulldog.

But the coolest offer of all is to trade the medical diploma of a deceased physician for diamonds.

#### ARAMINTY'S CASE.

YES, that was Araminty, my only girl, and our only child. I don't suppose that you, being a stranger, care very much about our affairs, but if you set down on the porch here, this June afternoon, and stay sot, while I knit, I'll tell you about it. Araminty's a likely girl, and she's queer. She don't say much, not even to me, her mother. So when Jim Craig, one of our neighbors, about five miles back, somehow got to going with her, neither her Pa or me interfered.

kept it up till one night I made him tell. It was sickening enough. He had endorsed a note for his brother out West, and had to pay it. It would take everything we had. That was all, but it was enough. Well, I sort of said what I could to help matters, but the most we were worritted about was that Araminty would have nothing.

The next morning we told her at breakfast. She studied a moment and then began to laugh shamefully. Why, she said, you two can just come and live with Jim and me, and it will be all right after all. She took it so easy



University Shops.

Now whether you know it or not, Pa was pretty well fixed those days. What with good luck, and me managing, and no children but Araminty, Pa was worth about \$25,000 and the neighbors knew it. They had it a good bit more, but that's what it was, about \$25,000. And Jim Craig knew it, too. So things went along pretty smooth for a long time between Araminty and Jim. One night she told me that they were engaged, and I didn't say anything, but I thought a whole lot, as mothers do, you know.

Now Pa always had a soft place in his head when I aint around and shortly after this I noticed that he felt bad about something. He that half the worry was gone. That very afternoon she hunted up somebody to go and tell Jim she wanted to see him, and he come over that night. We went to bed and let them talk it out. Pa and me slept pretty well considering, and in the morning when I came down to help get breakfast, there was Araminty and as soon as I see her I seen there was something wrong. I waited till Pa got out of the house, and then I asked her what the matter was and she broke down and began to cry. I suspected that Jim had refused to have us old folks with him, and I told her that we could take care of ourselves. She said it was n't that. I made her tell, and it was that

Jim broke off the engagement the minute he heard that Araminty would n't have anything when he married her and when we died.

I was that mad that I just went out and hoed the acre of potatoes we had out before I ever stopped once. When I came back Araminty was upstairs in her room, and I let her alone. I didn't tell Pa, as I knew he would say something no deacon in the church should say, and I told Araminty to let me

came at once right next to that land of Pa's and he was offered \$150,000 for it. Take it, take it, take it, I said. He said he would and he did, but I made him promise that he would give me \$250 the day I signed the deed. I wanted it bad. He said he would and he did. It could n't be kept secret, and people had it that we got half a million for the town site.

I went to town and bought a carriage and silver-mounted harness and a horse to match.



Grant Memorial Hall .-- University Building.

manage. And now something happened that makes me believe that there 's a special providence above us.

Pa had a chance to save himself a little by taking a piece of land in the far West. So one day, somehow, I did n't quite learn the ins and outs of it, Pa said that he was offered what seemed a good deal of money for that Western land. I said I would manage it. The way it was, was something like this, though I never understood it right. There was a railroad, and a county seat or something, that all

Then I got Araminty into it, and I drove over by Craigs. Where are you going? Araminty said. Never mind, says I, I'll do the talking. When I got there he was out in the field working. James, I hollered, come here once. Jim he come to where we were, and I said, Jim do your folks want to sell your place here? He said he didn't know. I said that if it was clear in the title, and they wanted to sell it, he was to let Araminty know of it, as I wanted to buy it for a present for her. And he 'aint never said a word to her about it.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### ODD FACTS ABOUT BIRDS.

BIRDS without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kiwi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat, which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well-trained bird of the United States, and it has no song.

A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is the penguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg.

The largest of flight birds is the California vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip nine and one-half to ten feet, and exceeding considerably in size the true condor of South America. The bird lays but one egg each season—large, oval, ashy green in color, and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appearance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction, and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only one in captivity.

Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird, which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the Southwest. Its aliases are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In Northern Mexico, Western Texas and South-

ern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs, nor hounds, nor electric pacing machines are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing or tailor birds of India—little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf onto a green one hanging from the tree, the sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

Many a regiment cannot compare in perfection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida, winging their way to their feeding grounds, miles away, all in uniform lines, in unbroken perfection. The curlews are dainty and charming birds to see, some pink, some white.

Birds in flight often lose their bearings, being blown aside from their course by the wind. In this case they are as badly off as a mariner without a compass in a strange sea on a starless night.

All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear until they are able to fly. The reason of the delayed development of fear is that, being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can fly.

It is always a source of wonder to Arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that

ripen in the Northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

A stick of wood seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter was once taken from a wren's nest. It is very singular that so small and delicate a bird should use such rough material with which to construct its nest. If an eagle should use material proportioned to its size its nest would be made up of fence rails and small saw logs.

The extraordinary situations in which nests are found occasionally almost give one the impression that birds must be endowed with a sense of humor. For instance, a wren built its nest upon a scarecrow, a dead sparrow hawk, which a farmer had hung up to frighten away winged ravagers of his crop. In the pocket of an old jacket hanging in a barn a bird, also a wren, made its nest, which, when discovered, contained five eggs. It was a robin that raised a young family in a church pew, and a robin also that built its nest in the organ pipes of a church. Places of worship have always been favorite building places for birds.

#### SOME FREAK PLANTS.

THERE is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it seems almost impossible to kill it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string it sends out white, thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves. In South America is a flower which can only be seen when the wind is blowing. The plant belongs to the cactus family, and when the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

#### THE OLIVE TREE.

According to the year book of the Department of Agriculture the olive tree is a slow-growing evergreen of great longevity and productiveness. In some of the older countries about the Mediterranean trees hundreds of years old and sometimes twenty feet or more in circumference have been reported. When grown naturally the tree attains a height of forty feet or more and has a somewhat rounded form. The leaves are small and lance-shaped, dull green above and silvery

beneath and generally opposite. The flowers are small and white, with a four-cleft calyx and corolla. The fruit is a drupe, usually oval or nearly globular. The olive is a comparatively recent fruit in the United States, for, while it has been grown in California, since the time of the early mission fathers, it is only within the last twenty years that it has become of commercial importance.

#### BORN AMONG THE BULRUSHES.

THERE is a variety of grebe (colymbus minor) which hatches its young on a regular raft. Its nest is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely fastened together. These plants contain a considerable quantity of air in their cells and set free gases in the process of decaying. The air and the gases imprisoned in the plant make the nest lighter than water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches or any danger is feared the mother plunges one foot in the water and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance. often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist who frequently watched this remarkable removal says: "The whole structure looks like a little floating island carried along by the labor of the grebe. which moves in the center of a mass of verdure."

#### PLANTS UPSIDE DOWN.

A series of investigations carried on in the famous zoölogical laboratory at Naples, is described in the Jahrbùcher für wissenschaftliche Botanik by Hans Winkler. "The experiments were made upon a flowerless aquatic plant that grows normally with its roots in the sand and its leaves in the water. For example, plants having roots and stems already developed were placed upside down, with leaves buried in the sand and roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, while the parts buried in the sand became roots."

CAN any of our readers give a reasonable account of the stripes on the back of a newborn chick?

# 他INGLENOOK

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#### OBSERVANT AND PERSISTENT.

There are two elements of success in life, observance and persistence, and the greater of these two is persistence. Of unthinking people, and of those who tire easily, the world has a plenty and to spare. But there is never a surplus of those who are persistent. Brag is a good dog, but Hold Fast is better. In fact genius is nothing but a capacity for hard work backed by observation as to the best methods of reaching the end sought. In school it is hardly ever the bright scholar, to whom things come readily, that wins in the long run, but the blue ribbon comes to the persistent plodder, the man or woman who hangs on like fate or death.

It is not everybody who can be smart. The gods in giving good gifts denied the most of us brilliancy and quick wits. But everybody has a better gift within easy reach and it is industry and persistence. True to the letter is the old story of the village whose people were condemned to death unless they turned out a given number of shoes for the king. The task was so disheartening in its totality that all but one man gave up. He tried to complete his stint, succeeded, and then made

enough more shoes to fill the quota of the whole town. When asked how he did it his only answer was: "By pegging away." And it is the peggers away who win in every other phase of human endeavor.

If a boy or girl without genius deplores the sad fate of their denial of aptness they have within easy reach a better and equally successful element in persistent plodding and hanging on. It is the stayer who wins, the man or woman who hangs on to the work, who wins out over all difficulties. If coupled with close analytical powers of observance they are geniuses.

#### KNOW ANY OF THEM?

If you were going down the street, and, meeting a reputable looking person asked a civil question, naturally you would expect an answer. In the vast majority of instances you would get it. But if you were in a business that involved correspondence it would not take you long to learn that out of every ten letters you wrote, even though enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, about from three to five would never respond. In fact if you heard from half of them it would be a good return.

Now what is the reason of this? In the first instance it may happen that the recipient is a person who does not get many letters, and to whom writing is even as a dose of medicine. This man, when he gets out his writing paper on a Sunday, hunts up a corroded pen, pours a little water in the ink-bottle, and squares himself at the kitchen table. The whole house is enjoined to rigid silence. Pop is going to write. The act of writing is a sight. He sprawls all over the table, dips his pen in the ink, tries it, wipes it on his hair, and begins over again. He generally knows where he lives, and what month it is. As this goes down he has his mouth open, his lower jaw works around slowly with the motions of the pen, and if you looked under the table you could discern his toes following the jaw and pen. He usually gets as far as "deere bruther" when he decides he has done about all the literary work the law demands, and he quits for the day, and, incidentally for all time to come. You never hear from him, though, like an unmentionable place, he is full of good intentions.

The other man is fully determined to do it, and he sticks your letter in his pocket, where it stays till next Winter when his wife hauls it out and asks about it. This man's head is very like a cocoanut—has a big, round hollow inside. He is not entitled to any good intention benefit. For some wise purpose the Good Being did not even give him that. And you'll never hear from him.

Then there is the man who does actually write. Fact! You would hardly believe it of him, but he does. The only thing he fails to do is to head his letter or sign his name. He is like unto a cracked egg, not worth full price, but as good as any,—about the house.

There are others and others, and then there is the man who meets the duties of the day as they arrive. He writes, tells what is wanted, and mails the letter at once. This party deserves a good long life, a funeral procession a mile long, and many tears, for he is none too common. And the Inglenook knows, for it has samples of all these different kinds of people.

#### A WORD FOR TOMMY.

Every now and then there is a girl who, by some mischance utterly inexplicable, takes the part of a boy. Declining the companion-ship of her girl associates, she takes to the boys and plays with them and is usually accepted by the youngsters as one of them. She earns the name and fame of a tomboy, and usually cares not a rap for the supposed contumely attached thereto. Her parents worry over her and do all they can to break her of the habit. As a rule she refuses to be broken and goes on till she changes of her own volition.

Now the 'Nook wants to put in a word for Thomas. The immediate cause of her oddity is an abounding health and a slow development of the woman side of her nature. As stout as a boy, and a good deal quicker witted, she prefers masculine sports afield and she can climb and run and, on occasion, fight as well as any of them.

Her remedy lies in simply letting her alone. Such girls hardly ever go wrong, and what she does is infinitely better than hanging over the back fence chaffing with doubtful characters. One of these fine days it will come to her all at once that she is a woman, and she will take to long dresses and do up her back hair of her own volition and she will demand the respect and deference usually paid to the sex. Tommy will be Tommy no longer and the boys will soon begin to understand and keep their distance. Taken all around, up hill and down, Tommy will turn out as good if not a better woman than Miss Nancy with a blue ribbon and namby-pamby ways.

Thomas's ways are not recommended, but the 'Nook will go her bail that she will crop out all right in time if not disturbed too violently in the period of transition.

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The readers of the Inglenook will find in the Report of the Annual Meeting, published by the Brethren officially, the only correct and verbatim account of the doings of the Conference. This is to be brought out by the Publishing House immediately after the Meeting, and all who want the official report of the proceedings should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to order it at once. The price is 25 cents or \$2.50 per dozen. Address, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

X 3

The next issue of the Inglenook will be very largely Annual Meeting, as the Editor expects to attend, and there will be a running account of what he saw and how it struck him. A large attendance is expected and the sights and scenes will be interesting.

32 32

THE projected INGLENOOK Life of Christ will be begun shortly after the Annual Meeting issue. The apparent delay is incident to the correspondence necessary, and the desire to allow the Annual Meeting subscribers to have the first of the series.

\* \*

A NUMBER of interesting queries which have been crowded out of this issue of the 'Nook will appear hereafter as usual.

A LARGE number of names of those who expect to attend the Conference was received too late for publication.

#### ADULTERATED MOLASSES.

THE fact of the matter is that all this cry about adulterated molasses has somewhat befogged the public on this interesting topic.
They have come to believe that the molasses
producers in Louisiana have ruined their industry by adulterating their product with glucose,

price can buy all the pure molasses he wants from first hands in New Orleans.

There was a time when large quantities of rich kettle molasses was made in this State in the old-style sugar-houses. This rich molasses represented the waste of a considerable portion of the sugar product. The tendency in recent years has been to extract all the



University Hall.

and, even worse, by using hurtful chemicals. This is not the case at all. The producers, or planters as they call them in this part of the world, still make the Simon-pure article as of old, but, as the supply of the fine old-time sugar-house or kettle molasses is necessarily small, it is high priced, and the consuming public will not pay the price in competition with the fine-colored, adulterated, but cheaper article. Jobbers no longer desire to handle the pure kettle molasses, because their customers will not pay the cost when they can buy the mixed article for almost half the price. Any one who is willing to pay the

sugar possible from the cane juice, and modern sugar factories extract such a large proportion of sugar that the molasses by-product is no longer the rich sugar-house article, except in the case of a few old-fashioned factories where the kettle process is still in use.

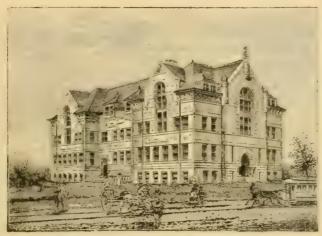
The great bulk of the molasses now marketed from the plantations is a comparatively low-grade by-product of indifferent color and inferior in saccharine strength. A very large portion of this molasses would not be acceptable to consumers in its crude or original state, hence the practice of mixing it with glucose to improve its appearance and render

it merchantable commenced. This mixing of molasses is quite distinct from the custom of bleaching, in which chemicals are used, the deleterious effect of which has been much discussed. Molasses mixed with glucose, although it is certainly an inferior article compared with pure sugar-house molasses or can syrup, is yet entirely wholesome.

It is certainly a bad practice to sell a mixed article in lieu of a pure article, but in the

#### THE BAD BUG.

SIXTY years ago noxious insects were comparatively few in this country, and it was only in certain years that there was anything like an organized effort to destroy them. But they have been steadily spreading and increasing until they form a gigantic evil and danger which even modern science to-day stands in awe of. If science had not kept pace with the



Nebraska Hall.

case of molasses there need be no danger of being deceived. Pure molasses is very much more expensive than the mixed article. The reason why it is difficult to obtain from the retailers is the unalterable propensity of the average American to discriminate in favor of the cheaper article, providing its appearance is satisfactory. The average consumer will buy the mixed article every time in preference to the pure article, owing to the great difference in price. The mixing of molasses has, therefore, been actually forced upon the distributors-first, by the altered system of manufacture on plantations, and, secondly, by the unwillingness of consumers to pay the price of the pure article.

TRUE beauty comes from the soul, and is

shown through the eyes.

growth of the danger the farmers of the United States would not reap a crop of grains, fruits or other farm produce sufficient to keep one-tenth of our population supplied with food and clothing. The famine in India would be nothing in comparison with such a catastrophe. The reason for the remarkable increase of noxious insects in this country is that our birds have been ruthlessly destroyed, crops have been massed in limited areas and forests have been destroyed and prairies cultivated. In addition to these causes abandoned farms and orchards have been scattered over the country, where the insects find favorable cultural grounds, and transportation lines from all parts of the world have introduced new and dangerous insects that thrive mightily in their new homes. Scores of insects have been introduced here from Europe, South

America, Asia and Africa, and they have contributed to make the burden of the American farmer twice what it was formerly.

#### WHAT TIME HAVE YOU?

ONE of the most curious collections in the National museum is that of antique and primitive methods of recording time. Sun dials, hour glasses, water clocks and old watches are among these devices, and a Chinese geomantic compass, south-pointing needle and a Persian astrolabe are "thrown in."

Undoubtedly the most primitive method shown for keeping tab on Father Time is that sometimes employed by the Navajo Indians even at the present day. This consists in setting up a staff or stick in the snow and tracing upon the white expanse the angles made by the sun's shadow.

Some sun dials inclosed in neat pocket cases, and of comparatively recent manufacture, are also shown. A curious set of sand glasses, mounted in a carved and gilded ebony frame, forms a feature of the collection. This was probably in use in a monastic institution of the Middle Ages, as it dates from about the fourteenth century, when instruments for keeping time were not in popular use, being, in fact, confined almost entirely to clerical uses. At the time of the Protestant reformation these hour glasses were used in pulpits, as long controversial sermons were then in vogue. By the middle of the seventeenth century the Puritan preachers inflicted discourses of two hours or more upon the congregations, and in some degree to regulate these enthusiastic talkers hour glasses were placed upon the desks of their pulpits.

In 1623 we read of a preacher "being attended by a man that brought after him his book and hour glass." Some churches were provided with half-hour glasses also and the anxiety of the clerk may be imagined as he watched the parson select his monitors of time's flight, as upon this would depend the length of the discourse. L'Estrange tells an amusing story of a parish clerk who had sat patiently under a preacher "till he was three-quarters through his second glass," and the auditory had slowly with-

drawn, tired out by his prosing. At last the clerk himself arose at a convenient pause in the sermon and calmly requested "when he had done," if he would be pleased to close the church door and "push the key under it," as himself and the few that remained were about to retire. Many are the humorous incidents which attended the use of the pulpit hour glass. There is in existence an old print representing Rev. Hugh Peters preaching and holding up the hour glass as he exclaims: "I know you are good fellows, so let's have another glass."

A similar tale is told of Daniel Burgess, the celebrated nonconformist divine, at the beginning of the last century. Famous for the length of his sermons as for the quaintness of his style, he was at one time declaiming with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness and in his ardor had fairly allowed the hour glass to win out before bringing his discourse to a conclusion. Unable to arrest himself in the midst of his eloquence, he reversed the monitory horologue and exclaimed, "Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on the nature and consequences of drunkenness, so let's have the other glass."

The old watches in the National museum collection are likewise very interesting. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the comparatively recent date of their invention, no collection or investigation has tended to throw the least light upon the origin of the watch. Southern Germany appears to have first attained eminence in the manufacture of pocket timepieces, and the earliest watches were known as "Nuremberg eggs." A specimen of one of these quaint watches is seen in the collection.

They were worn at the girdle and their shape suggested their popular title. The movements of the "Nuremberg egg" were entirely of steel. Afterward brass was adopted for the plates and pillars. The dials of these old watches are generally of silver or gold, sometimes richly chased. The most quaint and bizarre forms seem to have been adopted by the early watchmakers, such as birds, crosses, skulls, etc., but by the latter part of the seventeenth century all these quaint designs had passed out of fashion.

#### WORK.

#### BY SISTER PRISCILLA.

I've got to work. And I'm glad that I have to, and glad that I am able to work. Nobody knows what he can do till he is pushed over into the necessity of things. I don't like work. That is, some kinds of work. But about all I am good for has come through necessity which proved good discipline.

I am glad that I have not been allowed to choose my work too. I knew of a lady who

and the idea—"drudgery"? Answer: By substituting "loving service." That thought lived into effort beautifies everything.

I am still serving my probation in "loving service." When I have been fully proven and the purpose for which I am being disciplined has been wrought in my character, I shall have other and more different work to do. Work is a grand factor in character molding, a safety valve for surplus spleen and a panacea for countless ills. Blessed be work and God bless the workers.



Chemical Laboratory, Grant Memorial Hall and Nebraska Hall.

had all her life had slaves to wait on her till the war freed them and wrecked the fortunes of the family. As her daughters grew up she advised them thus: "Try to like to do everything, for one never knows what she will have to do, and it is so much easier to do a thing if you like to do it."

The time was when I made distinctions, and some work I called drudgery. Let me tell you it is worth much to have wiped that word clean out of your vocabulary.

Do you wonder how I got rid of that word-

#### GAGGLE-GOO.

GAGGLE-GOO is a young lady who has been in this part of the country for the past eight months. She was in such a hurry to get here that she utterly forgot her teeth, and left the most of her hair behind. Now she is looking after the matter and is often peevish, but not so very often. She chuckles and laughs a little laugh, wrinkling her nose the while, and when you smile in return she points a stub finger at you and remarks, "Gaggle-goo." She can

make other noises, some of them frightful in their far reachingness and intensity.

She has a retinue of servants, and patronizes a milk wagon to the extent of two quarts every twenty-four hours, and if she does n't get it in time she simply lifts up her voice and raises a roar, and kicks and waves her arms like one possessed. Like all imperious people she is soon over it, and when one or two have run to the stove, got the bottle, and stuck it in her mouth, she lays to watching one after the other with wandering eyes, showing her appreciation of things generally by wrinkling her stub of a nose, and taking a longer pull at the bottle.

Gaggle-goo is perfectly shameless. Divested of her garments and placed on a folded blanket on the floor she simply yells and laughs at the conventions. All at once she will throw a contortion and with a foot in each hand insert each big toe in her mouth and laugh at you. Draw a scrap of fur down her back and she will shrug her shoulders till there is no neck to speak of and her nose is wrinkled from her mouth to her eyes. Tickle her feet, and she will crane her neck forward and giggle like, well, like a baby.

Gaggle-goo goes out riding daily, when the weather is good, and as a very general rule she is on her best behavior, laughing bravely to all who stop to talk to her. After the ride she entertains the sandman, the little old man who goes around and sprinkles sand in the eyes of children late in the afternoon. Then she is wrapped up in a blanket, and a love song is crooned over her. She shuts her eyes, and simulates sleep. Then, when a corner of the blanket is raised, she opens wide her eyes, and remarks, "Goo!" Then it all has to be gone over with.

Once, about two months ago, after she had been compelled to be in a cold room, and take the train afterward, something happened. It all came in about fifteen minutes. She laid back in her nurse's arms white as death, eyes half closed, and wheeze-wheeze, came her breath. There was a run for the doctor, a listening at her chest and back, and two bottles medicine and orders to grease her all over, and maybe, just maybe, she would recover from the pneumonia. These were anxious

nights, and sleepless. But one morning, a little later, she opened her eyes and with color in her cheeks remarked to the assembled crowd in her private apartment, "Gaggle-goo!" and then everybody laughed, for it was clear that she was not going away just yet. After that she came back on a run.

A week or so ago she showed up two little teeth she had found somewhere. Strange that teeth, and red, beg pardon, golden hair and red cheeks, should all be in a half pint milk bottle. But that is where they were found. She is utterly without respect of persons. Nearly every day the Editor of the Inglenook swings off the trolley in front of the house, and Gaggle-goo fans the air with arms and legs till she is taken up. Likely as not the trimmie will clutch his "baird" with both hands and pull and haul and twist it till there are tears and pronounced remonstrances over it all. her ladyship pulls harder and laughs and crows and gaggles and goos as though it were rare fun. Neither the parents nor the Editor see how they could get along without her. At all events she is not for sale, nor will any trade be considered. And no, we don't want any more, one is all right, and one is enough.

#### PANAMA HATS.

PANAMA hats are pretty well known to 'Nookers by name at least, but it is doubtful whether many ever saw a real Panama.

They came to be known as Panama hats years ago, when that city was a distributing center. In Ecuador, Colombia, and Central America, the hat is known by the natives as as the "Jipijapa" (pronounced Hipy-hapa), but as they are made elsewhere in Ecuador, principally in the province of Manavi (Mahnah-vee), and as the name is easy to pronounce, it seems to me it might take the place of the present misleading appellation.

This is a native grass or species of cane. It is cultivated in the provinces of Manavi and Guayas and is known as "paja toquilla." In appearance it resembles very much our saw palmetto; it is fanlike in shape.

Low-lying, wet land is selected and the seed planted in rows during the rainy season. When the grass attains a height of four and one-half to five feet, it is cut just before ripening, boiled in hot water, and, after being thoroughly sun dried, is assorted and ready for use.

The straw is first carefully selected, dampened to make it pliable, and then very finely divided into requisite widths, the little finger or thumb nail being used for the purpose. The plaiting commences at the apex of the crown and is continued in circular form until the hat is finished. The work is carried on while the atmosphere is humid, from about midnight to 7 A. M. If the strand breaks it

Natives of both sexes and all ages are engaged in this work at odd times, the business being a side issue. Children make from raw, undressed straw about two of the common hats per day.

The Cuenca hat wholesales at from 18 to 60 sucres (\$7.92 to \$26.40) per dozen; finest, at 12 to 15 sucres (\$5.28 to \$6.60) each; the Manavi hat brings 3 to 50 sucres (\$1.32 to \$22) per dozen; finer hats, 10 to 40 sucres (\$4.40 to \$17.60) each; fancy hats, 50 to 100 sucers (\$22 to \$44) and more each.

The principal markets for hats are Cuba and



Chemical Laboratory.

can be replaced and so plaited as not to affect the work nor be visible to the naked eye. It requires from three to five months daily labor of three hours per day to make one of the finest hats. The business in its highest development is really an art, requiring patience, fine sight and special skill—qualifications few of the natives possess. The plaiting completed, the hat is washed in clean, cold water, coated with a thin solution of gum, and polished with dry powdered sulphur. They are so pliable that they can be rolled up without injury and put in one's pocket; they will last for years, and can be repeatedly cleaned.

Central America, nearly all for the United States being sent in transit for Cuba.

The finest hats ever made were by a native named Palma, and were exhibited at the Paris exposition when Napoleon III. was emperor. The two best were bought by a French gentleman for 1000 francs (\$193) and presented to the emperor and Marshal MacMahon. Palma is now dead, but there are two or three others who possess equal skill.

Monotony in shape has been one of the chief causes why the hats have not been more popular, but if dealers would take up the matter the natives could easily make any style

desired. Ladies' hats may be worn a number of successive seasons; cleaned and retrimmed, they appear perfectly new.

# SLATE PENCILS.

SLATE pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty, an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed, and the powder bolted through silk cloth in much the same manner in which flour is bolted. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter. but in lengths of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry, the pencils are placed in steam-baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over twenty-five millions of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.

# USEFULNESS OF SNOW.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it as snow, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well-watered low-lands

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of the snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the high mountains and packing itself firmly into the ravines. Thus in nature's great icehouse a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snowbanks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain, it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most need water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and the subarid regions of the West generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions which have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss.

In nature's every form there is meaning.

# PICTURE COST A FORTUNE.

THE costliest picture in the world is owned by the duke of Marlborough, who has a large and very expensive collection of pictures which has come down to him from the original duke of Marlborough. The rarest of them is the Blenheim "Madonna," painted by Raphael in 1507 and now valued at \$350,000. The picture was originally painted for the church of the Servi at Perugia. It is eight feet high, representing the madonna and child seated on a throne, with a figure of St. John the Baptist on the left and that of St. Nicholas of Bari on the right, the last two being lifesize. Its high value is due to the fact that it is one of the best preserved of the pictures of Raphael which are now in existence. has been proposed that the British government buy this picture. Blenheim palace is

so called in honor of the battle which the English, under the duke of Marlborough, won over the French, and was given to the great soldier by Queen Anne. Every year a little flag worked with a fleur-de-lis is sent to Windsor castle by way of rent and hung upon the walls of the castle.

# AN UNEXPLAINED IMPULSE.

"THE strange temptation to cast themselves into space which assails so many people when they look down from high places is very hard to account for scientifically," said a a well-known neurologist of this city. "It has undoubtedly been the cause of hundreds of cases of self-destruction, yet it certainly cannot be classed as a suicidal impulse, because those who experience it invariably resist with all their strength and hang back in an agony of dread and repulsion. They don't want to kill themselves, but some power stronger even than love of life, draws them irresistibly over the brink."

"People with this singular infirmity," continued the doctor, "should never expose themselves to danger, because the impulse acts automatically, and may at any moment pass beyond control. On one occasion, when I was considerably younger than I am at present, I undertook to cure a patient who couldn't look from a hight, and the experience left an everlasting impression on my mind.

"He was a big, strapping fellow of 35 or so, a cabinetmaker by trade, and the last man, apparently, to be bothered by nervous fancies. I had an idea that by making him look persistently into space for a certain length of time each day I could drive away the dread and the impulse. So I took him to the top of a six-story building that had a flat roof and told him to lie down on his stomach so only the upper part of his face projected over the edge, and look at the street. He was very reluctant to try it. 'I'm afraid to, doctor,' he said earnestly. 'If I do, my legs will fly up in the air and I'll go over sure.'

"'O, nonsense,' I said, laughing. 'How in the world could your legs fly up in the air? How can you possibly fall when your whole body is stretched out flat on the roof?'

"'I don't care,' he insisted, doggedly, 'I

know my legs will fly up in the air if I try to look over the edge.'

"After a great deal of persuasion I finally induced him to lie down as I had directed, telling him to shut his eyes until he became composed. As soon as he opened them and looked into the street a strong shudder ran through his whole body, and I knew he must be suffering mortal agony, but I was determined to go through the lesson, and urged him strongly not to draw back. Possibly a minute elapsed and then a shocking thing occurred. Suddenly and without the slightest warning he seized the edge of the parapet with both hands, drew his body violently forward, at the same time flinging up his legs, and would undoubtedly have gone over the edge if I had not thrown myself instantly on

"The movement was purely convulsive and involuntary. He could no more help it than he could help breathing, but it made my blood run cold to think what might have happened. How could I have explained myself had he fallen? I might readily have been suspected of murder. I dragged him back and we went downstairs, a pretty badly agitated couple. Since then I have tried no more experiments along that line."

# CRUSHED.

They were engaged. But they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. Both were anxious to make people believe they had entirely forgotten each other.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman—on business, of course. She answered the front door bell. Said he:

"Ah, Miss Jepkin, I believe. Is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?"

"I do," was his response, feeling that she was yielding; "on very particular personal business." And he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

#### THE DRUMHEAD BUSINESS.

Few people know that more than half the banjo and drumheads sold in the United States are made on Long Island. Near the railroad station at Cold Spring is a little red building surrounded by frames, in which skins are stretched for drying, while nearby is an artificial pond, with wooden sides and bottom, filled with a chemical mixture. It is an unpretentious establishment, but in our two wars

The hair is removed from the skins by a chemical bath in the artificial pond, and the skins are then stretched on the racks and dried. A thorough scraping removes any particles of fat or flesh that may have adhered to the dried skin, which is then the thickness of parchment. The skins are thoroughly bleached in the drying process, and are then ready for cutting into heads.

During the Spanish-American war the factory was fairly swamped with orders for



Library Hall.

and in the peace between it has fathered a great deal of noise.

The business was established in 1860, and success was almost immediate. Competition was strong after the war orders were over, but the business has advanced in importance until now there are but three factories in this country whose opposition can be felt. Two of these are in Brooklyn and the other at High View, New York State.

New York markets furnish the salted raw skins from which the drumheads are made. drumheads, 500 dozen heads often being ordered at one time. The principal demand was for the "tenor" drum, on which a loud accompaniment to the fife or brass instruments can be produced. During the first four months of 1898 the little factory used up 5,143 skins.

Kangaroo skins make by far the costliest drumheads. When dressed they are quite showy, but beyond their appearence and name they are of no greater value than heads made from calfskin.



# RICH MAN'S PIE.

BY SISTER MARY E. CROFFORD.

Take four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, spread on crust, spread over top of butter a half cup of sugar, grate on a little nutmeg, then spread on top of all two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour. Now set the pie in the oven and pour over enough sweet milk to make it full enough and bake. Bake with lower crust only. Put the ingredients in just as this is written, beginning with butter and ending with milk. It will make a queer-looking pie to those who have never seen it, but will taste far better than it looks. Try it.

Martinsburg, Pa.

#### CANDY FUDGE.

BY SISTER GLADIE SWARTZ.

Take two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, and Baker's chocolate to suit the taste. Boil until it hardens in water. Beat and put in buttered tins. Cut in squares.

Goshen, Ind.

#### YANKEE POT PIE.

BY SISTER ELIZA J. ENGLAR.

STEW a good, fat chicken until tender. Make plenty of gravy with milk thickened with enough flour. Season to taste. Bake a good shortcake, rolled thin, break in pieces and drop in the gravy, just before serving.

New Windsor, Md.

# MOLASSES LOAF CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.

BY SISTER LIZZIE A. WAGONER.

Take one cup of sorghum molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of hot water, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Place in pan, and bake in a quick oven.

Charles City, Iowa.

# BANANA PIE.

BY SISTER F. J. WEIMER.

Bake a crust; let it cool; slice two bananas into the crust. Boil one cupful of milk, one-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of flour until thick. Let it cool and then pour over bananas. Beat the whites of eggs and spread over the top. Put in a quick oven to brown but do not let pie get hot through.

Greenville, Ohio.

#### BAKED POTATOES.

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

Wash nice and clean, cut in thick slices, lengthwise, a common-sized potato. Cut in about four slices, lay them in the oven. Bake until well done, nice and brown, when they will be crisp and palatable and good enough for a guest. To pare them makes them nicer but it is not considered as healthful.

McPherson, Kans.

# STRAWBERRY CAKE.

BY SISTER JENNIE STOUFFER.

WORK half a cup of butter and two of sugar to a cream. Add four eggs, well beaten, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in flat pans, thicker than for jelly cake. Mash strawberries and sweeten them. Spread them thickly between the layers. Sift sugar over the top, and serve with or without cream.

Benevola, Md.

# CORN PONE.

BY SISTER ANNA G. REITZ.

Take one pint of buttermilk, butter the size of an egg, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of sugar, one pint of wheat flour, and one pint of corn meal. Stir well together and bake in a moderately hot oven about twenty minutes.

Friedens, Pa.

# SNITS AND DUMPLINGS.

BY SISTER KATIE REPLOGLE.

For the dumplings take one pint of bread sponge, one pint of fresh milk, one-half teacup of lard and mix well, then let raise well and work in cakes and lay on dough board, well floured. Let raise again. Now have a piece of ham well broiled and take one-half gallon of the broth and a quart of dried apples stewed, two teacups of sugar and stir together and put in a baking pan. Then put in the dumpling and bake in a quick oven. This will make fifteen dumplings.

Osceola, Mo.

# FRUIT PUDDING.

BY SISTER KATE H. ZUG.

Take two cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; add one pint fruit last. Any kind of fruit or berries that may suit the taste can be used.

Mastersonville, Pa.

#### FRUIT CAKE.

BY SISTER LIZZIE G. ARNOLD.

Take one large cupful of sour cream, one and one-fourth cupfuls of brown sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-fourth pound of citron, two cupfuls of raisins and two cupfuls of currants. Mix the fruit in a little flour to keep it from settling and put as much flour in as you think it will take to mix it thick enough to hold the fruit up. If your cream is rich do not take any butter, but if not you will have to take a little.

Albert City, Iowa

# MUSTARD DRESSING FOR COLD SLAW.

BY SISTER J. N. BRUMBAUGH.

CHOP cabbage fine in chopping bowl, then salt and let stand while you fix dressing as follows: One cup vinegar, one cup sugar, one egg well beaten, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of flour. Cook all together. Then squeeze cabbage out, put in a dish and add dressing. This is excellent.

Sabetha, Kans.

# CABBAGE SALAD.

BY SISTER LIDA A. DUNCAN.

Take four eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one small cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful of ground mustard, one-half teaspoonful of celery seeds, a lump of butter. Salt to taste, stir briskly until thoroughly cooked. When cool, stir together with one small head of cabbage, two cucumber pickles, two apples, and one stalk of celery, all chopped fine.

Denbigh, North Dakota.

A BRIGHT girl, Miss Edna, in Pennsylvania, was arranging for a cake when her mother asked whether she thought it would be good. Mark the young lady's faith: "Why, yes, of course, it's in the 'Nook." We wish there were a hundred thousand more like her. We know from our mail that no end of people try the recipes in the 'Nook.

# 個INGLENOOK

Vol. III.

JUNE 8, 1901.

No. 23.

A LARGE number of the readers of the Inglenook are not members of the Brethern church, and may not be as interested in the following editorial correspondence as those who belong to the Fraternity. This monopoly of the magazine by the Annual Conference of the body owning the publication is something that only occurs once a year, and it is believed that all who read, members or outsiders, will be interested if they begin the article following. Next week we will go back to the usual make-up.

#### THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Jährliche Versammlung, the Yearly Meeting, the Annual Meeting, and the Conference is what it is this week. Mark the transition in name from the speech of the people to a word of Latin origin! That tells a story, but it is another story altogether. This, however, is the Conference, at Lincoln, Nebr. Year 1901.

In the first of the church there was no Annual Meeting. Matters that needed conference were adjusted by calling in the adjacent But along about 1741 a Moravian, Count Zinzendorf, came to this country and endeavored to unify all the German churches, calling what he denominated a Synod for the purpose of uniting all the different sects into one common party. Our people sent delegates, and their report of what transpired was not a favorable one, and the result was that it was decided to hold Annual Meetings of our own. Thus it will be seen that the origin of the General Conference was the outcome of outside pressure and not internal dissension. It has preserved its general features, but has changed its tone and manner wonderfully even in the past twenty-five years.

Now what is an Annual Meeting, and what is done there? Perhaps nine-tenths of the membership cannot tell the details of the work of the Meeting from end to end. Let the 'Nook try it.

A collection of the Brethren with a preacher, and recognized as a church, whether of a dozen or five hundred members, is a church.

A number of churches related to each other so as to be in a bunch easy of access is united into what is called a State District. Thus there is the Northern District of Illinois, the Western District of Pennsylvania, and so on.

Now suppose some question arises in the local church and it involves either a principle of faith or a practice of the church violated by the individual. A council is called, and the matter is discussed. If they come to an amicable agreement well and good. That is the end of it. But if they disagree it is referred to the District Meeting for advice.

The council can be held any time, but usually occurs quarterly. The District Meeting occurs annually, and the delegate from the local church brings up the queries of his church, if there are any to bring, and the delegates from the several churches discuss it, vote on it, and if they agree in the main it can be sent back to the church with which it originated, together with the answer. If there is a doubt, and further conference and advice is wanted, it is "sent up" to the Annual Meeting.

The Districts elect a delegate from their own number to the General Conference, and the individual churches also elect delegates, one to every two hundred of membership, if they wish. The delegates from the District Meeting must be elders. The delegates from the local churches need not neces-

sarily be elders. Now the elder delegates from the District Meetings come together at the appointed place, organize into what is called the Standing Committee, and are ready for business. They elect their officers, as well.

The meeting opens, and the State Districts are called geographically. The queries are read, discussed, voted on by the delegates, and disposed of accordingly. Anybody a member can talk, but none but delegates can vote. This answer is supposed to be final. Sometimes it is, and then again it isn't. But there must always be a rule of action somewhere, unless anarchy is being sought out, and the rule in the Brethren church is the Book of Minutes of the church, that is, the decisions of the Annual Meetings.

In the good old days the Jährliche Versammlung was a modest affair in point of numbers. for the church was small, and it met at a private house designated by common consent, and the outlying churches notified by letters, sent their members or delegates as it happened. We have no record of what they did or enacted at these meetings, for no record was kept. The chances are that the members came together, talked over their troubles, went home and tried to live up to the findings of the meeting. It has only been within the present lifetime that there has been anything like a report in print, and even getting a stenographer on the grounds was a matter of doubt. All that sort of thing has passed, and the Annual Meeting of to-day is a big thing, a big thing, is it?

By an understanding reached some years ago the Conference is held alternately east and west and central. This is in deference to the geographical diffusion of the church which lies almost wholly in those States crossed by a line drawn from Philadelphia westward, and the farther north or south of this line the church dwindles out into the frontiers. This year the meeting is at Lincoln, Nebraska, and here is where it is going on.

There is a great deal of work about getting ready for the meeting. In the first place the location must be one that will accommodate the multitudes in attendance. It must be readily accessible by rail, and there must be facilities in the way of buildings, food, shelter, and all that, making the preparation a matter of no little work. In fact a large amount of executive ability is necessary before the meeting convenes, and its success is very largely dependent on those having the matter in charge.

Lincoln is the capital of the State of Nebraska, and it is one of the cities of the western plains, big, widespread, growing and altogether healthy as a western town. Its population is 45,000. The immediate proximity of a city of its size insures a large local attendance at the meetings, and at one or another time there is sure to be pretty nearly everybody there. There is no large church population in the immediate vicinity of the city, and the selection of the place was made without reference to the density of our church membership. It is a good site for the meeting, and one that will be long remembered.

\$6 M

The trip west, for one who has never been here before, is sure to be of abiding interest. It is so different from the east. The far east is settled, compact, finished. The west is new, lusty, growing, and what surprises the eastern visitor most are the distances and openness of the country and the towns. The eastern town is huddled in a heap, and the houses are built out to the pavement, brick, green shutters, high fences, and the town breaks off into the country and is done with. The western house sits back, has no high fence, has a lawn, often is surrounded with flowers and covered with vines. People walk faster here, things grow faster, and more of them. Things move out of the walk, and, incidentally, the dust is thicker and the mud deeper than east of the Alleghenies.

Aside from the business to be transacted at the meeting there is a social side that is most interesting. The church has largely grown by emigration. The Smiths and the Browns in the west came from the Smith and Brown families in the east. They go to the Annual

Meetings as they see-saw east and west, and they meet one another and thus the social factor becomes almost as interesting as the regular business, and, in fact, it is often the pre-eminent idea.

36 M

It is a good thing, too. People who are related, or acquainted, get to meet each other yearly. This year Uncle John's folks come west. Next year Uncle Henry's people will go east, and, naturally, in the course of time, they, growing older, begin to grow together, and look forward to the Yearly Meeting as something more than a church affair. This feature is in evidence on all sides, and it is one of the most desirable of the gatherings. Not the least is it that so much of it is sorrowful. Those who were present in the years gone by have gone. Those who are here now will not all meet on this side another Conference.

\* \*

The crowd begins to gather in early. The meeting proper begins on a Tuesday, but by the Friday before the incoming crowd begins to thicken up. There are those who come on the business of the Conference, and then there are others who have come early to take it all in, and see all there is to see. It takes all kinds of people to make an Annual Meeting, just as it does to make a world. But there is a distinct difference. Sometimes there is not much distinction, but there is a difference, all the same. Here are two young folks. The man has the regulation coat, and the woman wears the bonnet. They are not from the same church. They met on the cars, and they are having a time of their own. They wander around unmindful of the crowd. What are they talking and thinking about? Ask them. Whose business is it, anyhow?

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Then here are two old folks. They are standing aside, talking earnestly. Nobody cares to interfere or to listen. As we passed by one such group we heard the remark, "Just a few days before she died she said for me to tell you when I saw you, —" and the rest was lost back of us. It is not hard to fill up the vacant phrasing. Death and sorrow, ever present, are traveling to us faster than we go, overtaking us at last, one after the

other. There are handshaking, smiles, and there are tears, too. Among the older ones the question is forced, though unspoken, and of course, unanswered. How long? How many more meetings before—well, before what? Then there is the great crowd, weaving, pushing, jostling, and wandering about. It must be a sight for the members who have never been at one of the Conferences before.

The grounds of the Conference is a good place to study human nature. Every phase of emotion may be seen. The wonder eyes of youth, the busy man, the tear-filled eyes and eyes that shine as they look into each other are all here. They come and go, pass and repass, and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of faces is an interesting study.

The outcome of the Annual Meeting in a legislative way is out of all proportion to its cost, but the social results are far and away ahead of the cost.

One only needs to listen a moment anywhere to catch the drift of nearly all the topics of conversation-how are you-glad to see vou-don't you know me? and all the gamut of greeting and farewell, meeting and parting, is heard on all sides. Men eminent in the work of the church are seen for the first time, and the memories carried home will last till eves dim in death. And this is one of the secrets of the hold the Conference has on our people. Those who have been here, and at other meetings, would not willingly forego the yearly week of reunion. One reason why the Dunkard faith and practice are never learned by the outsider and the alien is that it cannot be told on paper. It is of the heart and takes a responsive heart to know it. It will be a bad day for the church when this feeling of kindliness and affection chills in the hearts of the members and becomes the formalism of popular Christianity.

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There is one thing conspicuously absent this year, and that is the loud-mouthed vender of things for sale. In times not long gone by the grounds of the Annual Meeting resembled more a county fair than an assemblage of Christian people. The churn man, the medicine vender, the gate seller and all the mer-

chants from peanuts to thrashing machines, came down on the meetings like the wolf on the fold. This year the whole outfit of canvassers and sellers are barred from the grounds. The railroads with land to settle are present but they are outside the limits. while the insistent peddler is not present at all, and would not be allowed. This is the first time in years that this has been carried out. and when the advantage of it is fully recognized there will be no more sights where a man is invited to be present for his soul's good and at the same time have a medical nostrum thrust in his face. The 'Nook hopes that there will never be another Conference marred by commercialism.

How many people were present? Who knows? It is all guess work, and each man guesses to suit himself and the man who says 10,000 is as nearly right as he who puts it at 20,000. One guess is as good as another, for after numbers get into the thousands they are worse than muddling to the average intellect. The crowd was as big as usual, though the absence of strong Brethren churches in the vicinity of Lincoln makes a less distinctively Brethren gathering, but it is not small enough to be noticeable. The grounds are so large that the crowd diffuses over it till there is less compactness than at North Manchester last year, but there are still enough to make a big crowd. What strikes the visitor most forcibly out of the whole crowd are two classes of people, the old brother and sister, and the "little girl blue." The old man and woman are pretty near the turn of the road out of sight, and the little girl of sixteen with a blue bonnet and a paper bag of cookies has it all ahead of her. To one the thoughts are all beyond the veil. The child-woman has not come to that yet and she and her brother will be the old folks of the Annual Meeting in 1941, and we will be on the other side. Little Girl Blue will be old Mother Gray then, and her brother Billy will be Elder William. God bless and help them through.

Note the fact that few are named in this account of the Annual Meeting And why? It would be invidious and unjustly discriminating to specify individuals, and to name all of the prominent men and women would take half the paper, and result only in an endless repetition of monotonous names of people. There are few of the most prominent people of the church, the usual Annual Meeting goers, who are not present here. They are a year older. a little grayer, and a quieter people than they were. So many of the old timers have gone out one way and another. There are people here, members, who never heard of James Ouinter or Henry Holsinger, Peter Nead or Dan'l Saylor. The younger ones coming on bear honored names, and the old ones are passing, one by one. The church has not lost in ability or earnestness, and its zeal is unabated. There are always men to the fore when men are needed. God finds them, and they do his work. What matters it what we call them here or what part they took in the building of the temple. They are men of God and that is honor enough.

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It is in the tabernacle, we will call it, that the crowd is to be found. Imagine a great number of people, some thousands, from extreme age to the callow boy and girl, and here and there a sleeping baby. The prayer is intoned, the Master's prayer follows in another voice, and then the rustle of readjustment in the crowd. Then a hymn is announced, and the waves of melody rise and fall in cadences like the surge and wash of the sea on the beach at noontide. Here and there in the crowd may be heard the pure voice that rises above its surroundings as a flute note in the orchestra. There are black bonnets, and white caps. Some of the faces would have passed as those of the saints in medieval days, some are sad, some few frivolous, and here and there is one surpassingly beautiful. Look at it as you will, the elusive charm of it all comes down to the soul that is behind the luminous eyes. Beauty of face and figure there may be, but the soul that is behind it is what breathes life into it. Pygmalion and Galatea! The art of the sculptor and the breath of the soul- and lo, beauty that laughs at death.

And some of the people! You ought to see them. There's the man with a chronic

grievance. He sees only the seamy side of things. Possibly it is his liver, anyhow something in the world is out of kelter, and to hit it he simply complains about the whole outfit of humanity and its belongings. Then there's the man whose ideas of life are embodied in a cloudless June day. He thinks it is all going right. Why not? He is at peace with the world and he measures fifty inches around what by courtesy would be called his waist and everything is proportionately comfortable and comforting. His voice is loud and cheery, and he is as all right as he looks.

Then there is the young man who is new to the business. His home church elected him preacher, the advertising tailors made his clothes, and heaven only knows how he come to know it all, but he does. He can tell you just how it ought to be. The writer has a vast deal of sympathy for this man, for he had pinfeathers once himself.

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Over there is a comedy being enacted. All you can see is a middle-aged woman in black, with a demure countenance and a look in her eyes like a boy fishing in the river when he gets a good big bite. She is talking to a man, also in a new black suit that makes him look like a snake in a new skin, and they don't look like a couple who would want a third party to sit down between them. Both of them have "buried," but they don't seem to be attending any funeral just now. It is in an undertone, but it is earnest. Sunshiny days, these.

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At some of the Annual Meetings in the past and gone the issues that had to be met were of vast importance, if, indeed there be such things as great and small in church matters. But half a lifetime past the Annual Conferences had questions before them that the boldest, knowing the outcome, might well hesitate before taking hold of. It meant strife, division, and heart-burnings, dependent on how things went. Latterly, and most fortunately, there have been no great questions involving the integrity of the church to be disposed of at our general Conferences. There was nothing of the kind last year, and there is nothing now up out of the ordinary

run of the exigencies that happen from year to year.

Here is what is up in colloquial phrase. Of course the exact wording is absent, but the substance is given:

Shall the salutation at the love feast be deferred until after the cup has passed?

Asked that no person shall serve as a member of the Standing Committee more than once in four years.

Requested that the Standing Committee name three persons to be voted on as Messenger Advisory Committee.

Does the term fornication apply to married and single alike?

Is it right for a delegate to be out of order?

Request to reconsider the former decision barring persons with two living companions, the divorce question.

Shall there be insurance?

Committee reports that the Brotherhood be asked for \$50,000 for a hospital in Chicago.

May outsiders attend council meetings?

Requested that the Conference sessions be opened and closed with suitable services.

Members should turn their certificates into the church in which they reside, and elders should see that movers get their certificates of membership.

Greater vigilance requested on admitting to the *Messenger* articles calculated to call out a disregard for the decisions of Annual Meeting.

Asked that Montreal, Canada, be regarded as a foreign mission.

Asked that a uniform practice of opening and closing services be adopted, that is, asking that a rule of procedure in preaching services be adopted.

The above is all that concerns the general membership. There are committees, etc., and the usual routine of business, but the above is the most of it.

What concerns the average attendant at these meetings is not so much the official action as seeing and talking to his friends, and seeing and hearing men and women who are known throughout the church. As an educator the Conference is a grand success. It is a place where people not only meet, and see one another, but where ideas are expanded. Let a man or woman live in Owl Hollow all their lives and they become very positive in their opinions, and, it may be added very hazy about things at large. There is nothing like getting out among people to get the rough edges knocked off one's make-up. So Annual Conference is the one time of the year when people get together and see what manner of people the other man and woman is. It is a good thing. People grow together as they grow up in stature.

**K** 36

There are two people here that I would like to have you meet. They may have some relations in your neighborhood, and you can show them this account of their friends. He is a young man, not so very young, after all, but he is a wonder and a sight. He has a new suit of clothes, and they fit him like the paper on the wall. He has a high collar and around it is a white cravat, the expensive fifteen cents a dozen kind. He wears a hat that is ultra in its make, and his clothes are nearly like me lud's King Edward the Seventh, that is as near as the Bungtown tailor could hit it from the fashion plate he got last winter. This brother beloved has a pair of gold eye glasses, but as there is nothing the matter with his eyes he only wears them as occasion arises. He wears a spray of lilies of the valley, and the resemblance all around is remarkable. Oh yes, he is a brother all right.

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There is the sister talking to him. She has on a silk waist, or what-dy 'e-call it, the 'Nook not being authority in such matters and affixing no guarantee to its descriptions, and she wears the most wonderful patch of a thing on her head that she calls a bonnet. It is n't one thing or the other, it is simply what it is,—a thing. She has a few rings, a gold watch that cost \$9.75, at home, and the chain thrown in. There are some flounces or things, I repeat that I am not to be relied on in descriptions of women's gear, and all told she is a wonder that's what she is. If she can't cook and wash and work the next best thing is sure,—her mother can. She is rather good looking, but

not near so much as her bonneted and capped sister with the roses in her cheeks.

K 16

But by far the greater portion of the people are present to hear and to take an active, earnest part in the discussion and the disposition of the business of the church. The lights and shadows, deeps and shallows herein written about are as nothing to the earnest people met at the Conference to do what they can to help the cause along. That's one of the things the non-Christian, or the unbeliever does not understand. Here are thousands of people who meet, not all for the social side, not many if any for the frivolous things, but who come together to devise ways and means to advance the cause of Christ and the church. to learn to come nearer to him, to make their work more effective and lasting. Talk as you will about the decisions of the Annual Meeting it remains that there must be some common standard of measurement, and the metes and bounds must be well defined. New people, new conditions, and new environment make questions that must be met, and they must be made conformable in practice to the Master's teachings. Hence the meeting, and the findings. The decisions do not represent the intellectuality or the spirituality of the body. They reflect only the conditions that have arisen since the last meeting. There may be said that one meeting in ten years should be enough, and it would be true if the church stood still in all that time, and no incidents out of the common had arisen. But there will always be matters coming up, and the wisdom of the whole is superior to the findings of a few. In the multitude of witnesses, etc.

One of the problems that attaches to an Annual Meeting is the proper caring for the multitude in the way of food and lodging. The matter of bedding the crowd is taken in hand by a lodging committee, and all the available places where temporary guests will be taken are listed and people can go there and be provided for. The hotels do a pretty good business, as all the transients in attendance at the meeting go there. The private houses take the rest, together with the regular boarding houses, and in one way and another

the crowd is cared for. The kitchen and cooking department on the grounds are of interest to our sisters, and we will tell something about how it is done. There is more back of such things than usually appears on the surface. The guest who buys his meal ticket, waits in the crowd, and surges into the big open room set apart for eating, finds himself before a long table, and on it are the solids and liquids. There is no attempt at any gastronomic flourishes. What is set before the eater is enough and to the point. It might be better and it might be a lot worse.

7 7

The feeding of a multitude of people is always fraught with no little concern. There are arrangements here to take care of 2,000 of inner men and women at one time. The Commercial Club, a city organization, is said to have furnished the crockery for the meeting, and it will be taken back after the adjournment. The seating capacity of the dining places is 560, and the waiters are volunteers, either members of the church or members' children. The helpers get fifty cents per diem. The food is substantial and good in quality. Naturally in cooking for so many there can be no flourishes. For supper the 'Nookman had good boiled beef, boiled potatoes, bread, butter, coffee, tea, or milk and some trimmings, prunes, applebutter, and the like. It was solid enough, well cooked and what is more to the point, and truly Dunkardlike, there was lots and lots of it. The whole thing cost the individual twenty cents and the amount destroyed per capita left a small margin of profit, though the writer believes that what was made off the Inglenook investor would not go far toward starting a national bank. Still, taking all things into the account, the eating department yields a profit.

36 M

The grounds are known as the Fair Grounds, and here the Nebraska State Fair was held. There are a hundred acres in the tract and the buildings are wooden affairs, good enough for the purpose but given to faded glory and shakiness. There are more buildings than are needed. The big building, the "tabbernickel," is in the form of a cross inside and will seat a large number. In the high, garret-like

top of the room, countless sparrows hold a noisy conference of their own, and they keep it up from daylight to dark. The room or audience chamber is all right. But there is something wanting about the whole business. There are no large trees and the reaches of distances between buildings are excellent promoters of pedestrianism. The average member takes kindly to the shade of big trees and running water, and Nebraska is a dry State in certain senses.

There are at least 500 canvas tents on the grounds and people rent these. In good weather this gypsy business would be all right. But on last Friday and Saturday it was cold, not cool or chilly, but cold enough for a heavy overcoat. When one goes to the Annual Meeting he should include an overcoat, an umbrella and a duster, for who knows which way the wind will blow and whether the sun will shine or the snow fly? At least not in the West can one make weather to order.

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When the Standing Committee put their heads together before the Conference they elected Daniel Vaniman Moderator. Bro. Vaniman takes the Inglenook, reads it and believes in it. It is not necessary to say that he makes a good presiding officer. Being one of the 'Nook family tells its own story. Daniel Vaniman is sixty-six years old and was born near Dayton, Ohio, and this is his third term.

The Reading Clerk is H. C. Early, of Virginia, and the Writing Clerk is I. Bennett Trout, of Elgin, Ill. These latter are comparatively young men. The three make good executive officers.

The Standing Committee also decides where the next Annual Meeting is to be held, and it goes to Pennsylvania. The authorities in that State will decide the location. There is a great deal to be considered in the location of a Conference. There is the railroad matter, the town facilities and all that sort of thing. It will be hard to go wrong in Pennsylvania, and all that ails Lincoln, or the most that troubles the writer, is the fact that everything is about a mile from everything else. This is figurative. It may be only half a mile.

The location of the Annual Meeting is as good as the place affords and when one gets the best that is going he should be satisfied. But there is an openly expressed opinion that there are other locations, where big trees grow and water runs by, that would be an improvement. The Brethren are a people who take kindly to the groves and streams.

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The mission service of the church has grown marvelously in the past decade and instead of showing signs of abatement is steadily on the increase.

The following are the foreign missionaries of the church: W. B. Stover and wife, D. L. Forney and wife, S. N. McCann and wife, Adam Ebey and wife, and Eliza Miller, all in India; G. J. Fercken, at Geneva, Switzerland. These are all the Americans in foreign countries.

In the United States, as follows: J. Edson Ullery and wife, and Lizzie Grater, Brooklyn, N. Y., J. N. Overhultz in Florida, N. N. Garst in North Carolina, J. H. Neher, Ira P. Eby and B. E. Kesler in Arkansas, D. S. Filbrun in Utah, W. R. Miller, Susie Forney and Cora Cripe in Chicago, Chas. Hilary and wife, Montreal, Canada.

The person in charge of the mission service of the church is Bro. Galen B. Royer, at Elgin, Ill., and the characteristics of the General Secretary and Treasurer in Bro. Galen is an absorbing interest in his work and the capacity of a steam engine for doing things. Under him it goes, and goes well. You might read a great deal and read long before you got to the totals of the mission service and the 'Nook will give you the facts in a few words. The assets of the mission service including endowment promises, etc., are over \$550,000. This the secretary manages, and it may further interest the readers to know that these funds could not be seriously diverted from their legitimate purpose if anybody were so inclined. It is hard to forecast the results of a judicious employment of the agencies, now in sight for the next fifty years.

Bro. A. W. Vaniman, of Saginaw, Texas, the missionary to Sweden, to be a permanency there, is a son of the Moderator, Bro. Dan'l Vaniman. He is 41 years old, married, and an

M. D. by profession. His wife is also a medical graduate. They will start for their future field of operation this summer, to remain indefinitely.

Bro. D. L Miller will probably visit the foreign mission fields at the earnest solicitation of the General Missionary Committee.

The general collection for missionary purposes aggregated \$1,881.22.

34 35

Every member of the Standing Committee was present at the opening, and the different Districts are represented at the Conference as follows: First District of India, by letter; First District of Switzerland and France, by letter: First District of Asia Minor: Sweden. Daniel Vaniman; Denmark, by letter; Oregon, Washington and Idaho, Thomas Barklow; California and Arizona, Stephen Yoder; Oklahoma and Indian Territory, N. S. Gripe; Texas and Southwestern Louisiana, J. A. Miller; Southwestern Kansas, Southern Colorado and Northwestern Oklahoma Territory, John Wise: Northwestern Kansas and Northern Colorado, G. M. Throne: Southeastern Kansas, John Sherfey; Northeastern Kansas, I. L. Hoover; Nebraska, C. Fitz; Michigan, John M. Lair; North Dakota and Northern Minnesota, J. A. Weaver; Northern Iowa, Southern Minnesota, and South Dakota, S. M. Miller; Middle Iowa, John Zuck; Southern Iowa, I. M. Follis; First District of Arkansas and Southeastern Missouri, B. E. Kesler; Northern Missouri: Middle Missouri, D. M. Mohler: Southern Missouri and Northwestern Arkansas, J. P. Harris; Southern Illinois, J. H. Baker; Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, I. B. Trout, John Heckman; Northern Indiana, I. L. Berkey; Middle Indiana, Dorsey Hodgden; Southern Indiana, D. F. Hoover; Northwestern Ohio, L. H. Dickey; Northeastern Ohio, Tobias Hoover; Southern Ohio, I. J. Rosenberger; Western Pennsylvania, C. G. Lint; Middle Pennsylvania, W. J. Swigart; Southern Pennsylvania, Jos. A. Long; Eastern Pennsylvania, J. Y. King; Western Maryland, J. E. Shambarger; Middle Maryland, David Ausherman; Eastern Maryland, Uriah Bixler; Second District of West Virginia; First District of West Virginia, Geo. S. Arnold; Second District of Virginia, H. G. Miller, H. C. Early;

First District of Virginia, G. W. Hutchinson; Tennessee, North Carolina and Florida, M. Nead.

Here comes a not uncommon sight at the Conference. Down the way a short distance are two men and a woman coming along. One of the men is stout and strong although of middle age. The other man is being watchfully guided. He is old and feeble. His hair is not wholly white, but is an iron gray that betokens a strong constitution. He is a little hard of hearing and looks as though he would be easily overthrown in a jostling crowd. This is why they watch him. He wears the garb and is continually looking about and every little he asks a question who that man may be, or who this sister is. Occasionally people crowd about him, shake hands and ask questions. "I remember you," he says, "you are the grandson of my old friend Isaac ---. Are you well? I am right well. Is your grandfather in good health too?" God bless us all! Grandfather died forty years ago, but the tottering man forgets. His wife corrects him and he assents that he might have been mistaken.

Then they pass on. A young couple come up and they shake hands. The old man met them yesterday but has forgotten all about it. They remind him of the fact that they rode behind him in the train and he tells them a story of something that happened forty years before they were born, asking them whether they remember the occasion. It is an old story. Yesterday is a blank and half a lifetime ago is a line engraving with every detail shining up clearly.

The old sister says little. Her mind goes back sixty years ago when they first met at a big red barn Annual Meeting in Pennsylvania—she too, woman-like, remembers his bonnie look in his homespun suit as they sat apart and talked over the same things yon debonaire couple, over there, are saying this same moment. She recalls the groves on the hillside back in Somerset County, the little mound in the Ohio graveyard where they first lived, but most of all she sorrows in silence for the boy who—what, died? No! but for the boy who—say it in tears and low voice—the boy who went wrong.

Both the old folks have friends everywhere. When the handshakings are over and they walk on they talk of the Big Meeting on the Swatara in 1845, or, was it 1840? And next year, or the next, the woman, the man, and the Ohio graveyard baby will be together again, but not in the dull earth will they be.

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One of the sights, and a rather common one on the grounds is the little sister. The other day we saw three of them who had come in from the train. They had passed, at the outside, their sixteenth milepost and one was a brunette, another with a blue bonnet was Little Girl Blue and the third swung a paper bag with an orange in it. All wore the bonnet and one miniature woman had a cap. As pretty as pictures the 'Nookman forgot his everlasting query, "Do you get the Inglenook?" in his admiration for the trio and his inability to choose the one that seemed the nearest to having walked out of an artist's dream picture.

What do these little ones think? Under the bonnet blue are there ever thoughts that its owner would like for one little while to stray into pastures fenced high and strong by the "Big Meeting?" Who knows? But this is sure. From the gambler and pickpocket to the Moderator of the Conference there is a strong feeling to lift the hat and bow to purity, beauty and innocence. And say, little ones, the things you prize lie away from you and sometimes you chafe and fret under what seems to you to be a burden. Now listen to what I say. All that men, all men, hold highest and best lies right in your clear eyes. Keep looking toward the daisies in your path and, take our word for it, the flowers in the window are artificial ones, and they are poisoned. Strange that women who are born with the desire to please men are so slow to learn the lesson that the opposite sex prize highest what so many women hold lightest! -their simple innocency.

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Sunday is always the big day at an Annual Meeting. There are good reasons for this, because while the meeting begins on a Tuesday the people begin to come in on Thursday and Friday before. The crowd, as far as

the Brethren are concerned, is at its best about Saturday. The most of the prominent people are present, and as there is less of a jam there is more chance for the social side of things.

When the meeting is on the edge of a considerable city, and Sunday is fair the crowd beggars description. Here is the program for the day, printed and agreed to. In the morning, before breakfast, those on the grounds meet in the tabernacle for devotional services. Then breakfast wherever one sees fit to get it. At 9 o'clock in the morning there is a Sunday school in the main building and the one in session on this particular Sunday was conducted by I. Bennett Trout, A. C. Wieand and S. H. Hertzler, the Sunday School Committee. The attendance was good and, naturally, it was a big gathering of brethren and sisters. The singing was excellent and the interest absorbing.

At 10:30 A. M., A. Hutchison was billed for the morning service, having for his subject, The Holy Spirit. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock D. L. Miller, of Mt. Morris, Ill., spoke on Romans 12: 1, 2, to a very large congregation. In the evening, at 8 P. M., J. H. Moore, Editor of the Messenger, spoke on Walks about the Sea of Galilee. Bro. Moore has been over there and talks from personal knowledge.

But the day was signalized by a tremendous crowd from the surrounding country. Lincoln, itself, is a city of 45,000 population, and at one time or another the whole population, apparently, was on the grounds taking in the sights and scenes.

The weather was perfect and the temperature was such that if you had an overcoat you put it on without discomfort, while if you had left it at home you did not regret it. We saw a man with a linen duster talking to a man with an overcoat, and neither seemed unhappy.

The grounds are so large and the spaces so great that the crowd, large as it was, diffused itself without much of a jam. But they were all there, the city and the adjacent country. They came out to see what sort of a crowd these Dunkards are, and it would be interesting to know their opinion of things. At all

events the Conference is a big educator. It is a revelation to a good many people, who see us for the first time, to learn that we are not a lot of Boers and that we have papers, magazines, colleges and professional men ranking high in intellectual and social grade. If the average Nooker wanted the writer to suggest a day when he would see the several ends of humanity he would say, come on a Sunday for people.

The visitors walk slowly up and down the broad avenues talking together about what they see, commenting on some of the fair faces they see under the bonnets and caps, or wondering who some of the graybeards may be. The Nebraska dust, made by tens of thousands of shuffling feet, has a quality that is new to the stranger. It takes, if not kindly, at least closer than a brother, to all. It discriminates not, neither does it fail. But it will wash off, and if you look as though you had stepped out of a bandbox when you enter the grounds in the morning you will be taken for a member of the dustman's family by night.

These people who come to see us in our great Aunual Meeting are all cordially welcome. They take kindly to us for the while, and we go away pleased with them. There is something we might do, however, for these people and which has never to the 'Nook's knowledge been mentioned. It is this.

On a Sunday is a big, big crowd, present, and at a place like Lincoln there are thousands who know next to nothing at all about the church, and a good many know worse than nothing about it, for all their notions are wrong. Now to set aside all of Sunday afternoon in the tabernacle for the enlightenment of these people would be a tremendous boost to the Lincoln Brethren church and the cause of general knowledge. Somebody should stand at the entrance and turn back every member till the house was full of outsiders, and, properly announced, the whole crowd would be there from the city, and then from ten to fifteen minutes' talk by our eminent men, one after the other, would be a tremendous help. The several churches in town are filled by Brethren ministers, but they cannot come out as plainly as they might at their own meeting place. The men chosen for these

talks should be able to tell what they know in terse and pointed sentences and, once through, the thousands who heard would go away with a clearer knowledge of primitive Christianity.

Look in the main building at half past ten Sunday morning. There is a seated sea of people. The place is full to the doors. In front is a crowd of representative people. A hymn is started and the waves of song beat; and gather, and roll out in melody over the crowd beyond the walls. The sparrows in the lofty overhead of the building never heard or saw such a crowd. Their twittering and disregard of the conventionalities are unpleasant and impossible of prevention. The sparrow are a tiny folk and a feeble one, but they are stronger than an army with banners when it comes to work in the air.

What struck the 'NOOKMAN in looking over the seated multitude was the thought that here are thousands of people with that unspeakable and unwritable spirit and genius of the Brethren dominating their lives. All are more or less earnest, God bless them! and then there is the thought that comes with gray hair-where will we all be a hundred years to come? And who, then, will take our places? Sometime the 'NOOKMAN will write his last line, speak his last piece, and pass and be forgotten because unseen and unknown by those who follow, but he feels in an indescribable way that as to-morrow will bring its sunrise so after this there will come to him life eternal and rest, and, yes, and reunion.

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There is something about the dining arrangements of the Annual Meetings that strikes the average patron of the tables and lunch counters. They think it, but don't know just how to word it. The 'Nook would like to suggest a little. The man in charge understands his business, the food is good in orginal quality and the sisters and others who do the waiting are all good looking and obliging, and things are clean, as much so as they may be.

But it can be bettered, and this is how it might be done. It may not be generally known that there are cooking outfits made and offered for sale. These are specially made for the purpose. They are used in the army and navy and among large bodies of men who must be fed and fed well. These outfits are so arranged that they can be packed into a wagon and hauled from place to place. They are by no means crude and unreliable. The cook for the regiment will have his outfit unpacked, set up, and dinner in progress while you are thinking about it. This cooking apparatus will cover every want for all who eat at an Annual Meeting, and could be packed when the meeting is over, stored and freighted to where it would be next needed. It would last a lifetime.

But that is not all. A professional chef might be hired for the occasion and with the unlimited help at command and the good quality of food at hand as good a meal could be turned out, of its kind, as one would get at a first-class hotel. It is all nonsense to say that it cannot be done, for it is done, every day in the year wherever there is a soldiers' camp, a traveling circus or any large body of people with a cook for all. It is only a question of a little more money and a good deal of intelligent action and the thing is done, and done in a way that resembles a course dinner more than a cold hand-out.

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Following is a list of the Sunday appointments, where they were held and by whom. Note also the comment by the *Journal*:

# BAPTIST CHURCHES.

First Baptist, 14th and K: 11 A. M., E. M. Cobb; 8 P. M., E. S. Young.

East Lincoln, 26th and Vine: 11 A. M., L. T. Holsinger; 8 P. M., I. D. Parker.

Free Will, 14th and F: 10: 45 A. M., D. B. Gibson, First Colored, E and 12th: 11 A. M. and 8 P. M., J. S. Mohler.

METHODIST.

Trinity, 16th and A: II A. M., Ed. Frantz; 8 P. M., E. M. Cobb.

Grace M. E., 27th and R: 11 A. M., Geo. E. Studebaker; 8 P. M., L. H. Eby.

Emanuel, 1240 U: 10:45 A. M., John E. Mohler; 8 P. M., D. B. Gibson.

German Reform church, Tenth and Z streets: 10: 30 A. M., S. R. Zug; 8 P. M., to be supplied.

Newman M. E., colored, 8th and J: 11 A. M., Sam'l Edgecomb; 8 P. M., R. F. McCune.

#### PRESBYTERIAN.

First Church, 13th and M: 11 A. M., W. J. Swigart; 8 P. M., C. E. Arnold.

Second Church, 26th and P: II A. M., Isaac Frantz; 8 P. M., Geo. L. Studebaker.

Third Church, 11th and Plum: 11:30 A. M., E. S. Young; 8 P. M., I. J. Rosenberger.

United Presbyterian, 16th and R: 11 A. M., L. H. Eby; 8 P. M., Jacob Witmore.

#### CONGREGATIONAL.

First Church, L and 13th: 11 A. M., I. J. Rosenberger; 8 P. M., J. M. Mohler.

Plymouth, 17th and A: 11 A. M., J. J. Yoder; 8 P. M., E. K. Masterson.

Vine Street, 25th and Vine: II A. M., H. R. Taylor; 8 P. M., D. B. Eby.

Swedish, 1902 G: 11 A. M., D. Hildebrand; 8 P. M., S. J. Miller.

Grace, 14th and F: 11 A. M., J. G. Royer.

St. Paul's (German), 13th and F: 11 A. M., Hiram Gibble.

St. Mark's Reform, 1519 Q: 11 A. M., Jacob Conner. Swedish, 1326 K: 11 A. M., to be supplied.

United Brethren, 11 A. M., D. E. Price.

The pulpits of the churches of Lincoln were very generally filled by preachers and evangelists of the Dunkard faith during the day. The pastors of the city extended this courtesy to the visitors and the result was that an unusual number availed themselves of the opportunity of spreading their Gospel. The citizens of Lincoln found the visitors able and devout men who preached sermons of exceptionable power. The sermons were of the evangelistic type in the main. The themes selected showed a power of oratory and appeal, and earnestness of purpose that went home to many a listener. The power of the Gospel as it was preached in days gone by was again made known. One pastor in commenting on the sermon he heard spoke in highly complimentary terms and said it brought back to his mind the force and strength of the preachers that he knew and admired in his youth for their sterling character and their devoutness. The visiting ministers showed scholarly attainments and a broad knowledge of the principles of their own and other faiths. To many their simplicity of utterance and directness of speech appealed with remarkable effect.-Nebraska State Journal.

The question of entertainment of the crowd at an Annual Meeting is a matter of more than appears on the surface. People swarm in at the last moment and while there is nearly always enough to eat the matter of sleeping is quite a question.

The way it is managed is for the local committee in charge to have everybody in town, who will, agree to take lodgers. The butcher,

the baker, and the candlestick maker, together with the merchant, the millionaire and all the betweens open up their homes to the incoming guests. One on the grounds goes to the Lodging Committee and inquires. He is given a card with his name thereon referring him to No. 101 Washington Street, and going there the householder takes him in and does for him. The most, in fact all the 'NOOKMAN heard talk, were delighted with their places and people. Sometimes otherwise, though.

There are ways and ways. Sometimes you get a room and lodge like a prince, and then you are one of a lot of human beings on the floor where the man with his mouth open snores like unto a freight locomotive pulling up hill.

The thing to do is to learn something of your place and get into a pleasant place where you can sleep as you do at home after you have said your prayers at night.

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One good thing about holding an Annual Meeting in new territory is in the advancement and diffusion of information among outsiders in regard to the faith and practices of the church. People in Lincoln will know more about the Brethren now and the impression is a favorable one.

Hundreds of our people are lodged in the homes of the citizens who thus have an opportunity of studying us at short range. Thousands of well-meant questions have been asked and intelligently answered. People get the truth about us and doubtless many who began with a disposition to smile at what seemed the grotesque and *outre* learn to respect a principle lived up to. As a missionary effort, though not designed as such, the meeting has been a grand success.

It would be a decided advantage to us to hold our Conferences in virgin territory in the future, though, of course, it would have its disadvantages to be far from the compact centers of church population.

As a rule, and a very general rule, outsiders have but the faintest knowledge of us, our belief and our peculiarities. Furthermore they would not only know more, but the effect would be good. The church bears inspection and helps most those who come to know most about it.

# 低INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Here is what the Conference did: It said that there should be no change in the time of the salutation, that there shall be no change as to the time of delegates serving in succession. The Advisory Committee of the Messenger is to be appointed by the Standing Committee, or rather, selected and voted in by that body. The whole divorce and fornication business was referred to a committee. The matter of insurance of lives was referred to a committee. That outsiders may attend council meetings if they come uninvited, in other words, that if they come they are not to be ordered out. Conference is to be opened and closed with suitable devotional exercises, a thing that always has been done. Members moving away should get their church letters and resident elders should see that they do get them. Canada missions go under the care of the General Mission Committee. No fixed rule of opening and closing ordinary Sunday services agreed upon.

The positive finding of the meeting was that the hospital in Chicago is agreed to. Nothing otherwise far reaching was done. The meeting was marked by courtesy and final agreement. On Tuesday evening about 6:30 the crowd began to assemble at the tabernacle for the meeting of the 'Nook family. This was an experiment, the outgrowth of an idea suggested by a little girl who wrote the 'Nookman some months ago saying that she expected to be at the Conference and would like to see the Editor there. He replied that he would be pleased to meet her. One idea led to another and it culminated in the project of having a family reunion at the meeting. Time was secured and the announcement was made.

Nobody knew how it would turn out and no program was ventured upon. The Editor thought that there might be a few present, forty or fifty, perhaps, and by a wild stretch of fancy, perhaps a hundred and fifty might be there. But what do you think of twenty-five hundred? That was the estimated number present.

What was done was about as follows: After prayer by Bro. Wieand and some congregational singing led by Bro. George Holsinger, the Editor got on his feet and said, for a fact, that he didn't know everything and that he wanted the 'Nookers to write him and help out. He was followed by Bro. D. L. Miller, J. D. Haughtelin, E. M. Cobb, Dr. Geiser, Prof. Sharp, John E. Mohler, and others whose names we failed to catch, and Sister Clum.

Had there been time the speakers would have swept the meeting off its feet. As it was the gathering was a tremendous success—could not have been much better. It was something new to get the 'Nook family together and for a good, big, enthusiastic meeting it beat all expectations.

An excellent feature was the singing of solos by Bro. George Holsinger and Sister Marguerite Bixler. Both excelled and exceeded themselves. Lark Marguerite would have brought the house down and been encored had it not been for the time and place of the meeting. At the close of the exercises it was suggested that those who lived, to meet at the next Conference and hold a reunion again and it was carried unanimously. Then we sang "God be With you till We Meet Again," and the meeting broke up. It was more than a meeting. It was an ovation, just

the sort of a gathering that might be expected of the class of people who make the 'Nook family. God bless the INGLENOOK and make it a good magazine.

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And so the last word is spoken, the last glance taken, and partings are over. There is no place so suggestively sad as the camp of a crowd when they have dispersed. The scraps of paper, the trodden earth, the silence over all, and it is loneliness itself.

This lot of people will never again meet on this side of eternity. They have gone home. and all unseen by mortal eyes, the angel with the hourglass has gone with them. The sands of some are nearly run. Their time has almost come. The last turn of the hands of life's clock is made. We will drop out. We will pass and be forgotten. The youth will marry, the children will grow up, and in some neglected part the grave turf will grow over us. We will know all about it then, but we will not be seen as we see, or be heard as we hear. The point is that we will be promptly forgotten. And a greater thing is that with all of it our places in the existence to which we shall go is fixed by ourselves while here. There are others who will come after us, and these will never have heard of us. It is a commentary on human weakness and human vanity, which also is weakness, that we push and struggle for petty place, forgetting how short time is and how long eternity may be. It is not worth while as we go along to make earth and life other than better for our having been here, and he who does the most of this will be greatest in the kingdom for which we pray to come. And so, good-by, Conference of this year, good-by, and God be with us till we meet again, and if we never meet here again, still, God be with us, and until the time of our going has come may the good Lord watch between thee and me.

# DRESSES OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

The women of the Indian tribes of Oklahoma—the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches and Cheyennes—are more expensively dressed than any members of their sex in the United States. They are often forced to put their children to bed hungry, but they will not part with their expensive dresses, which have been handed down as heirlooms of the family.

Some of these dresses are worth as much as \$1,500, while others range in price from \$200 to \$700. The average price of one of these dresses is \$500. They are costly, not because they are made of silk, but because the best of buckskin enters into their construction, while elk teeth are used as ornaments and are sewed all over the upper part of the dress.

Sometimes 200 or 300 elk teeth are fixed upon one dress. These teeth are fast becoming rare and expensive. The women of these tribes own in the neighborhood of 100,000 elk teeth, according to figures furnished by the Indian agents. This is the greater part of the elk teeth in the United States. Agents for New York firms have used every sort of persuasion to get hold of these teeth. They even tried to educate the squaws that they looked better in silk and satin, but the Indian women held to their elk teeth all the harder. They have a queer superstition among the tribe that if the elk teeth that have been handed down generation after generation should be sold all the babies of that tribe would die. These elk teeth have been gathered by the bucks and polished until they shine like satin.

# TRAVELS OF WEDDING GIFTS.

"I wish people would know enough to send unmarked presents," said a sweet bride, as she stood contemplating a tableful of silverware. "Here I must pay good money for a new wedding present, which I could have taken from this lot if each piece did not have a letter or monogram engraved on it. I thought I could have this bowl fixed, but the thing is so thin that there would be nothing left of it if the name were erased," and the young woman, who had sent a polite note thanking her "dear friend" for the gift, expressed contempt for the "mean thing."

A man who had witnessed the scene and heard the remarks said later: "That's nothing to what happened a few days ago. A woman purchased a handsome piece of silver and sent it unmarked as a wedding present to

a friend. It was the only piece of the kind in the store—in fact, it had been made especially as a show piece—and you may believe that the woman was surprised when she came to the store two months later and found the piece again for sale.

"She asked the salesman how it came there, and heard, to her amazement, that it had been returned by the woman to whom it had been presented. 'She brought it back,' said the salesman, 'and asked to have it credited to her account.' 'And you took it,' asked the original purchaser, 'knowing that I had bought it?' 'What could we do?' asked the salesman. 'She is a good customer, who has an account with us, and we would have lost her trade if we had not taken it.'

"So, you see, this woman went a step further than the people who give away presents—she actually took the money for it. If she had been a 'cash customer' at the store the transaction could never have been consummated, but the system by which a 'charge customer' may return goods at any time and receive credit for them made the disgraceful piece of business possible. The class of people who value a wedding present in keeping with its weight are a source of great trouble to the dealers, and one of the safeguards against them is deep engraving."

# WILD GEESE.

To realize the vast number of geese to be found in the Northwest on the fields in the vicinity of the lakes needs a great stretch of the imagination for those who are not familiar with the sport. If one can imagine a solid bank of clouds rising from the horizon, growing larger and larger as it approaches, until the sky is almost obscured and the noise of the honking becomes deafening and resembling the roar of a terrific windstorm, some idea may be formed of the vast flocks of geese to

be found here. When these birds settle down on the prairie they are so numerous as to entirely cover up vegetation for miles. In such a case the sportsman with a rifle from the distance of half or quarter of a mile may pick off his birds undisturbed as long as they remain in the field, a single shot often resulting in the killing or wounding of three or four birds. There is no chance to miss. Every shot is effective. The poorest hunter cannot fail to get more geese than he can carry. These birds range in weight from seven to twelve pounds each, so that, unless a wagon is couvenient to haul off the game, a few minutes' shooting suffices to bag all that a man can carry. As the geese move farther south they break up into flocks, but even then a thousand in a flock, especially of the white brant, is no uncommon sight. The brant are pure white, and when they settle down on a field they resemble a snow bank. They are smaller than the "honker," or Canadian goose, and instead of flying in wedge shape they go in flocks like blackbirds.

# FRENCH COAL PIT 3,390 FEET DEEP.

THE deepest coal pit in France is the Arthur De Buyer of the Ronchamp group of collieries, in the Haute-Saone. The shaft has only just been completed. Its depth is 1,130 yards, diameter thirteen feet, and it has taken five years to finish. The ventilation, which is effected by several huge electric fans, is said to be very satisfactory. The coal has been struck exactly at the point calculated by M. Pousigne, the mining engineer.

# SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE.

FREDDY—Honestly, now, what kind of weather do you like best?

Duddy—That is a subject that has bothered me a great deal. On mature reflection I think the weather I like best is the weather we are not having at the time.



#### THE CLIMATE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY W. I. T. HOOVER.

THE climate of the Pacific Coast is one of the questions especially interesting to people who live in the Central and Eastern States. Various conflicting opinions prevail concerning this subject. Fairy tales of the "land of flowers and sunshine" are common, yet there is often more of the real than the imaginary in these stories of the extreme West.

A correct understanding of the words weather and climate is essential to a clear knowledge of the subject. Both terms have reference to the condition of the atmosphere as regards temperature, humidity, cloudiness, precipitation, wind and dust. Weather has reference to this condition at any particular place and time, while climate is the average of weather conditions for any particular place extending there, a year or series of years. If one will note carefully the weather of any section for a definite period it will be observed to repeat itself more or less. (This is the basis for the weather prognostications found in some almanacs.) This averaging of temperature, moisture, prevailing winds, etc., is the climate of that portion of the country.

The climate of the Pacific Coast varies greatly from Washington to Southern California. The climate of the narrow strip along the coast is exceedingly even, subject to very slight variations. The rainfall in Washington and Oregon is greatly in excess of that of California, though the mean annual temperature does not vary so much proportionally. The winter season in the North is quite wet compared to California, particularly Southern California. Many in the Eastern States have the idea that during the winter or what is commonly called the rainy season it is very disagreeable because of almost daily rains. This is a very erroneous idea so far as it relates to Southern California, because it may not rain oftener than a half dozen times in that many weeks, in fact the last few years the rains have not been that frequent.

As one goes back from the coast the rainfall and temperature both vary on account of the mountains. The higher the elevation the

cooler the atmosphere. There are a number of perpetually snow-capped peaks in the Cascade and Sierra Nevada Mountains. In Southern California it is said there are some peaks in the San Gabriel and San Bernardino Mountains that on the north side near the summit snow may be found every day in the year. The writer has seen it snow in these mountains in August (and no rain in the valleys) and furious snow storms in the winter are quite common while in the valley it may be raining or the sun shining brightly and flowers of all kinds blooming as beautifully as at any other time of the year.

Near the eastern side of California on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, that extends from San Francisco to Ogden, may be found fine coasting and skating. There are doubtless other places where the sport may be indulged in but they are less known and frequented on account of their difficult accessibility.

During the summer months it frequently rains very heavy in the mountains (very rarely does it reach the valleys) this, together with the winter rains and melting snows, keeps up the mountain streams which furnish water for irrigation in the valley during the summer months. These mountain streams often furnish very excellent trout fishing.

As said above the temperature is quite even, subject to very slight changes along the coast line. As one goes back from the coast the variation is more noticeable. In some of the mountain valleys the mercury rises to one hundred degrees to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Yet there are practically no heat prostrations as it rarely becomes sultry. There is almost always a good breeze which is exceedingly refreshing when one is in the shade. The San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys are subject to very high temperatures in the summer. Irrigation is necessary for almost all crops, though these rivers and their mountain tributaries furnish an abundance of water for that purpose.

The official figures of the weather bureau for San Diego on the coast in the southern part of California from 1875-1897 (8,036 days), give that there were 7,773 days that the temperature was not below forty degrees nor

above eighty degrees. From 1872 – 1896 there was a yearly average of 154 clear days, 131 partly cloudy and 77 cloudy days. A partly cloudy day means one-fourth to seventenths overcast. A cloudy day, however, may be one during which the sun shone continuously through a thin layer of clouds. By a day is meant from sunrise to sunset. The nights at this place are usually clear.

The above official figures are a good index to the coast climate from San Diego to San Francisco. The historic orange valley of the San Gabriel in Southern California has a most charming climate. Frost is to be found anywhere in the valley during the winter months though rarely severe enough to injure more than peas, beans, and the like. At a few places in this and adjacent valleys it is too cold for oranges on account of low, damp lands; other crops though do well here. In some adjacent valleys frost is too frequent and severe to make the orange industry profitable.

The nights are almost always cool in Southern California. It is almost an unknown thing to have what is known in the East as a hot night. During the day the thermometer may register one hundred degrees or over, yet in the shade it is quite pleasant and the nights are cool enough to require a quilt or comforter, all due to the mountain and sea breezes. It is said the average temperature of February, 1900, was warmer than August, 1900, and there were really no nights that a little cover was not needed. Hence, while the days may be quite warm the nights are always cool and so one rises in the morning refreshed.

The dust in this country is one of its chief drawbacks, especially so considered by people in the East. But it is a fact that on the roads that are well graded and covered with decayed granite taken from the mountains, the roads are no dustier without five months' rain than they usually are in the East without three weeks' rain. The main roads are nearly all well graded and covered with this granite which packs very hard and those leading out from the larger towns and cities are generally sprinkled daily. Hence, the atmosphere is freer from dust impurities than is generally supposed.

Fogs may occur at any time of the year. They usually clear away within a few hours after sunrise, often leaving the trees and the ground under them so wet that it presents the appearance of having rained. These fogs also clear away the dust that may arise from winds that may blow over the valley at any time, though rarely with such violence as to damage even heavily-laden fruit trees.

Lordsburg, Cal.

# PROFITABLE TRADE IN BOGUS ANTIQUES.

THE Castellane-Wertheimer suits over the \$400,000 of bric-a-brac and furniture which it is alleged the count and countess owe for is one of those things over which the wise ones are prone to smile. While no one assumes to say that Wertheimer or his business associates palmed off any spurious articles on the man who was given American millions to make ducks and drakes of, everybody thinks that Wertheimer can well afford to wait for his money.

The selling of bric-a-brac to wealthy collectors is one of the greatest money-making schemes in the world to-day. Profits range anywhere from a hundred to a thousand per cent, the ratio depending upon the extent of the imposition and the gullibility of the purchaser

Americans have been among the most extensively victimized of any people, and in some of the costliest homes at Newport, New York and Chicago there are evidences of the most glaring impositions having been practiced. Fittings of modern mansions which have cost fabulous sums would not bring at auction a tenth of what they cost their present owners.

The men engaged in the business of selling these wares range all the way from avaricious connoisseurs to downright scoundrels who wantonly sell what they know to be fraudulent copies of otherwise costly specimens. Quite often these swindlers impose upon more respectable dealers and sell their manufactured antiques through their agency or influence without arousing suspicion.

Of course the spread of wealth in the last decade has been so rapid, and the number of parvenus created so great that the demand for

curious and old furniture could not be gratified from natural sources, even had all the old palaces and castles of Europe been ransacked. As a matter of fact, however, very few of the priceless curios and heirlooms contained in the only sources from which such articles could possibly come have been for sale. The result was that exact copies of such of these articles as were most in demand had to be made The men whose business it was to have copies of these articles were artists in wood and metal work, and were smnggled into the palaces and homes of the wealthy, under all kinds of pretenses, so that their expert ability could copy the design and appearance so minutely that exact duplicates could be made. In many cases these spies have been arrested on suspicion of being burglars and sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Being unable to divulge the real objects of their visits, they have been compelled to serve out their sentences. In many cases sketches found in their possession when arrested have revealed the real object of their intrusion and they have been discharged with a caution.

In France and Austria there exist regular factories where these bogus duplicates are turned out. In the case of furniture the wood is artificially aged by the means of electricity, an appearance precisely similar to that of the original being obtained by the use of certain chemicals, including acids, sulphur and a number of powerful compounds. In order to take off the unmistakable stamp of newness when they are first finished, dust and smoke are utilized and various devices to give them the appearance of having been long in use.

They are first submitted to the test of the most careful virtuosos through advertisements inserted in the papers offering them for sale by assumed decayed members of the nobility, and until they have passed the strictest tests in this way they are not offered to the large dealers who actually come in contact with the wealthy buyers. These dealers are imposed upon by the belief that they are buying from people who belong to the aristocracy and who are compelled to part with their treasures piecemeal in order to raise the means of existence. In order to prevent any idea of fraud being entertained by the pur-

chaser, aristocratic persons really are employed, of whom there are sufficient to be found willing to do this dishonest work for a decent remuneration. When cases like that of the Castellanes come up, the idea of selling such aristocratic patrons, even if the goods are rebought, gives them the most emphatic hallmark of genuineness.

The question of how many genuine Raphaels, Titians, Dores or Gainsboroughs are in existence, compared with the fact that there can be but one of each picture, is one which must be solved by future art judges.

Perhaps the most difficult task which will face the connoisseurs will be the detection of frauds in old china. There is no more enthusiastic virtuoso than he who collects antiques in this line.

An expert in old china told me recently of an experience which he had encountered in connection with what purported to be a valuable collection of plates of the old blue-willow pattern, supposed to have been manufactured in China centuries ago. He said: "I had never seen more attractive specimens of that particular school of decoration and they possessed an added attractiveness in the fact that they were not in a good state of preservation. There was every evidence about them necessary to establish the idea that they had been in use for a considerable time - centuries perhaps. I was willing to close with the possessor and we were only arguing over the price, when I suddenly noticed something about the kiln mark on the bottom of one of the pieces. Examining it closely under a glass I discovered that it was a forgery. I then commenced to question and so confused the merchant that he referred me to the person from whom he had secured them. This man I found very difficult in cornering, and he was glad to make a clean breast of how he had put the artistic touches on which made a bogus piece of willow ware almost mislead a sharp connoisseur. I gave him my promise that I would not expose him personally, whereupon he confessed to me many of the secrets of the craft which he was one representative of. He told me that he gets the counterfeit old china from France, where, he said, it is manufactured in enormous quantities and much of it sold openly as imitation. This manufactured article is practically an exact duplicate of the genuine ware, lacking only the exact marks of old age.

"The first step in the process of the manufacture is to secure a mellow, yellowish tone of antiquity by putting the china in a bath of strong nitric acid, subsequently sponging the surface with a solution of iron. The acid eats tiny holes in the enamel into which the particles of iron sink and produce the required tint. By strengthening the wash a stain can be made as deep as desired. The cracks were inserted by an operation involving the utmost delicacy of touch, combined with the necessary force to pierce the most delicate spots where a lesion could be possible. It is an operation such as could be performed only by a skilled surgeon. To illustrate this he chipped the crack with a mallet without endangering the piece. His illustration was confined to operations on an ordinary china mug. Naturally the exposed surface was fresh and white and as it stood would have endangered the trick.

"His repertoire included a good many other processes, but those I have described were the ones on which he chiefly relied. In the course of the conversation he told me that he had frequently broken small vases and other articles after the aging manipulation and then patched them together with glue. The marks of the fracture were accepted by the majority of customers as proof positive of authenticity, for they argued to themselves that there could be no possible object in going to so much trouble to mend a new article."

So it would seem that the possibilities of fraud are so vast that the ordinary mind will neither conceive nor comprehend them.

# SHOPPING AS A PROFESSION.

Some women shop for amusement, some to kill time, others merely to buy what they need, and still others shop for a living. When a woman is a professional shopper, however, she attains the dignified designation of "purchasing agent," and if she has enough business to take most of her time she makes an excellent living out of it. It is a business that especially suits women, for it lies chiefly in lines that women necessarily know well, and

it is an agreeable experience to see all the new and beautiful things in the shops as soon as they are exhibited.

One young woman shopper, whose time is now fully occupied with work, started from undertaking simple commissions from her friends when she came to New York. Then she spent a few winters here, and did shopping for many people in her native town. Now she lives here, and has as much business as she can attend to. It is all among her friends, who in turn, recommend her to their friends, and it goes on in a sort of endless chain.

When any one wanting her help comes to New York for a visit and shopping tour she notifies the shopper, who accompanies the visitor on a tour of the shops. Of course the shopper is thoroughly familiar with all the stores and knows the best places to get special things. Furthermore, the clerks in the stores are acquainted with the shoppers, and knowing them as good customers bring out their best goods and take more pains than they would with ordinary customers. The patron of the shopper therefore enjoys considerable advantage and pays no more than if she went alone.

The shopper makes her profit through the discount allowed her as a "purchasing agent" by the management of the stores. Ten per cent is the usual allowance. On some small wares it is not so large, and most stores have special discounts in special lines. The goods are charged to the shopper, who, of course, has established accounts in all the stores, and her patrons pay her the regular price. She pays the store the amount charged her and thus clears a nice commission.

"My work has a great deal of pleasure in it," says the young woman shopper whose work has been spoken of above. "I enjoy going around with my friends and the others my work brings me in contact with. It is very pleasant to be in shops and see the handsome new things, and then there are always luncheons and the pleasure trips besides. Several of my New York friends who became interested used to get me to shop with them, and now they buy goods and have them charged to my account, which is a welcome addition to my income.

"At one time I ran a shopping bureau for a magazine and had many amusing experiences. The class of people applying was so different from my regular patrons that I found it trying as well. Many of the letters received were illiterate. One woman asked my advice as to a suitable baptizing gown, and another asked for samples of summer silks. I took some pains to get these for her, and then she wrote and said she had forgotten to tell me she wanted black and white."

A number of women are registered at the New York stores as purchasing agents, and many make their living by shopping. Perhaps the largest business of this kind was started in New York seven years ago by a woman, who has built it up to such proportions that now it takes all the time and energies of herself, her sister, a bookkeeper, two shoppers and two errand girls. The two sisters and their business occupy a house convenient to the shopping district, where visitors are shown to a cozy reception room, and all the offices are on the second floor.

"Our business is run by a regular system," said the head of this purchasing agency. "As soon as a mail is received—and they are coming all day—the orders are sorted and entered, lists made up for errand girls to get samples, etc. Then our shoppers start out on their rounds. We buy everything that our patrons may want, and have a very large out-of-town business. We shop conscientiously and are able to show our best patrons samples of the new goods early, because the stores let us have samples which they do not give to others."

# THE EXACT SIZE OF RAINDROPS.

THE Paris meteorologist, Faideau, has undertaken the laborious task of measuring the dimensions of raindrops.

He finds that the largest are about one-sixth of an inch, the smallest one five-hundredth of an inch, in diameter.

They are larger in summer than in winter, and larger in hot than in cold climates. At the moment of condensation of the water vapor to the liquid state great numbers of extremely small drops are formed in close proximity. As they fall they come together and

coalesce in consequence of mutual attraction, and so what we call raindrops are formed.

The size of the drop when it reaches the earth depends on the height from which it has fallen. Now, in the summer the lower strata of air are warmer than in winter, and therefore clouds are formed at a greater height where conditions are favorable for rapid condensation. The drops falling from these high summer clouds have more time to grow, and therefore become larger than the winter drops.

In winter, as is well known, clouds often exist very near the ground. The velocity with which raindrops fall depends, according to Faideau, both on their size and on the wind, which makes them fall obliquely. Other things being equal, a drop of medium size, say one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, may strike the ground with a velocity of some thirteen feet a second, while a very large drop, measuring one-sixth of an inch, may attain a speed of thirty-eight feet a second.

# QUEER SITES FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

SEVERAL days ago, on the old Liberty road, the completed nest of a bluebird was found in a letter box, which was in constant use. When found a letter was lying beside the nest and one of the birds was in the box.

Upon level tops of city houses nighthawks frequently lay their eggs.

The cow bird deposits its eggs in the nest of other and weaker birds for them to incubate. Only one egg is usually deposited in the nest.

In the telegraph poles about the suburbs of the city two members of the woodpecker family, the flicker and the redhead, frequently make their homes, burrowing into the wood.

English sparrows frequently build in freight trains, and their nests and inhabitants are sometimes taken across the continent.

Frank C. Kirkwood, secretary of the Game and Fish association, tells of a find he made in a large tree on Kent island. In the top was the nest of a fish-crow; farther down was a fish-hawk's, in the sticks of which were five purple grackles, with young ones, and four English sparrows' nests. Farther down a flicker's nest and three more grackles and the

nest of one wren. In the glass globes of the arc electric lights of the city English sparrows and purple grackles sometimes build.

Barn-owls, despite the noise around the grain elevators, have been known to rear their young in the buildings.

Mr. Kirkwood last year found very intimate relations existing between the families of a red-tail hawk and a gray squirrel. The hawk's nest was built upon the squirrel's, and both of them were inhabited.

# PRACTICAL CURIOSITY.

NEAR the town of Baku, in the Russian Caucasus, are several tracts of land whereon no cattle would feed, although they were covered with unusually rich herbage. The superstitious peasantry declared that an evil spirit had bewitched the meadows in question. By and by there happened along a practical, matter-of-fact Englishman, who started to investigate the phenomenon. He quickly discovered that, although the grass was undoubtedly rich and succulent, it tasted strongly of paraffin, a substance the flavor of which is intensely repugnant to nearly all animals, but especially so to cattle. Such was the origin of the discovery of the Baku petroleum deposits-deposits which have already yielded millions of pounds' worth of oil, and which show no signs of becoming exhausted.

# A FULFILLED PROPHECY ABOUT LINCOLN.

In the Presidential campaign of 1856 the Democrats in the West made an effective point by contrasting Mr. Buchanan's long public career as a Senator, Secretary of State, and Minister to England with General Fremont's limited experience, consisting of a service of twenty-one days in the United States Senate.

In the great campaign of 1860 they tried the same tactics, which had proved so successful, to disparage Mr. Lincoln. He had served but a single term in Congress, while Senator Douglas had for many years enjoyed a national reputation.

This point was urged in a heated discussion,

overheard, between an ardent supporter of Senator Douglas and a German voter who favored Mr. Lincoln. The former finally thought to overwhelm his opponent by saying:

"Who is this Lincoln, anyhow? Nobody ever heard of him until Senator Douglas brought him into notice by holding joint debates with him. Senator Douglas, on the other hand, is a great statesman. Why, he has had his eye on the Presidential chair for the last ten years."

"Vot is dot you say?" was the reply. "You say Meester Dooglas have had his eye on the President chair for the last ten years?"

"Yes, that is just what I said."

"Vell, you shoost tell Meester Dooglas eef he keep hees eye on dot chair shoost a leedle vile longer, he vill see Old Abe Lincoln sitting down in it."

That closed the debate, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.—June "New" Lippincott.

# DESERTED BY HIS OWNER, A DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

In Bartonsville, Vt., S. C. Morrison, a prosperous farmer, decided to move with his family to Tacoma, Wash. The disposal of a Scotch collie dog, a family petfor many years, had been the subject of much discussion. It was finally decided to leave the animal behind. The household effects were sold, and recently, as reported in the New York World, the family took their departure.

The dog, left in the care of friends, appeared dejected, and evidently decided that life held nothing more for him. At the whistle of an approaching train he left the house. He was seen to go toward the railroad crossing. A call from the new master was unheeded. Deliberately stretching himself across the rail, the dog allowed the train to pass over him.

The act was clearly premeditated, from the fact that he had been trained from a puppy to keep away from the railroad tracks, and had before always evinced a fear of approaching trains.

#### HOW YOUR CORNS ARE MADE.

"As long as man ran barefoot, all went extremely well. If one part of the foot, owing to some personal peculiarity of gait or habit, wore away faster than the rest, and was in danger of becoming abraded, that fact alone caused small papillæ, filled with active bloodvessels and nerves, to spring up at the threatened spot, so that horny cells were produced in great abundance. Hence, any primitive savage who habitually rubbed one part of his foot in climbing to his rock shelter, was protected from consequent disablement; and if, through some change in his habits, another part became chafed more than the rest, the new need was met in a precisely similar fash-No accumulation of this thickened cuticle took place at such a spot, because it was rasped away by the wear and tear of locomotion just as rapidly as it was formed.

"Now, let us see what takes place under modern conditions. . . . Under the stimulus of undue local pressure caused by an illifitting shoe, certain nerves (forming the intelligence department of the disturbed region) become excited, and send an alarming report to headquarters. . . From the spot 'where the shoe pinches,' a message is dispatched along the conducting nerves to the central bureau: 'Much friction here. Send help at once or skin will be abraded.'

"There is no delay in responding to this appeal. . . A rapid accumulation of the cuticle takes place over the spot 'where the shoe pinches;' and this being artificially protected from attrition from without, continues to thicken until it causes a severe aggravation of the pressure upon the tender parts below. The nerves in the advanced papillæ become acutely aware that matters are going from bad to worse, and send agonized appeals for further relief to headquarters. Our central repair department, still taking it for granted that the chief thing it fears—namely, abrasion of the surface-is taking place in spite of all that has been done, redoubles its former efforts. Fresh supplies are hurried to the front, and the local authorities are instructed to increase the pile of horny cells, at the spot where the pressure is greatest, by every means permitted by the laws of nature.

"As a result, the thickened cuticle over each new papilla, instead of being rasped away, as in the case of the barefoot savage, is at first heaped up upon the surface like one of the horny cones covering a dog's paw. But, being unable to get any further in an outward direction, on account of the unyielding boot, it presses inward upon the tender and vascular tissues of the papilla itself, and at length penetrates them in the form of an inverted cone of corneus matter."

Of course all the Inglenook people wear footgear large enough to prevent "undue local pressure," but the people who don't read the paper mostly have corns, and what wonder is it?

#### CROWN JEWELS STORED IN ENGLAND.

One of the most valuable collections of jewels in the world is that of the Russian imperial family. A large portion of this collection is guarded in a fortified castle, watched over by a special detail of 180 retired officers and a body of soldiers. For this service they are well paid. No officer who in his days of active service was addicted to gambling or to extravagance can ever hope to be selected as one of the custodians of the imperial jewels.

But a very large portion of the czar's jewels is always left in London banks; so that, in case a revolution should break out in St. Petersburg, he would have an "anchor to windward."

The prince of Bulgaria is possessed of precious stones to the value of \$5,000,000, and many of these are always stored in the vaults of London banks. King Milan of Servia kept many of his jewels in London and Paris banks; and many of the jewels belonging to the German imperial family are in the same safe keeping.

# "STAR CHAMBER."

THE "star chamber" was so called from the place in which the court was held, one of the rooms of the King's palace in Westminster. Upon the ceilings were stars, hence the camera stellata, or chamber of stars. It was of very ancient origin and had excessive powers, but could not pronounce the death penalty.



# AUNT MARTHA TALKS.

BY MAUDE PLEES.

Now are you giving that baby patent medicine?—because if you are it's a great mistake. Catnip will cure any local baby ailment, and croup too. For croup make an exceedingly strong catnip tea, then add lard and boil until the water is all absorbed. Anoint the chest, throat and back, rubbing in well. It is also good for a cold. It will bring sweet sleep to the restless little one if given in a tea, regulate the bowels, and has the advantage of having in it no opium. Do not make it too sweet, and baby will hold on to the spoon for more. Too much can hardly be given.

Sage tea will strengthen as well as darken the hair, both in children and adults.

When company comes and you want to make the table attractive, make a butter print by cutting your initial, or a design, on a clean, pared potato, and press it on the pat of butter. That sort of a print does not need scalding water and salt to keep it from sticking.

Add a tablespoon of vinegar to the water you intend to poach eggs in and see how firm they will be.

Roll all the stale bread into fine crumbs, and to one cup of dry crumbs, which have soaked up as much milk as they will, add one egg, pepper and salt and a bit of sage. Fry brown in small pats or cakes and see how many people know what they are eating.

In making gravies use flour instead of cornstarch and your dressing will not be starchy.

Parsley stuck through a thin slice of lemon is the proper garnish for fish.

A good, easy and cheap breakfast dish, is mock oyster. To a quarter of a pound of water crackers, that have lain in water all night, add three beaten, seasoned eggs. Be careful not to break the crackers and turn all into a spider. Brown quickly, cut apart and turn each one. At this stage put in the oven until the crackers are heated through. Never use milk in soaking them for ten times to one it will sour.

Add a pinch of soda to tomatoes and you can safely dress them with milk having no fear of curdling.

If you love your guest do not put sugar in your tomatoes, for many do not like it. Let each sweeten to suit their taste at the table.

When you wash silk handkerchiefs or fine woolens use borax instead of soap. Do not rub but squeeze, and press, and rinse carefully in tepid water. The things so cared for will be like new.

# GRANULA.

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

GET good Graham flour, take pure spring or soft water, nothing else, and knead to a stiff dough. Roll and mould as for biscuit (not as thick). Bake thoroughly in a hot oven. When well done, or over done, remove and cool, then cut each piece in halves and put back in a warm baker and dry to a crisp, not brown or burnt. A yellow brown will not hurt. Now crush or break in small bits and grind them as you would coffee. You now have one of the best health foods known. It can be served in various ways. Soaked in good, rich milk is the best way to eat it. Some like to add a little sugar, some a little salt (but don't add salt when you bake it, it spoils the flavor). Some eat it with fruit. It makes a nice cold Sunday dish and is always ready. It can be used in puddings and mixed with bread for dressings. We have made and used this hygienic health food for twenty-three years, and know its merits. The biscuits, or Graham crackers, warm from the oven, well baked. with crispy crust, make a delightful bread. We have a small hand mill to grind them. If you cannot get good Graham flour, if it is too rough with bran, add a little white flour, or sift the coarsest bran out. Graham made of white wheat is best.

McPherson, Kans.

# CREAMED EGGS.

BY SISTER MARY H. ELLENBERGER.

Put three cups of morning milk in a bright vessel, bring to boiling point, have ready and add broken scraps of light bread, crusts preferred, enough to absorb about half of the milk. Then break six fresh eggs into the mixture, adding a small lump of butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Stir all together and don't cook too long.

Turney, Mo.

#### CORN OR SHAM OYSTERS.

BY SISTER GERTRUDE F. FINNELL.

Take eight large ears of field corn, well filled, score and scrape or press out the pulp, leaving all hulls on cob. To this pulp add two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and beat thoroughly. Put two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter in a frying pan and when hot drop the mixture by spoonfuls into it. When brown on one side, turn and brown the other. Serve very hot.

Morgantown, West Virginia.

# CORN PONE.

BY SISTER IDA E. GIBBLE.

Take two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup melted lard, one egg, one even teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. Take sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. Then bake till done.

Lykens, Pa.

# LOAF CAKE.

BY SISTER WINNIE WEST.

Take two cups of raised dough, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter or lard, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one-fourth spoonful of nutmeg, and one cup of raisins or currants. Mix well. Put in a pan to bake. Let it raise like bread and bake in moderate oven one hour.

Leesburg, Ohio.

#### HOMINY CAKES.

BY SISTER M. JANE STAUFFER.

Take two cups of cold, boiled hominy, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third cup each of sweet milk and flour. Mix well, and form into cakes, one-half inch thick. Fry in a hot frying pan, with a spoon, using just enough grease to prevent the cakes from sticking to the pan. Cover while frying so that they will cook through.

Polo, Ill.

# RAISIN PUDDING.

BY SISTER SUE RUNK.

Take three cups of flour, one pound of raisins, two eggs, one and one-half cups of suet, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half cups of sugar and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Tie loosely in a cloth and drop in boiling water. Boil from one and one-half to two hours, or spread a cloth on a steamer, and pour the pudding on it.

Rockhill Furnace, Pa.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

June 15, 1901.

No. 24.

# OPPORTUNITY.

BY JOHN J. INGALLS.

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state Mortals desire, and conquer every foe Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, Condemned to failure, penury and woe, Seek me in vain and uselessly implore. I answer not, and I return no more.

# THE ROSES OF JUNE.

Roses always roses are. There are other flowers but when all is said and done a bunch of fragrant roses represents the very acme of floral beauty and sweetness. A rose may grace the bosom of a duchess, bring relief to the child sick in the slums, or be pressed in the leaves of the Bible—they are always in order.

The cottage with its climbing roses in bloom is a thing of beauty, and there is no home so humble that it may not have its flowers. There are aristocrats among this aristocracy of the flower kingdom. There are the gorgeous blooms of the conservatory and the pure white on last year's grave. But of all these beauties where is there one to surpass in delicacy of color and texture the common wild rose of the fields and the wayside? Here in the open fields of Elgin the wild rose is everywhere. At this writing it has not opened its blush petals, but the memory of the past year is still with us. They will come, and under the morning sun they will be diamond-spread,

fragrant, and though modestly beautiful will be riotously lovely. Sometime gather a few wild roses and hold them beside the cheek of beauty and note how the boasted bloom of youth fades by the bloom of the fields. And their fragrance—dear as remembered kisses after death—is something that clings and clings as a precious memory and never grows old.

This season gather a perfect rose, inhale its fragrance, touch your lips to its petals, note well its beauty of color and form, and then tenderly press it in your Bible where roses are mentioned, and when next winter's blast howls about the house of an evening open to it and remember rose month past and gone and think of roses to come again.

#### THEN HE WAS ORDERED OUT.

CROFT has left Plymouth now. One little sentence exiled him.

You see, he had a fine old timepiece in the hall, hanging on a nail. His wife says he deliberately loosened that nail. However that may be, his mother-in-law one day rushed into the drawing room in a state of great excitement.

"Odear,—O dearie me!" she cried. "That heavy, horrid old clock has just fallen with a terrible crash on to the very spot where I was standing only a moment before!"

Croft was quite cool and collected. But he murmured absent-mindedly:

"I always said that clock was slow!"

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IN Texas some nine years ago a silver shekel was found dating back to 142 B. C. Intrinsically, it was worth about half a dollar, but collectors put a price of \$5,000 on it.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF MARVLO.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

MARVLO is our servant. He came to us with his old father soon after we reached India. His father was our servant then.

That father was a sample of low-caste Hindooism. He was a good one for new missionaries to learn on. He chewed and smoked, and drank and lied, and stole, and had two wives, and was a leader of religion to those of his caste who cared to follow. And he pow-wowed for many a sick child, putting a bit of ashes in the palm of the right hand of the mother, saying this ashes from the missionary's fireplace is most efficacious.

He was n't over clean either. Once we caught him cooking a chicken for our dinner, having all the entrails in the pot with the rest. His explanation was evidently satisfactory to himself, that that was his part, and he intended taking all out carefully before sending our part in for us, and he thought it practical economy to cook all together. "Sahib not like economy?"

Once we were having a pot pie for dinner. Sister Bertha was relieved of hers on getting a mouthful of ashes, which she declared was the contents of the old man's pipe. I have always had some doubts though, for how should she know what pipe ashes tasted like?

Well, Marvlo was this man's only child. As a baby they fed him opium so he would not cry. And he grew. As an eleven-year-old boy, his father would have him do all his work "so he would learn how," while he, the father, would sit and smoke his pipe or chat with walkers along the road.

One night Marvlo was yelling as if for his life, and we could hear the familiar thud, thud, as his father was beating him in the cook house. I out of bed and to the scene in my night clothes, seized the father by the arm with a tight grip, and threatened to turn the tune if it was n't stopped. It was stopped, and in the morning all went on as if nothing had happened.

After awhile we dismissed the father and kept Marvlo. Sister Bertha had taught him to read, and he showed some good signs.

There were some little trinkets lying on a table. We were all out and he was sweeping the room. He thought, "I'll take one," and took it. Then he thought, "And if they know how many were there, then I'm caught," so he put it back. Then he thought, "But if I have one it will never be missed," and took it again. Then with it in his pocket he thought, "But that's stealing" and he put it back again. In the evening of that day he confessed it all to us, requesting that we keep such things locked up, so he would not be tempted. And we said to each other, "His conscience is growing."

About three years ago he made profession of conversion, and I baptized him in the Vanki River. Since then it has n't always been smooth sailing with him, though I believe he is doing his best. Not very long ago he fell into trouble and was disfellowshiped from the church, but because he had voluntarily confessed it and showed sincere repentance he was restored about a month later.

He is about seventeen years old. He ought to be married soon. Recently I met a young American woman worker who has some marriageable native girls on her hands, and we had a talk. The result is, I think there will be a wedding before so very long. Of course, both parties must be agreed, even though somebody else may be said to have done their courting.

Marvlo was as dumb as a boy could well be, six years ago. Now he can turn his hand to most anything. He can cook, wait on table, clean up a room, wait on Emmert, do our bazaaring, or lead the orphan boys in prayer. In the absence of one of the teachers, he swayed the teacher's rod for a whole week.

He is a Christian, but he is a little weak. Think of his ancestry! However, he reads his Bible and prays every day, and never sits down to a meal without asking a blessing upon it. He is fond of religious discussion and some of the larger orphan boys often come over into his room where they sit together and talk for a long time, evenings or Sundays.

Naturally, he is not quick to learn, is a little stubborn, and inclined to pout. But we can generally help him over that every time, by a soft answer. I loaned him to another sahib several months ago who was n't inclined to soft-answer his servants, but they could n't agree. Marvlo came to me after two weeks saying I should do whatever I liked with him, but he would run off rather than go back there. But he yielded to my persuasion, and went back for another week.

He gets fever sometimes. All natives are subject to fever, more or less. When he gets it, the temperature runs up at once to one hundred and four degrees or one hundred and five degrees. Then he bundles up his head with a blanket or anything he can get, and lays there till he perspires, and the fever passes off. And he'd rather be sick than take medicine. He says it's too bitter.

Compared to his relations and outside associates his character is praiseworthy. He puts one anna on each rupee of his wages, one-sixteenth, into the collection box. He sends his mother about seventy-five cents a month to help her. He gets about three dollars a month and boards himself. When he gets married we'll have to increase his wages to three dollars and fifty cents. He knows how to speak Gujerati, Marati and a little English. He can read and write Gujerati fairly well. In our preaching tours we sometimes take him along, when he makes himself generally useful, and gives his personal testimony too.

Before he became a Christian, no caste Hindoo would touch him, but now that is a thing of the past, and he wears better clothes and eats better food.

Now I think you'd know him if you saw him. He is not an angel yet, but he is improving with age. As we look at it he is not much, but what he is was evolved from nothing. He is a living proof that something can be evolved from nothing. Through him we have abundant hope for others.

Bulsar, India.

#### CURIOUS CHRISTIAN NAMES.

One of the most curious names ever bestowed upon a girl is Airs and Graces. She is now about three years old, her name being registered at Somerset house, London, in 1898, when she was baptized.

Her sister's name is equally unusual-Nun Nicer.

Actsapostle, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Pegden, was baptized August 2, 1795. Again this name figures in records in 1833, when Acts of the Apostles, son of Richard and Phebe Kennett, was baptized. This name, curious as it is, is preferable to What, or Dum Spiro Spero, names with which children have been handicapped.

It was a patriotic American who bestowed upon his young hopeful the name of Declaration of Independence.

A most warlike name is Robert Alma Balaclava Inkerman Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale, who is an English innkeeper's son; a similar name is Richard Cœur de Lion Tyler Walter Hill.

About one hundred years ago a snowstorm in western Pennsylvania set in about the first of March, and there were many weeks of sleighing, traditional for years for the length of time it lasted. What did a Mr. Smith do who happened to have a boy born about this time, but name him Seven Weeks Sleighing in March. He usually went by the name of Weeks. His initials were all written out—S. W. S. I. M. Smith.

Parents of large families need no assurance that the advent of another child is not always as welcome in fact as in theory, but it is scarcely kind to make the child bear a token of disapproval all its life. It must be rather unpleasant to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the caprice of parents has imposed on innocent children.

An American lady spending some time in Devonshire, England, met at an afternoon tea Mr. Pine-Coffin, Mr. Deith (pronounced Death), and Miss Graves.

Those who can command themselves command others.

No degree of temptation justifies any degree of sin.

#### KILLING HOGS.

BY M. R. MYERS

BUTCHERING day at the farm is a day of great importance to all the household, from the father who gets up at four o'clock down to the boy who stays out of school to eat cracklings and pin pigtails on everybody. But with all of its noise and joys the day is very tame compared to what occurs at the packing houses in our great cities.

I have to-day returned from a visit to the great slaughter pens of Armour and Swift in

Chicago.

I will try to tell the readers of the INGLE-NOOK how they kill hogs there. The hogs, in droves of hundreds, are driven into pens at the outskirts of the grounds. All roads lead to the slaughter house. The pens grow smaller and the hogs become more numerous as they near the slaughter house. Men with clubs about two feet long drive the animals forward, closing the gates behind them, until they finally crowd them in bunches of twentyfive into the death pen. Here the poor creatures jam against the walls and squeal terribly -but all in vain. A man who knows his business well, hooks a chain around one hind leg. just above the hoof, and hooks this chain into another which is fastened to a large wheel. As the wheel turns, the poor hog slowly loses his footing in spite of his kicking and squealing. It's no use to kick and squeal when once in the death pen.

As the wheel turns and the hook comes to the top it catches on an inclined plane and slides away. At a distance of ten feet stands a man with a bloody knife. He makes one hard jab at the throat of the hog and the blood gushes out in a dark red stream. Fifteen feet farther down the line the hog drops from the pulley into a pool of boiling water twenty feet below. Men with long poles push him along, rolling him over and over for about twenty feet, where he is caught on an elevator and raised up a few feet. Next he is caught by the snout and pulled upward through a scraping machine and a shower of water, and comes out at the top a white, hairless hog. What a purgatory! After cleaning off the few stubborn patches of hair by hand, the hog is again hung up by the hind legs, this time on a gambling stick, and rolls along a track. As he proceeds the men standing along the track each take a whack at him—one cutting off the tail, another removing the heart, another the head, etc., until Mr. Hog is ready for the cooler. Our guide told us that it takes just fifteen minutes from the time the animal begins to kick and squeal in the death pen until he hangs clean and stiff in the cooler. The hogs are left in the cooler two days before they are quartered and packed.

There were two wheels and two lines of men at work, and they are able to kill eight hundred and fifty hogs in an hour. It is worth a trip to the city just to see how rapidly thirteen thousand laborers and masses of modern machinery can pack hogs.

Chicago, Ill.

# TRAINER OF HOGS.

EDWARD HOLDER, a young man living at Hagerstown, Ind., has a remarkable ability at training animals. He says he is successful with animals because he makes a careful study of them. He asserts that animals are endowed more literally with mentality than is generally supposed; that they are capable of thought and in many instances their reasoning is of a high order. He excepts no animals from this characterization, qualifying the statement only by saying that various individuals of a species betray varying grades of intelligence. He has never known any two animals whose mental powers were equal or whose powers of reception of instruction were the same. He teaches cats and mice to live in peace together. Dogs, horses, cows, mules, rabbits, snakes, fowls of all kinds and even wild birds are readily brought in subjection to his will and obey signals from him and commands orally given with rapidity and intelligence.

Almost every day he will produce a new device to be used in teaching a new trick, and his mind is constantly busy in scheming to advance the mental attainments of his dumb friends.

If Holder had a preference, he declares it is for that most sullen and perverse of all animals, the hog. He does not find the hog difficult to approach, and its mind he describes as brilliant. His hogs run to greet him whenever he approaches and apparently express their delight by grunts and rubbing their noses against him.

There is a group of trained hogs in Holder's collection of educated animals that will form in ranks and march, with an officer in front, like trained soldiers.

Holder has two large hogs, rough in appearance, and absolutely lacking any symptom of intelligence, that have been trained to work in harness, and it is not an unusual sight to see him driving along the streets or out in the country with his team of hogs drawing a neat cart. A little dog has been trained to sit on the seat of the cart and hold the lines in his teeth, while the hogs run about the streets at will, but apparently guided by the dog.

# LARGE FEES OF DOCTORS.

The doctor who charged the estate of the late Christopher Magee, of Pittsburg, \$180,000 for attendance upon the deceased millionaire has been roundly abused from one end of the country to the other, and yet his bill was not extortionate when compared with others of a similar nature. The length of time involved in the service, as well as the other sacrifices, have much to do with forming a just opinion as to the bill.

When Samuel J. Tilden died his physician, Dr. Charles E. Simmons, presented a bill for daily attendance during seven years and eleven months, which the papers of the day said aggregated \$143,000, a report which neither Dr. Simmons nor the trustees would contradict.

Jay Gould paid his physician, Dr. Munn, \$15,000 a year, sick or well, and thus his heirs escaped a post-mortem surprise.

Dr. George F. Shrady reports in a magazine article a physician's fee of \$87,000 for attending a millionaire's daughter for two months, another of \$60,000 for attendance on a yachting cruise of less than six months, and \$25,000 for a flying trip from New York to San Francisco.

Cases almost without number might be cited of rich men who have had similar bills

presented to them. In many cases they have been protested, but it is quite likely that most millionaires reflect that eminent service is often bestowed by kind-hearted physicians upon the poor for nothing.

In some countries the most eminent practitioner, who would not scruple to tax the nobility a small fortune for service, dares not refuse a summons from a beggar unless he can furnish good excuse. Otherwise he is open to the charge of manslaughter if the patient dies of neglect.

The Chinese have a very ingenious arrangement. In China if the patient is restored to health the doctor can collect a reasonable fee. But if the patient dies under his treatment he is not allowed to collect anything.

# HORSE CONFINED FOR YEARS.

A HORSE with hoofs abnormally long, that has not been out of its stall but once in the last eight years, is one of the curiosities in Clinton, Iowa. It is the property of an eccentric character. It is said he is keeping the animal confined to the stall in order to let its hoofs grow so he can dispose of the horse to some show manager. It is also said he is afraid of the horse, and does not dare to take it out of the barn.

The horse is a handsome black stallion, and were it accustomed to the harness would bring a good price. In its present condition the owner has been offered \$200 for the animal, but he turns a deaf ear to all offers.

Eight years ago, when the horse was one year old, it was placed in its present quarters, and but once in all these years has the animal been out of its stall. This was five years ago, when a fire threatened to destroy the barn. Some of the neighbors knocked the door off its hinges and cut the halter, releasing the animal, which was driven out of the barn after considerable difficulty.

When outside the horse staggered and reeled like an intoxicated person. It had little use of its legs. All objects seemed strange to it, and the light had a blinding effect on the horse's eyes. It had no regard for objects, and in trying to enter the barn did not realize that it must go through a door, but attempted to walk through the boards.

#### THE WHITE HOUSE.

MR. McKinley says that one reason why it suits him first-rate to be President for another four years is that his wife, who is half an invalid, will be during that period altogether free from domestic cares such as a married woman in private life can hardly escape. The executive mansion is run like a hotel, without the incidental publicity, and Uncle Sam does the housekeeping, everything being provided for with such completeness that the mistress of the establishment is burdened with no task or responsibility. She is not obliged to puzzle over the choice of viands for to-day's dinner and to-morrow's breakfast, because all of that business is attended to by a butler, who is on the government payroll. Nor is she compelled to issue any orders for the maid servants, inasmuch as the official housekeeper overlooks them. When a banquet or reception is to be given everything is managed by a master of ceremonies, who is an army officer and an expert in the business, and even the seating of the guests is arranged by a salaried attache, who also sends out the invitations.

The many tasks and anxieties which oppress the everyday housewife, even if she be well to do, do not bother the lady of the White House. All of the beautiful bed linen and table linen, as well as the silverware and exquisite china, being government property, are cared for as such. If napkins or sheets need repairs they are mended without bothering the mistress of the mansion on the subject, and broken crockery is replaced as if by the magic of a genicompelling lamp. She is not obliged to give any instructions about the taking up of carpets in early summer, and the house cleaning is done at proper intervals automatically, as it were. No trouble about servants ever comes to her ears, and if the cook scolds or a chamber maid gives warning the matter is not brought to her attention.

The White House chamber maids and parlor maids, indeed, are men, four in number, and do their work in a highly superior manner, and get what most housewives would consider extravagant wages, \$60 a month each, for their services. On special occasions, as at state dinners, they do duty as waiters. In the great white-tiled kitchen, which has a range

like that of a hotel, with modern appliances to match, three women—a cook, an assistant cook and a scullion—are employed, and during the social season this department is under the superintendence of a French chef, engaged at a fancy salary. Two additional women work in the laundry, which has a hot air compartment for drying clothes. But all of these underservants are paid out of the President's private purse.

Since Mr. Mc Kinley's first election, four years ago, Congress has been holding down expenditures for the White House. It has appropriated each year \$20,000 for the "care, repairing and furnishing" of the executive mansion-"to be expended by contract or otherwise, as the President may determine." This is regarded as a minimum allowance, giving no margin for extras. In addition, however, \$1,000 is given annually for the pay of the butler (known officially as steward), \$3,000 for fuel, \$5,000 for keeping up the greenhouse, \$2,000 for the salary of the head gardener, \$6,700 for the care and lighting of the grounds, and \$8,000 for "contingent expenses," which include the keep of two horses, stationery, furniture, carpets and miscellaneous items. This makes a total of \$46,500.

It is easily seen that if the President was obliged to maintain his official residence out of his salary he would have little left to live upon. As it is, with no rent to pay, fuel and lights provided, and other advantages already mentioned, his necessary expenses are relatively small, and, in effect, the stipend he receives from the government is far in excess of the nominal \$50,000 a year allowed him by statute. The item of "furnishing" is intended to cover only linen, crockery, etc. As for the large allowance for fuel, it is accounted for by the fact that two hundred and twenty-five tons of coal is used annually for heating the greenhouse.

Since Mr. McKinley first became chief magistrate, however, Congress has made no special grants of money for the White House such as were frequently allowed during previous administrations. Andrew Johnson got \$135,000 in this way for refurnishing, the mansion having run down pretty badly during the civil war. In his first term Grant received \$135,000 for simi-

lar purposes and during his second term \$110,000. Congress gave Mr. Hayes \$90,000 for like use, and added \$110,000 more during the Garfield-Arthur term, a part of this latter sum being devoted to constructing the beautiful screen of jeweled glass which (substituted for an old wooden partition) now shuts off the great vestibule from the living quarters of the establishment. Cleveland had a chance to spend \$74,000 of extra cash on the house, and Benjamin Harrison put \$96,000 of government money into it, outside of the regular annual appropriations.

Altogether, over \$700,000 has been spent for furnishing and repairing the White House up to date. Some of the extra money given to President Hayes was spent by Mrs. Hayes for much needed china. When she became mistress of the mansion she found it wofully deficient in this respect, the supply on hand being mainly a heterogeneous collection of odd dishes. So she sent to France for a set of one thousand pieces, for which she paid \$5,000, and this outfit is used at the present time for state dinners. Later, Mrs. Harrison bought four hundred and ninety-six pieces of cut glass, twenty-four dozen plates and five dozen coffee cups, the china costing \$882 and the glass \$1,973. The plates were adorned with designs representing the wild flowers of this country, and each cup was ornamented in blue, with a gilt rim inside and the arms of the United States at the bottom.

When Mrs. McKinley came to the White House she brought no tableware or linen with her. In fact, no president ever brings any property to Washington, beyond clothing and a few personal belongings. The Harrison crockery is used in the private dining room, supplemented by the fragmentary remains of the Lincoln and Grant sets. The Lincoln plates have a blue border in which are gilt stars to represent the States, while the Grant plates are ornamented with a yellow border and floral designs in the center.

The manager of the White House is Col. Theodore Bingham, U. S. A., who also acts as master of ceremonies at the President's public receptions. He handles all the funds, and under Mr. McKinley's general direction, makes all purchases for the mansion, excepting only

food, which is bought by the steward, William Sinclair. Sinclair, who is a colored man, was Mr. Cleveland's butler before his master came to Washington. He buys not only the ordinary table supplies, but also the wines and cigars; but no dealer ever ventures to boast of White House patronage for advertising purposes because of warning by Sinclair that to do so would entail forfeiture of his custom. He is responsible for the safety of every article of furniture, tableware and linen in the executive mansion, being under bond for \$20,000.

#### SURGERY BY TELEPHONE.

Surgery performed by directions given over the telephone is the latest innovation at the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, according to the Record. A physician who is connected with its surgical staff was called up by telephone the other day by a nurse at the Children's Hospital, in Germantown, with which institution the physician is also connected, and was told that his services were immediately required for a child who had dislocated its shoulder. "Bring the child right up to the telephone," said the surgeon. "All right, I have the child in my arms," the nurse replied. "Now, then," said the physician, "place the child's elbow against its side, and move its hand and forearm outward." His directions were here interrupted by a sharp click that sounded through the telephone as the dislocated member snapped back into place. "There you are-nicely done, wasn't it?" said the surgeon to the nurse. She replied that the operation had been most successful, and the physician returned to his clinic.

A LITTLE girl was taken to a strange church by her mother recently, in which the collection was made in the pews. On the way home she asked, "What did you get in the lucky bag, ma?"

"Nothing," replied the mother, in astonishment; and she was about to ask the child what on earth she meant when the little one opened her hand and exclaimed, with evident pride, "I got IO cents!"

#### ANIMALS THAT FAINT.

When the little gray cat had been brought to with camphor and lavender salts, the woman who had been instrumental in the resuscitation said:

"Well, that is the first time I ever saw a cat faint."

The rest of the boarders laughed.

"Faint?" they said. "The idea! That wasn't a faint. Animals never faint."

"Then what ailed her?" asked the wom-

The boarders couldn't tell, and after dinner the woman went around to the veterinarian's office and asked him about it.

"Oh course she fainted," he said. "It is not the fashion to call the sudden indisposition of a cat or dog a faint, but that is what it really amounts to. In common parlance, when an animal drops over insensible the illness is described as a sudden rush of blood to the brain, but the symptoms are practically the same as in the fainting of a human being, and the remedies used to restore consciousness in the latter case can be used to advantage in reviving a fainting cat or dog.

"All animals, of course, do not faint. Neither do all human beings. But there are degrees of sensitiveness in the lower orders of creation just as in the human race, and there is no doubt that there are many animals of delicate organism who are just as apt to keel over as a man or woman.

"This is particularly true of cats and dogs and birds that are kept closely within doors, yet fainting is by no means confined to domestic pets. Animals whose surroundings have prevented their becoming versed in the polite ailments of civilized life are given to fainting. Monkeys, for instance, have their little dizzy spells and topple over without rhyme or reason.

"Even the larger and more hardy animals have attacks of weakness which, no matter what they may be called from a scientific standpoint, are really nothing more or less than fainting spells. I have seen horses fall to the street in a faint so neat that not even the most accomplished woman of fashion could beat it. These equine attacks must not

be confused with staggers and sunstroke. They are fainting fits, pure and simple."

The woman looked relieved.

"Then the next time anybody says animals can't faint I can tell them they don't know what they are talking about, can't I?" she said triumphantly.

"You certainly can," said the veterina-

#### THE SEA TURTLE.

WITH my gastronomic taste I naturally was very curious to know just what kind of terrapin are caught in these waters, for the dish is one much sought after by epicures and forms part of the menu of every first-class hotel on the coast. I was told that none are caught about here, but was invited to a sea-turtle hunt. Let the reader imagine a turtle weighing all the way from 1,200 to 1,500 poundsand not long ago one was turned over on the beach near Miami that weighed more than 1,600—of course, I am giving the largest weight, for the average weight of those caught along the coast is about 500 pounds. After they are caught the turtles are kept for a long time, their captors feeding them on cabbage, lettuce, turnips, carrots and sea grasses.

The study of this monster shell fish is a most interesting one. In order to get rid of the parasites that cling to their shells they often enter fresh-water streams to enjoy a bath, but they are extremely timid and take fright at the least noise. The hunter knows, however, that the turtle feeds in brackish streams, where the tide falls rather low and where the turtle grass grows in greatest profusion.

The turtles cut great quantities of this grass and then roll it into a ball, cementing it as they roll it with the clay in which the grass grows; and in this way, when they have managed to amass a goodly supply of provision, they wait for high tide and float away seaward, feeding as they float.

The professional hunters are quick to detect these balls, and just the moment they do so they set their seines and send their peggers, as the men are called, in search of the feeding shoals. Men are not the only enemies the turtles have, however, for bears, raccoons, and other animals native to Florida destroy great numbers of them.

The hunting of turtles has come to be an important industry of the State, last year more than \$35,000 worth of the shellfish being shipped away, while the hunting of these heavily-armored fins furnishes lots of fun, adventure and experiment to visitors.

#### NANTUCKET'S QUEER RAILROAD.

"A RATHER curious and rather economically managed railroad is the one which runs between Nantucket and Siasconset, a distance of about eight miles," remarked an old resident of Martha's Vineyard to the writer, recently. "A round-trip ticket on this road costs eighty cents for the passenger and another eighty cents for his trunk. A second trunk is carried for thirty cents and a third for twenty cents, but as the schedule allows for only three trunks, the conductor has on several occasions ruled that at the fourth he must begin over again at eighty cents.

"Only one pass is issued, and that is used by the proprietor of the road. The conductor is the general manager of the road, train dispatcher and division superintendent. The engineer is master mechanic, chief of transportation and overseer of the roadbed and track.

"The fireman drives the express wagon and keeps the books between trips. Last year some two hundred and fifty round trips were made, and a novelty introduced during the summer season was the entire abolition of the steam whistle, partly because of its waste of steam and partly because it frightened the blue and other fish off shore.

"The rolling stock of the road consists of two locomotives and six or seven antiquated passenger cars. The earnings last year amounted to about \$16,000 and the operating expenses were a little over \$6,000."

#### EXACT DATE OF THE FLOOD.

Some people have had fun lately over the reported rejection of eight candidates for the African Methodist ministry in the South by the examining bishop because they could not

tell the date of the flood. Nevertheless, the bishop who asked the question knew what he was doing. It may not have been a fair question, but there is a concise answer to it in the Bible, and he no doubt thought that the eight candidates, if they were well versed in the Old Testament, would answer it at once.

The date of the flood was 1,656 years after the birth of Adam, in the second month and the seventeenth day. It began then and continued for forty days and nights. This is how it is figured: The third verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis reads thus: "And Adam lived 130 years and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth." Then in the sixth verse it is told that Seth lived 105 years and begat Enos. Adam, says the fourth verse, lived 800 years after the birth of Seth, and the latter after the birth of Enos lived 807 years. So it goes on. Enos begat Cainan when he was 90; Cainan begat Mahalaleel when he was 75; Mahalaleel begat Jared when he was 65; Jared begat Enoch when he was 162. Methuselah was born to Enoch when the latter was 65, and when Methuselah was 187 he begat Lamech, and Lamech's son, Noah, came into the world when the father was 182. This brings us down to the birth of Noah, which, according to the added ages of the several patriarchs at the time their sons were born, occurred 1,056 years after the birth of Adam.

In the seventh chapter of Genesis the eleventh verse reads as follows: "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up and all the windows of heaven were opened." This was the flood, and it came to pass in the year 1656 after the birth of Adam.

RECENTLY a two-year-old girl living near Bayside, L. I., was lost. One day a farmer discovered the little one in a strip of woodland where a large Newfoundland dog was standing guard over the child. The farmer carried the baby into the farm-house, the faithful dog guardian following it and remaining by its side until it was delivered to its parents.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### THE SPARROW PEST.

In the suburbs proper of Riverside, Oak Park, and in several places in the county on the St. Paul railroad, the sparrows are reported to be more than usually active and destructive. No complaints more than the common are made by the officials of the various parks, but it is generally known that the prevalence of the sparrows tends constantly to reduce the number of song and gay-plumaged birds in the parks. And as the sparrows feed their young on larvæ it is estimated that a pair will destroy 4,000 caterpillars in the breeding season. This will partly account for the greatly lessened number of butterflies that are seen during the summer in the open spaces of the city.

But it is not alone in the open spaces of the city and in the suburbs that the sparrows are regarded as a pest. In the densely settled districts they are too numerous. There is scarcely a house that would not be the cleaner were this pest driven quite away. And the occupants of many houses find the sparrows a nuisance for the noise they make. Their one note is certainly not musical and its monotony is apt to drive one half crazy. But what is to be done about it all? The sparrows are here and to all appearance they are here to stay—in some large numbers, at any rate. They are not to be blamed for multiplying in accordance with the law of their nature.

They are English birds, whose progenitors did not fly over to this country. They did not bring themselves here in ships of any kind. Citizens brought them over in hopes by their means to clear our parks and gardens of noisome and destructive insects. That was thirty-nine years ago, in 1862. The first summer a few of the firstcomers were in Union Square, New York; they were thought to be unable to make their own living, and demented George Francis Train used to sit in the square and scatter grain for them to pick up.

Dr. John Watson, of England, who has made an exhaustive study of many kinds of birds, has drawn the sketch that follows of the sparrow:

"Autocrat of the tiles and lord of the thatch, in his long intercourse with man he has developed the largest brain in birddom. For reckless audacity and presumptive impudence the British sparrow has only a single compeer—the British boy. Thoroughly cosmopolitan, the sparrow is a democrat among birds. He follows man and his attendant weeds to the uttermost parts of the earth, and at any given portion of the habitable globe, within ten minutes of the unfurling of the British flag, perches authoritatively on the flagstaff.

"For hard-headed shrewdness, practically illustrated and successful, commend us to the sparrow. His keen perception into men and things, his scientific diagnosis of the genus homo, are among his ruling traits. Multiplying inordinately, the sparrow is as hardy as prolific. Essentially a creature of circumstance, he is at once ubiquitous and pertinacious. Playing, as some say, a questionable part in the economy of nature, he plays a very certain one in the economy of our spouts. Rearing his callow brood, he is actively insectivorous and confers incalculable benefit upon the agriculturist, but as the harvest wanes he becomes recklessly graminivorous, and anon, by a sudden transition, as omnivorous as mankind itself.

"With digestive organs, the capacity of which may well be envied, the sparrow gulps down pieces of food amounting to a twentieth part of its own weight, and deems white lead a palatable luxury. The smell of gunpowder in the air, without the accompaniment of shot, is deemed more alarming than dangerous, and periodical explosions are but the means of transferring its affections from an empty stook in one part of the field to a full one in another.

"With an ever-active brain, and surviving as

the fittest, no cunning engine has yet been devised which was greatly destructive to sparrows, and the various machinations of these, as handed down by inherited instinct, are probably better known to the orthodox sparrow than to man himself. The pitiable personation of Hobbs, intended to act as a scarecrow, is only recognized by the sparrow as affording a happy hunting ground for insects; and, having served this end, is ripped up and disemboweled, its internal economy being torn out to make roof for a brood of young sparrows, thereby adding insult to injury in the basest and most fraudulent fashion."

There is a great difference of opinion even among men of science as to the habits of sparrows, some contending that they are highly insectivorous and others that they are mainly omnivorous. The entomologist of the department of agriculture at Washington, after a long and careful investigation, was satisfied that sparrows would by preference feed upon insects, but the entomologist of the State of New York, after an exhaustive investigation, came to a different conclusion. He reported that the sparrow is naturally gramnivorous or vegetarian and is practically useless as an insect destroyer. The entomologist of Canada says that, although during the breeding season they do destroy many soft-bodied insects as food for their young, this good office is by far outweighed by the harm they do in driving away truly insectivorous birds and by their direct ravages upon grain crops.

## WONDER OF WONDERS, — BIRDS THAT HAVE TEETH.

In a popular lecture on birds, an ornithologist at the American Museum of Natural History recently stated some most interesting facts.

Birds are simply reptiles, he said, which have shed their scales and teeth, grown wings and feathers and invaded the domain of air. Some millions of years ago, when reptiles ruled the roost, the birds were but a feeble folk and had not shaken off the marks of their cold-blooded ancestry.

The very oldest of these ancient birds of which we know anything has been chipped out of the lithographic stone of Bavaria. This is the Archaeopteryx, a creature about the size of a rook, and its Greek name only means "old bird."

Its jaws were provided with sharp teeth, its powers of flight were limited and its tail was long, like that of a lizard, but instead of being scaly, bore twenty pairs of quill feathers. Other toothed birds of younger date have been discovered in the rocks of North America, but even these lived an enormous time ago, when the chalk making up the white cliffs of England was white mud at the bottom of the ocean.

One of these birds is called Hesperornis ("bird of the west"), and was not able to fly at all, living by diving after fish, which its long-toothed jaws were easily able to catch and hold.

Another was Ichthyornis ("fish bird") a smaller form possessed of the power of flight, but also addicted to a fish diet.

36 H

GREAT snowstorms, accompanied by cold waves, in the East, are commonly called blizzards, but they are not at all like the Western blizzard. In a real blizzard the air is filled with a peculiar vapor of snow, which drifts before the wind at the rate of forty to sixty miles an hour. The vapor is so dense that in it the traveler can hardly see his hand before his face.

A person caught abroad in a blizzard is in a dreadful plight, indeed. The snow drifts through his clothing and beats directly against his skin. No clothing, however thick, will keep it out. Thus he is subjected to dreadful distress; but what causes most of the deaths that occur in blizzards is that the snow-vapor is carried into the lungs in breathing and paralyzes those organs. Often it has happened that a man has ventured out of his house a few yards to the barn, and in returning has fallen dead before reaching his threshold.

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SOMETIMES the yolk of an egg is of the same color and make-up of the white. In all such cases the egg will not hatch, and its cause is due, perhaps, to an excess of albuminous food. They hardly ever occur in winter.

## 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE SUPPRESSED.

Occasionally an article finds its way into print, and the tenor of it causes adverse criticism. The people who indulge in this would have their eyes opened could they be about an editor's table and see the material that comes in, requiring suppression, for various causes. In every considerable newspaper office, the question is not so much what to put in the paper as what to keep out. There is a peculiar freak of insanity, literal insanity, that impels the unfortunate to perform the feat of "rushing into print." Then there is the man or woman with a grievance, the person with warped ideas of humor, the heavy contributor who honestly thinks he has discovered something the world ought to hear, and the others of the legion of contributors who send their copy to a newspaper, and who are almost always indignant when the contribution is turned down.

The same policy that makes a secular paper's fortune would kill a religious publication over night. The unbought and unbuyable metropolitan daily which prints all the news and does not hesitate to openly print the truth about public matters and public servants leaps at once into rapidly increasing popularity.

People buy it because they want the truth. The church publication that would launch into the open truth or implied facts would commit suicide. What nearly all people want in a religious way are sedatives and soporifics. The preacher who stands up before his fashionable congregation and tells them the exact truth, which presumably he is hired to do, would be looking for another job as soon as the authorities could get at him. The paper that would print the real truth, in matters of our daily life and reasonable service, would die of innutrition.

What's to do about it? Nothing. No person in a leader's place may go faster or farther than the led. It is they who determine the gait, and who demand certain intellectual and religious pabulum, no matter what the facts behind may be. The real leaders, in all ages, have always been the suppressed minority, just as every great movement was at one time a thought in one man's mind.

#### SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Not necessarily Sunday afternoon, but all day Sunday is meant. How may it be spent in the interim of service? This is a practical question, and one of the Puritans would have answered it by saying that all labor of any kind is wrong, and that amusement and recreation are doubly to our discredit. But instead of the idea of 1620 what is the right of it in the light of 1901? This is a living question and it comes to every reader. In other words, how may Sundays be spent and yet not violate the spirit of the command to keep the day holy?

The answer to this is easy if put in general terms and impossible to disorder in detail because of the multitude of possibilities. To a certain extent everyone must be governed more or less by his conscience in the matter. One man thinks the Sabbath is a day for enforced idleness. He sits around in glum silence, grim and forbidding. Another man takes a walk, visits his neighbors, receives visitors and enjoys companionship. Now methods are diametrically opposite and The Inglenook ventures the assertion that both are right, according to their light on the subject. Two men, looking at the same thing, see it differently, according to the angle from which it

is viewed. But both see the same thing and see all there is of it to be seen from where they severally stand. It is an easy matter to rail out against anything, but it is not always easy to be sure that one is right.

The rule that may well govern this thing is to never do on a Sabbath that for which our conscience may chide us. If we are in doubt the answer to the question as to what we would do if Christ were by our side should determine it.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, several times candidate for the presidency, lives in Lincoln and was on the Conference grounds for a short time. Lincoln people speak in the highest terms of his character and standing among those who know him best. It may interest our readers to learn that William is an INGLE-NOOKER, but "didn't know you people published it."

As we go to press the 'NOOKMAN rises to bow his acknowledgment of an invitation to a wedding and, from another quarter, a box of flowers. As each woman worker on the 'Nook wears a red, red rose, this day, from the largesse of the donor of the flowers, whoever it was that sent them, will know that all of us have had a ray of sunshine let into our lives. Thanks, and so say all of us.

THE Editor of INGLENOOK takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to the graduating exercises of the Shannon, Ill., High School, and regrets that the duties devolving on him here will prevent his attendance.

3 **3** 3

Two INGLENOOKERS ask the 'NOOKMAN when a woman becomes a hopeless old maid?

Along about eighty-five, we should say, but as to the hopeless part of it as long as there is life there is hope.

Is it ever entirely quiet in a great city?

Yes, from about 2 o'clock to a little after three in the morning the racket subsides into at least a comparative silence. Is glucose unhealthy?

No. The only thing about it is, it is not as sweet as the sugar it usually takes the place of. There is no end of it used.

Are the decisions of the Conference mandatory or advisory?

Do n't worry yourself about the Conference. About this time of year the weeds are growing in the corn. When the work is all done, ask again.

Do the small kodaks amount to much?

Only as toys. A real good camera costs considerable money, and if you are thinking about it hold off till you can get a \$25 one. Then you will have something worth while.

In case of a special call of the Annual Meeting, say next October, how would the organization be made?

The Standing Committee of the past Conference could meet and reorganize. The Standing Committee carries over from year to year and only goes out when the new committee is made up.

What is the "dead line" of personal usefulness?

That time when a person through age or disease loses his usual grip in mental and physical matters. There is absolutely no fixing the date. It may never come. Some men at eighty are as good as ever they were, but generally along in his sixties the average man begins to let go.

Is it the right thing to do to always speak the truth and what we think of people and things?

Yes, it is. But in practice you will be in continual hot water if you do so. Speech is silver but silence is often golden. If you find that you can't help yourself and must make known your "mind," adversely, whistle it. Then you will not be called on to take it back.

Why are railroad trains numbered?

Because it is the only possible way for the operating department of the road to keep track of them. Trains one way have even number, those going in an opposite direction odd number. "No. 4 will pass No. 5 at Elgin," is a clear way of telling the parties concerned what to do.

#### HOW HOTELS SUFFER FROM THE COLLECT-ING MANIA.

A TENT the size of a monstrous three-ring circus canvas could be constructed from the linen, towels, bedclothes and tidies taken from the hotels of a large city annually by the guests.

An automobile of solid silver could be manufactured from the silverware taken away as souvenirs, and from the keys taken for the sake of a memento and carried away thoughtlessly by guests, a solid brass shaft could be made as large as one of the poles used as a support for the trolley lines.

Thousands of dollars' worth of linen, silverware, cut-glassware, and even bedclothes and rugs, are carried away annually as souvenirs, and many plans have been suggested to prevent the looting of hotels by these souvenir

collectors.

At present, according to one of the most prominent hotel men in the city, the hotels of the better class that have been suffering from these losses have established a very secret system of espionage or detective service to prevent this loss.

When articles are missed from rooms that have been occupied, there will be no notification to the departing guests that such articles have been taken, but a list will be made out and charged up to their account.

A certain time will be allowed for the return of the articles, and if they are not forthcoming, the proprietors of the hotels will, in a very courteous note, request the return of the missing articles, giving a list and the day and date they were taken.

This means of recovering property has been resorted to simply to overcome that compromising and distressed feeling of mortification which would be experienced by the patrons were they accused at the time and their baggage searched.

"Of course," said the hotel man, "in the hotel business we recognize we must allow for shrinkage, as do others engaged in commercial enterprises, but we do not care to furnish our guests with materials to start in house-keeping free of cost.

"These peculations of small articles figure up to an enormous sum in a few years, and if there was not some way to overcome it no large hotel in the country could remain in the business.

"The people who carry away articles from hotels would hold up their hands in horror if they were called thieves, yet it is as plain a case of thieving to carry away small articles from hotels as souvenirs as it would be to rob a store or a bank.

"Towels, spoons, glassware and silverware are taken from the hotels under my management in quantities that would surprise the public if it were set before them in figures.

"I cannot really approximate the loss, but it runs into hundreds of dollars annually. Sometimes persons who have carried away articles of value, such as silver spoons, salt cellars and silver butter dishes, the latter to be used as ash receivers, become conscience stricken and return them, stating they have discovered them in their effects, but they never sign the letters."

"It is astonishing what articles are carried away from hotels," said another man. "Everything that can be conveniently concealed in a grip or trunk is considered in the light of souvenirs by some patrons of hotels. On one occasion a pair of blankets was taken from a room in this hotel, and towels by the dozen disappear weekly. We cannot, in most cases, locate the towels, as it may be the case that several people have occupied the room ere the articles are reported as missing.

"Then the taking of keys is one of our worst annoyances. It is the rule, rather than the exception, that bridal couples, when they leave the hotel, carry away the key to their apartments as a souvenir. The loss of one or two keys does not amount to much, but when it continues week in and week out it becomes considerable, and the annoyance caused by their disappearance is almost insupportable.

"It is invariably the case when a key is taken that a newly-arrived guest is assigned to the room. The clerk will look in the box and the key will be missing. We will send a bell-boy with the guest and he will be admitted to his room by a passkey. In a short time he will appear at the desk and declare the boy has carried away the key to his room. Then

inquiries will develop the fact that the key has been taken.

"This key-souvenir fad is not confined to hotels alone, as all the large steamship lines are sufferers to a vast amount by this method of collecting souvenirs. Why, I have a friend who boasts of, and exhibits with pride, an assortment of keys from all over the world.

"I would suggest as a remedy for souvenirspoon stealing that the better class of hotels have a spoon made with a picture or relief of the hotel stamped thereon, and print upon the bill of fare the fact that each lady guest will be furnished with one upon application. Still, I doubt seriously if this would stop the 'collecting fad,' as it seems to be the fact that the articles are more appreciated if they have been 'swiped.'"

Another manager says: "Not a week goes by but towels are taken from bathrooms, and glassware in which drinks have been served in the rooms, and silverware. Why, on one occasion a valuable rug was taken from one of our best rooms.

"Only a few weeks ago a woman guest ordered her dinner sent to her room. After she had eaten and gone out a waiter visited the room for the purpose of collecting the dishes, etc., and discovered that knives, forks, spoons and salt cellars were missing. A search was immediately instituted, and the plunder found concealed in the woman's grip.

"Even dishes have been carried away. I presume our losses amount to in the neighborhood of \$500 a year, and the losses suffered by the larger hotels must be proportionately large. For this reason alone everything sent to a room is charged extra.

"Just a few weeks ago I had returned, through a Catholic priest, six dozen pieces of these articles, consisting of tooth mugs, soap dishes and demitasse spoons, that a guest had carried away. It was through the confessional they were returned. Of course, I never learned the name, as the secret was securely locked in the breast of the confessor.

"Soap is another large item of loss, although we cannot attribute this loss directly to guests. It is due to outsiders using our toilet rooms. Why, in one week we cleaned

out 150 outsiders who were in the habit of using our washrooms and carrying away soap.

"The women are worse than the men in this regard," said he, "and I don't believe they can help it any more than they can help loving fine clothes. It seems born in them. It is an evil that will always exist as long as the hotel business lasts."

#### LASSOED A RUNAWAY HORSE.

ELMER CUARDO, an 8-year-old boy of San Francisco, was saved from death the other day by the fact that W. J. Walton, the poundmaster, had learned to use the lasso when he was roughing it on the plains. Elmer has a love for horses and a desire to be near them, whether in a wagon or leading the animals about. His propensity in that direction nearly proved fatal last Tuesday, for he was dragged by a runaway horse two or three times around vacant lots at Fourteenth and Market streets and then almost two blocks along Market street, until Poundmaster Walton drew up the frantic beast with a well-directed throw of the riata.

The boy took out a horse belonging to Jeff Bowers to exercise him in a large lot. It was fun for him to run the horse around the lot in a ring, but he forgot the rope and caught himself in a tangle as the animal circled about him. While this was going on the horse suddenly took fright and ran away, with Elmer securely bound to the end of the rope. Through the grass and rocks the little lad was dragged a while, until the horse bolted out upon the street. Walton luckily happened to be passing in a buggy. He jumped from his seat, riata in hand, and a minute later had the horse securely lassoed.

The frightened horse lurched as the coils of the lasso fell about him, and the jerk snapped the rope holding young Cuardo, who was lifted to his feet. It was then seen that the boy was painfully bound in the rope and Walton cut it with a knife. To the astonishment of spectators, Elmer was not seriously injured.

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IN Prussia last year 641 couples celebrated golden and diamond weddings. The government gave each couple a gold medal.

#### MONEY MAKING.

To be sure making and saving money is a very degrading thing if it is not associated with anything higher. But at the same time it is a very desirable quality to have. In excess it is productive of about as many disagreeable features in the individual as it is possible to imagine. In medium measure it is an excellent thing to have. As a rule the money getting instinct is cried down, and commercialism, as it is sometimes called, is held up to public gaze very often. But it is the graduate who knows it all, or the very young man, who knows nothing at all, who despise the money side of things. The older man knows better. He knows what a power money is, and he does not underestimate its importance.

The fact is that money getting is simply another form of forehandedness, a quality most commendable in itself. It is literally making hay while the sun shines. The winter will come, and it will be needed. The farmer who did not provide for his stock would be regarded as improvident, indeed. It is only when every energy is bent to accumulation that the effort becomes discreditable. And it grows on one. Anybody, without exception, can get rich. There is no secret about it. Start in early, and keep it up late. Save every cent, loan it out, collect the interest, and loan again. Oppress the poor, live like a pig, act the skinflint, deny every luxury, think money, act money and money will come. True, one becomes nothing but a human swine rooting for pennies all through life, but that is the way that it is done, and anybody without refinement of sensibility, or keen sense of honor can do it.

But does this kind of life really pay? It does not. After a while the man dies, the Devil gets him, and the survivors divide the ill-got gains, and they use it often to build a monument to the other man who was content with enough and used his surplus to aid the less favored ones about him. Get money, honestly, use it freely, live well, think well, and you will die well. On the other side you will find that you have laid up treasures that the rooter never thinks of, bad luck to him.

#### ANOTHER OLD BIBLE.

BY ELIZA J. ENGLAR.

AMONG the old disused books at the Pipe Creek, Md., church is a German Bible in an excellent state of preservation, heavily bound in calf with two brass clasps. The title page is similar to the one found in Brumbaugh's "History of the Brethren," with few exceptions. The date is 1776.

There is nothing written on the fly leaves, but between the leaves an old paper was found with the names of four brethren, then a bracket, dividing them off from four more. The first are called Readers of the Prophets. The last four are called Readers of the Testament, showing there must have been a difference in the days of our ancestors.

Perhaps the former were Ministers and the latter Deacons, as the first on the list is Philip Englar, who was the first Elder we have on record, from 1780 to 1810.

We do not know the date of the organization at Pipe Creek, but the Annual Meeting was held here as early as 1778, and after that five more times until 1830. The last one at this church was in 1867. Our old house was built in 1806 and rebuilt in 1891.

New Windsor, Md.

#### PHOTOGRAPHING JEWELRY.

Photographing jewelry as a means of its protection is likely to become popular now that the picture of a valuable diamond brooch led to its recognition and recovery. But it is doubtful if there is one woman among ten who owns costly jewelry that ever thought of taking this precaution. One photographer, who takes many pictures of women of wealth in New York, said the other day that few of them ever had themselves photographed wearing their jewelry, since it had become the style to wear less jewelry than formerly.

He looked at random over half a dozen portraits made recently, and there was scarcely on any of their originals jewelry that amounted to more than a few hundred dollars in value. Yet the majority of these women own jewels worth thousands of dollars. In England the custom of wearing jewelry in photographs is

much more prevalent than it is in New York.

Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their tiaras, stomachers and necklaces are frequently conspicuous enough to be serviceable as a means of identification were they stolen, although thieves rarely dare to keep such things intact for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess any photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.

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#### BIBLE TRANSLATED INTO SCOTCH.

For the benefit of that portion of the Scotch peasantry to whom ordinary English is hard to read the Bible has just been translated into the Scotch dialect. It is about to be published by Mr. Gardner, of Paisley. Following is a specimen passage as it appears in the Scotch dialect, the matter being a portion of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew:

- And, seein' the thrang o' folk, he gaed up intil a mountain; and whan he was sutten doon his disciples gather't aboot.
- 2. And he open't his mooth, and instructit them; and quo he:
- 3. "Happy the spirits that are lown and cannie; for the kingdom o' heeven is waitin' for them!
- 4. "Happy they that are makin' their maen: for they sal fin' comfort and peace!
- 5. "Happy the lowly and meek o' the yirth: for the yirth sal be their ain hadden!
- 6. "Happy they whase hunger and drouth are a' for holiness: for they sall be stegh'd!
- 7 "Happy the pitifu': for they sal win pitie theirsels!
- 8. "Happy the pure heartit: for their een sal dwell upon God!
- 9. "Happy the makkers-up o' strife: for they sal be coontit for bairns o' God!
- 10. "Happy the ill-treatit anes for the sake o' gude: for they'se hae the kingdom o' God!
- 11. "Happy sal ye be when folk sal misca'ye, and illtreat ye, and say a' things again ye wrangouslie for my sake!
- 12. "Joy ye, and be blythe! for yere meed is great in heeven! for e'en sae did they till the prophets afore ye!
- 13. "The saut o' the yirth are ye: but gin the saut hae tint its tang, hoo's it to be sautit? Is it no clean useless? to be cuisten oot, and trauchl't under folk's feet.

#### BLESSINGS OF WORK.

ONE of the peculiar features of life is that the man or woman who suddenly becomes idle at once begins to think about death and worry about the grave. It is n't a feeling confined to any one class of society. It is almost universal. It is n't a pleasant feeling, for every healthy person is apt to think about death as a thing of the future—something to be faced some time, but not now.

When a person physically healthy commences to brood over a grave and a coffin his whole disposition changes. The sun may shine for some, but not for him. He is morbid, gloomy, blue.

There is only one panacea for that mental ill, says the Cleveland *Press*.

It is work.

The man who labors energetically with mind or muscle has no time for brooding about graveyards.

He must play his part in the game of life, and happy is he who is allowed to labor up to the very minute that the grim specter raps at his door.

Of course, people are lazy. Most of us were born so, but how few people did work ever kill, and what an army has been destroyed by idleness! Wear out, but don't rust out. Labor incessantly at something. It is good for the body, good for the mind and good for the conscience. People who loaf through life are seldom happy, for work is and always has been the greatest blessing that ever came to mankind.

A MAN was being tried recently in New South Wales for stealing a watch. The evidence was conflicting and the jury made up their minds to retire, but before they left the hall the judge remarked that if there were any points on which they required information he would be pleased to assist them. Eleven of the jurymen had left the box, but the twelfth remained standing, with his eyes fixed downward, as if absorbed in thought, "Well, sir," said the judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?" "I would like to know, my lord," came the reply, "if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

#### MAKING FIREWORKS.

The manufacture of fireworks is not child's play. Nearly every one of the men employed at the factory has dangerous work to do every day. The men and women who work there make spinning wheels, Roman candles, sky rockets, whistles, nigger chasers, flying pigeons and a number of other big and little things filled with colored explosives. The cannon cracker is a specialty. Great quantities of them are made.

There are some interesting departments in the factory. The men who charge rockets and candles, for instance, have an interesting work. The explosives are first mixed in separate houses by skilled workers, who are all men. These workers understand the mixing of chemicals and powders and their work is secret, for each concern has its own mixtures and formula for producing many different colors of fire.

The cases for the candles and rockets are wrapped from brown paper by the young women in the wrapping department. They are then taken to the charger, together with the powders, and he loads them just as the pioneer loaded his rifle, using a ramrod and ramming each charge home until the rod leaps from the barrel. As many as thirty charges are placed in some of the candles. The charger calls these loads stars, each color of powder being a star. He knows how to place them to get red, white and blue fire in succession, and he works in a little house where he has no more room than he needs to turn around. This is a necessary precaution at a firework factory, for the powders placed in rockets, candles, spinwheels, etc., are easily ignited and would greatly endanger life and property if handled in considerable quantities in one place.

The men mix the powders and chemicals and load the paper cases made for rockets, candles, etc. The women and girls wrap the cases and pack the fireworks when they are ready to be shipped.

A. H. Brown, secretary of the company, said: "While American manufacturers have become very aggressive in recent years, they are still behind the Chinese and Japanese in the manufacture of fireworks. The little two-packs-for-a-nickel firecrackers, for instance, are not made in this country. American workmen cannot

afford to compete with the Mongolians in their manufacture. There are sixty firecrackers, all hand-made, in an ordinary pack, and the man who makes them gets less than a cent for the pack. American workmen would starve on such earnings.

"The manufacture of firecrackers is a comparatively new industry in this country. We make candles, rockets, spinwheels and many another article as well as the Asiatics can make them, but we are behind them in fancy fireworks. The big day mortars, for instance, are not made here. Everybody has seen them. They are fired into the air in daylight and at their explosion release figures of animals, birds, men, etc., which go sailing through the air The Japs and the Chinese make those. The figures are of rice straw paper, which is lighter than silk.

"From this time until the Fourth of July is the busy season in our business. We make more than we sell at this time of year, but within the next ninety days we shall be making much less than we can sell. During the winter we sell quite a good many fireworks in the South. The southern people have a great many festivals and parties where fireworks are a feature, and the most of these occur during the winter months.

"The work in our factory could hardly be called skilled labor, though it requires experience to do some of it. The principal essential is care, for we must continuously guard against fires and explosions."

#### EAT QUININE BY THE OUNCE.

"The quantity of quinine taken by foreigners on the southeast coast of Mexico is something simply incredible," said a resident of this city who is interested in coffee culture in the sister republic. "There is a general belief among the Americans and English all through that region that the drug is necessary for the preservation of life, and they keep full of it from one year's end to another. The first time I visited the coast I stopped at Frontera, the first port east of Vera Cruz, and as soon as our ship tied up it was boarded by a tall, sallow man, who turned out to be an American engineer, in charge of a big sugar plant up the

country. He made a bee line for the purser. IHello, Billy!' he said, 'did you bring that juinine?' 'Sure,' replied the purser, and living into his cabin he came out with an armul of tin boxes, about the size of tea canisters, and japanned green. Each of them held a bound of quinine. I never saw it put up that way before and, naturally, I was surprised. I toon scraped an acquaintance with the engineer and made bold to inquire what in the world he wanted with such a supply. 'Are you getting t on a speculation?' I asked, with a vague dea that it might be intended for some Mexican army contractor. He laughed heartily.

"'Speculation nothing!' said he; 'this all zoes to our little colony of Americans back in the interior, and it won't last very long, either.' With that he drew a penknife from his pocket, opened a blade that had been ground off round, like a spatula, and thrust it into one of the cans. He brought out a flaky, white massenough to heap a teaspoon-put it on his tongue and swallowed it like so much sugar. Have you any idea how many grains you are taking?' I asked in amazement. 'Only approximately,' he replied carelessly; 'a man quits weighing quinine after he has been down here a few months.' That was my first encounter with a bona fide quinine eater," the coffee planter went on, "but I met plenty of them afterward.

"They generally keep the stuff in rubber tobacco pouches, to protect it from perspiration, and when they feel like taking a dose they dig in, with one of those spatulated knives that they all carry and swallow as much as they see fit. As they go entirely by guess it is hard to say how much will be taken in the course of a day, but I have weighed the amount that can be lifted on the ordinary knife blade and found it to range between twenty-five and fifty grains. You see, quinine is as compressible as cotton, and two wads of it that look about the same size will vary 100 per cent in weight. One would suppose, as a matter of course, that such enormous quantities of the drug would produce an intolerable ringing in the head, but, strange to say, they do nothing of the kind. The average white man down there who keeps under the influence all the time experiences nothing except a slight feeling of exhilaration-at least, so I was assured by dozens of habitues. Whether the use of the stuff is of any real benefit is something I am skeptical about. I never took a grain of it myself, and I was the only man on our plantation who did n't have a touch of fever."

## WAITERS WHO CLEAR \$50 A WEEK IN TABLE TIPS.

STORIES of big tips given in Chicago's fashionable restaurants are outshone by the radiance of the following recital of a Philadelphia waiter to a *Record* reporter:

"Sometimes," said the waiter, "I make as much as \$50 a week in tips." He stood in the palm roof of a fashionable cafe and said this without a blush. "The lowest tip I get is half a dollar," he continued. "That is given me by the young man who brings his girl to luncheon, and, very properly, buys no wine because he is not yet married to her. The man who buys wine with a luncheon for two has a bill to settle of \$8 or \$9, never less. The dinner and supper tips are the big ones. You, for instance, come to me and say: 'Henri, I am bringing five guests to dinner here to-morrow at 7. I wish to spend \$50. Reserve that corner table for me and see that the flowers and the candles are beautiful. I'll drop in at noon to look over the menu you will draw up.' For my trouble you tip me, maybe \$5. If your dinner party is a larger one and you spend on it, say \$80, you may tip me \$10. Some exceedingly generous persons have been known to tip me \$15 for a dinner without any swooning being done by me. The biggest tip I ever got was \$50, but the man was drunk.

"A percentage of my tips goes, of course, to the head waiter. A man, by the way, who is'nt tipped half enough is the fellow in the hall who looks after the hats and wraps. He gives you no check, and yet among the hundreds guests whose things are in his charge he remembers you, and when you come out to go he has your wraps ready for you without any questioning or any delay. A wonderful memory the fellow has, but he doesn't make much money.

A GERMAN infantry soldier's outfit weighs over sixty pounds.

#### MISSIONARIES GET GOOD PAY.

The present trouble with the "Boxers" in China has served to bring the missionary, particularly the one in China, prominently before the eyes of the world. There are many things connected with the missionary which are not generally known. The Protestant missionaries in China are among the best paid of those in any part of the world. While it is true, however, that they receive more money than those in most other countries, when the conditions under which they work are taken into consideration, the pay is found to be about equal to that elsewhere.

The cost of living, the social requirements and the climate are all considered in deciding the amount of salary to be paid. It is intended that the salary shall about cover necessary living expenses. In the torrid zone, where the clothing must be light and food is easily obtained, the rate of pay is low. One of the leading American societies pays \$450 to a man stationed in Micronesia, \$500 to one in Africa and \$1,000 to every married couple going to Japan. This society pays a trifle less to a married couple going to China than to those accredited to Japan. Another society has a graded scale, paying in China to a single man per annum the first five years \$650; the next ten years \$700, and the next ten years \$800. After twenty-five years of service he gets \$000. Married couples begin with \$050 and are increased to \$1,000, \$1,100 and \$1,200. A third society has a fixed rate of \$1,000 for married couples.

One society having a large number of missionaries divides the receipts of the year prorata. The leading societies allow \$100 a year for each child. Houses are provided for the missionaries. One missionary organization also provides what it calls an "outfit," at an expense of from \$400 to \$500. This consists of furniture and clothing. Another society provides furniture and the house only. The houses would be considered plain in this country, but in China they are substantial when compared with the houses of the natives. The houses of the foreigners are placed in walled inclosures called compounds, because of the unsanitary conditions prevailing.

The traveling expenses of the missionaries

are paid by the societies sending them out. They have a vacation of a year at intervals, determined by the nature of the climate where they are stationed. In South Africa the service is from three to five years. It is dangerous to stay beyond five years. In China they remain from seven to ten years. As the missionaries who remain in the harness until their usefulness is past usually have been able to save but little, if anything, from their income, provision is made for their support when they are placed upon the superannuated list if they have no relatives or friends to care for them.

#### ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

In Oriental countries women are generally regarded as the inferiors of men, yet, according to a Hindoo legend, this is the proper origin of the sex: Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindoo mythology, created the world. But on his commencing to create woman he discovered that with man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri, and caused him to fall in a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidness of the hare and the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the heat of the fire and the chill of snow, the cackling of the parrot and the cooing of the turtledove. All these he mixed together and formed woman. Then he presented her to the man.

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OCEAN steamships now have as regular a schedule for arriving and departing as railroad trains, and adhere to it fully as well. A certain rate of speed is maintained and a late steamer is as rare as a late train.

## The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### PROLOGUE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE INGLENOOK.

THERE are some subjects one enters upon with fear and trembling. Among these is a human account of the divine life, an attempt on the part of the finite to set forth in words the infinite. We cannot comprehend it, and our efforts are necessarily feeble, though there yet remains to us the ability to cope with the visible and the known. In telling the story of the Master's sojourn here on the earth during his short human life we can only recount what we see and know. Back of all this lies the ocean of the unknown and the unknowable.

It is passing strange no matter in what light it is viewed. That such a man as Christ should come out of cold, silent and impassive Asia, is, if we regard him as a mere man, the wonder of the ages. If we take Him at his real worth, the Son of the ever-living God, the like is alone in the whole history of the globe, from its incipiency to the time when it shall wander in the heavens, a blackened, lifeless ball, coursing on to an unknown ending. Think of it! The coming of God to earth! Think of it with bated breath and palsied heart! And shout hosannas to the Most High for the mission of love and the benisons of everlasting peace that that visit conferred on the world!

The world was ripe for the Coming. The civilization, in an intellectual way, at the time, was centered in Greece and Rome, while under the Syrian sky was a people, dense of population, in a region of unexcelled fertility, and what was still more wonderful, God had chosen that people for his own, through whom he would give the world its laws and his message. The Roman, with his gods and gods, had carried his victorious eagles to the very gates of the Holy City, had entered it, filled the streets with the dead and the dying, and set his iron heel on the necks of the conquered.

Four hundred years had passed since God had wrought a miracle, and His chosen people had looked in vain for the coming of the promised Messiah. The Roman despot had

despoiled their kingdom, and they grew to hope that somewhere, somehow, the promised one should come as a redeemer of their fallen political fortunes. They hoped to re-establish the grandeur of their people, and as an initial step there was the Roman to drive from the sacred soil. They could never hope for rehabilitation of their faded and past grandeur as a people while the Roman barracks were on the edge of the city, and the armored Roman soldier on a corner. Yes, the Messiah, the Promised, would come as a devouring whirlwind of force, and the men of war would be swept out of existence. The thought was not an unnatural one and may well be pardoned a proud people chafing under the dominancy of an insulting foreign foe who looked on them, as he called them, very dogs of human kind. If the Deliverer came not with legions of flaming swords behind him, then how would he come were he to win in the conflict with the forces of destruction? It does not seem to have entered their thoughts that love should be the medium through which not only the Roman, but the whole world, and all its people should conquer. It was not in their religion and consequently not in their lives. They did not understand it for it had been no part of their educational processes. And it is a wonderful commentary on the stubbornness of the people, chosen of God, honored among the nations, and selected as the fertile field on which to cultivate the new order of things the Messiah presaged, that they should have rejected and murdered him, and even to this day, when the pendulum of the thousand years has swung twice and the world has seen the means and the results of the Victor, they still wait in silence for that which has come and will not again pass through the human stage of life, through the gates of death, and into the kingdom for them.

'Viewed dispassionately as one having no interest in it, the situation is a most remarkable one. In an ancient age, among a people, the proudest on the earth, to save a world, came there the Son of God. Considering what he taught, and how opposite it was to all the traditions of those to whom he spake, and his life so at variance with what they expected, the wonder is that three years elapsed

before they nailed him on the cross and gave the world its Savior. And when this man hung there on the cross, limp and lifeless, to one who might have stood at its foot no outcome would seem possible, no cause deader. A few days before he had entered the city amid the loud acclamation of the people, and here he was, dead between two thieves, and his system of life represented by alleged friends who had lost heart and who had scattered and were in hiding. Truly he was despised and rejected among men. And who then would have thought possible for the time to come, when in every village all over the widespread earth, where there was civilization at all, should rise the lofty spire over the house dedicated to Him and in His name? How utterly out of keeping it would have seemed that unborn millions should have taken the cross on which he died and centered all their hopes upon it. How strange that men should go to the uttermost ends of the earth to tell His story, taking their lives in their hands, knowing that their friends and loved ones at home should, in the language of Paul at Miletus, see their faces no more. Yet all this has happened, and words have no meaning to carry with them what this carpenter's son has wrought in the world.

There must have been some reason for all this. There is some deep-lying fact that is the cause of the world's acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth, and there is no difficulty in finding it guided by the eye of faith and the lamp of the Spirit.

But there is also an external side of his life, the one that we, ourselves, live, and know. While the other, the divine side of his life. must forever remain behind the never lifted veil of God's purpose, at the same time it is entirely possible that we should know what He said and what He did when he walked the earth among the men he came to save. It is not enough that we believe in his code of ethics, and admit his place with the Father. We must follow in His footsteps, do the things He did, go where He went, and follow where He led. To this end we must know what He taught, and while it is in the Book it is also capable of a definition in later words than when written, an amplification that may make

the meaning clearer, and which will bring out in sharper details the picture of his life on earth. This is the mission of these articles.

When we read the bare words of the message that has come to us they sound as the shrill call of a war trumpet calling, telling of destruction and everlasting ruin, but it is only at the sinner's distance that this effect is produced. Nearer and nearer as we go to Him the death call changes to the love note and peace such as characterize the turtle in the orchard in blossom time when the summer is young. And it is a remarkable fact that while the world has recognized the moral beauty of what he taught it has not fully accepted it in its entirety. There has always been a remnant who stood for primitive simplicity, and who have attempted to follow where He led. Therefore it is interesting to know not only what manner of man Christ was, but, as far as may be, the life He led while among men. It is hard, at this distance, to present it with accuracy. All we can do is to take his treasured words, and the record of his life, inspired writers have given us, and from these data build the story of the Christ.

(To be continued.)

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WE still have the life of faith in God presented in the form of a journey or a pilgrimage, as in fact it really is. Faith in God fixes a distinct destination and determines the course by which we reach it. It also separates us from all those having a different destination, traveling by different routes and inspired by different motives. Moses, through faith, received the promise of God made to Abram and Isaac and Jacob concerning the land of promise, and was guiding Israel thither. His invitation to his father-in-law was, "We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us and we will do thee good." It was the faith of Moses that enabled him to see the national destiny of Israel and that caused him to extend this invitation to one in whom he was interested to share in its blessings. In a word, it was his faith that lay behind the journey that Israel was making through the wilderness to the land of Canaan. So it is our faith in Christ as the Son of God that lies behind all our Christian aims and efforts and determines our course through this life to the land that lies beyond.



#### SOMETHING NEW.

READERS who are in the habit of turning to the Home Department will be disappointed this issue of the 'Nook. The cooking school s at an end, for the time at least. And why? Well, it has been running so long, and so successfully, that a change is deemed best. Strange that a successful thing should be so summarily disposed of, yet that is the very eason for our action. We are in a position to know how every household in the Brothermood is interested in this department. The recipes are tried, and many thousands have eaten after them. And they are a success.

Now the reason why this department is done away with in its peculiar form is that after some consultation the General Missionary Committee, having in mind the helping of the Nook family, decided that there should be an INGLENOOK Cook Book. This will contain the recipes sent in, and a great many not printed in the 'Nook. Those who have sent recipes and which have not yet been reached, will find them in the Cook Book, except in the few instances where the writers have left out the flour or mixed matters so that there can be neither head nor tail made out of their story.

The work on this book will be begun at once, and will be pushed to a finish. One of the brightest women and best cooks in the Brotherhood has been engaged to help make the book. The way we have planned it to come out is something as follows. It will be divided into three parts, Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper. The recipes suited to these three meals will be grouped together, and, in addition to the index, will tell at a glance, what is

available in the way of something new to the home cook.

There is no end of cook books. Most of them are impossible. They call for things utterly out of reach and are either beyond the markets or the pocket books of the ordinary run of people. It will be different with the INGLENOOK Cook Book. Every recipe in it will be from a sister, signed and located, and what she says will be in reach of the readers.

And when will this INGLENOOK Cook Book be out? It is expected to be ready to send out this coming Autumn. And what will it cost? It will be given to subscribers to the INGLENOOK, and it can be had in no other way for love or money. It will not be put on the market, and he or she who wants it must be a 'NOOKER.

In place of the recipes a feature will be introduced which will interest both sides of the house. Heretofore the women turned first to the Home Department, but with what we have in contemplation it is likely that both sexes will be equally interested. Here is a brief explanation of what we intend.

Suppose that the supper is over, the things cleared away, and the guests gathered about the table for an evening talk. Some interesting question is sprung and each one present gives an opinion. Some of them will be right and some wrong, and therein will lie the charm of it. There is one thing to remember, and that is under no circumstances will there be any debate or after criticism allowed. If you see anything that does not strike you favorably, write all you have a mind to, but it will not see the light in type. The party around the table will say what they

think about the question and that is the end of it. Next week will bring another issue and it will be most interesting. To illustrate in detail, suppose from six to ten people seated around the table when the question is sprung whether there are ever cases when a resort to personal violence is admissible.

Now the teaching of the church is non-resistance, and, in the main, it is observed. But suppose a drunken tramp comes into a home and proceeds to smash things, abuse the inmates and make himself generally obnoxious. Shall he be allowed to go ahead or is he to be run out?

Viewed as an abstract ethical proposition, from the angle of our church teaching, he must not be touched. As a matter of actual fact, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, the intruder would go just so far when out he would go, none too gently.

Now the opinion of a dozen brethren, unknown, one to the other, without the remotest chance of collusion, would be most interesting. There are scores of just such questions in the church, in morals, manners, politics and every field of human endeavor, and the object of the Inglenook is to ascertain the views of our prominent people as to the Truth, the right of it, as nearly as may be. It will be intensely interesting.

And now, with continued reference to the Cook Book, those who have favorite recipes must send them in at once if they wish them considered at all. Let none say they have not had the opportunity or be so selfish as to withhold something they know to be good.

#### NEW STYLE FARMING.

THE horny-handed farmer will soon be a thing of the past.

The farmer of the future will do little more than touch a button, ingenious machinery will do the rest. The man with the hoe will be replaced by a gentleman who sits on his porch and does his plowing by manipulating an electric switch board.

Farming utensils may now be had which will do practically every kind of planting automatically. One may sow grain broadcast or plant seeds, tubers or plants by merely driving one of these up-to-date contrivances across a field. The machines will drill holes, deposit a given amount of seed in them, cover them with manure and spread fresh dirt over them at one operation.

Another machine goes through the entire operation of cutting and planting potatoes. It does the work of ten men. It drops the seed, covers it with manure and moist earth at any distance and marks the next row, all at one operation. It can be adjusted to go over ground, no matter how rough or hilly.

There is an automatic plant-setting machine which will set out plants a foot apart and cover eight acres a day. It may be adjusted for transplanting tomato plants, cauliflower, cabbages or celery. The machine is provided with a tank which pours a certain amount of water into each hole before the plant is set.

There are a variety of machines for cultivating the ground after the seeds or plants have taken root. They are provided with fine steel teeth, which deftly loosen the soil about the smallest and most delicate plant without disturbing it. One of these is especially adapted for cultivating and hilling celery, another for potatoes, another for lettuce and so on. There are machines which combine the plow, hoe, rake and cultivator.

Practically every kind of harvesting may now be done by machinery, thus saving an immense amount of labor. The mowing machine is driving the scythe out of use. The combined reapers and binders of grain now do the work of twenty men and do it better. The sulky hay tedder is rapidly driving the pitchfork out of business. One of these devices will thoroughly turn and spread four acres of cut hay in an hour.—New York World

34 1

Bones are the strongest things for their weight that can be found. Bone bears three times as heavy a weight as oak, and nearly as much as wrought iron, without being crushed.

WHILE a dozen vegetables cover the limit of variety on the average table, the earth is growing hundreds of kinds that are nutritious. delicious and easy to cultivate.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

June 22, 1901.

No. 25.

#### A ROBIN'S EGG.

- "ONLY think of it, love and song,
  The passionate joy of the summer long,
  Matins and vespers, ah, how sweet,
  A nest to be in the village street,
  A red breast flashing in happy flight,
  Lite's full ecstasy and delight
  Thrilling, God's minstrel through and through—
  All of them packed in this egg of blue.
- "Would you believe it, holding dumb
  Lime and pigment 'twixt finger and thumb?
  Would you believe there was love within
  Walls so brittle and cold and thin?
  Such a song as you heard last night,
  Thrilling the grove in the sunset light?
- "Out of the casket in which we dwell What may issue? Can you foretell? Can you say, when you find outspread Bits of our egg-shell, we are dead? Can you think, if this shell be crushed, All that was in it is cold and hushed? Look once more at this bit of blue—Has it no message of hope for you?"

#### WHAT IS A KISS?

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the space given them:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon, either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked
Though it can't be called a vice,
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having a child's dream of its mother realized.

The thunder-clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

#### ABOUT YOUR LETTER.

THE adhesive postage stamp was invented about sixty years ago. Ever since men began to write letters there had been some system for carrying them, but the sending of a letter was a complicated piece of business until the little gummed patch of paper was invented. Then, seemingly, everybody took to writing upon the most trivial pretext, and presently the postal system was doubling its capacity each year.

Now, when anything grows too fast, it is apt to tie itself in a hard knot. That is precisely what happened in this case. When folks had learned the convenience of the mails at home they began to send letters into other countries. Each nation had its own postal system, and when it received a letter from outside it made a charge for delivering it. If an Englishman sent a letter to Switzerland the French post office charged a small sum for carrying it to the border, and the Swiss post office charged a trifle more for taking it to the addressee. This made it necessary for each country to do an enormous amount of bookkeeping, and even led to disputes as to which owed the other at the end of each year. To add to the confusion each nation had its own rate for letter carrying.

Finally, in 1873, the world's postal business grew so large that no system of bookkeeping could keep track of it, so a conference was held at Berne, Switzerland. Herr von Stephen, a German, submitted a plan for simplifying matters. He thought that postage was too high, for one thing, and that all the bookkeeping and wrangling were so much waste of time and money. He had made a great many figures, and had found that each nation's correspondence with other countries was so nearly equal that it was not worth while reckoning the difference.

The United States received about as many letters from as it sent to Australia, and a great country such as Russia or England made very nearly an even exchange with little Cuba or Uruguay. He proposed that every one stop keeping count altogether, and that a uniform rate of five cents be set upon all foreign letters. It was a most sensible plan, and before the conference ended the leading governments of the world signed a treaty, and the universal

postal union was formed. To-day every country on earth is in the union, with the exception of China and a few nations too small to matter, and a half-ounce letter may be sent clear around the globe for a nickel.

The great collection of earthen tablets found in El Amarna serves to give an idea of the postal service between Egypt and Babylon as it existed thirty-four centuries ago. The date of these tablets is between 1500 and 1450 B.C. The inscriptions on them are in Babylonian Semitic, which at that period was the diplomatic language of the East. Most of them are reports from Egyptian officials in the provinces and foreign lands, and are addressed to Pharach. These clay tablets are no bulkier than modern official letters. In many cases the tablet was inclosed in an earthen vessel or envelope, which was inscribed with the address and a summary of the contents of the letter.

We assume that these clay letters were handled much as modern mails are handled. They were probably carried in bags. Excellent post roads connected Egypt with every part of western Asia and there were post and relay stations for the king's messengers, who probably also forwarded private letters. According to the El Amarna tablets, Pharaoh was in correspondence with Babylon and Assyria. Cappadocia, Palestine and Syria. The post roads followed the old paths of war and commerce, which had been trodden by caravans and armies through countless generations.

The Canaanites corresponded with the Babylonians, as Hiram, king of Tyre, did with Solomon. Long before the Israelites came to Canaan the land was crossed and recrossed by post roads.

In northern India, among the Himalayas, letters are carried by native runners at the end of a cleft stick. Sometimes one of the postmen will travel one hundred miles to convey his precious missive, the letter being delivered in as clean a condition as when it started.

The commonest type of Indian postrunner, or "tappal-wallah," wears a long white coat, very light trousers and a huge light blue turban. His letter bag is slung from his shoulder, and he carries a long stick with a sharp irou point, which can be used as a weapon in case of need. The stick is adorned with six little

brass bells, which serve to give notice of the approach of the post.

If you were in Japan you would see lithe, wiry runners, with very little clothing on their brown bodies, darting here and there among the crowd. Everybody gives way before them, for they are the postmen of the empire. Their mail is carried in small baskets strapped to their sides. They are capable of sustaining a good deal of fatigue, and make wonderful journeys at times.

Among the placid Chinese, hurry is a form of vulgar impatience, consequently very little dispatch is used in carrying the mails in that great empire. They are content to convey all ordinary communications either by slow paddling or poling boats, or else by foot runners, whose high sounding title of "the thousandmile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter bag is secured to the back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

Among the most picturesque letter-carriers of the world are the "camel express messengers" of Bokhara. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and a large green turban embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved saber in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels ornamented with blue heads and cowrie shells, and with small brass bells round their neck to give notice of their approach. The rough and rapid trotting of these animals, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their lives.

Of vehicles, we find every conceivable variety used to aid the post-runner in his labor. In Natal the post cart is a light four-horse vehicle, not much to look at, but capital as a means of getting over vile roads with deep ruts. In the mountain district of Brazil a two-wheeled wagon, drawn by oxen, is in use, the wheels being cut out of a solid block and fastened to the axle.

In some parts of Russia buffaloes harnessed to two-wheeled vehicles carry the postmen on their road, but more frequently mail sledges are drawn by horses, by reindeers, or, in the far north, by dogs.

A letter can be sent in thirty days from

Florida to the Klondike for two cents. To carry the same by courier would cost something like \$300. The total length of the routes traversed by the mail service in this country is 496.948 miles, or more than a round trip between the earth and the moon. The number of miles traveled in carrying the mail per annum is over 445.000,000, or more than two round trips to the sun. The cost per annum of carrying the mails is over \$53,000,000. By "star route" is meant a route where the transportation is something other than railway, steamboat, street car, or pneumatic tube.

The daily travel for one year by the star routes is 361,830 miles, or 17 times around the world. The number of miles traveled per annum by mail carrying railroads is nearly 300,000,000, the daily travel being 313,000 miles, or 31 trips around the world. In one year the railway postal clerks alone have handled 13,351,992,725 pieces of mail. In addition they handled 17.537,058 packages of registered mail. It has been calculated that the railway mail clerks make one error for over 10,000 correctly forwarded pieces of mail.

#### AS WILLIE UNDERSTOOD IT.

"INTERIM," explained the teacher, "is that which follows one event and precedes another. Now I would like to have each member of the class compose a sentence containing the word 'interim,' and read it when we have our recitation to-morrow."

Little Willie was the first to be asked for his composition on the following day. It was as follows:

When Charlie Bunston come to our house to see Sister Maude the other nite pa went downstairs and told him to git out, but he took a hold of Maude's hand and they both looked at pa and said they would n't ever part no more. So pa got in front of one event and followed the other towards the door and threw the boots interim.

The class was dismissed without any further reports.

Four hundred years ago Manhattan Island was bought for \$24. The other day a garden patch on Manhattan Island sold for \$1,000,000.

#### BEES AND HONEY IN THE CITY.

BY SISTER PRISCILLA.

THE reputable apiarist who tries to keep bees in a city is obliged to choose the outskirts for the location of his apiary because he must allow for plenty of room for his bees and his neighbor's. His bees do not object to living apartment-house fashion, and any number of colonies will live huddled right together provided the apartments are so separated that the queens cannot trespass on one another's territory, and each apartment contains sufficient working space for the family occupying it, though for his own convenience in handling the apiarist prefers to distribute his colonies at a distance of about seven feet apart each way. But Mr. Honeybee is eminently a ruralist and recognizes no boundary line outside his own house. When he starts out in quest of sweets he makes a straight line for his destination and wastes no time. Whoever chances to be stationed on his beeline, when he wants to use it, is a trespasser and he can prove it by argument brief, pointed and convincing. Antagonism is the word and unless the city apiarist watches close his precious honeys may be abated as a nuisance. He can move his apiary upon the roof if he has a roof suitable for such use, but even then bees, like people, cannot live without something to eat. They get their living in the country where the wild flowers, the meadows and the orchards bloom.

For every pound of honey stored the bees must bring in two and one-half pounds of nectar and many blossoms must be visited for each drop. Bees will fly two or three miles to gather nectar, but at that distance too much time is spent on the wing to yield honey in paying quantities. And the quality of honey produced depends on the source from which the nectar is gathered. Hence the desirability of locating as far out among the blossoms and away from city garbage heaps as possible.

Much of the extracted honey on the city markets is adulterated. That put out by syrup refineries is usually at least fifty per cent glucose. This fact hurts the sale of the pure article, for many people cannot distinguish between the genuine and the adulterated and will not have any. They think that comb honey is pure because the bees must make that. Not necessarily. In producing comb honey the professional apiarist supplies deep-cell wax foundation which the bees draw out into perfect honeycomb. Then he can furnish sugar syrup with which they will fill the combs, and when they have capped it over—lo! six cents or seven cents a pound sugar is masquerading as the most beautiful white honey, and as such commands a fancy price.

Beekeepers in most localities prefer to produce extracted honey, for while the bees are secreting wax and making one pound of comb honey they can store twenty pounds of honey in combs already built, and only when there is a strong flow of nectar in the blossoms will they fill and cap over the sections so perfectly as to make fancy marketable comb honey. So at a much lower price per pound extracted honey pays better than comb honey and is equally nutritious and delightful to the consumer.

### A LOCAL COAL MINE.

BY FRANK B. MYERS.

How many 'Nookers know what a coal mine is? Let that be as it may, I shall try to tell you a little about the matter. There are various ways in which coal is reached. Many coal mines have their entrance from the side of a hill in which the coal is found. Another way in which an opening is made, to a coal mine, is by means of an inclined, or oblique opening, called a slope. Still a third method of obtaining coal is by means of a hole, sunk perpendicularly in the earth, called a shaft.

This third method is used where the coal lies deep in the earth.

By a local coal mine, I understand a coal mine or pit, operated by an individual or company, the coal of which is mined for custom use, to be used in the crude, or raw, state, as fuel, and not to be made into coke, which is the case in many instances, of large coal plants owned by individuals or corporations.

In western Pennsylvania, where I live, are to be found hundreds and hundreds of coal mines, especially in the counties of Westmoreland and Fayette. Many thousands of tons are mined annually, both for fuel and for coke, which is used in the manufacture of steel. And it is likely that the almost inexhaustible amount of bituminous or soft coal, placed by the hand of nature in the mountains and hills of western Pennsylvania, will continue to supply the local and great steel markets for many decades to come.

This coal is found in veins or seams, varying in thickness from four feet or less to nine feet or more. How many 'Nookers would like to dig coal in a place four feet high, or even less?

After coal has been mined, it is drawn from the mine to the platform, or tipple, in various ways. Some places, carts, holding, on a average, twelve and one-half bushels of coal, drawn by mules or horses, are used. In other places, cars or wagons, having a capacity of twenty-five or fifty bushels, and drawn by mules, horses, or stationary engines, over a wooden or steel track, are in use. In the coal mine at my home, two stout, lively, grey mules known as "Bob" and "Sam," haul the coal from the pit, in carts holding twelve and one-half bushels each.

There are three grades of coal sold from local mines: "Rough and ready," which is the coal in the state in which it is dug, lumps and slack together; "coarse," "rough," or "lump local," which is forked from the fine coal, or slack; and "slack," that which remains after the lumps have been forked from the fine part of the coal. Lump coal and rough and ready coal are used mostly in stoves, grates, and furnaces, while slack is used by blacksmiths, for covering fires at night, and in the construction of lime-kilns.

The price of coal varies according to the market. At present, lump coal sells in many places at the rate of four cents per bushel, rough and ready for three and one-fourth cents per bushel, and slack commands a price of two cents per bushel.

Miners are paid according to the number of nundred bushels dug. The price varies mostly from ninety cents to one dollar and forty cents per one hundred bushels. A resolute miner, under favorable conditions, will dig from two nundred to four hundred bushels of coal in a

day. So you see that mining coal pays pretty well, but you have to work hard for it.

#### TEA CULTURE IN AMERICA.

A DEAL of humor has been expended on American tea gardens and no man was more ridiculed than William G. Le Duc, of Minnesota, for expressing the belief when he had charge of the old agricultural bureau that American tea drinkers would one day be getting all the tea they want out of American soil. The South Carolina tea culture has been often described, but Mrs. Ellis writes in a more hopeful vein than others.

After inaugurating tea culture in 1881 the government gave it up in 1883 on the ground that climatic conditions were unfavorable. Dr. Shepard, a gentleman of culture, then undertook to produce the tea and was aided by the government with tea seed from Asia. Near Summerville, S. C., he has shown that the tea plant can be successfully cultivated in the south Atlantic section of this country and tea made commercially profitable. He has overcome all alleged climatic difficulties and tested all available varieties of tea and soils. Dr. Shepard has seventy-five acres planted to tea and other tea gardens have been opened. It costs 271/2 cents a pound to produce the American tea and he sells it (at retail) at \$1 a pound. He expects to reduce the cost of production to 14 cents ere long. At the wholesale selling price of 50 cents a pound the producer gets a profit of 221/2 cents a pound. It is shown that, with some varieties, the profit per acre is nearly \$70, while \$40 is a usual profit per acre. The prospect of raising tea for home consumption is apparently good. We consume nearly 93,000,-000 pounds a year of tea. If we produced it a new and profitable industry, employing many thousands of people, would be established. The feat does not seem impossible of accomplishment.

MEN who smoke "Egyptian cigarettes" think they are smoking tobacco raised in Egypt. Tobacco-raising has been prohibited in that country for upwards of forty years. The only thing Egyptian about the "Egyptian cigarette" is the name.

#### HOW FASHION GOVERNS THE PRICE OF FURS.

The price of fur is governed to a great extent by fashion. Many years ago beaver was in demand; then mink; now it is marten. Mink is also becoming a favorite once more. Skunk is used largely, being dyed and sold under the name of some more fashionable brother, such as sable.

Beaver is a very heavy-skinned animal; also the fur is thick and of great weight, which militates against its use. This fur is used to a great extent in making the finer quality of hats. The yield of beaver skins has fallen off greatly, the decrease being a fair illustration of how the fur animal is passing. In 1875-76 the return of beaver pelts from Northern Canada was 47,000. Last year there were about 6,000 skins brought in.

Marten is light, beautiful and warm, therefore there is much sense in its vogue.

Mink is probably the most beautiful of all fur outside of that of the four royal animals—sea-otter, black fox, sable and seal. A sea-otter has been known to bring nearly two thousand dollars, and a single black fox has sold for half as much.

A choice dark marten would bring from fifteen to twenty dollars; but the general price is from six to ten. Otter is worth from eight to twelve; fisher about the same; beaver, six; mink, two to four; and skunk, one to two.

Lynx are caught in great numbers in the North, and the skin makes fair lining for cloaks. Considering the size it is very cheap—from two to three dollars.

Bear, musk-ox, wolf and badger have taken the place of the almost extinct buffalo as robes. The musk-ox skin, worth about twenty-five dollars in its raw state, is a beautiful, heavilyfurred, long-haired pelt, but is easily destroyed and almost impossible to keep clear of moths.

Bear is strong and durable, a good prime skin being worth from fifteen to thirty dollars. Wolf and badger make beautiful robes, and are cheap.

Again, the pelts may be "prime," taken in the proper time, the cold months, running from October to March; or they may be what is called "summer fur," got when the animal is shedding his winter coat, or exchanging his light summer suit for something warmer. The difference is easily observed in the raw fur. When prime the skin is almost white, and thin and crisp like parchment; in "summer fur" the skin is dark, especially near the tail, and heavy and greasy, while the fur is thin and almost devoid of guard-hairs. This can readily be seen by holding the pelt up and letting the light shine through it.

Also the proper stretching of a pelt affects its value. The wedge-shape board upon which mink, otter, marten, fox, muskrat, fisher, ermine and lynx are dried, fur side in, must be of the proper size. A dishonest trapper may wish to make his pelts appear larger, and use too big a board; this makes the fur thin, and lessens its value.

Other pelts—bear, musk-ox, buffalo, beaver, badger, wolverine, sometimes skunk and raccoon—are tacked on a wall, skin side out, and dried by the action of sun and wind. No preservative is used in curing these hides, such as arsenical soap; the dry, crisp air does its work effectively.

#### EQUINOCTIAL STORM IS A MYTH.

"THERE is really no such a thing in meteorology as the equinoctial storm," said Professor Cox. "The atmospheric disturbances which are likely to occur about March 21 and Sept. 21 are due entirely to general changes in the weather from cold to warm and from warm to cold which are due at about those dates in the regular order of things. There is absolutely nothing in the fact of the sun 'crossing the line' which should have any effect upon the weather. Of course March is a stormy month in this latitude. It always has been and probably always will be. There is sure to be a great deal of wind and rain and a man would be pretty safe in expecting a storm al almost any time within a radius of five or six Well, that is where the equinoctial storm idea gets its origin. Sometimes there is a severe storm on the 21st. But that is not because it is the date of the equinox. It is a mere coincidence. The amateur meteorologist who has been expecting a storm on that date gives himself considerable latitude. storm of any size should occur within two of three days before or after the 21st, which is very likely to happen in such a stormy month

as March, he pats himself on the back and says, 'There's the equinoctial storm.'

"The so-called equinoctial storm, therefore, is due to the climatic conditions naturally arising at the breaking up of winter and not to the occurrence of any certain date in the calendar. The fallacy of the idea that the storm should occur on any certain day is shown by the impossibility of a great storm occurring simultaneously at every point. A storm is likely to develop, for instance, in the southwest about the time of the equinox, and it may take three or four days for it to cross the country. By the time it reaches the Atlantic coast or the St. Lawrence valley it would be all over and forgotten in the part of the country where it originated. If March 21 should arrive while the storm was in transit the believers in the theory would be firmly convinced that the date had brought the storm. But the fact that it began on March 19 and ended on March 23, for instance, would have no weight with them.

"Why should the fact that the day and night are of equal length on a certain date cause rain or wind? Why should the fact of the sun crossing an imaginary line on the earth's surface cause a storm? The idea is absurd on the face of it and is kept alive only by the coincidence that both March and September are stormy months, especially toward the latter parts of the months, when rain and wind may be occasioned by the sudden changes in temperature which are due at those seasons of the year. There have been many severe storms at about the date of the equinox in March, some of them being so widespread as to include in their grasp half of the United States, but they were due to climatic conditions, and if the same conditions were present a week earlier in the month, as has often happened, the storm would result and would occasion no comment connected with the equinox.

"I don't like to destroy a popular fallacy," went on the forecast official, who is on the inside regarding changes in the weather, "but this equinoctial storm idea has gone far enough. In brief, no storm is caused by the equinox. If one arrives simultaneously with that date it is a mere coincidence and one

which is very likely to occur at that time in a stormy month. It nearly always rains on St. Patrick's day, if you will remember, but no one ever thought of blaming the date or the holiday for the storm. It is a coincidence likely to occur at that time of year, just like the storm which usually occurs on the date of the president's inauguration. If it rains on March 4 of other years no one notices it, except the weather bureau observers. The direction of public attention to a certain date. like that of the equinox, makes the weather on that day memorable to many people. Thousands, doubtless, can tell you how many successive years there has been a storm on March 21. But how many of them have kept track of the storms on March 11 or March 28? It would be just as sensible to ascribe those storms to the recurrence of that particular date rather than to natural conditions as to talk about an equinoctial storm on March 21."

#### A DISAPPEARING TOWN.

NORTHWICH, the center of the salt industry of Great Britain, is one of the queerest towns in the world. The whole underlying country is simply one mass of salt. The mining of the salt constitutes the staple industry of the district and from Northwich alone 1,200,000 tons of salt are shipped annually. When the industry was started it was considered that only one stratum of salt existed and that was only a few feet below the surface. Fresh water found its way to this extensive salt deposit, with the result that the salt dissolved like snow. A huge subterranean lake of water, charged with 26 per cent of salt, was thus formed. Pumping engines were installed to convey this brine to the surface to large evaporating pans. The result of this extensive pumping is that Northwich now rests, as it were, upon a shell of earth, which at times proves insufficient to support the weight of the town with the consequence that the buildings are constantly collapsing in every direction.

As the result of this subsidence one building recently fell upon its back in the course of a single night. This is by no means a single instance. Throughout the town the same effects are to be observed upon all sides.

There is scarcely a perpendicular wall to be seen; in numerous cases the doors and window frames of the houses are awry; the roads are uneven and are often closed, owing to the falling in of portions. In some cases the sinking is very gradual, while in others it is unexpected and instantaneous. One of the principal thoroughfares took forty years to sink fifteen feet, while another grew appreciably wider every day. Examination proved that one side of the street was slipping completely away. In this instance the foundations of the houses were three feet distant from the buildings which they originally supported.

The area in which these subsidences occur covers about two square miles. A few years ago the matter was brought to the attention of the British parliament and the result of their investigations showed that damage had been inflicted upon 802 buildings, of which total 636 comprised houses and cottages. Notwithstanding the frequency of these subsidences and that they are often unexpected, strange to say not a single life has been lost. Havoc has been wrought among cattle, however, several animals having been completely engulfed. A few years ago à compensation board was founded. This corporation levies a tax of 6 cents upon every ton of brine that is pumped to the surface, the revenue derived from this source being devoted to compensating those unfortunates whose property has been damaged by subsidence.

#### LONE CHILD TRAVELERS.

This is the age of travel, and especially juvenile travel. The railroads entering Chicago report a large increase in child travel this year, and officials of the different lines say it is a common sight to see children traveling long distances unaccompanied by fond parents or watchful chaperons. They are put into the conductor's care, and on arrival at Chicago are placed in the hands of the kindly station matrons, and cared for with the tenderness and interest of an affectionate mother.

There yet remains a case to be reported in which one of these small travelers missed his train or suffered any inconvenience from taking upon himself the responsibilities of a long journey. Suspended from a buttonhole of his garment or some favorite pin which children delight in wearing, swings a ticket much like an express check. On this tag or check is written the child's name, the starting point and destination, so there is nothing left for the authorities to do but to see that the child is properly transferred and placed safely aboard the train.

The youngest pair of lone travelers on record undoubtedly is the twin babies, three months of age, who passed through Chicago en route to San Francisco. These youthful tourists had been taken from the Orphans' Home in Philadelphia and were being transported to the city of the golden gate at the request of their maiden aunt. They were as comfortable and snug in their dainty bed in a clothes basket as their adult neighbors were in their luxurious compartment car. These motherless babes won the sympathy of all the passengers on the eastern limited, and dignified and gray-haired old men as well as aristocratic matrons found pleasure in fondling the wee strangers.

Last week little Edwin Cudgel, who claimed but eight years, came all the way from Berne, Switzerland, alone. The death of his parents within a few weeks of each other left the little Swiss-German lad destitute of home and country, and with fear and distrust of the new world before him, he entered upon the trip, timid, frightened and homesick. But seated on one of the long benches in the union immigrant station, with no other belongings except a small European-made valise and a small bundle, he looked supremely happy. He told immigrant agent Frankl in his native vernacular that he enjoyed the trip immensely, and his big blue eyes brightened as he recalled with youthful enthusiasm the pleasures of his adventures. His tag gave his destination as Butte, Mont., where he said he would make his home with his uncle on a sheep ranch.

A contemporary traveler was little Dora Wertz, whose greatest delight was reached on her unusual trip. Having been located in a children's home in Middleburg, Germany, by her relatives at Bourbon, Wis., she was promptly sent for to share their wealth and affections.

"Children make better travelers than grown people," said a prominent railroad official. "They are rarely sick and get more pleasure out of a trip, no matter how reduced their circumstances, than those who travel in the greatest luxury. Children are keen observers and have a capacity for enjoyment that is truly refreshing."

A few months ago a poor, distracted mother, going to meet her husband in Oklahoma with her two small children, was suddenly laid low by a bad attack of the measles. Being taken to the county hospital from the immigrant station she became almost insane at the thought of her absence from her children. But her fears were useless. The children were well cared for by the railroad company. Two of them-a boy of five years and his flaxenhaired sister of four-were tagged and sent on to their destination at the expense of the railroad company. Two weeks later the happy mother, with no worldly possession aside from her railroad ticket and mean garments. boarded a western train to join her dear ones. A flood of German oratory expressed her thanks to the officials for their thoughtful kindness to her and her children.

#### CANARY ISLES WHISTLE-TALK.

UNIQUE in one respect are the aborigines of the Canary Islands, as described by an anthropologist who has been studying them. He finds that instead of using words and syllables for the purpose of conversing with one another, they are wont to whistle like birds, neigh like horses and bellow like bulls. This anthropologist is M. O'Shea, and the story of his discovery has just appeared in the bulletin of the Biarritz association.

It was from these islands that ancestors of the canary birds originally came. It is the notes of these birds which the natives of the islands, who are known as Gomeros, cleverly imitate when they desire to converse. In Paris and other cities criminals have a regular code of signals, in which whistling plays its part, and which is used for the purpose of misleading the police. The Gomeros, however, have developed the art of whistling to the dignity of a regular language. Just as

birds express by their songs, their varied sentiments, so the Gomeros, by whistling and piping like the birds, can relate to each other all the news of the hour, and convey any impressions and ideas that they may desire.

A stranger wandering over the islands is frequently surprised to hear on a nearby hill-top the sound of loud whistling, which is quickly repeated on the next hill and so is carried from summit to summit until it dies away in the distance. It is the natives conversing about the events of the day, such as the arrival of the latest ship, the number of her passengers, the weather prospect and so on. Though they have no newspapers, the Gomeros are as eager for the latest news as the most civilized persons, and they whistle it to each other with amazing celerity.

No sooner, indeed, does a foreigner appear on the islands than a full description of him is flashed in this way from one end of the country to the other.

At a distance it is impossible to distinguish between a whistling Gomero and a singing canary, but the nearer one approaches to a Gomero the less marked does this resemblance become. The Gomero never ceases to imitate the canary, but at the same time he whistles with such power and intensity that the sound almost deafens those who are unaccustomed to it and who suddenly hear it near them.

Yet this sound is soft and melodious compared with other sounds which the Gomeros also make. Being high spirited and proud, they frequently desire to express exultation or triumph or some other strong sentiment, and on such occasions they either neigh like horses or bellow like bulls. Thus they use not only a main language, but also two dialects, which horses and bulls have taught them.

A BLAIR, Nebr., boy recently tried to enlist in the navy at the Omaha recruiting station. He stood the physical examination, but when asked to pick certain colored cards from a basket he failed lamentably. To him the colors gray, orange, yellow, light green and dark blue appeared to be brown.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### CARIBOU SWIFT OF FOOT.

A MAN lately returned from the woods says that a caribou can run faster than any other animal on legs. He says:

"I have a friend who owns a greyhound, and he always maintained that no animal could outrun the dog—at least, he thought so until lately, when he stood by and saw the fleet dog run off his feet by a herd of caribou that didn't seem to be in much of a hurry either.

"One day this friend of mine was bragging about the dog to an old woods guide, when the latter said he could find an animal that would leave the hound so far behind that he would think he was anchored. This touched my friend in a sensitive spot, and a wager of \$10 was made on a race between the hound and the first caribou we came across.

"Finally the guide succeeded in getting the dog after some caribou, a herd of four, found standing like so many statues on the ice in the middle of one of the big ponds of the Penobscot west branch region. You know a caribou trots instead of runs like most wild animals. There had been a good fall of snow, a light rain which formed a thick crust, and then about three inches more of snow. It was the finest kind of surface for running, and when the greyhound was turned loose his owner confidently expected that he would play tag with those caribou.

"The dog went after them like a wild locomotive, and the caribou started. At first they didn't appear to be going very fast, but as the hound drew up on them they let out a link. The hound was running his prettiest, and before the caribou had had time to think he was right up on them.

"Then they put on steam and it was a sight to see them go. Why, when they struck their gait they pulled away from that dog as though he had been anchored, and by the time they had reached the end of the pond the hound wasn't half way across.

"When the dog came back he was sadder and wiser and his master looked dazed. To be sure, a greyhound is fast, but when you come to stack greyhounds or any other kind of hounds against caribou you are in too fast a game—sure!"

#### DISEASES THAT ARE SPREAD BY PETS.

THERE are many bachelors, lonely women and childless couples who lavish their affection on some pet dog, cat, bird or horse. Dog or cat shares the bed of master or mistress; they eat their meals from the master's or mistress's plates; and many, many a fond kiss is pressed on dog's black muzzle, cat's and birdie's head, and horse's moist nose. Tastes differ. But it should be remembered that the above-mentioned tastes are distinctly dangerous.

Dogs snuffle around everywhere; are not at all particular. Neither are they dainty in their manners. The dog is likely to be externally and internally full of disease germs, most of which thrive also on or in the human organism. The mange is caused by a very small parasite. Another parasite passing from dog or cat to man is the "demodox folliculorum," which enters the sebaceous glands of the face, and in particular those of the eyelids.

The pip of birds is transmissible to human beings. The greatest harm, however, may come from parrots. These seemingly harmless pets often become the victims of a kind of pneumonia, which becomes dangerous also to the man or woman fondling a pet so afflicted. Not long ago an epidemic which scattered all over the city of Paris was traced to infection from sick parrots. Two bird dealers had brought 500 parrots from Buenos Ayres to Paris. Both men fell sick of pneumonia and

one of them died. From the latter's dwelling the disease spread, first attacking those persons who had attended to the sick man or to the parrots. Of seventy victims thirty-four died. Investigation developed that all the parrots were sick, the respective bacillus reaching human beings even without direct contact with a sick bird, infection being carried, in one case, by the casual cleaning of a cage.

#### SCRATCH A TOAD'S BACK.

Toads are a valuable acquisition to a greenhouse, for they are always ready and pleased to dispose of a bug or a beetle, and their sudden darts invariably bring down their prey. They can be easily tamed, and, when once they find out that no harm is meant them, their friendliness is extreme.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

#### MIGRATION OF BUTTERFLIES.

FOR weeks a remarkable migration has been taking place in Southern California, and it is still in progress. The migrant is a brown butterfly, known as *Pyarameis cardui*.

At first the butterflies were noticed in twos and threes, then in dozens, then in countless thousands, all flying in one direction, to the northwest and parallel to the Sierra Madre range. Some idea of the numbers can be conceived when it is said that in looking across a lawn, 90 by 40 feet, four or five butterflies are

continually crossing the line of vision, and this was true, so far as could be learned, of every lot in the vicinity.

The insects move with a regular rate of speed, always in the same direction; now in pairs, again singly or in groups of ten or twelve. Such specimens examined show that they traveled a long distance, and it is thought by some that the migration began in Mexico, hundreds of miles away.

In attempting to guess at the cause it may be assumed that it has been a favorable year for this butterfly in some region to the South, and that the countless caterpillars have changed into butterflies in such vast swarms that to obtain food they have begun this migration, the direction of which has been governed to some extent by the mountain range.

#### PLANT AND ANT IN PARTNERSHIP.

What do you think of an alliance between a plant and an ant, a veritable reciprocal treaty whereby the plant furnishes food for the ant and the ant furnishes protection for the plant?

This is an actual existing relation in Australia, where a small pugnacious ant and the bull's horn thorn live together under really remarkable conditions.

But for the plant the ant would be without food, and but for the ant the plant would be destroyed by several varieties of insects that attack its leaves.

The reciprocal plan and agreement is this: The thorn at the end of each leaf has a pair of hollow horns, around which is secreted a substance fitted for food for the ant, and which is renewed by the plant as rapidly as it is consumed. In these horns the ant lives and finds his natural nourishment within easy reach.

He objects emphatically to the presence of other insects, and as soon as any of the little enemies of the plant alight on the leaf which he has pre-empted he darts from his home in the thorn and makes such a fierce attack on the intruder that he is glad to make a hurried escape or else loses his life in the attempt to hold his position.

It is a fact that the hair of the dead often grows in the grave.

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22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### GRADUATION.

This month thousands of young people will be graduated from our colleges everywhere and will go forth to conquer. Mr. G. Washington Jones, from Jonesville, will receive his diploma, showing that he has had a chance to know it all, and will proceed to go into the world to show others how things should be done, and likely as not he will be shown. This is a hard-hearted, money-getting world and the general manager of the railroad wants not so much Sophocles as he does a man to beat the other fellow on the rival line.

Then there is Kathryne Mae, who, having taken a somewhat thinner course than her friend, G. W., will get her diploma, done up with a pink ribbon, and go forth in all the freshness of her white dress to lead the higher life. Alas and alack! Ten years hence she will have found out that all babies cut teeth, bawl at night, and get the colic, turn purple in the face and threaten to die then and there. The diploma will be in the far end of the lower bureau drawer and the soothing syrup on the nearest table top.

Yet both of them are immensely better off for their college days. They are more alert mentally, and have a far keener intellectual reach of vision. It has paid them a thousand-fold, not as they thought it would be, but as it really is in life. God bless you, my children, take your diplomas and remember that they mean only a certificate that you had a chance. Whether it is to do you any good all depends on what you will do with yourself in the years to come.

#### THE LAST CONFERENCE.

In the language of our "regular correspondent," the past Conference is now "a thing of the past." Those who were not present did not miss much in the way of eloquence or large exploitation, for there was not much of either. There was nothing up that called for it. Those who were present were glad that it comes but once a year, and they were glad when it was over.

The location was as good as any of its kind, but it was not the best of its kind. Our people prefer a clean, open woods, and plenty of good water. There was neither of these at Lincoln. A few small trees afforded indifferent shade. and had it been excessively hot there would have been much suffering. The water supply was in open barrels and where one of these was much patronized the slop about it was unpleasant. All this was unavoidable. The Lincoln people do not have forests and springs at command. They did as well as they could with the facilities at hand and this is all that anybody can do anywhere. But the general feeling, as the 'Nookman heard it expressed, was that of a discomfort. The city and its people did their best and did it well. There was no lack of courtesy or appreciation on either side. But while man made Lincoln and did a very good job, the good Lord makes the groves and forests and they beat all the rest for an Annual Meeting place.

#### THE EDITOR'S NECKTIE.

THE 'NOOKMAN acknowledges the receipt of a box by mail, suspiciously light, and which when opened contained a cast-off snake skin, about seven feet long, from a snake that was about as thick as one's arm. Apparently it came from the Indian Territory, and on a card were

the words: "A necktie for the Editor." That was all.

Thanks. We are not wanting a necktie, but we are glad for the skin, and will make it the subject of an article one of these days, how the snake gets out of his old clothes, and when and what he does it for. All such things are welcome, doubly so if there is a descriptive letter accompanying the gift telling its history. Here is a little snake lore. All the harmless snakes of this country have oval heads, all the deadly ones triangular heads. All the same I wouldn't take them in hand to examine into the matter. If you give a snake half a chance he will get out of your way fast enough.

Some of the 'Nook subscribers do not get their copies for thirty days after the date of publication, but they are none the less interested.

#### QUERIES.

Do the Brethren at Elgin have a Sunday school? Yes, and a good one.

How do the X rays get their name?

Roentgen, the discoverer, not sure of what they were, called them the X rays,—the unknown quantity.

How does a rabbit run, compared with a horse?

It doesn't run at all. It hops. Its hops while eating, or moving here and there when at rest, are lengthened out when it goes fast, but it never runs, which is an entirely different movement.

Could I raise peafowls with an incubator and a brooder?

No. The peafowl peep would die for lack of food, as the old one, the natural mother, puts the food in the mouth of the young and they will not take it otherwise in enough quantity to live.

Why is a seventeen-year-old locust so-called?

There is no such thing. The cicada, or harvest fly, called the seventeen-year locust, gets its name from remaining in the ground for seventeen years. Its life on the earth is perhaps six weeks.

Why are eggs round?

They are not by any manner of means always round. The eggs of some insects are wedge-shaped, angular, and of different shapes for each insect. Some eggs have no shell, turtle eggs for illustration.

Why does a crow settle its wings after a flight?

It does it invariably three times, because there are three sets of feathers, and in the act of flying they are differently disposed. When settling, after a flight, it takes three separate movements of the wings to get them back into place.

I read in the 'NOOK that the hog is a cleanly animal. How is this true?

He is dirty because man compels him to be. All animals are personally cleanly if allowed a chance. There may be, and is, always a distinctive smell about each, but they keep their bodies as cleanly as possible. Did you never see animals "wash their faces"?

I am seventeen years old and am engaged to a woman nearly thirty. Friends are interfering. Have they any right to do so?

If you were not a 'Nooker, and had not appealed to us, we would call you several kinds of fool. The "nearly thirty" woman who would rope in a boy of seventeen is a contemptible schemer. The chances are she is playing you for prospective profit. Break away at once and see her show her hand in threats. She can't do a thing as you are a minor and can't contract a legal bargain. You'll be good and sorry later if you marry her.

Has my father a right to draw my wages till I am 21?

Yes, a legal right. Something depends on what he does with it as to the moral side. If he is paying for a home that shelters you, and in which you will have a final interest, or is wiping out a debt while it is possible, or something of that kind, you should co-operate cheerfully, and you might voluntarily offer to help and actually do so to your credit and his satisfaction. If, on the other hand, your wage is squandered in drink it is a hard case, but you have no legal way out of it. Help in one case, and grin and bear it in the other.

#### A "VANDOO."

It is not difficult to find the place even among a wilderness of untrodden ways. From a distance one notes that the houses bear a self-conscious expression, and when a few moments later, a sea of buggy tops and a mass of wheels, spokes and the like as complicated as a ship's rigging comes into view, there is no doubt in one's mind as to just where the auction is. Then all along the road various equipages have been seen all tending in one direction as vessels at sea form a procession to make a certain harbor hours before land is sighted. All these indications speak as eloquently to the auction hunter as the startled whir of wings in the deep woods does to the hunter of smaller game.

Notices of the projected sale have appeared at intervals on the way, and the woodcut of the house that adorns them has doubtless lent the attractive power of its presence to thousands. Such seems like a good omen, and one pushes confidently on.

In the spring, when ways be foul, the procession of would-be investors in live stock and farming implements resembles a bedraggled chariot race, the mud of the almost impassable roads having lent a bit of massive Roman character to the wheels of the farmer's wagon. Tunic and toga, improvised for the occasion from the horse blankets and shawls, protect the tiller of the soil and his family from the biting spring winds, and add another Romanesque touch to the equipage. Then when assembled along the fences and under the trees where the sale is to take place, wagons, horses, harness are all one and the same in color, varying only in tone according as the mud is wet or dry, and forming a fine analogous harmony with the silver-gray of the unpainted barns and the golden branches of the awakening willows.

In the summer the dust does quite as artistic a piece of work as the spring mud in subduing bright-colored vehicles and arranging a fine scale of tones. There is, in pleasant weather, a greater variety of equipages. The new buggy is there, which the boys worked hard to pay for, and of which the old man still disapproves, with a raw-boned colt between the shafts; the old horse and easy phaeton

disinterred after a winter's hibernation for the women to drive; the light sulky and pawing pacer belonging to the greatest dandy and breaker of hearts in the neighborhood; all these are noticeable. But the true rural resident reckons conservatism among his many good qualities, and father and mother still ride in the high-seated lumber wagon in full view of the younger son in his new buggy, equipped with nickeled hubs and soft cushions.

The auction is welcomed by the farmer for several reasons; it is, perhaps, an opportunity to secure a bargain in stock or farming tools; and it is an excellent chance to spend a day with one's neighbors and talk over crops, prospects, hog feeding and stock breeding. Each man's scientific knowledge and experience is set forth for the benefit of his brother agriculturist in matters which are quite as important to him as great political issues are to a statesman. Then there are social advantages not easily understood by the unrural mind.

The women, while taking no active part in the bidding on live stock or tools, still show a lively interest in the prices of cattle, pigs and poultry, and in the matter of household goods, which are carefully inspected, and detect with unerring accuracy the slightest flaw or fault of construction in churns, stoves, or parlor furniture.

There is a stir as the auctioneer drives up an imposing, loud-voiced personage, who shakes hands right and left, calls every one by his first name, and makes hearty observations on the warmth of the weather. A somewhat overwhelming cordiality is evidently a part of his stock in trade.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will step this way we will begin the sale with this stove. What am I offered to start it? Two dollars. Two dollars only for this fine stove, almost new; just the thing for your sitting room this winter, Reuben. Two I am offered, three will you make it; three do you go? And three dollars is all I'm offered for this beautiful parlor stove; all it needs is a coat of polish and you—why, you wouldn't know it. It's worth ten dollars if it's worth a cent. Four dollars, who makes it five? Why, it's

worth five dollars just as an ornament! Four and a half. Thank you. Five I am offered. Five "—and again rises the melancholy wail, "and all I'm offered, gentlemen, for this beautiful stove is five dollars. Five and—"

The fate of this stove that a coat of polish would transform hangs trembling in the balance, when with a reckless accent into a higher key he proclaims "canrunonnolonger!" and knocks it off to the highest bidder.

The successful auctioneer is an artist. He knows just how far he can raise the bidding, just when to introduce a time-honored witticism, when to seem annoyed and say: "Come, come, gentlemen, you know what these things are worth as well as I do," when a blissful ignorance on that point pervades all the company, himself included. He usually knows the value of things pretty accurately, but sometimes he happens upon a puzzle. Nothing daunted, he will hold up some very mysterious contrivance, remarking: "We will now proceed to the sale of this article, and a very useful thing it is, as you all know." Then he will stop in the middle of a sentence to hold out his hand with a "How are you, Bill? Warm!" And then seize an opportunity to see how things stand.

A cordial ring characterizes his tone, when, at the prompting of the man of the house, he advises the company, about noon, that luncheon is to be served. There is a general movement toward the dooryard, where people are passing about large milk pails piled high with cheese, crackers and cake. The women will probably be asked indoors, where each may enjoy the luxury of a plate heaped high with characteristic dainties; chocolate cake, jelly cake, pickles, cookies, apple pie, doughnuts and cheese. All of these are of noble proportions, particularly the pickles, which are giants among their kind. Pie and pickles immediately go into partnership; the chocolate cake and cheese stick closer than brothers. but nobody minds these accidental affinities, and with the aid of copious drafts of milk the lofty piles vanish away, leaving no sign save a few crumbs on the plate and a beatific smile on the face of the consumer. When every one's appetite is satisfied the sale is resumed, probably, by this time in the neighborhood of the barns, and the voice again breaks out:

"Only \$50 for this reaper and binder that cost \$150 in oat harvest last year. Gentlemen, I don't blame you for gettin' these things as cheap as ye kin, but don't rob this young man who's just a new beginner. Fifty-five—thank you! Will you make it 60? Sixty-one will you go?" The bidding narrows down to two eager men, from one to the other of whom the auctioneer turns with his questions, to be answered by a curt, almost imperceptible nod in each case, until one reaches his limit and turns on his heel.

Now the bewildered cows are singled out and driven between two lines of serious, attentive men, while the auctioneer draws attention to their points, dwelling on or discreetly failing to mention their age, as the case may demand.

But, unquestionably, the sublime moment is when the crowd adjourns to the pigpen, where all lean heavily upon it, gazing with judicial gravity at its happy inmates, while the auctioneer works himself into a perfect frenzy of eloquence. He unbuttons his waistcoat, loosens his collar and proceeds to scale unexpected hights of oratory.

The afternoon wanes. The sun that has so long been beating fiercely upon the heads of the people strikes less directly, and a grateful breeze springs up. The cows graze on contentedly, little dreaming that to-night unknown hands will pluck forth their milk. The hens that have just been sold at so much a head, scratch away unconcernedly, not knowing that by another sun their feet will be upturning alien soil. The pigs cheerfully go on wallowing in mire which is never again to cool their sides. It would be easy to continue these sad reflections through the whole category of the day's sale, but why harrow one's feelings unnecessarily? At last the final sale is made, and the auction is at an end. The procession that starts away is a curious one. Here a farmer leads a lowing cow, while his wife follows with two Plymouth rocks, held ignominiously by the legs, their coral combs in the dust. One man has a clock in his arms, and his neighbor is struggling with a brace of calves whose ideas as to the proper road differ materially from each other's and from his, and in whom an ill-timed propensity toward play manifests itself from time to time.

At last you drive away at the end of the long line of vehicles which loses itself in the cloud of dust far ahead. And from time to time there arises above your reflections upon the fleeting nature of earthly possessions, the echo of a wail like unto a lost soul, "And all I'm offered—is \$5."

#### MINTING MONEY FOR FOREIGNERS.

An "Insular Dollar" is urgently wanted in the Philippines, where the Mexican dollar is getting so scarce as to interfere with business. If Congress authorizes such a coin, it will resemble the Mexican dollar, will be of the same value, and will be redeemable for fifty cents in gold. Thus it will find its way readily into circulation, and will put the archipelago on a gold basis.

Of course, it will be minted in Philadelphia, where all the out-of-the-way coins that Uncle Sam turns out are made. Our Government stamps many a queer piece of money that nobody in this country ever sees, and the job work of the Quaker City mint includes some odd contracts. For example, last year that institution manufactured 320,000 gold pieces for Costa Rica, the denominations being five colons, ten colons and twenty colons. A colon is 46½ cents.

Uncle Sam advertises to do job work of this kind for any nation that chooses to employ him, but his customers are the minor republics in the Western Hemisphere. He gets all the contracts they have to give out, because he charges only net cost, attending to the business merely for the sake of friendliness. Just what his customers pay him nobody can possibly find out, inasmuch as it is a secret, but such matters are always arranged through the Minister at Washington who represents the foreign country. He speaks to the Secretary of State on the subject, and the latter fixes it with the Secretary of the Treasury.

It costs a great deal of money to build and equip a mint, and a small country finds it much cheaper to get its coins made by a big nation that already owns a plant. Three years ago Costa Rica established a gold basis,

and immediately ordered \$279,293 worth of ten-colon pieces, following up this order with another for 40,000 twenty-colon pieces. In 1898 it required 20,000 twenty-colon pieces, and still the needs of the little Central American republic for high-standard currency appear to be unsatisfied. Enough of our own gold coin to make the requisite amount of bullion was delivered in each instance at the mint before the job was undertaken.

In 1898 Uncle Sam coined 3,326,714 "silver" pieces for San Domingo, and in 1800 an additional 906,089. These were dollars (pesos), half-dollars, quarters and dimes, and the blank disks ready to be stamped were furnished to the mint by the agent of that Government. To call them silver, however, is rather absurd, inasmuch as they contain only twenty per cent, of that metal, the remainder being copper and nickel. They were good enough for the little republic, very profitable to the Administration that issued them, and are sure never to find their way out of the island, inasmuch as nobody elsewhere would accept them.

Congress authorized the Treasury Department to make coins for foreign nations away back in 1874, and the first work of the kind undertaken by our Government was the manufacture of \$100,000 worth of one-cent and two-cent pieces for Venezuela. We ship the silver coins, when finished, in bags packed in boxes, but the gold pieces go in herring casks, being so much heavier. In every case the Government that gives the order must furnish the dies.

## THE EDUCATIONAL SIDE OF THE ANNUAL MEETING.

REFERENCE is not had to the schools or their demonstration at the Conference, but to the improvement of mind and heart that comes of meeting people we know or have heard of, and in seeing and hearing those whose names are household words in the Brotherhood. Life is slow enough in many of the country places, and this getting off the wheel for a week at a stretch is rejuvenating to mind and body. The sights and scenes at the crowded station, the "strange brethren," and how people away from home live and act are all educators.

There is danger in getting into a rut. It is not the danger that kills, but the trouble is that it stunts and dwarfs one. He who is never away from the sight of his native hills comes to think that he knows it all, and he estimates all things by his surrounding measures. A man never is able to get far beyond his standards. At the Conference people from all sides are in evidence. What they say, and how they look and act, are made subjects of comparison and afford food for thought. And it is a good thing for all to lay aside the work for a week and take in the meeting, and be benefited thereby.

#### PAUL'S CHURCH.

PROFESSOR MARTIN L. DODGE, of the University of Michigan, has lately unearthed in the buried Greek city of Corinth something of profound interest to the Christian world.

It is the church in which St. Paul preached. While his men were at work last summer, a small marble slab was found, unpromising in appearance, and no different in shape from many other pieces that had been found. It was four feet long, one foot wide and seven inches deep. A corner was broken off and the dressed face was buried in the ground. Yet that solitary little piece of marble was to prove of more interest to the Christian world than all the other relics found. It was to take sacred rank with the many holy relics of the early Christian era. For when the marble was turned over there appeared the earth-filled-up inscription in Greek:

"Synagogue of the Hebrews."

That stone, then, had been part of the early Christian church. The inscriptions on such buildings were put upon the lintel of stone above the entrance, spanning the door posts.

Under the stone the Apostle Paul had passed again and again during his sojourn in Corinth. Within its hallowed precincts his Epistles to the Corinthians had been read.

Reverently it was taken up. Other ruins of the church were sought. But only crumbled pieces of stone, that might or might not belong to the building, were close by. Only the lintel of the door post was left—but that showed where Paul had preached, and what stories it could tell!

#### THE MAKING OF GAS MANTLES.

PROBABLY no one who has seen the filmy white mantle that hangs about the flame of the upto-date gas light has failed to wonder of what material this noncombustible affair is made. It looks so like tissue paper that despite reason one almost expects it to flash up in flame at any moment.

It is made of an ash consisting mainly of the oxides of certain rare metals. These metals are lanthanum, yttrium, zirconium and others, which are rendered incandescent by heating to a high temperature.

A six-cord cotton thread is woven on a knitting machine into a tube of knitted fabric of a rather open mesh. This web has the grease and dirt thoroughly washed out of it, is dried and is cut into lengths double that required for a single mantle. It is then saturated in a solution containing the requisite oxides, wrung out, stretched over spools and dried. Next, the double-length pieces are cut into two, the top of each piece is doubled back and sewed with a platinum wire, which draws the top in and provides a means of supporting the mantle, when finished, from the wire holder.

After stretching the mantle over a form, smoothing it down and fastening the platinum wire to the wire mantle holder, the mantle is burned out by touching a "Bunsen" burner to the top. The cotton burns off slowly, leaving a skeleton mantle of metallic oxides, which preserves the exact shape and detail of every cotton fiber. The soft oxides are then hardened in a "Bunsen" flame.

A stronger mantle is made upon lacemaking machinery.

#### VERY EXPLOSIVE WOOD, THIS.

"One of the most puzzling of the many difficult [problems that confront our trade is how to get rid of the empty casks that have contained nitroglycerin," said a manufacturer of explosives. "The wood of the casks becomes so saturated with nitroglycerin that in explosiveness it equals the nitroglycerin itself.

"It does not pay, nor is it safe, to refill the casks. To burn them is out of the question.

If left around, they are a constant menace, for while all men are prone to show their respect for a dangerous explosive, there are few that think that harm can come of a kick at an empty barrel. There is nothing to do but to explode the casks.

"This is generally done by placing them on open ground and firing a rifle bullet at them from a safe distance. The concussion produced by the bullet is more than enough to bring about an explosion, and there is one good thing about those casks when they go off—there are no fragments to pick up.

"When I said that the shock of the bullet was more than sufficient I meant every word of it. To prove this I'll just tell you what happened at our factory not so very long ago. Two empty nitroglycerin casks were to be blown up. Three men with a team of horses, a wagon and a rifle set about the business. They reached the spot selected for the explosion in safety, and lifted the casks to the ground.

"One of the casks was carried to a proper distance. The other was left standing near the wagon. The man who was to do the shooting then conceived the idea of leaning his rifle against the top of this second cask to get a better aim.

"Well, when he fired, there were two simultaneous explosions. His bullet hit its mark and did its work. At the same time the other cask was exploded by the slight jar produced by the firing of the shot. The three men, the two horses and the wagon were literally swept off the earth, and when a few moments later you passed the spot where they had stood it was hard to believe that they had ever existed. The largest fragment recovered after them was a harness buckle."—New York Sun.

## TELEPHONE SLOT REDEEMS MUTILATED TEN-CENT PIECES.

"The telephone slot machines are doing an enormous work in the matter of taking wornout dimes out of circulation," explained a treasury official to a reporter. "There is nothing to prevent worn-out, mutilated and almost smooth dimes from being put into the slots, and as a result many persons keep the worn-out dimes for that particular purpose.

"Many druggists and others who keep public telephones make no objection to taking mutilated dimes any more, for the reason that they keep a supply on hand to do a telephone business with. When they see that a telephone user is going to put a new dime in the slot they simply take it in and hand a wornout dime in exchange. Of course the telephone user makes no objection, and in goes the worn-out or mutilated coin.

"After it gets in there the telephone companies do the rest. Every time they get a quantity on hand, for the government does not care to bother with sums of less than \$100, they send them to a subtreasury, and in Washington to the Treasury Department direct, for redemption. The result is that through the telephone companies alone over \$1,000 worth of mutilated or worn-out dimes are redeemed each week.

"Business people have already begun to notice that the great majority of the dimes now in circulation are in much better condition than they were even six months ago. In a lesser degree the redemption of a great quantity of quarters and halves is effected through the long-distance telephones."

#### NOISELESS POWDER THE LATEST.

THE success of smokeless powder in modern warfare has been such as to prompt a man of an inventive turn of mind to manufacture a powder which is said to be also noiseless. It is the invention of a German workman who studied the chemistry of explosives in this country. He has already given a private exhibition of the practicability of his discovery with considerable success. A shell loaded with his powder was fired at a target fifty vards away and the only sound indicating the explosion was the falling of the plunger of the shell. Bohnengal, which is the name of the inventor, has not, it is said, yet sold the secret of the process, but is still in treaty with different governments for its purchase.

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THE district from which a Chinese woman comes can be told by the style in which she dresses her hair. Hair dressing is the most important part of a Chinese woman's toilet.

### LOGIC LIGHTENS LABOR.

BY JOON DICK.

MRS. SOLOMON BENJAMIN PEARLFARB is the wiry and wrinkled relict of a Senagambian Jew, and while her own blood is a blend of Bedouin, Gypsy and Canadian-French, she incorporates more logic and business method in the general management of her household affairs than any woman I have met in an acquaintance which extends throughout the length and breadth of the land. She is the mistress of a large southern plantation, and her many original methods and devices for practical economy and convenience, would make an illustrated volume that would immediately become an acknowledged authority on American housekeeping.

Mrs. Pearlfarb is "at home" to her friends every day in the week except Sunday, and I am sure there is no reader of the Inglenook, who is on the alert for new ideas, that would not profitably enjoy a ramble through her great model mansion, which is beautifully situated in the ever-changing shadows of the Great Smoky Mountains.

It is my intention, in this brief mention, to speak only of Mrs. Pearlfarb's management of her family washing, and I trust that many who read may profit by her example.

The American people, either by common consent or by sheer force of habit, have set apart Monday of each week as a national washday. Yet, not infrequently, on account of unfavorable weather, company, or other interference the washing is postponed until the next day. At such a time, let me ask, did anyone ever notice any perceptible increase in the size of the "wash?" Who discovered the delay of a day made a greater number of pieces to go through the tubs on the following Monday? Now I must tell you that Mrs. Pearlfarb, in the economic management of her home, purposely postponed her washing for one day in each and every week in the year. For instance, she began the new century by having the washing done on the first Monday in January; the next, the next Tuesday; the next, the next Wednesday; the next, the next Thursday; and so on till the end of the year.

What does she gain by this?

Kindly take your calendar and mark each washday by this order of things, and you will quickly see that you have only forty-three washdays in the year—in place of fifty-two.

Mrs. Pearlfarb says: "No, no, there is no objection to my plan. I notice no difference whatever in the size of my washings. But, mind you, I completely annihilate nine Blue Mondays from the calendar of Time. I also save nine disquieting ironing days for more agreeable occupation. Why, bless you, in five or six years, I save a whole year's washing and ironing, and yet I am continually having women say that they cannot find time to improve their minds, or even go to church."

### BRIDE'S PROMISE TO OBEY.

THE promise of the wife to obey (in the marriage service) is the ragged remnant from the days when women were the despised servants and drudges of men.

In old English usage the woman promised to be "buxom" (bow-some, submissive). Now the phrase is, in nearly all churches, that she will "love, honor and obey him."

The obedience is made very pronounced; and after the service, as they march from the church, the organ rattles out the music, "Now You Are Married, You Must Obey," and the bride is gibed about her promise, and declares that she had told the expectant groom she would say it, but that she did not mean to keep the vow.

What ought to be the most serious promise of marriage, the pledge of dutiful affection and fidelity, becomes a joke and a farce, just because priests and people will keep in the service of marriage the words which perpetuate an antiquated, obsolete condition of social life.

Still clergymen of conservative ideas and whole denominations that provide a required form of marriage, insist on the retention of the falsehood Sometimes they even try to justify it from Scripture. They quote Paul on the silence and obedience of women, as if what was right in Paul's day were to be right always.

They even go back to the garden of Eden for argument. But we know better now, because social and moral conditions are better. When the condition changes the law changes.

But the sad thing is to see these teachers of religion requiring women to perjure themselves on such a solemn occasion, to promise to do what they do not intend to do, and ought not to engage to do. It is of a piece with the pledge required of ministers or theological professors giving their adhesion to a creed which was made generations ago, and which can be accepted only in some very loose construction of language.

It tends to insincerity, flippancy of thought about marriage, even to misunderstandings and differences that may lead to quarrels and divorce.

Marriage is the foundation of society; it should be the fit foundation for the best society we know. Such society requires the best development of woman as well as of man. It makes neither a tyrant nor a slave, but each the helpful mate and adviser of the other.

In such society as the Christian religion has developed, with education and culture the right and the achievement of the woman as well as of the man should be recognized. To require the woman to put herself under the will of the man, to obey him, as well as to love and honor him, is a cruel, wicked anachronism; and no clergyman is justified in compelling a woman to make such a promise, and hardly so even if she desires to make it.

For her to make it is to dishonor her sex, if she intends to keep it; and if not it is a falsehood which, on such a solemn occasion and on so serious a subject, approaches perjury.

### FORETELL COMING STORM.

According to Dr. Eydam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a network of near-by wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and

ascertain whether there was any connection between the sound and such changes in the weather.

As a heavy shower of rain fell within fortyeight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station he concluded that there was such a connection, and then he determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indication of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.

Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours, and on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.

### SIGNALS AMONG TRADESMEN.

BROKERS and tradesmen in England have an elaborate code of signals which is used between partners in the presence of a third party, and some attempts have already been made to introduce the same into this country. In making a "deal" one partner will telegraph the other "raise the price" by passing the finger over his upper lip, "lower the price" by stroking his lower lip.

"Be cautious" is indicated by rubbing the left eye with the back of the forefinger. "Accept offer" or "clinch the deal" is conveyed by pulling the waistcoat down with both hands, as if straightening it, and "stop negotiations" by biting at the thumbnail. The sign "postpone" is made by passing the hand over the forehead.

Another signal is to wind the watch chain about the left fore finger, which means "the applicant for employment will not do." Placing the finger tips of both hands together means that the interviewed employe is to be dismissed. When a shop-walker extends the first two fingers of the right hand and grips the others, the assistants know that the customer is a kleptomaniac

### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

### THE HOLY LAND AT THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY D. L. MILLER.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."—Luke 2: 1.

At the birth of Christ Rome was the one great, world-domineering power. Under its sceptre the nations of the earth were united, and its emperor, bearing the proud title of Cæsar Augustus, was the sole ruler of the vast realms of the then known world. And strange to say among all the turbulent nations and kingdoms forming the mighty empire peace held her sway. Among the rude tribes of the frontiers, on the shores of the Euphrates, and in the forests of Northern Germany, conflicts occurred, such as were witnessed in our land among the Indians in recent years, but the vast Roman empire enjoved peace wherever the shadow of its eagles fell. The Mediterranean Sea was a "great Roman lake," and all the countries in its wide extended borders paid tribute to Rome, where imperial Cæsar ruled absolute monarch over all. His imperial word was law and at his command nations and kingdoms obeyed.

In the fullness of time Augustus sent forth his decree that all the world should be taxed, and from Spain to Egypt, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, and from Britain to India the whole world moved to obey its master. In Palestine every man sought his own town, or his own city, to be registered and to pay tribute to the potentate of Rome. Joseph and Mary, his espoused wife, she bearing with her the holiest burden ever committed to maternal love and care, also came to their own town to be taxed. Centuries before the prophet of God had pointed out Bethlehem of Judea as the birthplace of the long-expected Messiah, and the imperious Cæsar set all the world in motion that Joseph and Mary might be brought to Bethlehem and that Christ might be born in the city of David as the prophets had foretold.

In all these multiplied movements and

combinations among the people of the world the hand of God is clearly visible. The way was prepared for the coming Christ. Peace reigned in all the world, and it was fitting that there should be peace among all nations when the Great Prince of Peace Himself was born. Merchants and travelers passed in safety and security from land to land, and "trading vessels might bear their ventures to any port, for all lands and all coasts were under the same laws, and all mankind, for a time, were citizens of a common state" with peace within all its borders. Only a short time after the death of our Lord, it is recorded that there were in Jerusalem devout men from every country in the universal empire. This condition was favorable to the rapid spread of the Gospel of Christ and its early and rapid extension among the countries of the world is one of the great marvels of its introduction among men.

When Christ was born, Palestine was ruled by Herod the King, vassal, and entirely dependent for authority upon Augustus. Then the country was not as it now is, less than half tilled and in parts almost without inhabitants. Then it was covered with towns and cities and teemed with human life and activity. The fertile plains produced rich harvests of grain, and the hills and mountains, terraced from base to top, bore rich fruitage of grapes, figs, and pomegranates, while in every part rich pasturage was to be found for flock and herd. Josephus says in those days there were in Galilee alone two hundred and four cities and towns, the smallest containing a population of not less than fifteen thousand souls. North of Galilee the ruins of three hundred and sixtyfive towns have been discovered, giving evidence of the truth of the saying among the Arabs "that a man might formerly have traveled for a year in this district and never have slept twice in the same village." Judea to the south was also quite populous. The plain of Sharon with its agricultural possibilities and the ruined terraces on its mountain sides, and its broken reservoirs and cisterns, are mute witnesses of its one time great fertility. It is estimated that in the most populous part of Palestine, including the fertile plain of Esdraelon, there was a population of fifteen

hundred to the square mile. The same density of population would crowd the incredible number of over eighty million people into the State of Illinois. Taking the dense population into consideration one can better understand the scriptural allusions to how the multitudes thronged to hear him who spoke as never man spake.

Joseph and Mary dwelt in Nazareth not far from the Sea of Galilee, and in their journey to Bethlehem would pass by Jerusalem then as now the great Bible City of the world. Whether they tarried at the Holy City or not we cannot tell, but in going down to Bethlehem they would visit a spot, within a mile of Bethlehem, sacred to Jewish memory, and hallowed to all the world because of the touching and pathetic tragedy which occurred here. It was the spot where Jacob's first love, Rachel, died and was buried. When Israel was an old man ready to go hence his memory went back to the best loved wife of his youth, and with trembling voice, broken with grief, he spoke of the death of his beloved in these words: "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem." It is the old, old story, understood only in its full meaning by those from whose hearts the light of life has gone out by the death of a first love. The tomb of Rachel stands to-day, as it stood there by the way, where yet there is but a little way to come unto Bethlehem.

The Bethlehem of to-day stands where it stood in the days of Ruth and Naomi, and where it stood when the Christ Child was cradled in a manger within its walls. Hard by the city gate is the well from which David longed to drink and where three of his bravest and mightiest men broke through the hosts of the Philistines and brought him the cool, refreshing water he denied his thirsty lips and throat and "poured it out to the Lord." From the crest of the limestone ridge, on which the city has stood all these centuries, may be seen now, as could have been seen when Christ was there, the fields of Boaz where Ruth gleaned and was wooed and

won by her illustrious kinsman and took her place in the line from which David came. As when Jesus was born, so now the shepherds lead their flocks over the plains to the hillsides, and standing in Bethlehem to-day one can easily, in imagination, go back in time to the birth of the Son of God. Out yonder on the hillside is a group of shepherds; with flocks feeding about them. On the hilltop an old watch tower stands alone and silent. The shepherds take turn in watching the flocks, some are resting in the tower while others look after the sheep. The stillness of night, broken only by the bleating of the sheep has settled down on hill and valley. The shepherds must have been good men, for, as they watched, "lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone around about them, and they were sore afraid: "but the heavenly messenger calmed their fears and gave them the glad tidings that "in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," was born unto them. Then suddenly came "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." "With this ever memorable anthem -the first and last melody of heaven ever heard by mortal ears—the light faded from the hills, as the angels went away into heaven, and left earth once more in the shadow of night." The simple shepherds full of faith and trust hurried to Bethlehem and there found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger as the angel had told them.

Mount Morris, Ill.

( To be continued )

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No one can view the mustering of evil powers, without saying:

"Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are."

But let us not give way to our fears. The God of our fathers will go with us over into the untried experiences of the new century; nothing will be destroyed that ought not to perish; there will be more generous wages, happier homes, more prosperous churches, a far better world. Every optimistic prediction is supported by the philosophy of history, and the truth of God's Word.





# In the Front Room after Dinner





DEAR 'NOOKERS, there is something in the Brethren church, and in the good Book, too, that has always troubled me more or less. It is the question of nonresistance. According to the strict Bible interpretation of the matter no attempt at reprisal or personal violence must be made, and yet, and yet. I read the other day of a drunken tramp breaking into a home and abusing the inmates, and when the racket and noise attracted the attention of the man in the field near by, he went in and in a moment there was a dirty, badly-used-up bunch of humanity out in the road. Now what troubles me is this. In such cases where a man does not invite trouble, where he can not get away from it, and where it walks in on him uninvited, what is he to do under the circumstances? It is all folly to say that he can escape it as a certain result of his belief, for sin and drunkenness and the works of the devil generally, are ever present, and we may get into the hornet's nest on the way to or from church.

Now will you all please step out, write your opinion, come in, and, seated around the table I will read what you have to say, and all you have to do is to listen, for there will be not a word of criticism or back talk allowed. The question is:

Is a resort to personal violence ever justifiable?

### Bro. Chas. E. Miller, of Elgin, says:

Yes! In extreme cases I think it is justifiable both in the eyes of God and by the laws of man, and if a man should be so neglectful of the welfare of his own family as to allow a ruffian to enter his own home and do violence, and probably murder, he would, by the courts of our country, be held as a party to the crime, and that in all justice and right. But violence should never be resorted to unless it is absolutely necessary to prevent a graver crime.

And Bro. Grant Mahan has it:

No. Two very good reasons for this answer occur to me:

1. In most cases the one resisting suffers more than he would if he submitted.

2. This is the reason. Personal violence is contrary to the will of God, no matter what the circumstances. For evildoers we have laws, and an appeal to them for protection is infinitely better than trying to take the law into our own hands and meting out what we think is deserved punishment. I believe that Jesus meant just what he said in his Gospel, and his whole teaching is opposed to personal violence.

And here is what Sister Mary Grace Hileman has to say:

As the Savior used a scourge when he cleansed the temple, and as Solomon sanctions, and even recommends the use of the rod on certain occasions,—surely, we are justifiable in resorting to personal violence to defend ourselves when involuntarily placed under unreasonable circumstances; but we think we are not justifiable in doing so at any other time, or for any other reason.

### And Bro. Mark Early says:

Personal violence is justifiable to a limited degree. You have a right to save yourself from harm, also to save others. He would be a very foolish person who would allow a thief or an insane man take the advantage of him. It would not be right to carry this to an extreme, that is to kill, but only far enough to save one's self.

And the opinion of Bro. Galen B. Royer is as follows in his own words:

Theoretically, no. Practically, yes. If everyone sought to do right towards his neighbor, a condition that does not exist, then by all means, no. But as long as there are those who willfully do wrong, who trespass on others' rights, so long there may conditions arise, which will justify "personal violence." Theoretically I seek the "No." But I do not want to be taken too much unawares or trespassed upon too greatly, or I fear the practical side of my life will assert itself in "personal violence."

And Bro. John Flory, also an Elginite, gives his opinion as follows:

Yes, personal violence may be justifiable, but only in rare cases. In case yourself or family were approached by a mean individual who meant to do you harm, without a cause, and you could escape in no other reasonable way, then personal violence would be justifiable. However, this is not to be so interpreted as to give one the privilege of using such violence for petty offenses, but only in such cases where property or life is at stake and no other means are available. Such cases are very rare and the better way in general, is to return good for evil.

Here is what Bro. I.. A. Plate, of Elgin, says:

It seems to me that the question of the right and wrong of a resort to personal violence can be decided only by the application of the example and teaching of Christ. He taught that we should not resist evil, and suffered all things when it was needful for the glory of his Father and the fulfilling of his mission, and yet we see him, in the spirit of righteous indignation, resort to violence in cleansing the temple of its broodl of moneychangers and other traffickers. I would infer that as a rule a Christian should be a man of peace, yielding rather than resorting to violence, and yet there may be occasions when, like his Master, he may, by an outward demonstration, express his zeal for the right.

And here we have the opinion of half a dozen brethren and a sister, writing without consultation or collusion, in fact not knowing what the other had written till they saw it in print. These are honest people, and entitled to respect for their opinion. Note the unanimity. Also see that there is an exception.

Naturally enough someone will ask the opinion of him who sits at the head of the table. It is not the proper thing to ask others to do what one is unwilling himself to take a part in, and we will give our opinion.

There is no doubt whatever but that the teachings of Christ forbid personal violence in the settlement of disputes. A fight settles no moral question. That one is stronger than

another makes or breaks no moral claim. That is not a matter of strength or brutality. But there are also limitations to what seems a perfectly general rule. For instance, a short distance from the 'Nook office is a hospital for the insane. If one of these individuals, utterly irresponsible and not knowing what he was doing, should break in on a family and begin wrecking things and doing personal violence to the helpless it does not seem an open question as to his being immediately restrained and rendered harmless. All, I think, will agree to this. Now suppose that a man, through weakness or otherwise, rendered himself equally irresponsible with drink, and began smashing things and injuring people, does not the rule hold good as well? I think it does. And if through some abnormality of make-up his passions led him to the commission of atrocities that in his saner moments he would not be guilty of, shall he not be restrained even by personal violence? I think yes. Mark you none of this involves fighting for anything. It is violence for protection.

In regard to the present attitude of the individual, that is, of almost everyone, if not all, it is only a question of how much until the worm turns. Scratch anyone deep enough and you come at varying depths to the fighting layer. Personal violence is only personal thought translated into action. The justifiableness of it must ever rest with the individual himself. There can only be general rules of action laid down, and when the exception, that is, the apparent exception, comes unbidden before us the chances are that all would act about alike. The thought is that the temple of the Holy Ghost of those dependent on us shall not be wrecked before our eyes without a protest of words and acts.

Think it over. The occasion may arise before you have the time for clear decision as to your right action. No discussion, please. Next week there will be a still more interesting question.



# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

June 29, 1901.

No. 26.

### THE BOYS WHO DROVE ON THE OVERLAND.

ONG rails of steel in the sunlight glisten,
The winding trains through the valley roll,
'he hardy settlers no longer listen
For Indian yells with a fear of soul!
'he Concord kings of the olden highway
Now lie and rot in the storm and sun
n the old corral or the alley byway,
But battered relics of work once done,
and gone is the fearless, intrepid band.
'he boys who drove on the Overland.

Ah! those were the days that tried men's mettle, That tried the bottom of nervy steeds, When the mustangs all were in silken fettle, The wheelers, swings, and the dancing leads. savage yell and a flight of arrows, A driver up on the high box dead! The team, with the speed of frightened sparrows, Unguided into the station sped to tell the tale to the relay band of one boy less on the Overland!

Per the lines of steel now the iron horse dashes, His hot breath blacking the hills and vales; as eye of giant the headlight flashes. A shaft of light 'long the glimmering rails.' he homes of the settlers in peaceful quiet. Now dot the valley in close array, and the painted redman no more runs riot. As back in the blood-stained early day, weet peace wields the scepter on every hand—and where are the boys of the Overland?

ome lie 'neath the sod of the old Platte valley. In deathly slumber that knows no dreams. The trail where they oft at an Indian sally. Threw cutting silk to their frightened teams! Ome, bent with age and with hair all whitened. By the hand of time, in the cities dream off the perilous days when their strong hands tightened. The lines o'er the backs of a flying team. When the reds were waiting on every hand or the boys who drove on the Overland!

### BLUE-EYED INDIANS.

REPRESENTATIVE BELLAMY, of North Carolina, has some curious constituents. They are the descendants of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It was in 1587, over three centuries ago, that Raleigh sent over a colony of 117 persons, including 17 women, and landed them on Roanoke island, near Hatteras. Thirteen years later he sent over to find out how they were prospering. Roanoke island was then deserted and no trace of the whereabouts of the settlers was to be discovered, except the single word "Croatan" cut in a tree. To-day the Croatan Indians, who live in three or four counties of North Carolina, have blue eyes, although possessing other characteristics of the Indians-the copper color, the high cheek bone, and the erect form. Many of them bear names that are English, such as Sampson, Berry, Wilkinson, etc., and which have been in the tribe for generations. They have traditions that their ancestors could read from books, and in a score of other ways offer circumstantial evidence that they have descended from Raleigh's colonies.

Mr. Bellamy thinks that congress ought to pay more attention to these people. "They are brave, but reckless," he said. "They are honest, intensely religious, restless, active, and energetic. Indolence and sloth are not known among them. They are eager for education. They are capable of intellectual and moral development. A number of them have become successful merchants. One of them became a United States senator from a southern State and the descendant of another has become a member of congress."

TRIBULATION is the price we pay for the robe and the crown and the palm.

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### THAD STEVENS' HAIR.

BY IDA E. YODER.

JOHN L. THOMAS, ex-congressman, tells this good story about the great Commoner of Pennsylvania: When I was in Congress I used to be a frequenter of the room of Thad Stevens.

One day, while talking together, a visitor entered unexpectedly. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, with ox-bow spectacles on the bridge of her nose and a bulky green gingham umbrella.

She handed Mr. Stevens a card with the words: "Abigail Meechan, Kennebunkport, Me.," and said, "So I have the honor of beholding the Hon. Thad Stevens, of Pennsylvania?"

Somewhat embarrassed, Mr. Stevens acknowledged his identity and asked his visitor to be seated.

"Thank you, no," was the reply, "but I wish to say, sir, that in my quiet home down east I have heard of your glorious efforts in behalf of the emancipated slave, of your heroic treatment of the Southern question, and of your undying hostility to the enemies of my country, and I have traveled hither, sir, to ask the privilege of shaking your hand." She shook it.

"Now, sir, I have one more favor to ask. It is a souvenir of this interview I wish to take home with me, if I may be so bold as to ask it,—a lock of the great Commoner's hair."

Old Thad was for a moment more embarrassed than I ever saw him before; then he smiled faintly. He put his hand to his scalplock, and, lifting his brown wig bodily, laid it on the table, leaving his pate as bald as a billiard ball. "There is every hair on my head, madam; make your own choice of a lock."

Need it be added that the woman did it? Mt. Eaton, Ohio.

### IT SEEMS THEY CAN'T HELP IT.

THE other day a young preacher from the Moody institute and a prisoner knelt down on the cold stone floor of the county jail. The prisoner requested the minister to pray for

him, and as the two bent their knees the divine sent up a long and earnest supplication for the redemption of the erring man. When the minister had finished he rose and went on with his work among the other prisoners. In the course of half an hour he had completed his mission of the morning and, leaving the prisoners, he took the elevator to the first floor.

"My gracious," ejaculated the theologian, as he was about to pass out of the front door, "I—I—I've lost my watch. I must have dropped it when I was up with the prisoners."

"No, you didn't lose it," said the attendant at the door, and he pointed to the loose end of the watch chain which was dangling from a buttonhole in the preacher's waistcoat; "at least you didn't lose it the way you think you did. I guess you had better tell Mr. Whitman, the jailer, about it."

The loss was reported to the chief, and every effort was made to recover the stolen watch. The cells and the prisoners were searched, but not the least trace of the stolen timepiece could be found. It had been concealed most successfully. Every prisoner who had come in contact with the preacher declared he had absolutely no knowledge whatever of the theft. Then this method of recovery was abandoned, and one which often proves more efficacious in such cases was adopted. Some of the "trusties" were appealed to and instructed to tell the other prisoners that if the watch were forthcoming within the next day nothing more would be said about it, but if not then a more vigorous investigation and search would take place, and when the guilty man was found he would be prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary for robbery. This threat accomplished the desired result; the next day a "trusty" reported that a prisoner had given him the stolen watch, which was thereupon turned over to the jailer, who returned it to the minister.

Many of the prisoners at the county jail are apparently unable to break themselves of their habits, even during the period of their incarceration. Often the confidence man, the pickpocket, the thief and the robber who get behind the bars over at the Cook county jail continue to work their trade at the expense of their fellow prisoners. The thug, the holdup

an and the safeblower are about the only nes who suspend operations completely. here have been several instances in which risoners were sent to the penitentiary for rimes committed in the county jail. Just at resent a prisoner is suffering punishment of comparatively mild nature for stealing a oat and vest. For this offense the prisoner vas sent over to the "island" for a couple of reeks' stay. The "island" is the name given y the prisoners to solitary confinement in he north corridor of the old jail. Nowadays o prisoners are confined in the cells along his corridor unless the jail is overcrowded, Vhen a man is given solitary confinement for ome offense he is taken over to this part of the ld jail and locked up in a cell on the third tier.

A few days ago a young man who had been ehind the bars at the jail was sent to the ridewell. When a prisoner arrives over there hey burn his clothes and give him a uniform. his young fellow wanted to save his coat and est from cremation, so before leaving the hil he gave them to a fellow prisoner with ne request that they be given to relatives, who bould call for them. Shortly afterward an ther prisoner entered the cell of the temorary custodian and stole the coat and vest. he garments were found in the cell of the hief, and to punish him for his crime he was ent to the island. A few months ago anther prisoner was guilty of the theft of a oat, but he conducted his operations much hore cleverly than the man now being punhed. He stole a good overcoat, but before ne owner had discovered his loss the thief assed the coat to a friend or relative who was aying him a visit. Through the guards on uty, however, it was easy to ascertain what risoners had visitors who carried away bunles. In a few minutes the prisoner whose isitor had carried off an overcoat was spotted" and made to confess. He was iven his choice of being prosecuted for the ffense or having the coat brought back. The oat came back in a few days.

When a prisoner enters the jail he is advised in his arrival that if he has any jewelry, mony or other valuables he would better leave tem at the office for safe-keeping. Many isregard the caution, and as a result robberies often take place behind the bars. Some of the most expert pickpockets in Chicago have been robbed while in jail, and time and again crooks and other offenders serving sentences or awaiting trial have been "flimflammed" by the most barefaced confidence games imaginable. The pickpockets and thieves get their opportunities for work when the prisoners are out exercising in the corridors and when the cells are unlocked for a few moments, and then, too, quite often a prisoner robs his cellmate. On one occasion a prisoner stole a roll of bills amounting to several hundred dollars from his cell-mate and was sent to the penitentiary for the offense.

Strange as it may seem, the most remarkable and interesting crimes perpetrated in the jail are confidence games. As a souvenir of one of these clever pieces of work a bill of sale is preserved in the safe over at the county lockup. A few years ago Stanislaus I. Segers was in jail serving out a sentence for criminal libel. Segers was the editor of a paper published in a foreign language. For a certain article he had published in his paper he had been sent to jail. Behind the bars at the same time was one James G. Byron, who, it seems, was the possessor of smoothness and diplomacy. Byron, so runs the story as told at the jail, convinced Segers that he could get him out of jail, notwithstanding the fact that Segers had been convicted. He told the editor that if the latter would give him a bill of sale turning over to him (Byron) his printing office and effects he would have a lawyer get him out of his trouble. Byron was to be soon released from jail, and it was supposed that he expected to get control of the printing office before the editor had served his time out. The editor swallowed the bait, hook and all, and made out the bill of sale to Byron. But before Byron could get out the scheme was nipped by the jail officials and Byron was indicted and sent to the penitentiary.

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THE human body is said to be shorter in the evening than in the morning, due to the fact that during the day the cartilages between the joints are compressed. The average man is three-quarters of an inch taller in the morning than he is in the evening.

### MAKES \$25,000 A YEAR RAISING GOLD FISH IN LITTLE PONDS.

How to make \$25,000 a year from a sixtyacre farm is a problem which has been solved by William Shoup, of Shelbyville, Ind.

But it is not the common kind of garden truck that yields this income. In fact, there are no gardens at all on Mr. Shoup's farm, but, instead, fish ponds. These are the gold fish hatcheries in which 100,000 fish are raised each year.

With an output to-day of 100,000 gold fish a year, which brings in \$25,000, the Shoup fisheries cannot supply the demand made on them.

The tiny fish are shipped to all parts of America, Canada, Mexico and Europe. They bring from \$15 to \$50 per hundred. Mr. Shoup is increasing his ponds at the rate of two or three a year. The farm is divided into two tracts, and at present there are forty-one ponds in both.

The water is conveyed from one pond to another by means of iron pipes, and may be turned off or on at pleasure. The construction of the ponds is another advantage over others. They are parallelogram in shape, 200 feet long and 90 feet wide. In the middle they are three feet deep, and gradually become more shallow toward the edges, where they are not more than five or six inches in depth.

This plan has more than one purpose. In the first place, the water along the edges being shallow, becomes heated quicker in the spring, causing the fish to begin to spawn earlier than they would if the water was deeper. It also makes a place for the hatching of the eggs. As the sun does the hatching, it has a better chance in shallow water. The deep water serves as a refuge from extreme heat in the hot summer days, and also as a refuge from enemies of fish.

Again, the shallow water serves as protection to the small fish, for they are not so readily attacked by the large fish, which are given to eating the smaller ones. Some fish after spawning will even eat their own eggs and their own young. To prevent this as much as possible the ponds are overhauled five times each year, and the fish sorted according to size. The breeders being placed in another pond

will begin to spawn at once. They spawn about five or six times between April and August.

Each fish is handled several times before it reaches maturity. The breeders begin to spawn as soon as the water warms in the spring, and it is estimated that each fish produces about 4,000 or 5,000 eggs at each spawning; and about one to the hundred of these matures. The small fish, too, eat each other. Frogs, turtles and snakes are other deadly enemies of these fish. Birds, cats and rats must also be fought. Hence no wonder the per cent of gold fish maturing is small.

When the little fish are first "born" the small yellow sack from which they are hatched remains suspended to them for a week or two, and from this they derive nourishment. When they are old enough to get their own food this sack disappears. When first hatched the fish are of a bluish cast; when about four weeks old they become black, and some as early as two months old become golden, while it requires three years for others. The most beautiful gold fish and the most costly are those known as telescopes.

In feeding his fish Mr. Shoup has another advantage over most breeders. He has the banks of his ponds strewn with flowers and different kinds of plants, with occasionally a small shade tree. He also grows a variety of French moss in the ponds and thousands of pond lilies. On this moss and the leaves of the plants insects live and furnish a large amount of fish food. The plants and moss also furnish nesting places where the fish may deposit their eggs. The fish are often fed stale bread during the season when they cannot secure other food.—San Francisco Examiner.

### DOWN IN GUATEMALA.

NOTHING is more interesting than the history of the genesis of great fortunes, and of all the ways in which the foundations of fortunes have been laid the most curious is probably the receiving of a sound flogging by the founder. There recently died in San Francisco John Magee, one of the wealthiest residents of that city of millionaires. John Magee's

immense fortune came originally as a result of a flogging which he received in San Jose, Guatemala, in 1874. In that year Magee was a British consular agent in San Jose. He fell out with the military commander there, one Colonel Gonzales. Gonzales threatened and stormed, but Magee defied him. Thereupon the colonel took Magee from his consulate, ignoring the protection of the British flag, and ordered him to be flogged for his contumacy. He got sixty lashes on his bare back and then was thrown into prison.

A British man-of-war came steaming into the harbor of San Jose, and a wrathful man was her commander. He demanded that Magee be delivered over to him immediately. under penalty of blowing the town sky high. Magee was given up, but that did not close the incident. Unless an apology for the insult to the British flag was made immediately by the government of Guatemala, the flag saluted and an indemnity paid to Magee the British government threatened direful things. Guatemala appealed to the United States, but this country replied that the Monroe doctrine did not protect little Central American republics in committing such outrages as that perpetrated by Colonel Gonzales, and Guatemala was advised to comply with the just British demands. Thereupon the government of Guatemala offered to pay to Magee \$300,000, \$5,000 for every lash he had received. The apology and the salute of the British flag were also forthcoming.

Now, this amount cannot be found every day in the treasury of a Central American rebublic, and while the government of Guatemala might agree to pay the amount the colecting of it would probably be delayed and attended with trouble and complications. Magee was wise in his generation. He knew the people among whom he lived and he knew also the value of certain concessions upon which he had long had his eye. So he said to the Guatemalan government that he really could not distress it financially by accepting such a large amount of money, but would be content to call it square for certain concessions which would cost it nothing Magee got his concessions at once, and they included the right to establish a bank in San Jose and the

building of wharves in that port. The government was so grateful to him because he had not insisted on cash that he was protected in his monopoly in every possible way, and thus he laid the foundation of his enormous fortune.

### VIGOROUS AT MIDDLE AGE.

RESEARCH has proved that the human mind is at its fullest power between the ages of forty and sixty. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, such as Byron, the young Napoleon and Alexander, but taking it "full and by" the prime age of the mind of man is between forty and sixty. Swift was forty-nine when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels" and John Stuart Mill fifty-six when his essay on "Utilitarianism" was published, although his "Liberty" was written three years before. When "Waverley" came out Sir Walter Scott was forty-four years old, and nearly all of those tales which have made his lasting fame as a novelist were written after he was forty-six. Milton's genius made its loftiest flights when he was between fifty-four and fifty-nine. It was between those years that he wrote "Paradise Lost." "The Task" and "John Gilpin" were written when Cowper was over fifty, and Defoe was within two vears of sixty when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe." Of all the writings of Thomas Hood "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are the best known and will live the longest. Hood wrote those two poems at the age of forty-six.

Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species" when he was fifty, and was sixty-two when he gave to the world his "Descent of Man." Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at forty-eight, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs in Many Keys" when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday. George Eliot was near fifty when she wrote "Middlemarch." Bacon's greatest work took fifty-nine years to mature, and Grote's "History of Greece" several years longer.

A NUMBER of philanthropic Parisians have organized and will try to brighten the lives of working girls by sending them to the theatre at least once a week.

### MONEY-RAISING-A NEW TRADE.

Religious young men have developed a new trade. The Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan and other big gifts have moving causes behind them. Said moving causes are young men who find themselves possessed of the peculiar talent necessary to induce men and women to give up their millions. There are canvassers who can sell anything without regard to merit. A modern condition in charitable and religious societies has developed a set of young men who can get money for anything. The reason some things are getting thousands these days is because they have in their employ one or more of these professional money-raisers.

There have always been ministers who have shown special ability to secure money in public assemblages. Such men as these are going about the country at this time, not always to secure subscriptions at meetings, but to arouse interest, so that subscriptions will go through the regular channels. These men appeal to persons of their own faiths and in behalf of some cause well known to the people. The new professionals are not, like these, ministers of reputation, but young men without titles before their names or fame in the newspapers. The new trade referred to is not that of public appeals, but private and personal.

Each one of these new professionals has his peculiar method. Each is jealous of his reputation and exceedingly careful not to tell who gives him money. Each builds up a list of charitable constituents and liberal people are studied and marked. One person possessing wealth prefers foreign missions, another home missions, one likes to help orphans, another favors hospitals. One set thinks the problem will be solved when all the young men are brought into the churches. These help the Young Men's Christian Association. Another thinks young women need looking after. These help the Young Woman's Christian Association. And so the variety increases.

This new professional class is a large one, for the number of charitable and religious societies seeking public aid steadily increases.

Luther D. Wishard was a pioneer in this money-raising idea. For years he did much

to keep the International Young Men's Chris! tian Association in funds. For a time he helped the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, but now he is laboring for the American board, the Congregational foreign society His present specialty, so to speak, but without offense, is individual support for foreign missionaries. That is he endeavors to get wellto-do men and women to say that they personally will be responsible for the salary of a worker in some field. The worker is selected and supporter and supported are put into communication and sympathy. Gradually all missionaries of the American board are being thus provided for, so that the general funds of the American board can be used in other directions.

Mr. Wishard was succeeded in the International Young Men's Christian Association by Willis E. Lougee. The latter was for years close to the late Dwight L. Moody and raised much of the money which maintained the religious work in the army during the Spanish war. Nobody knows how much he raises annually. It is only known that it takes \$140,000 a year to keep the international committee going, and that a not inconsiderable part of it Mr. Lougee brings in.

Rev. Ezra S. Tipple is engaged in raising \$1,250,000 to pay the debts on all Methodist churches in New York, and the other day announced a single gift of \$100,000 with several smaller ones. He has a record in the line he is now in, but is increasing his fame rapidly. He left a lucrative pastorate to engage in it. In a previous pastorate he raised a large sum and built a big church. But money-raisers for a particular church are common. Mr. Tipple is an all-round money raiser; one of this new class developed by modern conditions.

It would not do to tell in public the methods pursued by these new professionals. To do so would be to give away their trade. Their methods vary. Some employ letter writing others never write letters at all. Most depend on personal appeals. At the present moment thousands of these men are traversing the whole country in search of help for various causes. They work on well-to-do people at detectives do on criminals. Six months or a

year is regarded a short time if only the gift be landed in the end. Some affect large gifts, others small. The general judgment, is, however, that it is as easy to get a large sum as a small one. Pierpont Morgan upon a recent occasion granted an interview to a young man who told him John D. Rockefeller had given \$100,000 to a certain object Would he do the same? Mr. Morgan is said to have taken the subscription book and, without a word, written down his name for \$100,000. The whole interview lasted exactly one minute.

But this record is exceptional. Often certain men have been followed for a year before being approached. Time was taken to get conditions just right, to have the man in the proper mood and the best man to say what was to be said. The usual charity of the country, outside of church benevolence, is about \$60,000,000 a year. This year it is going to be \$100,000,000, and as for the churches, they are getting remarkably large sums. Methodists have \$10,000,000 of the \$20,000,000 they set out to raise and the Presbyterian reports say, without giving figures, that they are succeeding beyond expectations. The number of schemes that are trying to raise from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 would fill a column to relate. Men and women known to possess wealth, even modest wealth, are having to hire extra office boys and servants to answer callers. As for the mails, they are bringing to them appeals in vast numbers. Recently apbeals to Miss Helen Gould have somewhat slackened and now she gets requests for no more than \$50,000 to \$100,000 a day. Professionals and others are now going for less well known givers.

Considered as a crop, the returns of the year 1901 in the field of benevolences will be a record-breaker.

### DRESSING UP FOR SUICIDE.

"IF I should ever be called upon to furnish ndisputable proof of the inherent pride of woman," said a police sergeant, "I would point at once to her invariable rule of dressing up in her best clothes when she goes out to commit suicide.

"I have had occasion to handle a good nany suicides and afterward investigate their personal affairs, and in every instance I have found that the poor unfortunates prepared themselves for death by donning their best bib and tucker.

"The majority of the printed reports of suicides say that the clothes of the dead woman were 'good,' or 'well-made,' or 'elegant.' If the woman contemplating suicide owns a silk waist she wears it. Her broadcloth skirt and silk petticoat naturally go with this garment, and she selects her best shoes.

"I have looked up the history of many of these respectable sad suicides and have found that they owned but one gown with which they could make a decent appearance on the street, and that one good dress was chosen, without exception, as the appropriate garb in which to make the exit from this world's stage. It makes no difference what manner of death is chosen, the costume is carefully selected.

"Let a woman sleep her life away under the influence of drugs or burn her soul out with acids or sink into the slime of the river, she clothes herself in her most becoming garments and seeks the end with apparent tranquility. Her instinct of elegance in clothes is with her to the last, and even in the face of death she shrinks from a public appearance in unbecoming raiment."

### THE DOG READY TO GRADUATE.

"SHEP" is a learned Collie dog, owned by Farmer Samuel Shiles. Only a trifle over a year old, the dog has learned the alphabet, and will give 26 peculiar barks, one for each letter, when the alphabet blocks are laid on the floor, and he is promised a piece of sweetcake as a reward. He will spell "d-o-g" by three sharp barks when commanded by Mistress Shiles, and will go about the house or farm whenever requested to hunt the little boy, Freddie, and when Shep returns it is known sure that the boy has been found. By the time commencement season rolls around it is believed Shep will be ready to graduate, and it has been hinted that the county superintendent of schools should this year give him a seal and 100 mark for special progress.

### THE LITTLE SINGER.

A BREEDING-ROOM for canaries ought to be kept as quiet as possible, and should be free from drafts, as well as well ventilated. Also, it should be comfortably warm in winter. Drafts are fatal to the birds, and many a lady's pet gets its death from being hung up in a window-a favorite mode of giving a canary fresh air. For sick canaries a little hemp-seed is good. It should be put in a separate dish, for otherwise everything else will be thrown out in order to get at it. Water should be renewed twice a day, and a bath ought to be furnished at least every other day in summer and winter. Sweet apple is always wholesome food, and care should be taken to break the cuttle bone occasionally. When one sees the female bird partaking of the cuttle at about seven o'clock in the evening, it may usually be taken for granted that she will lay an egg on the following morning-a bit of fancier's lore which may be useful.

It is astonishing how little is known in this country about canaries. In Europe there is a widespread popular interest in the subject, and periodical shows of these birds are held, just as we have poultry shows. In England has been evolved the brilliant red canary, which was long a mystery. Breeders not in the secret thought at first that specimens of the kind were dyed, and protested against the award of prizes to them at exhibitions, even going so far as to pluck their feathers surreptitiously and have analyses made. Eventually, however, it was ascertained that the color was produced by feeding the birds with cayenne pepper.

The German canaries, though not bred for color or shape, and consequently unornamental in appearance, are the finest songsters in the world. The chief industry of the village of Andreasberg, in the Hartz Mountains, is the propagation of an exceptional strain of the birds, which sing as no other canaries can sing. Their notes are originally obtained by placing nightingales and other song birds in the breeding-rooms, the most promising pupils being selected for the training. After three or four seasons a canary, thus instructed, is ready for the position of teacher, and is used to train young beginners.

Canaries, which were orginally green and gray in color, were native to the islands from which they take their name, and were first taken to England on ships plying between English ports and the south of France. From this stock have been derived a number of distinct varieties, such as the Crested, the Green, the Lizard, which imitates the reptile in its variegated markings, and the Belgian, which has a strange hump-backed appearance.

### HERE'S A "HOW-DE-DO."

THE Germans greet each other by saying: "How do you find yourself?"

The Chinese inquire of equals: "Have you eaten your rice?" The reply is: "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

The Japanese, when they meet a superior, remove their sandals and exclaim: "Hurt me not."

"How do you stand?" asks the Italian when he meets a friend.

Arabs of eminence kiss each other's cheeks and exclaim: "God grant thee His favor and give health to the family."

The Dutch greet each other by asking: "Have you had a good dinner?"

A Moor rides at full speed toward a friend or stranger, stops suddenly, fires a pistol into the air over his own head, then considers he has been quite courteous.

In Egypt the usual words of greeting are: "How do you perspire?"

In Lapland friends salute by pressing their noses together.

The Polish greeting is: "How do you have yourself?"

Persian friends cross necks, rub cheeks and say: "May thy shadow never grow less."

"Go with God, senor," is the Spanish greeting.

The French ask: "How do you carry yourself?"

Russian friends greet by asking: "How do you live on?"

In Siam a man prostrates himself on the ground when he meets a stranger, and waits to see whether he will be raised and welcomed or kicked away.

### BLOODHOUNDS ARE DOCILE.

Many people have formed the opinion that the bloodhound is the most ferocious of the canine species. Such, however, is not the fact. They are very keen of scent and for that reason were employed to hunt runaway slaves in the south before the war, and are now used in some sections to trail animals.

The modern type of the breed, used in many parts of the country for criminal tracking, has been produced from the "nigger dog" of the old south, used before the civil war for tracking escaped slaves, and now used by a few southern penitentiaries for trailing escaped convicts. The slave catcher's hounds could follow a trail sixty-six hours old. . They were like wolves in that they hunted for meat, and were eager to devour a man when in at the finish. There are many authenticated stories showing their remarkable qualities of scent and sagacity. It was practically impossible to baffle an old dog. When his nose was put by his master in the footprints of a man the particular scent of that person was the only one he would entertain in his nostrils and that track he would pick out of one hundred. Ordinary hounds are puzzled when the quarry takes to a running stream. The man hunter, acute and wise, will systematically hunt the banks up and down, for miles until the trail is reached

### BOOUS SNAP-SHOTS OF WILD ANIMALS.

One of the developments of the modern art of "faking" is the manufacture of bogus photographs of wild animals, which are supposed to have been taken under circumstances of extreme difficulty. In fact, no kind of photography is quite so difficult as this, because the beasts and birds of the forest must be approached very closely in order to make their portraits large enough on the plate.

It is all very easy, however, for the ingenious fakir, who makes his snap-shots by daylight in a zoölogical park, the negatives or prints being afterward touched up in such a way as to eliminate any suggestions of wire fences or other accessories of the outdoor menagerie. Having got his pictures, he labels them in a suitable manner, and writes an

article to go with them, describing the extraordinary adventures and hairbreadth escapes which he encountered on a trip through the wilderness, during which the portraits of these "wild" and often ferocious creatures were taken.

Only a short time ago a fakir of this kind obtained from the superintendent of the New York Zoölogical Park a number of excellent snap-shot pictures of animals in the collection there, which had been taken by the superintendent's own photographer. To supplement these he secured a number of other photographs, similar in character, from the Zoölogical Park in Washington. Then he exhibited the entire lot as having been taken out in the wilds. For example, a bear in the Zoölogical Park at Washington was located in the Maine woods, and a dear old Billy-goat, beloved of Washington children, was described as desperate and wild.

With the pictures he gave a very exciting description of his experiences as an artist-hunter in securing these marvelous snapshots.

This is only one form of a species of fraud that has become popular of late. One ingenious individual, who narrowly escaped prosecution a while ago for counterfeiting rare eggs and selling the bogus specimens to museums and private collectors, has recently turned up with exquisitely life-like photographs of birds, which in reality are produced by the help of stuffed specimens artistically attitudinized with wires.

THE Burt mansion at Abbeville, S. C., has been offered for sale. It was in this mansion that the final session of the confederate cabinet was held. At the close of the meeting the great seal of the confederacy was hidden away so well that it has never been found. It was reported that it had been thrown in an old well on the place, but if it was it did not stop at the bottom, for every well on the place has been closely searched.

THE state flower of Louisiana is the magnolia, of Missouri the golden-rod, of Arkansas the apple blossom. Nebraska's state flower should be the alfalfa blossom.

# NATURE



# STUDY

### REMARKABLE FISHES.

PROF. AGASSIZ, during his late expeditions in the Albatross, has taken living animals from the deepest dredging, showing that life exists where the temperature is just at or just above freezing, where the pressure is so great that glass is powdered, and where the normal conditions are inky darkness. The animals which live in such a soundless region can but excite the interest and imagination of the reader. They are forms which have been driven to the "dark unfathomed caves" in past ages, and have slowly become adapted to the strange conditions.

How such animals can see or exist under such pressure is the question asked the explorer, and it can be briefly answered that the animals are literal sponges, through which the water circulates; and they see by the system of phosphorescent lights emitted by organs of illumination, and so universal is this that few of the deep-sea animals so far found are without them. If the reader in imagination should descend into the sea he would find that it grew dark at the depth of 200 feet; that at a depth of 1,000 feet the darkness was intense, and that all plant life had disappeared; but as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he would see, here and there, dots and splashes of light, and the watery atmosphere would soon take on the appearance of the heavens with stars, constellations, moons and even meteors dashing along.

As he plunges on in the deep ooze he would find himself in a forest of seeming cornstalks, each tipped with a light, among which strange fishes poise, moving slowly away. Nearly all these fishes are luminous; some over their entire surface, others have special lights, or light-giving organs, either to attract prey or to aid in the general illumination.

In general appearance all these fishes are remarkable; abnormal creations, seemingly of some weird fancy of nature. Some are large and all are engaged in preying one upon the other, using their wonderful lights as flashes or decoys. One of the sharks of the deep sea, known as isistis, having no common name, is ablaze with light over its entire surface. When caught it presents a remarkable appearance, outlined in light, the latter flashing from head to tail. An allied form created so beautiful a light when captured that the discoverer read by it. The light in this instance was green.

Some of the largest of the deep sea fishes are covered with phosphoresence and are veritable specters as they move along, outlined against the dark background. In these instances the seat of the light appears to be in the peculiar mucilaginous system which they possess and the light can be rubbed off on the hand. But the most remarkable forms are those which have light-emitting organs, virtual searchlights, sometimes of two colors, which throw beams of light ahead of them as they move through this silent realm.

Such a fish is the malacosteus, which has four lights, two above and two below, the former emitting an orange-colored light, while the latter are green. We can imagine this marvelous creature swimming slowly along, the gleams of its different-hued lights shining brightly, attracting prey or illuminating it so that it can be seized in the terrible fan-like teeth of the living flashlight.

In all these the flashlights and reflectors are undoubtedly employed by the fishes to throw light about their prey and enable them to seize it, but there is another class, abundant in the deep sea, which use their lights as lures. Such a one, with an unpronounceable name, is a mud-loving form concealing himself in the ooze. Beneath its lower jaw is a pendant, upon the end of which is a bulb, virtually an electric light, which is used to attract small

fry within reach of the terrible mouth. Another fish, which has a huge, pear-shaped organ on its lower jaw, preys upon fishes nearly as large as itself, which it swallows with ease.

In all probability but an extremely small percentage of these strange animals of the deep sea have been seen by naturalists, and the abysmal regions conceal innumerable wonders, the active light-givers of the deep sea.

### BEES AS BAROMETERS.

GENERALLY the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of their nectar.

A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome, redoubtable enemies.

We do not mean that the bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance.

### FAITHFUL DOGS.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog appeared in that part of New York known as Harlem and was fed by various families and became a great pet with the children who played about the docks.

The dog, who was known as Westmore, was sleeping on a pier, early in September, where Mrs. Jennie Dorian and her seven-year-old daughter were playing. While the mother's

attention was attracted for a moment the little one fell into the river.

Mrs. Dorian's scream awakened Westmore. He saw the child struggling in the water and plunged in, fastening his teeth in the dress of the sinking child and towed her to the pier, but was unable to climb up the steep sides.

A police officer heard the commotion and took both girl and dog from the water and took the dog to the police station. The Captain and officers agreed that the dog was too handsome to be running around the streets, so they bought him a collar and his home is now at the station. He has been rechristened and his name now is Dewey.

### THE RAT AS A PET.

The common rat is a much more intelligent creature than the squirrel or the average cat, says a man who has tamed some of them, and it is more than likely that the resources of the rat as a household pet would, if fairly tested, prove very great. The rat is undoubtedly capable of a higher and more intimate form of domestication than that which he now commonly assigns to himself. He is at present a resident of our houses on unwelcome terms, and he makes himself, quite naturally, as much an enemy of the household as possible.

Let the rat be welcomed and made a friend of the family, as has been done in a few cases, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food he becomes a playmate and a companion. The sleek and well-groomed gray rat is, barring the ordinary baldness of his tail, quite as pretty and graceful a creature as the squirrel, and there is no reason why we should not become so much accustomed to the appearance of his tail that in time we should regard it as quite ornamental.



# 他INGLENOOK

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...PUBLISHED BY ...

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

### ASHAMED OF WORK.

THE majority of young men and women are not ashamed of labor. They work at whatever they have in hand and don't care who sees them or who knows it. Then there is a small contingent that seem to think work degrading. They are ashamed to be seen working. They imagine that there is something discreditable in manual labor, and they think it before the public.

Now what are the facts? All work is honorable and creditable. It may often not be pleasant in its character, but it is never discreditable and whoever is ashamed of it is doing himself a wrong. The young woman who is ashamed to be caught making pies by her young men associates is ashamed of an accomplishment of more practical and real value than the ability to murder a piece of music. A good potpie is a better thing than a daub of a painting, and the artist of a good apple dumpling is of more worth than the maker of a scratchy sketch.

The so-called accomplishments are all right, in their place, which is after the necessary things of life. Everybody of common sense knows work must be done and that somebody

must do it. The one to do it is he or she who is next to it, and if any come along to ridicule it the more fools they.

### THE HELPLESS.

A CERTAIN class of people are found everywhere. They are the shiftless, unforeseeing specimens of humanity who are always behind hand and who never catch up. They are so constituted that they never voluntarily do anything, especially in the line of manual labor, that they can get out of. They are always "going to."

Of course this lot of people not only never have anything, but they are behind, behind in everything. When the rounding up time comes they have nothing or next to nothing. The potato crop is "not worth the digging," and it is attributed to providence, the season, the seed, anything and everything but the real reason of his being too lazy to hoe the crop when it needed it. The weeds got ahead of him and providence gets the blame.

These people are all around us. They are, or ought to be, objects of commiseration, and with the clearer thinking part of humanity they are generally taken at their true worth,—a sort of congenital cripple, morally, not to be changed, and not worth fussing over. They are never put in places of responsibility and if they do get them they soon lose the position.

Now much of this undesirable condition is inborn and can by no possibility be helped. And there is also much that can be improved if taken in time. If a boy or girl shows signs of delaying duties, of putting things off, of neglecting work, perhaps the surest way is to follow them with a strap, and after a few well considered and religiously laid on whacks explain in a few words the beauty of keeping things evened up. Some people are reached by talk and others best reasoned with by a shingle or the like. It is a mistake to neglect the remedial part. In the language of a long ago writer a rod for the fool's back is a part of the economy of the universe, and a good many poor, helpless, shiftless mortals had been saved were they taken in time and adequately educated from behind as to their duty to what lay in front of them requiring attention.

A Boy is a boy, a genus article. When a man he will very often develop qualities and defects which he never possessed as a child. With the gentler sex things are quite different. A little girl is a little woman, and when a woman she will possess, only more accentuated. all the qualities and defects that she possessed as a child of ten or twelve. I have known very good boys become very bad men, and very bad boys become splendid men. I have known young cowards become very brave soldiers. An affectionate little girl will be an affectionate woman; a little girl passionately fond of her dolls will be a beautiful mother, and a little flirt of ten will become a terrible flirt at twenty and possibly a terrible coquette at thirty.



Do vegetables grow in Alaska?

Alaska is a very big place, but where it is at all settled vegetables will and do grow. In all cold countries the summer, while brief, hurries along vegetation at a wonderful rate.

Are all light-houses alike in light and shape?

On the contrary they are all intentionally unlike. They would be very little good if they were all alike. The mariner would not know where he was at all if there were no distinguishing marks. They are painted differently, ringed, striped, streaked, burn a colored light, flash out differently, and in general are so different that with a description of all of them a child could locate himself in the presence of any one of them.

In one of the INGLENOOK articles on the explosive power of dynamite it is stated that nothing was found but a buckle, when there were two horses and three men before the explosion. How could there be an utter disappearance of bones, clothing, etc.?

In the case of high explosives the immediate surroundings are dissipated into dust blown to the winds. The writer was once on the grounds where a lot of Italians in a railroad shanty had attempted to thaw out dynamite in a red-hot stove oven. After the explosion all that was found of the men, the stove and the shanty, went into a paper collar box.

Will the fact of aeriel flight ever be accomplished by man?

It is very likely that it will.

What is the limit of speed with a railroad train, or is there none?

There is a limit, sure, for if it went fast enough it would catch fire from friction with the air. Fifty miles an hour seems fast enough for all legitimate business.

Are the want advertisements in the city papers re-

How should we know? It is our opinion that no position or good place needs advertising. About the whole of these advertisements is to get you to sell something for them.

Would I find it profitable to take up the profession of taxidermist as a business?

It all depends on the push and skill you would put in it. It is not hard to learn, but unless there is a great natural liking for the work the 'Nook does not advise it as a life calling.

If I have wronged a friend in thought, saying or doing nothing, and afterward found out that I was in error about him, what should I do?

The strictly honorable method would be to go to him and state the facts. It is the only way that you can fully settle the wrong done him, even though it has not been worded or acted upon.

Will potatoes mix as fruits do?

No, never. They will deteriorate, run out, and get mixed if you mix the seed, but an early rose or a peachblow is the same thing to the end of its days. The potato does not "mix" because the seed in the ball where the mixing is done is not used for planting.

What is a linotype?

A machine to set type. The operator works it on the typewriter plan and each line of print is cast in one solid block at the time of operating, and afterward put together properly. It is a complicated machine, and is used in all large offices. It does the work of several hand operatives, but does not do it as neatly, all things considered, but the average reader would not notice the difference.

### THE CIRCUS IN WINTER TIME.

What becomes of the circus when it closes its season and disappears from the public view is a matter of much guess to the average person.

The unsophisticated regard the winter days as days of rest for the circus. Not so, they are ones of real activity. Months prior to the departure of the big Forepaugh and Sells Brothers shows from its winter quarters at Columbus, Ohio, to begin its rehearsals at Ambrose park, Brooklyn, preparatory to the Madison square garden engagement, the work of reconstruction and animal culture is conducted. The winter quarters, known as Sellsville, is a city of shops, warehouses and great barns.

The atmosphere is hourly rent with the commands of trainers, shouts of herdsmen, roaring lions, weird cries of mountain lions and tigers, the chatter of monkeys, the barking of sea lions, the squeal of rhinoceros; and to this medley is added the sound of hammer and anvil in the car shops, blacksmith and carpenter shops, where the work of rehabilitation is in progress.

Then again, there is a silent army of workers, putting in proper shape the mammoth wardrobe, cutting and sewing bolts of rich silk and satin; the decorators are spreading gold leaf, paints and oils with a lavish hand, and from great timbers, tent poles, large and small, are hewn by careful hands.

Throughout the winter the activity continues. It is no uncommon sight to see a procession of wagons a half-mile long enter the city of Sellsville, each carrying a quantity of feed for one or another kind of animal. The circus manager thinks nothing of making a contract for 1,000 tons of hay. Six hundred horses, 25 elephants and a score of other hayeating animals make short work of that quantity. Four or five beeves will make a meal for the menagerie animals, while a half carload of bananas and 20 bushels of peanuts, with some sort of emulsion or consumption medicine, will keep the monkeys out of trouble for the winter.

One season of travel has a wearing effect on every class of property. The flat and box cars must be rebuilt. The repair shops are similar in detail to those of any railway company. The painting and decorating department is like that of a big carriage manufactory. The wardrobe establishment resembles a regalia. In each department thousands of dollars of material is consumed weekly in the work of reconstruction.

In the big elephant barn there is a separate department for the regulation ring, in which the pachyderms are worked daily. A ring barn is connected with the horse stables, where the ring stock is exercised regularly. Aerial apparatuses are sometimes erected in the lofts of the warehouses, where the performers may keep in practice, and prevent the certain stiffness of joints which follows negligence in that matter.

Altogether the circus is quite as alive in winter as in summer. It is really regarded more laborious in winter, because there is an easy routine day after day in summer, while the work of winter is at once important, difficult and engrossing.

### BEWARE OF "PERSONALS."

In my vocation as a journalist I have to read the papers from many quarters, read many things that I would not were it not for business. I am often grieved at finding so many "personal' advertisements allowed even in the columns of some of the most reliable and respectable papers, and I want to warn my readers who see them from answering Many women do so in good faith, but are bitterly disappointed, and often brought to grief and suffering. The women who answer are sometimes young and inexperienced girls who are dissatisfied with their modest homes, think that their parents do not do the right thing by them in keeping them at home, and fancy that these 'high-sounding "personals" are the very thing to emancipate them from the tyranny of home rule. Then there is another class of women who are caught by the false glitter of these would-be newspaper correspondents, who promise so much. There are older women who perhaps through failing health have lost lucrative situations in stores or offices, or through the loss of relatives have lost their foothold in any sort of home,

and who search the personal columns of the newspapers in hopes of finding some way towards making a living. But these, too, more often find such advertisements but traps that eventually blast their lives as well as disappoint their first anticipations.

Two instances that have come to my knowledge which will satisfy you that I do not urge all women to abstain from replying to any "personal" asking for correspondents, however straightforward they may be worded, without cause. One was that of a well-raised but inexperienced farmer's daughter who was dissatisfied with her modest home. After several months of correspondence with the unknown advertiser the young girl thought she knew him well enough and consented to marry him. The young girl invited him to come to her home in the East to be married, but he urged that he could not leave his business long enough, and sent her money enough to come to his residence in Indiana, which she did.

On leaving the train the girl took the precaution of inquiring for a genteel boarding house before letting the husband-elect know she was there. The kind landlady, seeing that the young girl was modest and genteel, well dressed and of lady-like manners, got her to confide in her, and strenuously advised her to go back home, for she told her the young man with whom she had been corresponding and whom she proposed to marry, was only a bootblack, and well known in the community as a very bad character. The girl could not be persuaded to return, as she thought her parents would not receive her again. In a few days she paid her bill and left the boarding house. A short time after her relatives sought, but did not find her. In the town where she had first stopped it was told that she had made the acquaintance of the advance agent of a small theatrical troupe there, and had gone away with him, though it was known that he had a wife. Her parents sorrow for her to this day.

The other instance was also that of a young girl who carried on a correspondence with a "personal" advertiser. At length she allowed herself to become engaged to the young man. He made a similar excuse to the other, and sent the girl money to come to the

home of his parents till he could build a home for her. She went there (also in Indiana), but came home after a while, saying that she and her fiance had had a quarrel. Her parents cared for her and were very kind to her, but she was very despondent. She went to live with a family in a neighboring town soon after her return home, but still seemed very unhappy. One day she went to inquire for letters at the post office, and finding none, as usual, she bought some arsenic, and took it. That evening relatives found her in her room unconscious, and she soon died.

These things can be vouched for. Are they not enough to stay the frivolous hand of any young maiden from ever answering any "personals" from unknown sources?

### FLAGPOLES.

THE flagpole business is very dull just at present. This statement is from two of the pioneer flagpole men of the United States, men thoroughly versed in the different phases of the making and erection of flagpoles for more than half a century.

Mr. P. J. White or Mr. F. W. Bently may not have erected the first flagpole in the country, but they were among the first men to make it a business in this part of the world, and during the 56 years thus engaged they have made and erected more flagpoles than any other two men in the United States, and possibly more than any company.

Mr. White's statement that business is dull at present he explains by saying that the demand for supports for old glory is never very lively, but keeps at a medium tone all the year round. Perhaps in the neighborhood of Patriots' day or the glorious Fourth the market may be a little more active than usual, but as a rule, at other times the demand is not very brisk, and during the winter season, as at present, there is little or nothing doing in the line.

During the stirring days of 1861-1865 the demand for flags and flagpoles was so great at times that Mr. White and his men found it almost impossible to get the work out fast enough. He had to work night and day, and one time, when the stock of timber for the

poles was running short, had to scour the entire country from Boston to Halifax.

After the excitement of the days of Shiloh and Gettysburg had passed away the flagpole business took a gradual drop, and went down, down, until the Maine was sunk and a new boom was begun. This increased by degrees until Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila, and it came back with all the old-time force and magnitude.

The great bulk of the flagpole business, however, is in the smaller poles suitable for private houses or for the roofs of the office buildings and stores in the city, and during war times the orders for this class of staffs come in thick and fast.

Mr. White says that it is strange how little people know about a flagpole, and what vague notions they have of the sizes and prices and of the methods of purchasing one. The average man imagines that he can buy a flagpole like he buys a broom or a coal shovel, and thinks that he can just go in and pick out the right one as to length and thickness, have it sent out, and then get the hired man, or perhaps some itinerant carpenter, to put it up, as easily as he puts a new bolt on the kitchen door.

They do not take into consideration the shape of the roof, the number of skylights, ventilators and chimneys upon it, nor do they notice whether there is a guard wall around it, that will necessarily take away from the length of the staff that is visible from the street.

"They come in here and order their flagpoles," said Mr. White, smiling, "as they would a pound of tea, and I believe some of them actually expect to have them wrapped up to take with them. Why there is not one man in a hundred who orders his pole long enough to allow for the flags being halfmasted. They never count on the governor or the mayor or the queen of England dying, and if we sold them the pole they wanted, you could not see their colors if they were put at the proper hight for official mourning.

"When we get an order for a flagstaff for a building we have to know the hight of the building, at least approximately, the condition of the roof, and whether there will be many obstructions when we go to brace it, and have to allow for the guard wall that is found on the roof of nearly every tall building in Boston and a number of other little things that would not occur to the ordinary flagpole buyer.

"In making poles we use red spruce almost exclusively, although we make an occasional big fellow out of Oregon pine. Black spruce and the other spruce wood is not suitable for the making of a staff because it grows scrubby and is very knotty. The only good use I ever knew for black spruce was to use it in the making of spruce beer, unless you take into consideration the fact that my mother used to get switches out of it.

"A piece of timber to make a good flagpole should be absolutely straight and should have as nearly as possible a straight grain, it should be as nearly free from knots as possible, for we can use no guide lines or rigging to straighten a pole, as we can on a mast; and great care must be taken in selection to get a stick of wood that will last a long time in all weathers with very little attention. painting a flagpole we have to send the man up on what is known as a triangle, for if he used spurs the holes that the spurs made would in time be developed into long cracks by the weather and these cracks would soon tend to split and rot the pole. Care must be taken that no nicks or cuts are put into the pole while it is being erected, for if there are the same thing would happen.

"In erecting a pole we dig two trenches in the ground in the shape of a cross. We make them about two feet deep, and then at their intersection we continue the hole down for five or eight feet as is required by the hight of the pole. At the bottom of this hole we place a wooden block about a foot thick with a square hole in it, and after we wedge this firmly in place with stones and stakes we step the pole into it and fill up the hole by tamping it very tight until we reach the trenches.

"Then we lay heavy beams across the pole at the bottom of the trenches and secure them fast with more stones and stakes. Thus it is impossible for a blow, no matter how severe, to move the pole in the ground. It may break it off above the surface, but it cannot budge it underground.

"Flagpoles are from ten feet to one-hundred and fifty in hight and cost from \$5 to \$500 according to length and size. Despite the present dullness the business is increasing all the time, and I put up two or three poles every day, and have done so on an average for the past forty-five years."

Mr. White does all the city work, and has put up all the flagpoles on the school buildings. He has put up flagpoles in nearly every city of New England, all the way from Bridgeport to Portland. When he is not making flagpoles he is working on spars for sailing ships, and in this line he is the premier of the eastern coast.

He has made the spars for every one of the cup defenders from the days of the America down to the Columbia, and thus has contributed a share in the glorious victories that the fleet American yachts have won over the challengers for the cup.

Mr. F. W. Bently, of Newton, who for years was associated with Mr. White, and who, next to him, has done the majority of the flagpole work in this section, is well along in years; but is still capable of going aloft to a great hight and straightening out the tangles of rigging.

Mr. Bently is regarded as the rigging and mast expert by the lawyers and the courts of Massachusetts, and is frequently called upon to testify in marine cases where there is a question arising in regard to the rigging of a ship or making of the masts or spars.

He recalls a trial some years ago in which there was a question of the strength of a triangle, a device used for hoisting men to the top of a mast. Mr. Bently said that the one in question was quite strong enough; the attorney for the plaintiff asked Mr. Bently if he would be willing to go aloft in it. He said that he would.

Whereupon the attorney asked him how long since he had been aloft in such a device, and Mr. Bently informed the court that it was an almost daily occurrence with him. Every one was astonished to learn that a man so well along in life as Mr. Bently could still have no trouble in going to the mast-head or to the top of a 150-foot flagpole.

He has erected many flagpoles and has been

in the business for fifty years. At present he has retired from active work, but does occasionally spar work for shipbuilders and vessel owners who come to the port.

### HOW THE INDIAN HUNTS.

"WHEN an Apache hunter goes out for a hunt," said Colonel Noah Parker of Gardean. Pa., an old-time plainsman, "he dispenses with even the scant attire he assumes in his ordinary daily walk in life. He needs no dog. for his quick eye detects the trail of a deer as readily as the hound's does, no matter how keen its scent. On the trail he follows it as silently as a shadow, for he knows that he will soon come in sight of the game either feeding or lying at rest among the bushes. When he sights the deer he steals to within safe gunshot. If the deer's head is turned away from the hunter, the latter, first taking aim, shuffles his foot on the ground. If the deer is lying down it springs to its feet at the sound and wheels around, facing the direction from which the sound came. If it is standing it turns around quickly. The Apache hunter always tries to kill a deer by shooting it as nearly in the center of the forehead as he can. So, when the deer turns toward him he fires at that spot. His aim is rarely at fault, but sometimes the deer is quicker to discover the cause of its alarm than the hunter is to fire, and turns for safety in flight.

"An Apache's gun, also, not infrequently misses fire and the deer flees as if on the wings of the wind. To permit a deer to escape after it is once discovered is something that no Apache hunter is expected to do, and it is against their code to fire the second time. The hunter, failing to kill his game at the first attempt, must run it down, and it is rare that he tails in this chase. As the deer bounds away in its flight, leaping twenty to thirty feet at a bound, the Indian drops his gun and, with hideous yells, starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind, putting forth its greatest efforts to that end. But its trail is as plain to the Indian as a turnpike road is to a white man, and he follows it.

"As is its nature, as soon as the deer is out of sight and sound of threatening danger it stops and waits for developments. The sight of the pursuing hunter starts it on its way again. Every halt of this kind tells against the deer, for the halt is not of sufficient length to give it any beneficial rest and at every new start it is stiffer and less active. The Indian never halts. There are runners among the Apaches who can run for twenty-four hours without a stop, and can make their five miles every hour of the time.

"After the deer has run for two or three hours its thirst prompts it to make for the nearest water. This the relentless hunter knows to be inevitable, and when the deer reaches that stage of the chase the Indian considers the victory won. There is no hope for the deer after it stops to drink, for it takes into its parched stomach all it can. Having laden itself with this weight of water, the deer is unable to take long leaps and cannot extend its run between halts more than half the former distance. The Indian's tongue may hang swollen and white from his mouth and his mouth be as dry as dust and his stomach burning up with heat, but he never stops to drink. He scoops a handful of water from the stream as he dashes across it and carries it to his mouth, where he holds it for a moment and ejects it without taking a swallow. If he is obliged to swim he lets the water run in his mouth, but keeps it from his stomach.

"After running an hour or so, after the deer has quenched his thirst, the Indian knows it is time that some evidence of the animal's weakening should be betrayed. This he is sure to find along the trail in the shape of blood spots on some rock where the deer has stumbled on its knees, or a patch of hair clinging to some sharp projection, showing that the deer's strength has failed so that it cannot turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. Now the Indian increases his speed. He knows that the deer's race is run. In time he overtakes the deer, which is now loping feebly along. A yell startles it into a momentary burst of speed.

"Then, as if appreciating the fact that it were useless to prolong the race, it stops and turns with all the defiance its exhausted nature can assume, and awaits the approach of the hunter. Sometimes, however, the deer

runs until it drops dead or dying in its tracks. If it turns upon the Indian the latter keeps right on at full speed. He knows the deer can do no harm, its inclination to the contrary notwithstanding. He seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground with ease and cuts its throat. Without a moment's delay, whether the deer is dead or dying, the Indian cuts from behind the fore shoulder a large piece of meat. He sucks the warm blood from it and devours the morsel, keeping constantly on the move. If the carcass of the deer is not too heavy he throws it across his shoulders and starts immediately for home. He does not rest a moment, for fear of becoming too stiff to make the return trip. If the deer is too heavy for him to carry, he cuts out the choicest parts, hides the remainder in a secure place, and brings in the former. In this case another member of the tribe is selected to take his back track on the arrival of the hunter in camp and bring in the venison left behind.

"If a deer is young an Apache hunter will run it down within a distance of sixty miles, but they have been known to prolong a chase for a hundred miles. The course taken is always devious and circuitous and may end within a mile or so of the starting point."

### MR. AND MRS. PARADISE AT HOME.

THE paradise fish is a native of India, and has been introduced into the United States comparatively recently.

The finest specimens are rarely more than three or four inches long, and, being surface breathers, they require very little water. These dainty things are very exclusive, however, and must be kept by themselves, as they will fight to the finish any other kind of fish that is put with them. Humored in this respect and properly taken care of, they will live for many years.

They are of the most brilliant and beautiful coloring, the predominating shade being a bluish green marked by rainbow stripes of red, orange, gray and black. When the sun is shining on them they are a glowing bit of irridescence, their colors seeming to constantly change with their movements through the water.

The male fish is much the more brilliant of the two, and it would seem in intellect as well as color, at least, he decidedly takes the initiative in all matters pertaining to housekeeping, Mrs. Paradise's chief aim in life being apparently to keep out of her lord and master's way.

With the advent of the first warm spring weather, Mr. Paradise assumes the most splendid garb, and begins at the same time to take on a very business-like air. Very soon the interested watcher may see him set about his task of nest building.

He selects for this purpose some secluded portion of the aquarium, and going about an inch below the surface of the water, he opens his mouth and forcibly ejects a lot of bubbles covered with a glutinous substance obtained from a sac in the roof of his mouth. These bubbles are about the size of a small pea, and it takes several hundred of them to make a nest of the right proportions.

At intervals during the progress of the building he swims off some little distance, and from this new vantage point carefully scrutinizes the work already done; and if he notices a bubble out of place, or anything unsymmetrical in the arrangement, back he goes and toils away until he has a regularly-constructed nest about six inches in circumference and a quarter of an inch thick.

This being completed to his satisfaction, Mr. Paradise conducts his lady to the spot, where she deposits her eggs to the number of four or five hundred. Those that fail to lodge in the nest Mr. Paradise seizes in his mouth and carefully deposits in the bubbles.

His duties have, however, only just begun. He immediately proceeds to go on guard, and if by any casualty some of the eggs fall, he stands ready to dive after them and replace them in the nest.

Nor is this all; sad it is to be obliged to say that he has to keep a very close watch upon Mrs. Paradise, for if allowed the slightest opportunity, she will not only devour the eggs, but does not scruple to eat the little ones as soon as they are hatched out.

As the eggs begin to hatch out in about 36 hours, one can watch a good part of the process. By the use of a strong reading glass or

small microscope, one can see a tiny pair of eyes and a bit of fin as they emerge from the egg in each bubble.

For two weeks father Paradise takes the entire responsibility of the care of his family. By the end of this time, he evidently thinks that they are old enough to shift for themselves; diving deep down into the water, he takes good aim and then makes a grand rush for the center of the bubbles, distributing them to the four quarters of the aquarium.

Soon after this the young paradises should be scooped up and put into a dish of their own, as there is no proof positive that after this period, even the devoted father may not so far forget himself as to eat some of his children in lieu of a piece of beefsteak—for such seems to be the way of fishdom the world over.

Paradise fish rear several such families during the summer, and their peculiar method of managing household affairs never palls upon one's interest.

The water in which they are kept should rarely be changed, and should be kept at the temperature of the ordinary living room. They require a somewhat warmer temperature than gold fish. These fish should be fed once a day on prepared fish food and small bits of raw beef alternately. Earth worms, if they can be obtained without difficulty, are really better than the beef.

Feeding them never ceases to be an interesting performance; the most convenient method is to serve a bit of beef or worm on the end of a straw; the tiny creatures will make a rush for it, grasp a bite and hustle away, taking in this manner about a half teaspoonful a day.

Before the little ones are old enough to make a square meal upon fish food or beef, a little stagnant water from some nearby pool should be put into their tank each day, as they will take very kindly to the animalculæ.

### MAKING A MEMORY BOOK.

A GOOD many young people, and older people, too, have begun the delightful task of arranging a Memory Book, to record the happy times they have had and the delightful people

they have met. A large scrap book, strongly bound, with extra strips between the leaves to admit the pastings and entry of souvenirs, is the first requisite. A pretty overcover can be made of denim in blue, green or brown, or of ordinary tan canvas, with the title in embroidered lettering in outline, or in gold, running through the center.

The title itself may be as fanciful and poetic as one wishes, so long as it is in harmony with the idea, "For Memory's Sake," "The Light of Other Days," etc. A spray of forgetme-nots or a scattering of the blossoms on the outside or on the flyleaf inside gives a dainty suggestiveness.

Let the cover be large enough to meet over the edges, and bound with a neat braid or ribbon, stitched on and tied across the ends and at the front.

The filling of the pages will be according to the tastes of the maker. A girl of nineteen summers has made her memory book really a very dainty piece of work. She selected almost entirely social happenings, using invitations and other suggestive mementos.

One whole page was given to a visit to a friend at Thanksgiving time. On the upper part of the large page was the tag which was on her trunk; under it arranged in a design, were the little dinner cards, and so on.

Again, on a page commemorating a clambake, given on the rocks of asummer watering place, were some sprays of the seaweed that the clams were baked in, dried, pressed and fastened in the book by little strips of brightly tinted paper, etc.

Programs of operas, plays and lectures, dance cards, tally cards from whist and euchre parties, filled out the pages, which showed great variety.

The memory book of a college student showed on one page a torn scrap of a sweater worn at a memorable foot-ball game, and on another the program of some college entertainment at which he assisted.

Even insignificant and homely relics bring pleasant thoughts and a smile of gladness.

The pages can be varied and made attractive and artistic with the help of the brush and paint box. An occasional sketch in water color or black and white often brings to mind

very vividly the scene itself, as well as the incidents.

Another good idea for the memory book is to have a page or so for the autographs of friends. Even though an acquaintance drops out of one's life, when the pages are turned, his name is there with some pleasant association.

The memory book for traveling should be much smaller to admit of use on the steamer's deck, or on the long journeys by train. Many a delightful incident with its accompanying souvenir can be slipped into its pages for future fastening, that would otherwise be forgotten and lost forever in the crowded experiences that follow.

### PENS AND PENMAKING.

"The manufacture of pens in the United States is confined to only four companies, although one might suppose there were many more," said a Connecticut man, who is engaged in that line of work, the other day. "That does not include the making of gold pens, which is a seprarate industry, but pens of steel, brass and German silver. The steel for these pens is brought chiefly from Sheffield, England, as is the best blade steel. Many experiments have been made with steel manufactured over here, but it never has sufficiently stood the test. The imported product comes in sheets about three or four inches wide and from 16 to 20 feet long.

"The impression would be that such little articles so universally used as pens would be entirely machine made. Not so. From the moment the sheet steel is started on its way into pens till the finished goods are boxed and labeled it is handled by employes 17 different times. The points, even, have to be ground twice—ground and cross-ground, as we style it in the factories."

For the first time in history, a suit has been brought which involves an alleged trespass on the part of a dead man. Mrs. Mary Clyborn, mother-in-law of Allen Gregory, now dead, has commenced proceedings in the Chicago courts to obtain a degree for the removal of Gregory's body from its grave in Mrs. Clyborn's lot.

### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

## THE JEWISH IDEA OF THE EXPECTED MESSIAH.

BY E. S. YOUNG.

THE coming of Jesus Christ into the world was not absolutely an isolated event in the history of mankind. There was a long preparation, a gradual development from the time that Adam and Eve sinned and were driven from the Garden until the appearance of him who should cleanse from all sin and prepare mankind for a home in the Paradise of God. In the great chain of this development types and shadows of the coming one appear. These types and shadows become more like the real one the nearer one approaches to the time of the expected Messiah. They are all finger boards pointing to the perfect fulfillment of all in Christ. These types and shadows are so clearly set forth in the Old Testament that one cannot help but feel like coming almost into the very presence of Jesus as one approaches the time when Jesus made his appearance. It is no wonder Simeon, a pious and faithful one of the Jewish nation, should wish to live that he might really see Jesus who was represented for so many centuries in types and shadows. He and a few other faithful ones had used those finger boards for a right purpose.

Had the Jews used their Scriptures as they were instructed by the One who called them to be the favored people, they would have been saved from much suffering and reproach. A careful and honest student of the Old Testament will be able to have a better idea of the coming Christ the nearer he approaches the close of those sacred pages. It was not so with the Jews. They got farther away from the real idea of the Messiah the nearer they approached his coming. It is not right to censure the Jew from any other lack of information save from the Book God gave them.

God had given his people a way by which they should get ready to receive his Son with favor when he came, but they became prepared by following the traditions of men to use Jesus as their greatest enemy instead of the one to be their Savior. This was not the result of a lack on God's part in making the finger boards clear enough along the chain of development, but in the chosen people putting up finger boards of their own and following them. Such a course must mean great failure on the part of those to whom the oracles of God have been intrusted.

We shall be able to show only a few of the Messianic ideas, which, if presented and faithfully followed, would have prepared the lews as Simeon was prepared to receive Jesus when he came. After Adam and Eve had sinned and were struggling with sin and death they received the tidings of redemption-" The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This was the first consolation and not until four thousand years had passed was this saying fulfilled. During these four thousand years we have others that give more light and make the coming still clearer. To Abram the Lord said, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." This covenant was repeatedly renewed and confirmed by sacrifices. This great nation was led from Egypt to Mount Sinai by the hand of the Lord, and there God appeared to them and gave the law or ten commandments. Moses said, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren like unto me; him shall ye hear." Moses was appointed their mediator, and is typical of the Ideal Mediator for whose coming the nation was making ready. The tabernacle was set up and a priest was needed to go between the people and God to make the offerings. Moses anoints Aaron and his sons to be the priestly family, to perform the services at the sacred house as stipulated by the law. Aaron directed the work and entered once each year into the Most Holy Place, with animal blood to make atonement for the sins of the people. Aaron was but a type of "The Ideal Priest" who entered once for all into the Most Holy Place, heaven itself, with his own blood to make atonement for the sins of the people.

The law was the schoolmaster, the teacher to bring people to Christ, not to teach them to

put Christ to death when he comes. In the age of the kings and prophets the coming of lesus is set forth more clearly than in the law. In this time there is a gradual unfolding of the idea of a "Suffering Servant." The remnant that is to save through obedience the disobedient is a Suffering Servant shown by the suffering obedient ones that had to go with the disobedient ones into the captivity. A few faithful ones suffered and through them many were brought back to the promised land. Instead of the remnant of the lews becoming the suffering servant, the entire nation should have lived up to the requirements of the Scriptures, and become the suffering servant. With such favors from God as a people and such a Book as the Old Testament in hand for four hundred years it should have trained a whole nation to wait with the spirit of expectation for him who is so clearly set forth that nothing could have turned them aside. See how Simeon and Anna were waiting for their Savior. So the whole nation should have received him and would have, had they been true to their promise made to God and the Book he put into their hands.

When Jesus came, the nation was looking for him to appear altogether different from the instructions they had received. Although desiring the Messiah as never before, they had sunk from the pure, spiritual idea, which seems to have animated their prophets long ago, and had taken hold instead of a more carnal and earthlike thing,-the expectation that the Promised One would be a national king and a man of war, to reinstate the now subject Jew in the imperial dignities he held in the days of old. Immediately after Jesus fed the 5,000 they wanted to take him by force and make him their king. No clearer statements, perhaps, are made of the feeling of this nation concerning the Messiah than that made by them in the following, "Not this man but Barabbas. We have no king but Cæsar." Is it possible that a people with the Oracles of God should choose a robber, and have the One crucified who is the hope of the nation? Such was the result in a nation that did not appreciate the blessings given.

The Jews were a chosen people to prepare for the Messiah's first coming and we all stand ready to condemn them for their use of the traditions and the misuse of the Scriptures. When the Jews had only the types and shadows and we thus condemn them, how will it be when lesus comes again and he finds us not ready to receive him when we have the All that the types and shadows represented. The difference was in the watching. Simeon and the other faithful ones with him watched by looking through the oracles of God to see him come, and when he came they saw him The Jewish nation had the Oracles, but by the side of it built up their traditions and looked through those to see him, and when he came they could not see him. We now have given to us the Oracles of God and if we will prepare to see Jesus when he comes we must use these all the time and not use so much tradition as the lews did or we will be deceived like them when he comes.

Elgin, Ill.

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THE railway from Joppa to Jerusalem, at first an experiment, has been put upon a paying basis, and other lines which will connect it with points of interest up and down the valley of the Jordan have been projected or are actually in course of building. In Jerusalem there, are now electric lights, telephones, phonographs, sanitary plumbing, modern stores, houses built with "a. m. i.," and in short, most of the comforts of civilized life. Trolley lines are talked of to connect Jerusalem with Bethany, Bethlehem, the Lake of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth, and other places made familiar through Bible history. With the introduction of these insignia of modern activity, the Palestine of the past will vanish.

X X

O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth; the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldest thou only see.

Not only to the God that is above us, but to the God that is in us, let us direct our prayer; and to that God let our importunity such that, like the man of the parable crying for bread at midnight, it cannot, will not, be denied.





# In the Front Room after Dinner





THE first installment of our afternoon talks is before the reader, and one will follow another weekly. These may be made intensely interesting, and doubtless they will be. This explanation seems due. The subject originates in the office here, with the Editor, or some friends. A blank request is mailed to a. number of brethren and sisters, taken at random, and their opinion is asked. It is printed as received, and neither the Editor nor the talkers have the remotest idea of collusion or fixing up a common story. In fact the first they know of what the others say, or even who they are, is when they are read in print.

This is suggested. If any reader would like to hear a question discussed, as far as it is discussed in our talks, let such send the Editor the question, and they may even nominate the parties from whom they wish to hear, and the matter will be taken up if the query is a proper one, and of general interest. If any of the opinions run contrary to the reader's idea of right, address the party making the statement, and not the Editor. No discussion in public will be allowed.

The object of the Talks is making people think, and doubtless it will be a most interesting medium to that end if carried out as we have started. Read carefully. Remember what you read is not regarded as authoritative by either the contributors or the Inglenook. They are what they are represented to bepersonal opinions on heart subjects.

### DO THE DEAD KNOW?

This is an interesting question. In fact nobody really does know anything about it in a way that it can be proven in so many words, but at the same time there are things that we

feel to be true in a way that we cannot tell.

Very dear friends die, that is, go on ahead somewhere, we are not sure just where, but they pass on, and we wait till we overtake them. Whether we do finally overtake them or not, it is an absolute certainty that we follow. Now it seems to me that when I get on the other side I will have a great deal to say to some who have gone on before. I will want to talk about some things that have happened in the interval between meeting and parting.

Right here I want to call attention to a rather common belief, based on some very hazy notions, or no notions at all, of the future. Some people believe that in the next life we will be so much changed that people will not be people, they will be angels or something that is so uttterly different that they and we will have no knowledge or nothing whatever in common with each other. If that is true I see no particular reason why I shall trouble myself any whatever about an identity with which I have nothing in common. If I am not to be I hereafter, what use is there in troubling myself about it?

But I am inclined to an entirely different belief. I believe that I will go over on the other side with all my present senses, and as many more as God sees fit to give me. St Paul tells it in these words: "Then shall I know even as also I am known." and thus it comes that a great many things that are dark now will be cleared up over there. Personally I favor the belief, but, as I said in the start of this article. I do not know in the absolute sense, but I would not willingly give up my belief that those who have passed are pretty near at times, and that when I shall have passed over I will still be interested in what now interests me. I see that Bro. D. L. Miller, of Mt. Morris, Ill., has something to say:

I do not know. I have hope that I shall know those who have gone before when I meet them on the other shore, and this hope, based on desire rather than evidence, carries with it a feeling, not a belief, that the dead may be conscious of our doings in this world. On these questions the Bible is silent, but I feel there is nothing unreasonable about recognition in heaven, and the consciousness of mundane happenings among the dead

Here we have the "feeling" referred to before. In fact who can speak positively on these subjects? Now there is Bro. Balsbaugh, who cannot say much, being ill, but he has this to offer:

Subject too profound and mysterious for positive exposition. Both the Bible and the essential constitution of humanity fayor the affirmative of your question.

And now Bro. Howard Henry Keim, of Ladoga, Ind., a younger man, makes a beautiful comparison, and yet in his last sentence opens the door for recognition. He says:

To the Christian "there is no death; what seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but the suburb of the life elysian, whose portals we call death."

To be harrassed by the cares and sorrows of earthly friends would mar the blissful scenes of paradise. The butterfly leaves its hull, puts on beauty and wings and soars away. The spirit is engrossed with the things of the spirit world and the "hull" is left. My opinion is that the dead do not know, as we now know things, all that transpires among the living. The change from body to spirit life might make such knowledge endurable.

Now I do not desire to be considered authority in what I shall say, but I am inclined to feel that with the eyes of the spirit we will be enabled to see not only the past and the present, but the future, when all darkness will have passed, and the glorious light of God's love will turn all things earthy to gold, and that knowing the end when sin shall have been purged and destroyed we shall not grieve over passing clouds among the earth-

Sister Barbara Culley, of Warrensburg, Mo., writes thus:

"There is no death; what seems so is transition." As the material body is only the house in which the spiritual body dwells while in this life, when the spirit passes out and they say, He is dead, "The soul has only stepped to higher heights." He is released from material limitations and his consciousness is freer than while in the body. I feel absolutely satisfied that the

dead who have attained to great soul perfection while on earth can and do know what is going on among their friends left behind them.

And if, as we are taught, their vision is enlarged, so that they can see from the beginning to the end they cannot grieve over our mistakes and shortcomings, for they see that ultimately the perfect plan is wrought out with each individual and all is good.

Prof. Sharp, of Plattsburg, Mo., calls it a dreaming:

If I were asked what the Scriptures say about the rich man in hell, and what he knew about his brethren who were yet on earth, I could tell all about that; or, I could tell about the righteous seeing "eye to eye" and "know even as they are known" when they have shuffled off this mortal coil and cease to look through the windows of the soul, but that does not seem to be exactly what is wanted. Well, then I might suggest that there seems to be some relation between the spirit of one human being and another which does not seem to be affected by matter and that we may dream about our dear ones in our last great sleep as we do in our nightly sleep now.

Bro. Chas. Yearout, of Missouri, has this to say:

I believe all persons are conscious after death, and lose none of their intelligence, and that their knowledge and understanding is increased. Yet I do not think our departed friends are cognizant of the actions and doings of their friends on earth. They have crossed beyond the shores of mortality, and are associated with immortal beings. And it seems to me, it would disturb the peace and happiness of dear ones in paradise to witness the wickedness and wrong doings in this life, especially of loved ones.

Their memories, however, are not impaired; they remember this world, and its ups and downs as they were when they left it; but are not conversant with what is now being done.

And the 'Nookman's last word is that he hopes in the future to know even as he is known here. As St. Paul puts it we see through the riddle darkly while here, but hereafter, when the spark of individuality is forced out of the crumbling tenement of clay, and the ragged garment of the soul has fallen to pieces, leaving it untrammeled and free, I see no reason why it should be less conscious than it now is. Rising on the ladder of existence would seem to extend vision instead of lessening its range. And one of these days we will know all about it in the twinkling of an eye. One moment and we will stand on the brink, with all the blurring, shifting sorrow of the last minute, and the next we may be looking with the eyes of eternal youth at the empty husk in which we once lived, surrounded by friends who have gone before, and we will wonder that we ever feared to pass the door that led from shadowland to morningland.

# 他INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

JULY 6, 1901.

No. 27.

### TO A WAYFARING MORNING GLORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET J. HOGEBOOM.

TRAILING low amid the grasses,
Far away from home and kin,
Thou hast claimed my wandering fancy,
And my heart hath entered in.
Pure as snowflakes fresh from heaven,
With the faintest carmine hue,
Where the fairies' lips have lingered
As they sipped thy fragrant dew.

Hast no wistful thought of trellis— Where thy sisters, passing fair, Fling abroad a gorgeous banner To the quickening morning air? Purple-dyed, and rose and azure, Braver than was ever wrought By fair hands in ancient story, Or with warriors' life-blood bought.

How thy clinging fragile blossoms
Filled my soul with rapt surprise,
When I first beheld their glory
With my wondering childish eyes:
Youth bas passed with its bright visions,
Yet their beauty holds me still;
One frail flower adrift and lonely
Hath the power my heart to thrill.

Is some magic-loving spirit
Sheltered in thy chalice fair,
That mine eyes in resting on thee
Sees in memory pictured there—
Humble windows gaily curtained
With bright loops of airy grace
Whose light tendrils gently swaying
Half reveal a fair young face?

Porches laden with thy blossoms,—
Glad with greetings which have been
But as tokens of the welcome
That awaited me within,—
Memories sad of her who loved thee
With all else in nature bright;
Whose dear hands shall guide no longer
Thy sweet waywardness aright?

If with reverent care they lay me— When the parting prayer is said Where the sunshine falls the brightest
In the city of the dead,
Wilt thou come with all thy kindred,
Song of bird, and hum of bee,
And the south wind hovering round thee,
Come to love and comfort me?

And when round my gleaming tablet
All thy radiant masses cling,
And a robe of soft mosaics
O'er my resting place shall fling
Can I fail to feel thy presence?
Will my pale lips cease to bless?
Shall my eyes be closed forever
To thy fragile loveliness?

Aye! Though south winds round thee hover,
And the bee and bird shall come
Thou wilt lose the fondest lover;
Lips of marble must be dumb.
Sometime though thy clinging tendrils
Search with all their loving art,
Through the folds of sable velvet
They will fail to reach my heart.
Elgin, 111.

### REMARKABLE EYESIGHT.

REMARKABLE stories are frequently told of the wonderful eyesight of uncivilized tribes. Travelers have told of guides who could see four of Jupiter's moons with the naked eye, and lately Sir Redvers Buller has declared that the average Boer can see at least two miles farther than the British soldier. The cause of this enormous difference between two pairs of healthy, normal eyes is a question of much practical interest-whether it is due to a real optical difference in structure or merely to some special ability to interpret slight differences of impression which has been acquired by practice. In a recent letter to Nature, A. S. Percival discusses this question, and, while coming to no very definite conclusion, seems rather inclined to favor the latter explanation.

### EFFECT OF IRRIGATION ON CIVILIZATION.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

### Number One.

IRRIGATION is the process of watering land by means of ditches. It may be considered under two heads; ancient and modern. The former began in the rich river valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris.

When Noah and his family left the ark on Mount Ararat in Armenia, their descendants followed the streams flowing down from that mountain until they reached the fertile plains of Shinar. Here Nimrod, the great-grandson of Noah, built the cities, Babylon, Erech, Accad and Calneh. Gen. 10: 10. From Shinar went Asshur and built Nineveh. Rehoboth, Calah and Resen. This country formed the cradle of civilization. Here the first kingdom was established, here laws were enacted, a systematic form of government adopted, cities built, and all the phases of civilized life exhibited. The Bible record proves this to have taken place more than four thousand years ago. Recent explorations among the ruins of those cities, give the date several thousand years earlier.

The question naturally arises, how could such a vast population live in such large cities close together? Had these people lived on their flocks and herds, they would have been distributed over a vast territory containing millions of acres. Turning to a map in the latter part of your Bible, you will see that all those cities were located on or near the banks of great streams and by irrigating the lands around those cities, abundance of provision could be raised for all the inhabitants. Evidences of those irrigating canals are seen to this day. Xenophon in his Anabasis, describing the campaign of Cyrus II, against his brother Artaxerxes, B. C. 401, alludes to these irrigating canals in the valley of the Euphrates and the rich products on account of irrigation.

As an illustration, showing that the people in those early ages knew how to turn the water of rivers out of their channels, we might mention that Cyrus in the year B. C. 538 diverted the waters of the great Euphrates by

digging a channel around the city of Babylon that he might march his army into the city in the bed of the river and beneath the great walls, and capture Belshazzar and his capital, estimated to have been sixty miles in circumference. History tells us that at this time "immense lakes were dug for retaining the water of the Euphrates, whence a network of canals distributed it over the plain to irrigate the land."

By means of this system of irrigation, Babylon covered an area many times that of London at present, and its walls and hanging gardens were among the seven wonders of the world.

The descendants of Mizraim, the second son of Ham, peopled the fertile valley of the Nile, and there developed a high degree of civilization many centuries before Greece was known, or Rome was built, or before the Phænicians had become masters of the sea. The early civilization of Egypt is recorded by its pyramids, temples and sculptures that even now astonish the traveler on account of their stupendous dimensions. It was only by a system of irrigation that the narrow valley of the Nile could support a nation and furnish an army that could cope with Assyria, Babylon, or any other on the face of the globe.

All this great power, all this state of high civilization, was made possible only by compacting the population into large cities and supplying them with food from lands which were irrigated. The same process of irrigating described by Eld. D. L. Miller in his "Wanderings in Bible Lands," page 49, was practiced long before the days of Moses when the water was lifted out of the Nile by the shadoof, poured into trenches, and directed by the gardener with his foot. Deut. 11: 10.

Cicero who wrote his excellent work, "De Senectute," in the century preceding the Christian era, alludes to the Persian king Cyrus, who prided himself on the trees he had set out with his own hands. He pays a high tribute to horticulture and landscape gardening brought to perfection by irrigation and are as old as sculpture and painting, and because of their refining influence should be classed among the fine arts.

Plattsburg, Mo.

### KANSAS STRAWBERRIES.

BY ALPHA L. MILLER.

THE Kansas strawberry is rich in flavor, of medium size and of a fine color. It is grown quite extensively near Lawrence, Kansas. Many fields of ten acres or less are seen, and the fruit is shipped to eastern and northern markets in fruit cars. These cars are filled jointly by different parties and billed through to the market terminal. Near Bonner, Kansas, are several small plantations of strawberries. South of Bonner one mile and a half is situated a plantation of four acres. of this plantation is a rich, sandy loam, and is very productive. The ground was plowed deep one year ago last fall, leveled and sowed to buckwheat. When the grain was in bloom the field was plowed again and left for the winter. In the early spring of 1900 the ground was plowed, leveled, and laid off in four one-acre plots. It was then marked off north and south with a tool having three runners, just three feet apart. The plants were then set eighteen inches apart in the rows. . The following varieties were planted, Brandywine, Haverland, Lovett, Bederwood and Warfield, the rows alternating, one row of pollen berries and two rows of staminate or nonpollen to fertilize the new plants or berries.

During the summer these berries, or rather the plantation were plowed with a twelve-tooth cultivator nearly a dozen times, and hoed four or five times, the new plant runners being kept back until nearly fall. Then they were allowed to grow to make fruit plants for bearing. In the early fall they were covered heavily with straw and left for the winter.

This year they were ready for bearing, and preparations were made to take care of the fruit. A shed was built ten feet wide by twen-

ty long, boxes were bought,—the boxes coming in bales of five hundred, and the crates also in bales of one hundred. Thirty-five pickers were engaged, trays made, the rows numbered by driving a numbered stake at the end of each row, and all was ready for the opening day.

Bright and early May 24th, the picking commenced. Twelve crates were picked that day and the fruit was of fine color and size. During the last week of May the plantation was picked every other day, but during the first week of June the plantation was picked one-half at a time, every day.

The largest picking was on June 6, eightyone crates and June 7 seventy-five crates. The
largest amount picked by one person was one
hundred and fifteen boxes; four crates and
nineteen boxes. The price paid was twentyfive cents a crate, one and one-twenty-fifth
cents a box.

Owing to dry weather the picking fell to forty or fifty crates a day and on June 13 picking was discontinued.

The yield estimated was one-half a crop, only five hundred and sixty-five crates were picked, and the yield per acre was three thousand three hundred and ninety boxes. The berries were nearly all shipped to Lincoln, Nebraska, and were received and sold by the Hargreave Brothers commission firm. They brought in the Lincoln market from \$1.75 to \$2.25 a crate. After the commission, express, boxes and picking were paid for, the fruit grower received about \$1 a crate clear gain.

The picking over the plantation is being prepared for next year. This same grower had one measured acre last year that yielded him five thousand boxes, two hundred and eight crates and eight boxes, besides supporting over three dozen five-year-old apple trees.

Olathe, Kans.



### HERRING RIVER MONEY.

This is herring season on Cape Cod, and along the shore where the fresh water streams empty into the sea and at the head waters of the rivers that are the outlets of the big lakes, the spawning grounds of the herring, there are scenes of unusual activity.

Of all the streams on the Cape where the herring are found the Monument or Herring River, as it is called, is perhaps the most profitable.

This river is the outlet of the big lakes near Bournedale and empties into the bay here near Gray Gables, after winding its way through the valley between here and the lakes, a distance of about four miles.

The right to catch herring in the river is sold to the highest bidder at a public auction each year.

When the town sells the right to catch the herring in the river it is agreed by the purchaser that the catching of the herring will only take place on certain days, the other days being closed days, so called, when the fish are permitted to run unmolested into the big ponds, their spawning grounds.

It is on catching days that the residents must go to the herring house if they wish to obtain their rights of fresh fish. On the other days none but the pickled herring are delivered to them.

It is an established and strange fact that on the days when it is not allowable to catch the herring they run up the river in bigger schools than on any other day.

The catching of herring is a very simple matter to those who are skilled in the art, but it is, however, a laborious task when the fish are running in big schools. The herring house, the place where the herring are caught, spans the river at its narrowest part and the water runs through a sluiceway about three feet in width and about two feet deep.

This sluiceway is about twenty feet in length, running the full width of the building. On either side of the sluiceway stand the herring catchers with their big dip nets ready to scoop out the fish as they attempt to run the gantlet and get into the waters of the lake above. These herring catchers are so skilled

in the art of catching the fish that they rarely allow a single fish to get past the dead line unless they are running up in such big schools, as they frequently do, that they choke the sluiceway, or run, as it is called.

Even then but few fish get away, so quickly and deftly do the herring catchers operate their big nets. The few fish that escape on catching days, that is, the fish that get through the run, are not safe by any means, as beyond the house another gantlet has to be run before they are safe in the slack waters of the lake.

This second gantlet that the fish run after they escape being caught passing through the sluiceway, is one that is thrown out by the Indians, who have the exclusive right to catch the herring in the river between the lake and the herring house. These descendants of the aborigines line the banks of the river, or wade into it hip deep, as the occasion requires, and so skilled are they in catching the herring that it is safe to say that not one ever gets by them.

On the closed days, when it is not allowable to catch herring in the herring house Indians are likewise not permitted to carry on their work. The Indians find the catching of herring under the aforesaid condition rather a profitable occupation, and seem to rather enjoy the work. They find a ready sale for the fish at good prices, and they also find good sales for the herring that they pickle and cure. The fish are smoked and cured by a peculiar process known only to the Indians about Buzzards Bay and Mashpee. Before being smoked and cured they are strung on sticks, a dozen on each stick.

A number of Indians at Mashpee make a regular business of curing and smoking herring and they say that they make a good living at it. The herring are decidely more palatable, so the epicureans say, after they are cured and smoked as the Indians treat them, and in the winter months there is a brisk demand for them in the Cape towns.

After being cured and smoked the herring are not the least affected by climatic changes and will keep for months. The herring, "stick herring," as they are called by Cape Codders, are also known as "Cape Cod tur-

keys," but how or when they derived this name is shrouded in mystery.

These herring are entirely different from the herring that are seen in the waters of the bay and along the sound shore later in the season, being of the species that seek fresh water to spawn, and returning to the salt water late in the summer or early fall. The appearance of the herring, so those who watch for their coming each year say, is said to immediately follow the first "piping" of the frogs in the swamps about the river and in the valleys.

The rivers leading to the ponds at East Wareham and at Parker Mills are also important points for catching herring. At the latter place the herring are caught in traps, such as were formerly used in this bay to ensnare fish. By the means of traps the fishermen need only to take the fish out as they are wanted to supply the demand, and that mode of catching herring has a great many better features over any and all other kinds employed on the Cape. The herring catchers contend that they are able to tell the waters from which a herring has been taken just by looking the fish over.

They also say that it is an established fact that herring each year return to the same spawning grounds, and the herring that run up the rivers at Warehams are in many respects different from the fish that run up the Monument River, and that the fish that run up the rivers at Masphee and Bass rivers also have marks that the fish here do not bear.

It is the belief of the herring catchers that the young fry do not go down to the salt water until they are at least two years of age, or until they are of sufficient size to defend themselves against the attacks of the enemies that they meet in the deep sea.

### WHAT IS FEAR?

TO-DAY, everywhere, every one is discussing courage, praising it, wondering about it, glorying in it. Yes, to-day we talk much of courage, and sometimes of fear. Which is the more interesting as a mere topic of conversation?

Almost all the conversations about fear, in

which I have joined have taken place at night. For, after dark, and when most sounds have ceased, the life that there is in fear grows stronger, the pulse that there is beats more vehemently.

Most men, I think, have known fear in some form or other during their lives. A very great general once told me that he felt horribly afraid just lefore he went into battle for the first time. He proved to be a typical man of action. But he was also an imaginative man, and all really imaginative men and women are capable of feeling the touch of fear.

Some men are incapable of feeling fear in any normal circumstance of life, however terrible. But they can quail before the abnormal.

Any trick or abrupt failure of a faculty is apt to produce fear in a heart. I once, in broad daylight went into a small room to write a letter. On opening the door I saw that the room was empty. I shut the door, walked toward the writing table and felt two hands grasping my shoulders. My eyes had played me a trick. There was some one in the room standing exactly in front of me. As I felt those two hands come down on my shoulders for a brief instant I experienced an agony of fear.

Lord Roberts is afraid of cats. Sir Richard Burton was afraid of the scent of a certain fruit. There was something so horrible to him about it that his powers deserted him if it were brought into the room where he was.

There are men who will face anything without flinching, but who cannot endure to hear a soft footstep following them in a lonely place. Wind frightens some people, distant music has a distressing effect on others, filling them with unreasonable apprehension.

A barrister I knew got out of a railway carriage, moving a lot of luggage, because a small and rather timid-looking man got in. He told me afterward that the little man filled him with a sensation of absolute horror. Yet he had only just returned from two-years' wandering in the wildest regions of North America, had faced death a hundred times, and had lived with the riffraff of humanity without once losing his nerve in the slightest degree.

Fear is more prevalent in the north and

west of the world than in the East. A brilliant man, who traveled much and observed many things, has said that in the east men may know panic, but never fear.

I have always been fascinated by the tale—true, I believe—of the respected and beloved man who, returning one night from some short journey, went up to his bedroom, and presently came down and told his daughter that he wished the mattress to be taken from his bedstead and laid upon the floor. He said that he had met with a doctor who had told him that his health would be better if for the future he slept thus at night, quite flat, and not raised upon anything.

His daughter obeyed him, and for the rest of his life—he lived for many years—he always slept on a mattress on the floor. When he was dying he sent for a clergyman, and confessed that, while away on the journey already mentioned, he had committed a murder, and that henceforth he had been so companioned by fear that the thought of sleeping upon a bed with a dark and empty space beneath him had been intolerable to him.

In most men the fear of public opinion is greater than the fear of physical torture or of death, and this fear of public opinion has often induced cowards to perform heroic deeds in the eyes of the world.

The modern woman is beginning to feel that she owes it to herself to be fearless. The lady who runs from cows and who would as soon face a rattlesnake in a passion as a mouse in a panic has had her day and gives place to a race more amazonian.

Yet the terrors of superstition still flourish, and not only in the area and behind the kitchen door.

Courage will remain, defiant of those who acclaim or who analyze it. And fear, let us hope, will remain, too, for drama ever dogs the steps of the craven heart, as it clatters at the side of the world's musketeers.

### MAKING "OLD GLORY."

"The extent to which bunting is used in this country may be realized when it is known that some 7,000,000 yards, or enough of the material to make between 9,000,000 and 10,-

ooo,000 flags of one kind or another, was sold throughout the United States last year," said a wholesale dealer in bunting in New York to the writer recently. "Bunting in use for flagmaking is of two kinds, the woolen bunting, which is the finest variety, and the cotton goods, which is the cheapest, less durable and less ornamental. The fabric comes in rolls usually of forty yards, and it is worth from \$1.50 to \$8 per yard, according to the quality.

"The most expensive bunting, such as is used by the United States Government for the manufacture of naval flags, is composed entirely of wool of the finest quality. The fabric is absolutely free from imperfections, and weighs just five and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois per piece of forty yards of ten inches, and filling contains not less than thirty-four threads to the inch. The colors must be as 'fast' as possible, and not liable to be seriously affected by being soaked continuously for twenty-four hours in fresh water, and then thoroughly washed in water with which is combined a good grade of laundry soap.

"Only about one-half of the bunting sold in this country is used for making flags such as the stars and stripes. The other half is used in the manufacture of small railroad, steamship and naval signal flags, for use of contractors, railroad builders, auctioneers and social societies. In flagmaking, the only work that is done by hand is the cutting, which is performed by a man with a sharp knife. The sewing, stitching and hemming are done on machines by girls and women, who make the most skillful and careful operators.

"There are thirty flag factories in the United States. These concerns have an invested capital of \$12,000,000 and pay in wages nearly \$400,000 annually. The majority of the flag factories are situated in New York State. The others are located in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and South Carolina."

### HOW THEY PULL TEETH IN JAPAN.

Those wonderful islands in the North Pacific that make up the empire of Japan are full of interest to Americans. They form a rich and beautiful country of hills and valley and

vegetation; and among the people there are plenty of bright eyes and ready wits and nimble fingers. But the Japanese are what we call "a great way behind the age." They have been slow to learn new inventions because they have thought themselves wiser than the rest of the world and have kept the art of the world shut out of their empire.

These singular people, who carve and design so cleverly, are very ignorant of medicine and surgery. Like other people, they have many aches and pains; and, as everybody knows, one of the most torturing pains is an aching tooth. These poor creatures in Japan, like all the world beside, now and then want a tooth pulled; and their only contrivances for this are a wooden mallet and a stick. The professor of dentistry instead of sitting in his office with a stock of mysterious and frightful instruments, goes traveling over the country, carrying a box covered with brass ornaments, and containing some little mallets and wedges. When he meets with a person who wishes to part with an aching tooth, the wedges are pressed in between the tooth and gum, and are then forced down with the mallet, until, by hammering and prying, the tooth is made so loose that it can be pulled out with the finger. The poor patient suffers very much. Sometimes pieces of the jaw are broken away with the teeth, and it is said the patient dies from the wound.

And yet these singular people, so intelligent in some things, so stupid in others, make very beautiful artificial teeth, even complete sets, carved from marine ivory, and mounted on hard gourd-shell. They are made to fit the mouth very perfectly, and are 'kept in place by atmospheric pressure, very much as with us. The invention, however, is their own, and has been one of their arts for many generations. These teeth are not what we call expensive, a complete upper set costing only about one dollar and a half.

#### CLIMATE OF MANILA.

Manila's climate is almost identical with that of San Juan de Puerto Rico, and is comparable with that of the Gulf States during the warmer portion of the year. It seems less trying to most people, however, than July and

August even in Washington or Baltimore, because the climate is an even one. Having no sudden changes to fear, men can, and habitually do, dress in the lightest of underclothing, wearing over it only thin, unlined duck coat and trousers; and inasmuch as the variations of temperature are small, people presently become accustomed to the warmth, says Scribner's Magazine.

Mean temperature of the year is 79 degrees F., a degree of heat to be found in winter in many dwellings and offices of the Atlantic coast. The cool season, coinciding with the prevalence of the northeast monsoon, lasts from early in November to about March 1. The coolest month is February and its mean temperature is 76 degrees F., but the mercury has been known to descend temporarily to 61 degrees F., producing great suffering among the people. During this season the humidity is fairly low, about 78 per cent, which is approximately the prevalent relative moisture of the air in the seaboard towns of the Atlantic coast in September.

In the cool months the rainfall is small and consists ordinarily of occasional thundershowers. The hot season at Manila includes March, April and May, the last being the hottest month. May has an average temperature of between 85 degrees and 86 degrees F., and once only, since records began, the mercury rose to 100 degrees F. The air during the hot season is, as a rule, decidedly dry, a fact which assuages the seeming intensity of the heat. In April the average humidity is 71 per cent.

Most of the cities on the Atlantic seaboard are more humid in June than is Manila in April. Many of our interior towns, however, have an average humidity in June of between 70 and 72 per cent; such are Atlantic, Bismarck, Chicago, Lynchburg and Nashville. Hot nights are rare in Manila, and by midnight it is always possible to sleep comfortably.

ETHEL-Mamma, don't you think women should know how to cook, so that they may be able to look after their husband's digestion when they marry?

Mamma—Certainly, dear.

Ethel-Mayn't I go to the kitchen then and practice making butter-scotch?

#### NEW WORK FOR WOMEN.

Wно can divine what a "book surgeon" is? Miss Mabel Cook, of New York, has explained the meaning of the term and says it is a comparatively unexplored field of activity for selfsupporting women and one which can be made profitable. The work of the "book surgeon" consists of mending and renovating books and her discovery of this as a profession was the outcome of the knowledge that a certain private library needed repairing. Miss Cook was spending the winter in Paris, where the owner of the library resided, and it was suggested that if she were proficient in this line of work she could easily obtain the order. Miss Cook, who is a lover of books, immediately began to fit herself for the place by studying bookbinding with one of the most expert binders in Paris.

"In order to repair books you must know how to bind them," said Miss Cook yesterday. "I devoted the winter to the study of bookbinding and gilding, or tooling, as it is called. The lessons cost a small sum and I found the work delightful. The man from whom I took lessons lived in what had at one time evidently been a sort of palace. His wife was an expert binder and helped him. In France they do not have the prejudice against letting women learn trades in shops as in New York, where if a woman attempts to learn the trade in a regular bindery the men refuse to work with her."

A specimen of Miss Cook's workmanship which lay on the table was a book bound in white parchment, decorated with a finely executed design of trailing grapevines, with clusters of grapes. The design was originated by Miss Cook, who stated that the book entire, with its rich binding, had cost in materials just 14 cents.

"In the course of binding you take up the book sixty times," said Miss Cook, "and in the finest kind of binding the book has to be in the press for two weeks in all during the different processes."

For three years Miss Cook has been the binder for the old Astor library on Lafayette place, where her workroom is situated, on the ground floor. When the library books get torn or in need of repairs they are sent down to Miss Cook, who repairs about three books a day. When the bindings are old and valuable every effort is made to preserve them. Some come down with one "board," or cover, off and others with the strings which bind the pages to the cover broken. The books that are most often in need of repairs are the genealogical books and "peerages."

"When a book comes down I judge of the condition of the 'invalid' and give it the necessary 'treatment,'" said Miss Cook. "There is always plenty of work to be done and it is surprising to note how viciously some people will treat the books. The other day one of the finest and rarest books of reference came down with four pages cut clean out, close to the binding. In order to get those four pages out the person had pressed hard with the knife and cut away sixty other pages, which, however, had not been taken away. The loose pages had to be bound in again, but the four missing ones were never seen. I received the appointment here when I had completed my studies in Paris, so I never applied for the position to repair the private library which had been the cause of my undertaking the work. There are few women who can do binding and repairing, and if more would take the work up I am sure they would be kept busy all the time at private libraries, and find it remunerative too."

#### GUIDED BY THE PULSE.

THE Chinese physicians, it is well known, have long had the credit of paying very particular attention to the pulse. They even pretend to derive a much more minute and accurate knowledge of the state of the sick from that source than European practitioners lay any claim to.

The patient is directed to be laid in bed, with his arm resting on a small cushion. The physician must be seated and both parties are enjoined to remain calm, silent and collected. The fingers are next to be applied in due succession, one after another, in order to judge of the compressibility of the artery.

The Chinese do not infer solely from the rapidity of the pulsations. Their mode is to compare the number of pulsations of the ar-

tery with the intervals of the respiration of the patient. The number of pulsations of a man in moderate health they consider in relation to the time of a natural inspiration and expiration. Four beats of the pulse during this period they consider as indicating perfect health. If it exceeds five pulsations it is considered as too quick; if under that number as too slow respecting good health. It is required to reckon fifty pulsations in order to form a correct indication. Their chief divisions of the pulse are four, the superficial, the profound, the quick and the slow. These they consider as having relation to the four temperaments, the choleric, the sanguine, the phlegmatic and the melancholy.

#### MONEY OF EVERY VARIETY.

A GENTLEMAN from the Far West, stopping at one of the uptown hotels, handed a \$100 note to the cashier this morning in liquidation of his bill, and received back ten crisp, new \$5 bills, which had never been even creased, and were fresh from their original package as pinned together in the treasury. From repeated handling the \$100 bill looked more like a piece of dirty, black, water-soaked paper than the real thing.

"That's nice money," he said to the cashier. "Where I come from some people might look askance at it before acceptance, as it appears too new and too much like what they might consider counterfeit. In Chicago, in a restaurant, I once offered a brand-new bill of large denomination, fresh from the treasury, and it was refused by the cashier, who had her 'suspicions' of its genuineness-fact, I assure you, on my honor, 'twas in Chicago, where they will take anything from the bristles off a pig's back to your watch or your life. No, it wasn't in St. Louis, but in Chicago; I'll swear it! No jollying now. However, we never see any of these fresh, crisp, new bills out in the Far West, Southwest and in the Far South. Whenever I come to Washington I always take away with me as much of this nice, clean money as I can carry. I consider it a duty I owe to the public at large to cause its dissemination. Here, I understand, the residents fail to notice the money they handle, having become accustomed to seeing it."

"That's true," said the cashier. "Washington is the great currency clearing-house for the entire nation as well as the central point of issue of money. At this hotel we send daily to the treasury a certain sum, which is exchanged for brand-new money, and I pass it out to our guests, taking their old bills instead. Guests are much pleased as a rule to receive it; they carry it away to all quarters of the country, it enters into general circulation and costs us nothing for our trouble. good practice and one which could be emulated. It is an actual privilege to handle this clean money, which all Washingtonions enjoy, but which they do not take into account by reason of their familiarity with it. The government pays its employes semimonthly in bills fresh from the treasury, which quickly find their way into general circulation in the city and indirectly outside of Washington.

#### WORSHIP OF THE TURTLE.

At a place called Kotorn on the French Ivory coast, the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetish men, of which there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night the canoe was thrown up on the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species.

If one now happens to be washed ashore there is great commotion in the town. First the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks; next a piece of white cloth is placed on the turtle's back; food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil; then, amid a lot more singing, dancing and antics of the fetish people, it is carried back into the sea.

\* \*

SCIENTISTS are excited over the discovery of a well-defined human footprint in a vein of coal near Joliet, Ill. It has always been contended that man did not exist during the carboniferous age.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### A BIG VINE.

THE most famous vine in England is undoubtedly that at Hampton Court Palace, and although one continually sees paragraphs in various newspapers which try to discount the statement that it is the largest or most prolific single vine in that country by pretending to give an account of some other less-known vine which has surpassed it in one or both respects, such statements may generally be dismissed as either unreliable or, at any rate, "not proven."

The Hampton Court vine has a life record of over 130 years, since it was planted as far back as 1768. Its branches spread quite over all the ceiling area of the vine-house, which is 2,200 square feet. The immense stem measures 3½ ft. in girth, and divides into three huge limbs, these being over 90 ft., 82 ft., and 80 ft. long. A curious fact is that, from an examination made of part of the roots several years ago, it was found that there were also three main root-branches, two of which turned out under the gardens, while the third went directly down towards the river-bed. Whether it had reached it or not was not solved.

The grapes, which are of the kind known among connoisseurs as Black Hamboros, are of beautiful flavor, and are kept exclusively for royal use, bunches being sent every day to Windsor, or wherever her Majesty may be. There is now a rule with the gardeners who attend to the vine that it shall not be allowed to bear more that 1,200 bunches of grapes a year, and so, although there are about 3,000 bunches at first, the rest are always cut away, and the number stated only allowed to come to maturity. This keeps up the quality to the best pitch, and does not allow the vine to be overstrained, as it used to be in great danger of such from its being permitted to bear 2,000 bunches annually at the end of last century.

The 1,200 bunches weigh, on an average, an

aggregate of 600 pounds, and very tempting they look to the thousands of persons who visit the vine-house during the period of maturity, as the clusters hang in regular lines from the vine above. No wonder that, as the writer has heard more than one little lad say—and big ones, too, for that matter—" they just do make your mouth water."

#### MAKING CALIFORNIA SALMON OUT OF LOU-ISIANA CATFISH.

The story that Mississippi river catfish are being sent to California and canned as a substitute for salmon is incorrect only in a matter of detail, said a writer in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. They are not being sent to California for the very good reason that the haul is too long and transportation charges would be prohibitive, but they are going to Chicago for the exact purpose named.

At present the industry is in its experimental stage, but I have private information that it has proven a complete success, and the people behind it are going into the business on a huge scale next spring. It is quite a geographical joke, when you come to think about it—a factory in Illinois for making California salmon out of Louisiana catfish; but that is exactly what they propose to establish. They will utilize the cats that are too large for the regular market and that are at present simply a nuisance to the fisheries.

The canning process is, of course, a secret, but I understand that the meat is lightly smoked and then put in a solution that gives it the characteristic salmon pink color. After treatment they say it is impossible to distinguish it from the real thing, and it is, no doubt, equally good, as the objections will be entirely of a moral and ethical character, which don't go very far in modern business.

Canned salmon is one of the staple food products of the world, and there is no denying

the fact that the Columbia river supply is beginning to run short. The catfish, on the other hand, are apparently inexhaustible, so there seems to be a big future for the industry. If it proves feasible I shall look to see canned salmon factories established in the vicinity of New Orleans.

#### SPARROW COMMITS SUICIDE.

Two English sparrows were found dead side by side in a field, near Smith Pond, Cherry Valley, Mass., by a party of gunners. One of the birds had been dead for some time but the other expired while the hunters were within eyesight, and the men say it was a case of suicide. The attention of the men was first attracted by the distressing cries of the second bird which was on the shore of the pond. The men drew nearer and watched. The sparrow was seen to put its head under water and allow it to remain there for a time. It repeated this ducking several times at short intervals.

The last time the sparrow's head remained under water longer than before and the men drew closer only to find that the bird had hopped to the side of its mate and lay there expiring. The hunters said it was a clear case of suicide. They are men of wide experience in field and forest, and in all their trips they said they had never seen a bird show such attachment as was disclosed by the sparrow which died of its own desire.

#### THE DEER'S HORNS.

Why and how is the deer so peculiarly unlike any other of the bovine race, the horn differing so materially from all the horned cattle in its composition, growth, maturity and decline? It presents all the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. It sprouts from the brain without any prolongation of the frontal bone. It rises and breaks through the sinews and takes root on the bone, growing the same as a vegetable. It is nourished by and secretes albumen upon the surface, and disposes of the fibrine the same as any animal.

It is clothed with a skin and hairy coat very different from that on the rest of the body.

This covering and hair possesses a property unknown in other animal bodies—that of being a styptic to stanch its own blood when wounded. It carries marks of the age on the buck by putting out an extra branch each year, which shows an additional power each year to produce them. And this power does not exist in the female. So this difference is more distinctly marked than in any other class of animals. Again, the horn possesses properties unknown in any other animal matter. It is certainly inodorous, capable of resisting putrefaction and almost impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.

And still water at 330 degrees F. will dissolve these horns readily, even though they are not soluble in alcohol and resist the action of acids and alkalies. It is the only vegeto-animal substance that we know of that does not perpetuate itself by procreation.

The male and the female are sustained by the same nutrition and elements, and the male only produces horns. This phenomenon is quite as much of a curiosity as the absence of the horn in the buck after shedding.—Jackson-ville Times-Union.

A NATURALIST saw one of the wasp-like flies called the sphex dragging a grasshopper to its nest, and, knowing its habit of entering before it carried in its prey, he determined to make an experiment with it. The nest of the sphex is underground, and the entrance is a little hole. When it had gone into the hole, leaving the grasshopper just outside, the observer moved the latter five or six inches away. Finding its prey gone when it came out, the sphex ran around hunting for it, and, having found it, dragged it back to the hole, going in itself on its preliminary visit, as before. This was repeated three times, but the fifth time it dragged the grasshopper into the hole without stopping. The same thing was tried on several successive days, with the same result, which shows that the conservative little insect had at last to throw aside ts instinct and depend on its reason.—Philadelphia Record.

PROSPECTORS claim to have found a mountain of almost pure copper within forty miles of Deadwood, S. D.

# 態INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### KEEP COOL.

This is the season of the year when people are overcome with the heat, and a few simple instructions, if followed carefully, will prevent much trouble. In the first place keep cool mentally. Do not begin the day with fretting and fuming. A day that promises to be an excessively warm one should be met in the morning with an excessive coolness on the part of him who would escape being overheated or overcome.

Don't eat too much breakfast, and that not of the heating order. Dress lightly, as much so as is consistent with decency, and make no concessions to any fool fashions demanding uncomfortable clothes. Go about your work deliberately, and keep on the shady side of everything on your way. Drink but little water and that not ice cold. The less water you drink early in the day, the stronger you will be at night. Sit down whenever you can. In other words, keep cool.

In case you are in danger of being overcome at the first sign, stop work and lie down in the shade. If there is sunstroke, so called, the treatment is in putting the patient on his back, loosening up the clothing all around, pouring cold, ice cold water, on the wrists and over the face and neck. Here is the unvarying sign of sunstroke. The skin is hot and dry. As long as you are sweating freely no sunstroke is in sight. The moment the skin becomes dry and hot, stop right there, no matter what you are doing.

If smitten with that terror, prickly heat, make a strong solution of baking soda, a heaping spoonful to a cup of water, and mop all the parts affected. This will, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, effect a cure. If not, take internally a solution of cream tartar, one small spoonful to a glass of water, dissolved and swallowed in varying doses, though you might take it all at once and do no harm. But an ounce of prevention is worth a wagon load of cure. Keep cool.

#### CONCERNING QUOTATIONS.

Some of our best friends have wondered why we discourage quotations from the Bible in our requests for what we want in the INGLENOOK. All the reason we have vouchsafed is that others know the Good Book as well as we and there is no occasion for it. And there are other reasons.

It may sound very Biblical to refer every sentence to some Scriptural chapter and verse. but the opinion is ventured that not one person in a thousand ever verifies them. They are usually skipped and with good reason. average article is not an argument fitted with mathematical nicety to the Bible, requiring reference as a lawyer's argument refers to the decisions. It is a suggestive train of thought rather, and he does it best who enters into the spirit of the law. Quotations here and there can be made to prove anything. Thousands of people prove by disconnected verses that the major portion of the world is going to hell. Other thousands prove the same way that there is no hell to go to. The thing to ascertain is the meaning and intent of the

This whole business of chapter and verse is a modernism dating back only a few hundred years. The original Scriptures were written continuously as one would write a letter. The early Christians never quoted chapter and verse, for such divisions did not exist. The early fathers, the writers on Christian ethics, quote only principles and not the text, for it was not then so divided as to be quotable. Christ and the inspired writers make frequent references to the law and the prophets, but they are references, not verbatim quotations. The reason was that the Jewish hearer understood perfectly the allusions to his sacred writers, and needed no page and section of the roll on which the law was written. It is very much so in our day with reference to the New Testament.

That in a detailed and critical account of a happening, or line of them, there should be references showing the connection goes without the saying. But they are burdensome and superfluous in ordinary narrative. The average Inglenook reader is an intelligent person and does not need the chapter and verse if the well-known spirit of the law is observed in the narration. Stick to the meaning the words prove.

#### ONLY THINK OF IT!

A LETTER from a valued correspondent says:

"I think the 'NOOKMAN must certainly have his second wife according to 'NOOK No. 22, by the way he expresses himself of Gaggle Goo. We came to the conclusion the name is not very pretty for such a nice little baby he is the proud father of. Accept my congratulations, please."

When the baby gets her advance copy of the 'Nook she will grin a big, broad, toothless, gleesome smile of derision at the thought,—"second wife," "proud father," and the rest of it. The 'Nookman is married to the Inglenook, but it, all ends right there. He is everybody's uncle, not their "pap."

#### QUERIES.

Our thermometer has a red liquid in the tube. What is it?

Colored alcohol.

Do all wasps sting?

Only female wasps sting.

What is the weight of an ivory tusk?

Of a large elephant about 120 pounds.

What is glycerine made of?

In practice it is a by-product of soap-making.

How can the fly walk on the ceiling?

His feet are hollow and the suction holds him up.

Is there any way to take tar out of a fabric?

Rub in lard most thoroughly over the spot and then wash out with soap and water.

Who first introduced the use of the potato?

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the sixteenth century. He found them growing practically wild.

Have we in common use all the vegetables all men, everywhere, raise and eat?

We have but a small part of them, and there are many vegetable substances used as food that are not known even by name, by the world at large.

What is a grass widow, and is the term a bad one?

A married woman, not living with her husband, is a "grass widow." The term is usually applied to the flippant, gay class and is used in that sense. Man and wife, separated, should not be made objects of reproach without knowledge, and hardly then.

How is the colored sugar, used on fancy cakes, made?

You can make it yourself by getting the liquid, vegetable colors, sold in small bottles, and after sifting granulated sugar, take the coarsest, moisten with the diluted coloring, spread out and dry quickly. It will not be worth while for the small quantity usually called for and is cheaper bought.

Can I get the picture of a favorite cow engraved?

Sure, but you are confused about the word engraved. Here is what you want to do. Get a good photograph of the animal, or anything you want the picture made from, and it must be a good photo, no petty kodak business, and then send it to a photo-engraver who will make the plate and charge you about twenty cents a square inch for doing the work. The picture he will make is photographed from the one you send, and if you do not send a good one the engraving will be no better.

#### SNAKE HUNTING.

SNAKES are increasing rapidly in value. A few years ago a diamond-backed rattlesnake would not have brought five cents from any dealer in reptiles. To-day a good-sized rattlesnake is worth twenty dollars at least. Twenty-five dollars would be paid for an extra good subject by a public zoological garden or by a physician interested in snake toxines.

Hundreds of physicians in the United States to-day make a specialty of studying the poisons secreted by the four venomous snakes of this country. They compare the effects of these poisons upon the human system with the effects of the toxines produced by the bacilli of various diseases. In this manner they hope to discover not only an antidote for snake bite, but an antitoxine for swamp fevers and dozens of other ills that flesh is heir to.

This demand for American snakes has produced corresponding activity in the business of snake hunting. The Smithsonian institution at Washington is continually on the alert for rare specimens. The Bronx zoo (New York) recently sent a snake-stalking expedition to South Carolina under the lead of R. L. Ditmars. Mr. Ditmars will soon start south on a second snake-hunting trip. Dr. Weir Mitchell, the author and scientist, is one of the best-known students of snake toxines. It is said that he sometimes has as many as 1,000 snakes in his laboratory.

For various reasons poisonous snakes are much less common than they were at one time. Still there are enough to make things interesting in many localities. In Western Texas ranchers' families living in sod huts look under the bed daily for prairie rattlers. and only sleep secure under a mosquito net canopy. The poisonous snakes of the United States are the rattler, copperhead, moccasin, and coral snake. The first three belong all to the same family-the cratalidae-and their poisons, so far as known, are similar. coral or harlequin snake is found only in the South, and its venom very much resembles that of the deadly East Indian cobra. He is brightly banded, small, harmless-looking, but very vicious. No certain remedy is known for the bite of any of these snakes. Whisky and strychnine, given in doses large enough

often to produce convulsions, are usually most effective. Very much depends upon the constitution of the person bitten, and upon the portion of the body that the snake's fangs strike. In general nine-tenths of the persons bitten by these snakes die. All this goes to prove, of course, that snake hunting is a real sport, inasmuch as the hunted sometimes get back at the hunter.

"For persons who enjoy snake stalking," said R. L. Ditmars of the Bronx 200, "I can recommend certain parts of South Carolina above any other section of the United States, For example, a four-mile swamp near the little town of Robertsville in Hampton county is a snake's paradise. There be the snakes of the South and the snakes of the North; every creeping thing is as the sands of the sea for numbers. Portions of the swamp are overgrown with huge rushes and portions with cane brake dovetailing into pine swamps, the trees running up fifty feet to the first limb and hung thick with sage green moss. Under foot is a bog alternating with slimy pools and treacherous morasses."

Snake hunting is as fascinating as deer stalking—especially to a man who finds some meaning in every band on a pet viper's back. No moose was ever more ready to take alarm than are these slippery quarries, and to land a bag full of valuable snakes is a task that calls for adroitness mingled with a high quality of perseverance.

Night is the very best time for catching snakes, for it is then that the serpent tribes uncoil themselves and glide hissing about the swamp in perfect freedom. Obviously this sort of thing is not without danger, and after one trial of it the snake hunter usually prefers daylight. In the moonlight a haze floats above the swamp and it lies like a silvery sea. Within it, the pines are ghosts whose long beards sweep the pools, diamond backed rattlers rear their ugly heads, racers, moccasins, and strange pink water snakes glide noiselessly, and alligators keep up their loud, uncanny bellowing. The air is heavy with the musky odor of serpents.

In daylight the hunter rides in, mounted on a mule usually and clad in an armor of heavy brown duck, high top boots, and stout, flexible cloves. His weapons are a bamboo stick with running noose of fine copper wire at the end, and a second can furnished with a wire let. He always carries a revolver, too, if he is wise.

Across the mule's neck is balanced a short cane stick, and from each end of the stick langles a good-sized cotton bag. These bags are for the snakes, and if a score of the squirming things are turned loose in each bag before the hunt is over, it is all the same to the mule. Like Achilles, the mule has one vulnerable point, in his heel, but snakes are nearly always too busy to go nosing about a mule's heels. The mule sagaciously picks his way through the swamp along deer paths which wind in and out, where a single misstep ofttimes would tumble him and his rider into a pool swarming with alligators and twenty-five sorts of water snakes.

A snake stalker, of course, attempts to take only the more valuable and strange specimens of serpents. When he catches the gleam of the right sort of a coat through the rushes, or spies a fine moccasin dangling from a limb over his head, he halts and goes into action with his copper-wire noose and bamboo stick. If he can he slips the noose over his snakeship's neck and draws it taut. Then he gets the puffing, thrashing, spitting reptile 'twixt thumb and forefinger around the neck and drops him into the cotton bag. He gives the bag a quick swirl so that the fang that darts forth instantly is embedded in a thick fold of cloth. Invariably in a crisis a hunter throws away copper wires and seizes a snake with his hands, grasping him well toward the head, so that he cannot twist it around, and thrust his fang into the hands.

It is not uncommon for a snake stalker to bag a dozen moccasins around a single pool. A few weeks ago Mr. Ditmars, in company with his assistant, Mr. Snyder, and a guide, was trekking in the swamp near Robertsville. The guide had consented to lead the party on the snake hunt only in consideration of double pay and enormous potations of free whisky.

In the middle afternoon they were proceeding slowly, single file, when Ditmars loitered a moment in search of possible catches. "Go ahead; I'll overtake you," he called to the others. He began prodding the bog with his bamboo stick and found it alive with moccasins. Some he captured with the wire noose. One eluded him and slipped into the water. Ditmars followed the snake down to his boot tops in the slimy pool and dragged the moccasin forth. After two hours the hunter found himself exhausted, sweating at every pore, but happy in the possession of eleven cottonmouth snakes.

All that remained of daylight was a faint red glow across the rushes. Now to stay in a South Carolina swamp over night means death. If the mosquitoes and snakes do not kill a man, the foul miasma smites him. Ditmars felt sorry that he had told Snyder and the guide to move on. They had perhaps lost track of him. He set the bag of snakes down and drew his revolver. He fired at intervals, thinking that this was more likely to attract attention than shots in rapid succession. Long after all the chambers were empty Snyder and the guide hove in sight.

"Well, I bagged eleven snakes," boasted Ditmars, as they set off.

"Hit mout not of tuck 'leven snakes to see yo' finish befo' da'k, boss," remarked the woolly-headed guide over his shoulder.

A rattlesnake is fairly easy to capture because he is consummately brave, never runs from an enemy, and his warning rattle is unmistakable. Skirt the borders of a palmetto thicket any day and watch the wavering shadows of the foliage on the ground. Presently these shadows if you watch sharply seem to dart ahead in a straight line, with a brassy whirr coming from somewhere around. The darting line is a diamond-backed rattler whose curiously marked skin is in exact imitation of the palmetto shade. The diamond-back is the most deadly of his tribe. In the West the varieties of rattlers there found inhabit barren rocky places and the tall grass of prairies. Just now the rattle-snake is hunted mercilessly, for he is valuable to the medical man for his toxines and to the naturalist because out of the eleven varieties in the United States the habits and looks of not more than five are well known.

#### LIFE 15 GROWING LONGER.

FROM statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be threescore years and ten. This would make middle age come at thirty-five. Dante considered that year the middle of life's arch, and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended and proved that he thought he was growing old by falling into the reminiscent age.

At the present time fifty years is considered as middle age. In the days of the Revolutionary War prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at fifty years. We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years.

We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease, and new remedies for their successful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases, at least, of any serious character, and we are better able to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report of the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical association. Without going into particulars of the different cases, it is valuable to note, generally, the result of this investigation.

It seems that most of these people were small or medium of stature and of spare habit of body. The voice was rarely feeble. Most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all of them enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and many had never known what it was to be sick.

They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few in-

dulged at all in intoxicating drinks and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good natured, placid disposition.

#### LIGNUM VITAE IS SCARCE.

"WITHIN a short time you are going to see bowling balls take a big jump in price," said one of Indianapolis' alley owners recently. "The only wood suitable for bowling balls is lignum vitae," he continued, "and the game has increased in popularity so rapidly in the last few years that the supply of the wood that is easily available has just about been exhausted. Either new lignum vitae forests must be discovered or some better method of getting the wood to market must be found.

"The best lignum vitae in the world is in Venezuela, but one must go miles into the interior before the wood is found. The wood is so heavy that the tree trunks must be sawed in short pieces, about three feet in length. These pieces are then strapped to pack mules and carried in this way to the coast. course, in those places nearer the coast, or where the wood is more accessible, larger logs can be handled. Another danger is in shipping the wood. Vessels do not like to take lignum vitae as even a part of their cargo. When a ship loaded with the wood gets to rocking or pitching in a heavy sea there is danger of the ship sinking. The record of lignum vitae cargoes that have been lost in this manner is worse than the record of any other sort of freight.

"The lignum vitae that is the most easily reached now is that of Africa. African lignum vitae is yellower than any other kind. I use an African wood ball. The wood checks badly, and for that reason the wood turners dislike to handle it, as there is danger of the turning lathe getting caught in one of the checks and breaking the ball to pieces. The African ball sells for \$3.50, 50 cents less than that of the other grades of the wood. I believe the African wood is harder, if anything, than any other, and a ball made of the African wood will not become lop-sided so soon as one made of other wood.

"The Dutch East Indies yield a good quality

of lignum vitae, but such heavy demands have been made on the forests there that the woods getting scarce. The big trees are all far nland. San Domingo vitae is more gluish han the East Indian kind and more brittle.

"It is impossible to keep a bowling ball rom getting lop-sided. The cause of this lies in the finger holes. When balls had no finger holes the bowler never threw a ball twice in succession the same way. Now a bowler holds the ball the same way every time and he same part of the ball strikes the alley first every time. As the ball slides for a few feet before taking a rotary motion the ball is gradually flattened on one side.

#### ACTORS AND MAKEUP.

The secret of success in making up lies in the painstaking efforts to have the "makeup," even to the minutest detail, as nearly like the character portrayed as it is possible for art and a fine discriminating sense to make it. And this is by no means easy. The size of the theatre, the lights and the effect to be produced, not only in front of the house, but in the highest gallery, have all to be thought of. The effects produced in one's mirror are as different from those produced in the audience as is a cabbage from a rose.

Making up is like painting a portrait with the face for a canvas, inasmuch as to make a successful picture there must be the master's hand to guide the brush. There must, also, be a thorough knowledge of the science of color and of the value of direction and multiplication of lines, and in "makeup" these must be studied always in relation to artificial light.

The art of making up has been brought to its present state of perfection only within recent years. The so-called character make-up is really a creation of the last two or three decades. Of course, there has been a steady improvement during all that time, but the present elaborateness of the art and its absolute perfection of detail is quite recent.

The wig is the most important ingredient in a good make-up, which should disguise the actor and at the same time give a very natural effect. It is a very difficult matter to get a good wig. The actor's physical peculiarities

as well as the type to be represented and the idiosyncrasies of the particular character have all to be considered, and it is very difficult to find a wigmaker who will observe all these details.

When a beard is needed the actor first applies a spirit gum to the skin, to which crepe hair is attached. Eyebrows are also put on with crepe hair, or they may be painted in. The invention of grease paint has revolutionized the methods in make-up, and really marks the most important advance in the art. Most of it is made in Germany, although a little is manufactured in New York. The basis of grease paint is wax, combined with a little olive oil and oxide of zinc, with the addition of such coloring matter as may be required.

The actor nearly always uses false noses in his parts.

Facial expressions play an important part in the make-up, and the actor must study painstakingly and unceasingly to properly portray the character he represents.

Eyes may be made up with ease, and beyond the painting of the lids and surrounding surfaces, one of the most important means in producing eyes consists in sticking bits of fine muslin on the upper lids and painting the false eyes upon these.

The art of making up—and it really is an art—includes types of humanity of all ages. Of course, in a youthful part, beyond a little flesh-colored grease paint for a groundwork, a bit of carmine rubbed in with a little brown for heightening the cheek bones, a little blue on the upper eyelid close to the lash, and the lash blackened with black grease, warmed over the gas and applied with a pencil, there is little makeup required. This is called straight make-up and requires small skill.

For a great many parts, however, experience is required, and in some cases fully an hour and a half is necessary to attain the proper effects.

SIR ARTHUR POWER PALMER, K. C. B., has just been appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in India. He is the tallest officer in his majesty's service, being 6 feet 4 inches in height.

#### AT UNCLE SAM'S AUCTION.

"HERE'S a fine box of pickled herring," said the auctioneer, "salted in Norway, shipped across the briny ocean and stranded on the rocks of the customs office. How much am I bid?"

"Forty cents," said a small voice in the rear part of the appraiser's store, on Harrison Street, where the United States Government was trying to work off a lot of job lots, odds and ends, shop-worn goods and mill ends, as the advertisements say. The articles have been accumulating for a year, unclaimed or unentered, in the customs-house, and under the law the collector of customs is obliged to dispose of them at public auction. Last Thursday was the day fixed by Collector Nixon for disposing of the bargains and there was quite a crowd in the warehouse when the fun began.

Nobody seemed to be much interested in the pickled herring. The auctioneer pounded the desk with his gavel and explained that they were the choicest article of that line the market afforded and worth so much that the duty on them had scared the consignee into leaving them in the warehouse. This plea brought forth an additional bid of a quarter and finally someone toted away the box of herring.

William Penn Nixon, the collector of customs, sat on a high stool near the desk and occasionally offered a word of assurance to prospective bidders that they would lose nothing by getting into the game. As a citizen the collector has the same right to bid as any other person enjoys, and now and then a voice in the crowd feelingly inquired why he he did not bid on some of the chemical salts and other things he was extolling so highly. But the collector of customs was waiting for a prize that he had his official eyes upon. At length the auctioneer put up 1,000 Japanese watch charms, guaranteed to bring luck to the wearer. The official was not ready to say they were solid gold, but they looked the part and from a distance shaped up very well.

"How much for the lot?" asked the auctioneer, shaking them temptingly in front of the crowd. "Remember, these are the fa-

mous Japanese good luck charms which everyone in the Orient is so anxious to secure. They keep away cold feet, snake bite and bill collectors. They will bring you good luck all the days of your life and here is your chance to make a new start. How much am I offered?"

"Dollar and a half," said a pawnshop man. The auctioneer glared at him in indignation for offering such a paltry sum for the charms, but he put the price just the same.

"Dollar and a half, dollar and a half, dollar and a half," he observed, "a dollar and a half is bid for the charms. There are 1,000 in the lot and they are worth that much apiece. Do I hear two dollars. Who'll make it two?"

"Two dollars," said Collector Nixon, from his vantage point on the high stool. The pawnbroker gasped and looked at him, but the auctioneer lost no time in putting the bid.

"Two dollars," he shrieked, "two dollars is bid for 1,000 Japanese watch charms. It cost more than that to ship them over here. Who said two and a half? Didn't I hear two and a half? Come on, now, and get the bargain of your life for two and a half."

The pawnbroker could stand the strain no longer and he bid two and a half. Then Collector Nixon warmed up to the struggle. He wanted those watch charms to make campaign buttons out of them next spring and he calmly hitched over on the high stool and said:

"Three dollars."

For ten minutes more the two bidders slowly pushed the price up by tens and quarters and the auctioneer was purple when high-water mark was reached. Collector Nixon bid \$4 and carried off the prize.

After that the crowd paid attention to feather beds and currants for a while. The auctioneer struggled valiantly to arouse some financial interest in a lot of downy beds which had been shipped from Germany, filled with the finest feathers the geese of the Fatherland ever gave up. But the bidders seemed to be thoroughly inoculated with the felt mattress habit and the feather beds went slowly. One little man, with the keen eyes of a second-hand trader, tried to capture the shipment for \$2.50, but the auctioneer almost wept at such

price and finally forced it up several notches.

The flagging interest of the crowd was sudlenly aroused, however, when the auctioneer out up an eleven ounce case of pure oil of vioets. It did not look like very much to the eye of a layman and eleven ounces seemed rardly enough to carry home, but when two men began bidding \$25 at a throw for the stuff everybody waked up. The auctioneer tooked positively happy when he heard the amounts bandied back and forth, and when the price passed \$50 every man in the room was on tiptoe to know what the marvelous stuff was which brought \$5 an ounce. But that was not the worst. Up went the price by leaps and bounds until \$80 was reached, and at that figure the box of violet extract "knocked down" to the lucky bidder.

When he got it he was surrounded by the crowd, which refused to let him go until he explained what he meant by paying \$80 for the stuff. There was a suspicion that the box contained diamonds and that he knew it. He explained that with each ounce bottle of the "oil of violet" he could readily make a dozen ounce bottles of "pure violet extract" and from each of these again twenty-four ounce bottles of "genuine violet perfume" and from those, untold bottles of fair to medium "violet perfume," while the "violet water" that could be made from the residue was almost incalculable. Then the crowd went sadly away, wishing it had known more about chemistry and perfumes.

#### WONDERFUL SCALES.

Washington has many weight-determining balances, and one, at least, which leads all others in the country. The large scales upon which entire freight cars, with their loads of many tons, are weighed are collossal, but with all their immensity they are meager in the eyes of Uncle Sam, who went the railroad magnates of the country "one better" by installing at the navy yard the largest pair of scales in the country.

This machine can outweigh the largest railroad scales by fifty tons, and when it is considered that its results must be accurate to a pound, while railroad scales are considered good when they come within fifty pounds of the exact weight, the result obtained is little less than marvelous. The scales are scarcely two years old, having been brought here during October, 1898, and set in position in the south end of the big navy yard near one of the gun shops. A track leads from the gun shop to a forge and crosses the flooring of the big scales about ten feet east of the entrance to the latter building. A considerable period of time was required for the manufacture and erection of this monster machine. It was brought here in sections, and the greatest care was exercised in reassembling the various sections of steel so that the poise of the broad platform should be exact.

Hundreds of visitors have trod across this platform without knowing they were near one of the most interesting mechanical contrivances in the national capital. They are not mentioned in the guide books, and the men at the navy yard do not call attention to the scales, par excellence, unless perhaps a flat car happens to be on the platform, being weighed with its load of two or three great guns. All the large ordinance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine. It was built for that special purpose and has given eminent satisfaction, two years of usage having failed to dull its sensitive nature; vet it has done its work each day in a dull, ponderous way, with no meed of praise except from a few naval officers.

In order to illustrate the accuracy of the counterpoise of the huge machine to a reporter, an officer in the bureau of yards and docks picked up a half brick which was lying nearby and tossed it upon the platform of the big scales. He then consulted a long brass lever in the reading box along the edge of the platform and found that the weight of the brickbat was just one pound.

Turning to the reporter he said the machine is so sensitive that it will give the exact weight of anything from a pound of feathers to a pair of 13-inch guns, and do it accurately. The capacity of the scales is 150 tons, or double the capacity of the old set, removed when the present apparatus was installed. A 13-inch gun weighs about 55 tons. Two of these monster instruments of war, reclining on a 48-foot

car truck, can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.

The nearest approach to the navy yard scales to be found in this city are the big weighing machines of the railroads. Though the navy yard machine now compels them to take a back seat, they were once envied by the smaller scales as the giants of the capital. There is a machine at Benning with a capacity of 100 tons, one of similar capacity in the railroad yards within the city and there is another set of scales of like capacity at a local grain elevator.

#### DEATH IS EVER PRESENT.

A FACTORY for the manufacture of some of the deadliest poisons known is located not far from the heart of New York City and sufficient poison is being made there now to annihilate the whole population of the greater city. It is guarded carefully from all intruders and no one passes beyond its portals without a special permit and even employes have to be skilled in their work and understand the nature of the risk they take before admittance is granted them.

In this factory is manufactured pure anhydrous acid, a drug that is never placed on the market in its pure state, and even in the chemist's laboratory it is handled with all the care of a poisonous reptile. If the fumes of this acid should escape the chemist would never live to tell the tale. The man who discovered it was killed by inhaling its fumes and many another has met a similar death. From 3 to 5 per cent of this acid diluted with ninety-seven parts of water forms prussic acid. Even this poison is so deadly that inhaling its fumes would mean instant death and it is never handled except in the factory or a few large, responsible laboratories.

Probably next in importance to this acid is the cyanide of potassium, which is manufactured in the same factory, only in another part of the building, where a fire-proof and airtight wall shuts it off from the first. The fumes of this are not poisonous and one can work in the room where it is manufactured without fear, except that he must not touch it. The slightest quantity of the poison in its pure state would kill if swallowed. The fumes of cyanide of potassium have a rather pleasant odor and it is said at the factory that it has a witching effect on workmen.

For all the world the finished poison looks like crystallized sugar and as you gaze on it and smell the fascinating odor there is a strong temptation to taste it. This fascination is probably much like that which draws a man over a steep precipice. At any rate the attraction to taste of the poison is so well recognized that a workman is never allowed in the room alone. In the mixing-room, where the men toil before a huge caldron of molten cyanide the scene is like that of some old witch's cave, especially if one knows the nature of the terrible poison that the men are brewing.

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"Man, hath thy better senses left thee?" severely asked the president, as he looked upon the kicker. "Hath news of war or the excitement of politics turned thy head? Hast escaped from some insane asylum and come here with wheels in thy head?"

"Not by a jugful! How could I burn your gas in my house when it was shut up? I was away with my family on a visit, and I will make a thousand affidavits that no burner was left lighted as I went. 'Tis robbery, sir; 'tis bold-faced, cold-blooded robbery!"

"This is a song that is ever being sung," exclaimed the president as a look of sorrow crossed his face. "Pri thee, fellow-man, but no one says you burned the gas, and no one denies that your house was shut up. This bill is simply for the leakage which always takes place in a house when the family is absent. 'Tis but a trifle, and if thou art inclined to raise a great row now and—"

"O, no, no, no! I simply did not understand. It looked like highway robbery. Your explanation is not only satisfactory, but here is the cash, and I beg your pardon for my unseemly conduct."

And he counted down 62½ big dollars, shook hands all around and wished them peace and prosperity, and his shadow had hardly turned the corner when a woman came in and said they might take the shoes off her feet before she'd pay the outrageous bill of \$1.75 they had sent by the same mail.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BY GRANT MAHAN

THERE had been a great decline in the forunes of the house of David, beginning at the ime when Solomon disobeyed his God and orshiped the idols of his heathen wives. But or a long time the descendants of the king fter God's own heart occupied the throne nd ruled their part of the divided kingdom. Later came the captivity, the restoration, and till nearer the time of the fulfillment of the prophecy in which the Jews were most intersted we have the Roman conquest and the placing of the inhuman Herod upon the hrone.

What had become of the house of David? Iad it no representatives? Yes; but their forune was very different from that of many ess nobly born. They were almost lost sight of by the Jews, but they were remembered by he Lord. He had said that through David hould come the great King and Redeemer of srael, the Messiah; and the time of his comng was drawing nigh. The decree of a disant emperor who knew little or nothing about food brought it about that at the proper time his parents should be at the place appointed or his birth.

The Jews had been looking and longing for is coming, though not because they felt the need of him to free their souls from the bondige of sin, but to drive out the hated Roman uler and establish an Israelitish kingdom as florious as the one of the times of David and solomon. They felt, and some of them knew it is hardly probable that Simeon was the only one who had received information conterning this great event) that the Messiah vould soon be brought into the world. But ust how or when none of them knew; and in general they knew so little of their prophets' leclarations that the place of his birth was inknown. One would expect those so deeply nterested in the coming Messiah to know as nuch as possible about everything connected with his advent. But such was not the case with the Iews of that time.

Nearly all of them believed, for so their leaders had taught, that the one for whom they were looking, in whom was their hope, would come as some great one of earth and would overthrow their enemies and give them again the place to which they as the chosen people of God felt themselves entitled. So they were not looking among the lowly for their Deliverer: they did not expect him to be God's own Son in form of a man. The traditions of men were exalted to the place belonging to the Word of God; and then, as always when such is the case, men went farther and farther astray and believed in and hoped for that which was contrary to the will of God.

Two women—Mary and Elizabeth—knew into what family the Christ was to be born, though they could not have foreseen the place and circumstances of his birth. Just how much of the future history of her unborn Son was revealed to Mary we cannot know. That he would be no ordinary child she knew from the time when she submitted and said: "Be it unto me according to thy word," for the angel had said he would be holy and would be called the Son of God. Elizabeth knew that her son would be more than a common man, but that Mary's Son would be much greater. Yet it is hardly likely that either of them realized the greatness of the Virgin's Son.

Blessed indeed was Mary that she should be chosen from all the maidens of Israel to become the mother of our Lord. Pure and holy must her life have been. And firm must her faith have been or she could not have consented to be evil thought of by the one who was to be her husband. Yet God always cares for his own, and at the proper time he appeared to Joseph and drove from his mind all suspicion as to her chastity.

Time passed, and the decree of Augustus brought them to the place appointed for the birth of the Savior, Bethlehem, the city of David, for both Joseph and Mary were of the lineage of David. But the inn was full; others had also come to be enrolled. It was not possible to find a room, and they had to go to the place belonging to the animals. In such a place, while Cæsar sat upon his throne and ruled the world and Herod plotted to retain

his position and destroy his enemies, the Child was born whose kingdom would embrace far more than the Roman Empire and whose reign would be until his enemies—the enemies of man—had been overcome. And his kingdom would be as different from Herod's and Cæsar's in character as he was different from them in character.

Not to Herod, not to the Jewish leaders, but to humble shepherds watching their flocks by night, the angelic host brought the glad tidings of great joy which should be to all people. Not fully understanding the message, they hastened to the town and, guided by divine power, found the place where the Child lay in a manger. A strange place for the King of kings to be born! a place which no earthly king would choose for his son. Yet this birth caused angels to sing praises to God; and because of it many of the oppressed of earth have rejoiced in tribulation and gloried that they were counted worthy to suffer for him. And so it will be until the end of time. That manger in Bethlehem was the first cradle of the most precious Child ever born into this world.

But a little later we find the family in the house. The guests were there no longer than was necessary to be enrolled, and room was found for them in a more suitable place. And when the wise men came it was not in the stable, but in the house, that they found him to worship whom they had come from far. What God's purpose was in revealing to these men the time and place of Jesus' birth, we may not know now; but that he had a wise one we cannot doubt. They had been told of his glory, and they came with gifts suitable for a king. And they made their way to him, presented their gifts and worshiped him in the inn as they would have done if they had found him in a palace surrounded by all the splendors of earth. Their hearts were better prepared to receive the truth than were the hearts of the chosen people, and they received it and were blessed.

It is not strange that the Jews found in the circumstances attending Christ's birth a stumbling-block. Could we have chosen he would not have been brought into the world in the place he was. According to our mind such a

birth was not worthy of him. And it wasn't But we must not forget that he did not come into the world to receive the honor due him: his mission was far different from that. In his birth, as in so many other things, we have to learn that God's ways are not our ways. We know the Christ was born at the time and place and in the manner related in the Gospels. and we know that he left the glories of heaven to be born into this sin-polluted world. That should be enough to make every soul praise God and worship him and his Son, who was born nineteen centuries ago. To this Child our hearts go out in love and adoration, and before him we would bow and to him present the most precious of our possessions.

Elgin, Ill.

(To be continued.)

#### ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TREATY.

THE walls of the great Hall of Karnak are covered with important inscriptions, which have thrown much light upon the history of the Egyptians. Among others the treaty of peace between Rameses and the Hittites of the Hebrew scriptures is worthy of notice as the first recorded agreement between nations. Our late antagonist, the Queen Regent of Spain, may well consider herself fortunate that she was not called upon to negotiate with this Pharaoh instead of Uncle Sam, for Rameses didn't waste any time on protocols or commissions, or pay \$20,000,000 after his opponent had sued for peace. He evidently dictated the treaty himself, for it begins, "Rameses, chief of rulers, who fixes his frontiers where he pleases."

The last clause of this document is the earliest extradition agreement between two countries calling for the reciprocal delivery of political fugitives, and it is remarkably humane for that age. It provides that "Whosoever shall be so delivered up, himself, his wives, his children, let him not be smitten to death; moreover let him not suffer in his eyes, his mouth, his feet; moreover let not any crime be set up against him." And the whole is witnessed by the great god of Canaan, the great god of Egypt, and all the thousand gods, male and female, the gods of the hills, the rivers, the great sea, the winds and the clouds.





## In the Front Room after Dinner





i a Specially-Trained Ministry the Best Thing for the Church as it is Now Constituted?

In the consideration of this question it is of necessary to state that as the Brethren hurch is now constituted the question of pecial training never enters into the selection fa minister, one set apart by the church as a peaker. Perhaps if a little more attention were paid to the matter at the time of the lection, there would be fewer misfits. And be be selection it would only be a very hort time till there would be no distinctive 3 rethren church.

It is not within the province of this department of the 'Nook to settle things, and all here is to it is an interchange of opinion. It eems to me, however, that there is one thing hat is entirely characteristic of our Fraternity, and I say it with all due respect. It is that hings go right on before the faces of the church, and whether good, bad or indifferent, nothing sever done about it till they have grown big shough to compel attention. And then, sometimes, it is too late. This subject of a trained ministry is a case in point.

Now it so happened that the 'NOOKMAN was one of the teachers in one of the first schools of the Brotherhood, away back before the division, and at a time when the very word college was a forbidden one. If anyone had suggested at that time that the day would come when half a dozen colleges would have their so-called Bible departments, where theology would be taught, he would have been hooted down as a prophet of the impossible. And yet it has all come to pass.

And there is something else coming, just as a sast as it can, that is as fast as such things can occur, and that is the advent of special training for ministers. There are Bible schools, Bible terms, special arrangements for preach-

ers, and all that sort of thing, and he is blind who does not see it. Moreover the laity are falling into it. Let a young man go to college, attend the Bible school, go further to a theological school, and then when an election is held in his home church he is selected. Possibly he is the fittest for the place. That is not the question. The matter before us is whether it is the best for the church as it is now constituted. It is a pretty large question. So we selected at random the names of some people we knew to be thoughtful and asked them the question. Here is what Bro. W. K. Connor, of Bridgewater, Va., has to say:

A specially-trained ministry,-well that doesn't sound so bad. What of this?- a specially-trained Dunkard ministry. That I guess the world has never seen nor heard of. Why so? Are all of our brethren when elected to the ministry so well armored and so skillful that they are at once ready to take command? The majority are farmers and farmers' sons. Good ones too. Has Bible knowledge grown into them as knowledge of the farm has? What do they talk about at breakfast, while resting under a shade tree, at supper, while feeding and milking? Are they capable of preparing the food and properly feeding souls? If not we need a trained ministry. "The church will object," you say? Not if trained in the right way, for she never objects to a man filled with the Holy Spirit.

And then we asked Bro. S. Z. Sharp, a teacher for so long that nobody remembers to the contrary. Bro. Solomon talks around the question, and what he says nobody will deny. Here it is:

If I am allowed to define the phrase "specially trained" I say emphatically it is the best thing for the church as now constituted. I mean a minister dedicated to God and trained by his mother from his earliest existence, as was Samuel, and instructed at his mother's knee to serve God as soon as he could lisp a prayer; further trained by others as was Timothy, all supplemented by a good literary and Biblical course. We have no faith in ministers who try to teach others what they have not experienced or learned themselves.

And here comes Bro. Levi Raffensberger, of Franklin Grove, Ill., who says briefly that he is opposed to it. In his own words he says:

If you mean by a trained minister, a ministry trained and educated for that purpose only, I must answer you in the negative. I am not favorable to it.

And Bro. M. M. Sherrick, of Muncie, Ind., has his views set forth in the following:

A specially trained ministry is the best thing for any church however it may be constituted. Development is largely dependent upon this.

There is no greater need in the Brethren church at present than a consecrated, educated ministerial force. Especially is this true in view of the evolution now apparent in the church in which as a final outcome only logical New Testament argument for behef and practice will win

In any period of transition, discriminating power is the surest guarantee against extremes and reactions which are alike disastrous. Discrimination or mental balance and a comprehensive grasp of questions and tendencies in all their relations, come for the most part through training.

Bro. Justus H. Cline, of Virginia, has this to say:

As the church is now constituted the problem of a trained ministry presents many difficulties. In the face of these, however, the definite answer has been anticipated in a certain degree by the establishment of Bible schools throughout our church. While these Bible schools do not aim particularly at the ministry, but at all Bible students, you will find that the majority of those in attendance are ministers. So far the ministers themselves have answered the question. I cannot conceive of a condition in any avenue of life that would throw limitations about the value of preparation. A specially-trained ministry brings forth other problems that time only can solve.

And now what does the 'NOOKMAN, himself, think of the matter? This is an eminently

fair question. And there shall be an equally unequivocal answer. I do not think that a specially-trained ministry is the best for the church as it is now constituted. And why? Well, it is my opinion that all the real victories the church has ever won have been through simple faith and honest living. I know that eloquence pleases, that logic convinces, and that scholastic training has the tendency to make men eloquent and logical, yet that is not the spirit of Christianity. They may be adjuncts, but they are not the thing itself. Moreover they beget caste.

When my first born lies dead in the darkened room I do not care so much for finished expression as I do for heartfelt sympathy. If I have any choice in the matter I would not send for the black-coated, white-cravatted theologian, as soon as I would for the old man in the meadow, who, unhooking his horses, leaving the plow in the furrow, rides down the lane to the house of sorrow. He may never have heard of the split infinitive, and all that he knows has come to him through human experience, and he remembers the sad day when the Angel of Death shadowed his own home.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The facts are that all real religion is a matter of the heart and not of the head. I do not say that education works against this. What I do say, and what I believe, is that the highest form of faith and love are not mapped and diagrammed in books, and that in a church such as ours, that is constituted as it now is, and made up as it is, theological training does not count for as much as hearts of gold.



# 個NGLENOOK

VOL. III.

JULY 13, 1901.

No. 28.

#### THE UNSEEN CORD.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE is an unseen cord which binds
The whole wide world together;
Through every human life it winds—
This one mysterious tether.
It links all races and all lands
Throughout their span allotted:
And death alone unites the strands
Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,
Howe'er your hands are fettered
You cannot think a noble thought
But all the world is bettered.
With every impulse, deed, or word
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,
Is felt in farthest places;
There are no solitudes where greed
And wrong can hide their faces;
There are no separate lives: the chain,
Too subtle for our seeing,
Unites us all upon the plane
Of universal being.

#### ABOUT SEVEN AND FORTY.

Seven is a holy number. Forty, like thirteen is a superstitious one. Did you ever try to enumerate its virtues? Moses was forty days on the mount; Elijah was forty days fed by ravens; the rain of the flood fell forty days; another forty days expired before Noah opened the window of the ark; forty days was the period of embalming; Nineveh had forty days to repent; our Lord fasted forty days; he was seen forty days after his resurrection; St. Swithin betokens forty days of rain or dry weather; a quarantine extends to forty days; the privilege of sanctuary was for forty days; forty days was the limit for the payment of a

fine for manslaughter; the widow was allowed to remain in her husband's house for forty days after her death, etc.

Hamlet loved Ophelia harder than 40,000 brothers. The best tale in the "Arabian Nights" is about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. We all take forty winks for a short nap. The thirty-nine articles of the Anglican church are "forty stripes save one." The Jews were forbidden by the Mosaic law to inflict more than forty stripes on an offender, and for fear of breaking the law they stopped short of the number.

#### A COSTLY COFFIN.

A VERY beautiful burial casket, and one one about as costly, too, as is ever made, even in these days of lavish expenditure, is one now shown in the warerooms of a big manufacturing concern in this city. This casket is of mahogany of a deep, dark red, its coloring like that of some fine specimen of old mahogany furniture. The corners of the casket itself and the corners of the casket lid and the escutcheon upon the top of the lid and the handrails along the sides and upon the ends of the casket are richly carved.

The carving upon this casket occupied the entire time of an expert for nearly four months; there was paid out for the carving alone within less than fifteen dollars of five hundred dollars. In the getting out and preparing of the material of which the casket is made, in the cabinet work upon it and in the various details of its construction there have been employed upon it, from first to last, half a dozen or more men, and the total time occupied in its construction was seven months.

It is an admirable specimen of workmanship, the price of which is two thousand dollars.

#### EFFECT OF IRRIGATION ON CIVILIZATION.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

#### Number Two.

Our knowledge of modern irrigation dates from the time the Spaniards entered Mexico and Peru, about four hundred years ago, and there found a high degree of civilization which could have been developed only by the process of irrigation employed. Concerning Peru, Prescott says: "Canals and aqueducts were seen crossing the lowlands in all directions, and spreading over the country like a network, diffusing fertility and beauty around them."

The Aztecs in Mexico employed similar means to overcome the natural dryness of the atmosphere. "The beautiful gardens of Iztapalapan, watered by canals, aqueducts, and the spray of fountains playing, presented to the astonished Spaniards a perfection of horticulture nowhere to be found in Europe." This high state of civilization attained by the Aztecs and the Peruvians who employed irrigation, built cities, and cultivated the arts, was set in strong contrast with the other tribes in America who dwelt in wigwams and lived by fishing and hunting, and makes the relation between irrigation and advanced civilization appear the more striking.

The section of the United States to which irrigation is confined embraces twelve States, having an area of more than a million square miles, all lying in the Rocky Mountain regions and the plains bordering on them to the east. The immense system of irrigation, which turned the arid plains and valleys into fruitful fields, orchards, vineyards and blooming gardens, built a network of railroads, and dotted the country with cities and villages—was practically begun in 1858, when the Mormons penetrated the heart of the American desert and turned the region near the Great Salt Lake into a veritable paradise.

About this time Horace Greeley crossed the American continent, saw the irrigated gardens in Utah and a few in California, which suggested the idea of starting a model community on the Great Plains east of the Rocky Mountains. This project was discussed in his paper,

the New York Tribune, until 1869, when the Union Irrigation Company was formed which may be regarded as the pioneer of general irrigation east of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1870 a colony was located on the arid plain among the cacti in Colorado, fifty miles north of Denver, and called Greeley in honor of its projector. An irrigating ditch was constructed and the country transformed as by magic. All intoxicating drinks are forever excluded from this colony, but education, morality, religion, the arts and sciences, culture and refinement, are fostered to a very high degree. The word Greeley has since become famous for the superior quality of potatoes which are now shipped annually from that town by the thousands of car loads.

Encouraged by the success of the Union Colony at Greeley, Colorado, a number of eastern people, trying to escape the rigorous winters of the Atlantic States, undertook to form the colony of Riverside in California, the greatest single centre of orange culture in the United States.

Another colony was started at Fresno, Cal., in which the school-teachers of San Francisco took a prominent part and made the culture of the raisin grape a specialty. Both colonies had a phenomenal growth and success and now more than three hundred such hives of industry may be found in Southern California. The holdings of the residents are mostly from five to twenty acres each and are worth about one thousand dollars per acre. Those who have visited large cities either in Europe or America and have seen the tenements of squalor so near the palaces of the rich, and then have taken a look at Riverside where each one seems literally to dwell under his own vine and fig tree, and cheered by the sight and aroma of flowers, and surrounded by the highest types of civilization, can scarcely help asking, "What has brought about all these things?"

Before Riverside was irrigated, it would have required twenty-five acres to maintain one long-horned steer, and from eight hundred to one thousand acres to support one ranchman; now ten thousand people live on ten thousand acres even luxuriously. What has brought about this change?

Within the past few years wonderful devel-

opments have been made in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah, Texas and Colorado. Especially along the Grand, Colorado, and Arkansas Rivers, where water is abundant, has irrigation been developed to an extent and crops produced that would seem fabulous to those who have never visited countries where irrigation has been brought near perfection. Were we to tell you that in one season there have been produced seventy-five bushels of wheat per acre, one hundred and ten bushels of oats, eight tons of hay, six hundred bushels of potatoes, eight hundred bushels of onions, or thirty-two tons of sugar beets, you might question the truthfulness of the statement, yet that is what is given by the statistics in a book which lies before me that was published under the auspices of the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and stamped as correct.

Seeing the advantages of living in communities where irrigation can be employed, and where the benefits of schools and churches can be enjoyed to so high a degree while surrounded by all the temporal blessings, why are there not more colonies of Brethren formed like those at Covina or Lordsburg, Cal.; Sunnyside, Washington; Grand Junction or Rocky Ford, Colorado?

#### MARYHATTIEANNA, ARK.

THE train was jolting along at the rate of forty miles an hour, and at the very best the new clerk was able to hit the mouth of the mail bag with only one letter in six. Every minute spent in deciphering an address meant that he was getting more hopelessly behind in his work. The old mail clerk laughed.

"That's just what it is," he said; "Mary-Hattie-Anna, Ark.; we all know it, and you'll have to hear the story sooner or later in this business. An old cross-roads farmer down in Arkansas was appointed to take charge of a new country office on its establishment a few years ago. The officials at Washington, as

usual, asked him to suggest a name for the new station. The farmer had three pretty daughters. He wanted to do honor to all of them, and he knew that it wouldn't do to name the town after one to the exclusion of the others. So he sent the name Maryhattie-anna, and it went with the Postoffice Department.

"You'll get used to a lot of queer names on Uncle Sam's visiting list. For example, there is a town in Bates County, Mo., named 'Peculiar.' The Postoffice Department requested the neighborhood to get together and suggest a name for the station. A citizen's committee wrote back that they didn't care much what the place was called, so that it was something peculiar. At Washington the head clerk obligingly christened the new office 'Peculiar,' and the name stands."

## LOUISVILLE CAT ADOPTS A NESTFUL OF WEE MICE.

Louisville reports a cat that has adopted a nestful of baby mice. The cat is Kate, a little striped mouser that has been a pet at the Tenth street Union station for a year past. Two weeks ago Kate had her first family of kittens. A dog killed them all during her absence, and her mother heart was sad. Just then some of the workmen about the station, tearing up a portion of the floor, uncovered a nest of mice. They killed the mother mouse and called Kate to feast upon the three tiny mice babies in the nest. Perhaps she was thinking of her own recent loss. At any rate, she lifted the wee mice one at a time and carried them carefully into the baggage-room and placed them in her basket, where they have since remained. Kate is apparently as proud of her adopted children as she could have been of her own, but the railroad men predict that when the foundlings grow large enough to leave they will desert Kate for their own free life.



#### HARD ON THE HOG.

Editor Inglenook:-

The INGLENOOK has been coming into my home for the last several months. I find its columns instructive as well as interesting. While reading the last number, June 22, I found this question asked, "I read in the 'Nook that the hog is a cleanly animal. How is this true?" You answer the question by saying that the hog is dirty because man compels him to be. He would be cleanly if allowed a chance. Not that I wish to intrude, but I beg to differ from you on this matter. My views are the following:—

No animal in the list of the naturalist so perfectly fits his name as the hog. Adam in naming the animals of creation, indeed, won himself distinction in giving this animal so fitting a title. Whether of the original species or of improved breeds, the animal has his original name, with all it implies, with the addition, however, that since creation he was "filled with the devil" after which many plunged into the sea, yet enough seemed to have escaped to have filled its whole race with this addition. By cross-breeding, in-breeding or out-breeding, man has not succeeded in changing the traits of character and actions of this animal, whatever.

"The hog is clean if we give him a chance to be so." I feel that the person who makes such an assertion knows very little of the real nature of a hog. Why so, you ask? Well, first the hog is by nature a scavenger and is especially adapted to the purpose. I say, let him pursue his natural calling, If any animal dies in the lot he will eat it after the carcass has become stinking. Who has not seen the hog wallowing in the foulest mire right in the midst of a green, fragrant, grass pasture?

Give the creature a square meal of good food on a clean bed of straw within ten feet of a mudhole and in half an hour's time the hog on the straw is gone. You go to the mudhole and at first glance you distinguish nothing but a pile of mud. You look with wondering eyes; the mass moves! You think of a reptile; a turtle reveling there in the mud. A grunt! Now the mystery is solved, the sound betrays a hog.

How wise and sanitary then was the command of God to the ancient Jews: "It is unclean unto you. Ye shall not eat of their flesh nor touch their dead carcass."

Few that have seen this omnivorous animal will not dispute that his filthiness is a most apparent fact.

ALBERT R. BECHTEL.

Yerkes, Pa.

All that the writer of the above says is true, but for all that and all that there are others of the animal kingdom just as ready to fill up on dead things, and my lady's poodle, and the whole brood of chickens will be around the dead horse disputing chances with the hogs. There is no dirtier thing around the farm than a chicken, yet nobody seems afraid to attack a well-organized potpie.

The hog wallows as a matter of protection against flies and insects. The hen does the same, and makes the dust fly that she may discomfit the lice that annoy her. The fact is that the hog has a large degree of intelligence. perhaps as much as any other animal man has harried into subjection, and all that keeps old sukey who wades into the pond to get rid of flies, from wallowing is in the fact that she either can't do it, or doesn't know enough. The wild hog, the only one that does get a fair chance, is no dirtier than the deer or any other wild animal. The 'Nookman has seen them by the hundreds, and he has seen them when shot, and they were as cleanly as the squirrel that ate nuts on the limb, while the hog ate them off the ground.

As to eating the hog, or, indeed, any other "dead corpse," that is another story. As to the matter of bodily cleanliness it is a toss up which is preferable when it comes to killing any of them and eating their dead bodies. Then there is one other thing that the hog in the mudhole is ahead in,—he will not chew tobacco, which some other two-legged ones do and seem to like it, and get mad when they are remonstrated with.

The Editor.

#### WOLF AND COYOTE PLAGUE.

WESTERN Nebraska is overrun with wolves and covotes, these animals being more numerous now than ever they were known to be in the history of the State. Losses of young cattle and sheep from the depradations of the wolves have been enormous this season. The calves have suffered mostly, but in many cases full-grown steers have been run down by the pests and torn to pieces. A few years ago in Nebraska a bounty of \$5 was paid by the State for the slaving of each wolf or covote, but this became such a prolific source of fraud that the tax-payers put a stop to it. The cattlemen did all in their power to have the law observed, but the careless hunters would kill wolves over in Dakota or Wyoming, or wherever they happened to find the biggest packs, and then present the scalps to the Nebraska officials and claim the reward. In addition to this, a good many enterprising Nebraskans found it paid better to raise wolves than it did

to breed cattle, so they sold their cattle and went into the business of raising wolves for the bounty.

As a result of these methods the wolves and coyotes, instead of becoming fewer, actually increased rapidly in numbers. In 1885 the land boomers advanced the idea that the giving of bounties for the destruction of wild animals was detrimental to the best interests of the State, as it was calculated, they said, to cause eastern people seeking investments in western lands to regard the State as being in a primitive condition. This plea wiped out the \$5 bounty and resulted in a bounty of \$1 on wolf and covote scalps being substituted. regular wolf hunting ceased. The Nebraska Live Stock Association, however, up to this day has kept old Wolf Hunter Watson prowling back and forth over the plains of Western Nebraska, slaving from one to a dozen wolves a day. All employes of the cattle companies have the strictest orders to kill wolves on sight, and cowboys devote much time on their annual rounds to chasing and killing wolves. Still, all these efforts are more or less spasmodic, and the wolves have steadily increased in numbers.

The cattlemen of Nebraska are greatly aroused over the situation, and are earnestly discussing how to get rid of the pests. J. S. Hervey, a well-known cattleman, suggests all the counties in the western part of the State put in operation the bounty of \$3 on wolves and \$1 on covotes, which they are permitted by the state to offer on a majority vote of the citizens of the county. This bounty, added to the State bounty of \$1 for each scalp of wolf or covote, would make it worth while again for professional wolf hunters to take the field and go into the business of hunting down and killing the wolves. Some concerted action will have to be taken by a large number of counties, as otherwise a county that takes up the matter singly will have to pay for wolves killed in a half dozen of the adjoining counties where no bounties were offered.

### CHINESE DRAGON.

In China the five-clawed dragon is the emblem of royalty. Usually it is pictured as ris-

ing from the sea and clutching at the sun, thus expressing the idea of universal dominion. The Emperor's person is called the dragon's body, his throne the dragon's throne. To see the Emperor, a privilege allowed to but few, is to see the dragon's face. The Emperor's crest is a dragon; a dragon appears on the Chinese flag.

The dragon is called "Lung" in China and symbolizes all that is imposing and powerful. The mass of the people believe in the dragon as an actual existence, and waste much time and money in attempting to propitiate the monster. The dragon has been described by Chinese writers as a most fearsome looking monster, and they give it all sorts of extraordinary attributes.

There are three kinds of dragons, one of the sky, one of the marshes and one of the sea. The two former must remain in their habitat, but the latter, the most powerful, can rise to the sky, and holds dominion over the rivers.

This dragon is greatly feared by fishermen, and they take great pains to treat it with due respect and courtesy. Every spring the fishermen gather and march in processions in honor of the dragon, each man carrying a pole with a lantern made in the form of a fish. A huge dragon, animated by men concealed in his body, heads the procession. month during the early summer the fishermen set fire to joss papers and throw them upon the waters to appease the Lung-Wang, as the water dragon is called. And at all seasons the fishermen throw over vast quantities of firecrackers from their boats in order to keep the Lung away. The Lung is supposed not to like the noise of exploding crackers.

All mandarins of high rank have a dragon embroidered in gold thread or colored silks on the front and back of their coats. This dragon is distinguished, however, from the imperial dragon by having but four claws. The dragon is also a favorite emblem upon plates and cups among the richer classes.

THOMAS A. EDISON has taken out 744 patents in the United States. His nearest competitor is Professor Elihu Thomson, who has taken out 444. Thirty-eight inventors have taken out over 100 patents each.

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#### CARDINALS.

WHEN Mgr. Martinelli received his red cap on May 8 he attained to a singular privilege, that of turning the picture of the pope with its face to the wall. But it can be done only once and he must die to have it done. This is how it happens:

In a cardinal's residence the principal apartment, called the throne room, is draped in red. In the place of honor is hung the portrait of the reigning pope under a red silk canopy fringed with gold. There is an armchair on the floor reversed or turned to the wall, thus reserved until the pope should visit the cardinal.

When the cardinal is dead his coffin is placed for some hours beneath this canopy and the picture of the pope is turned with its face to the wall. So with the official red hat that the pope will give Mgr. Martinelli when the latter goes to Rome some time hence to be invested with the full plentitude of his office. He can never wear it again. It will be put on his coffin and then hung up in the church of his title till his successor is appointed.

But he will have four other hats to wear, so he need not lack for covering. When he takes a walk he can use a three-cornered hat of black felt tasseled with jet. When in rochet and mozetto outside a church he wears a red felt hat. When he is in his cappa and under a canopy he dons the pontifical hat. In the Corpus Christi processions he has a large hat of straw covered with red silk and bound with a ribbon of jet and gold. He does not wear it. One of his suite carries it before him.

While in Rome etiquette does not allow a cardinal to walk. He must have a carriage and pair. When he goes out beyond the city walls an attendant follows him. Going to a public ceremony at the vatican, he is entitled to a gala train of these carriages, and if a prince to four.

He is preceded by four servants in livery embroidered with his arms, the first carrying his hat, the second his cushion and the third his red silk umbrella. He is accompanied by his secretary in black with a silk mantle and a train bearer in a cassock of violet silk with buttons of black velvet, a girdle of violet silk, and a crocia or violet woolen coat, with silk

facings and short wide sleeves. This coat has a tippet, forming in front a long pocket for the cardinal's breviary and the documents he takes with him to the vatican. He also has a gentleman in the costume of Henry II. of France to carry his beretta.

In the pope's chapel the cardinals kneel at the benches on which they sit. They wear at ceremonial functions a cassock with a train of cloth in winter and of moire in summer. Collars, shoes and stockings are red. The girdle is of red moire with gold tassels, the rocket of lace, and the mozetta the same as the cassock. In Rome the rochet is covered with a red mantelletta; outside the city it is uncovered. The hat is red felt with gold tassels.

A cardinal's walking dress is always a black simarra or cassock, without train, with tippet and false sleeves. The cording and buttons are of scarlet. As Cardinal Martinelli is a member of the Augustinian order, this will be the color also of his ordinary costume like the habit of the order. But the skull cap, beretta, and hat are always scarlet. The ordinary walking dress is covered with a ferraiolone of violet moire, with a collar and facings of the same materials. In winter there is also a cloak of violet or scarlet cloth with gold cording.

The cardinals di curia, or those residing in Rome, are entitled to a yearly income or piatto cardinalizo, of 32,000 lire—about six thousand four hundred dollars—which is paid out of the Peter's pence. The cardinal dwelling ordinarily has these special apartments. At the entrance is an ante-chamber for the domestics. Above a credence are the arms of the cardinal under a canopy. On the wall are suspended his two kneeling cushions, one of red and the other of violet silk, and his two umbrellas of the same colors. These last are for covering him when he is making a solemn entry into a church or following the viaticum bareheaded.

The second room is for the cardinal's secretary. The third is called the ante-chamber of the berretta, because the red berretta is placed there on a console before a crucifix. Then comes the throne room, which has already been described.

When a cardinal asserts that the pope has

said this or that, or has given such an order, he must be believed on his word without being obliged to prove it. This is called the oraculum vivæ vocis.

Cardinals should be 30 years of age. Mgr. Martinelli will be one of the youngest members of the college. He is now 53. Cardinal Skebensky, archbishop of Prague, is the youngest, being only 38. Cardinal Yives y Tuto comes next. He is 47, then Mgr. Martinelli fits in.

When the sacred college is complete there are 70 cardinals, viz, 6 bishops, 50 priests and 14 deacons. Cardinals of a lower order have, with the consent of the pope, the right of option to pass to a higher order. The deacons can choose the vacant places of the cardinal priests if they have been deacons for 10 years, and have been ordained to the priesthood. The senior cardinal priest present in Rome when one of the six bishoprics falls vacant has the option to succeed to it, with the exception of the sees of Ostia and of Porto, which are reserved for the dean and the subdean of the sacred college. The dean is the senior cardinal, dating from his promotion to one of the sees.

There are now 67 cardinals—40 Italians and 27 of other nationalities. It is said that Pope Leo XIII. desires always to have the membership near the plenum, or limit, and that he said just before making out the recent list of 12 new cardinals:

"Better that there should be as many as possible to choose from in the next conclave." Pope Pius IX. having had the longest reign created the most cardinals, 179; Pope Leo XIII. has buried 136 cardinals since he began his pontificate.

Besides Cardinal Martinelli seven other cardinals have had to do with the church of North America. They are Cardinal Chevorus, the first bishop of Boston; Cardinal McClosky, archbishop of New York; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, Cardinal Perisco, bishop of Savannah; Cardididal Mazzella, the Jesuit theologian and professsor at the college at Woodstock, Md., and Cardinal Satolli, former delegate to the United States. Of these Cardinals Cheverus, Persico and Mazzella had left this country before they were created cardinals.

Most of these facts about the cardinals are related to the New York Sun on the authority of the learned Jesuit, Rev. William Humphrey, who has written so entertainingly on the machinery by which the supreme pontiff governs the visible Catholic church.

#### JUST A BABY'S HAND.

A HALF dozen night workers, dozing or grumbling; a group of roysterers, returning from Coney Island, and two excessively intoxicated women made up the freight of a northbound Third avenue trolley car about 3 o'clock of a stormy, disagreeable morning, according to the *New York Times*. The roystering excursionists and the two women under the influence of liquor used language calculated to block the road. Curses mingled with ribald songs, and all in all it was a sorry crowd.

When the car reached Houston street a bedraggled, bloated woman, babe in arms, boarded the car. The rain was chilling and the baby, thinly clad. Sinking into an end seat, the shivering woman seemed about to sink into a stupor. The wide open blue eyes of the baby roved over the passengers. The rain beat in through the crevices, and infantile fingers were as blue as baby eyes.

One of the half-drunken passengers let out an especially brutal oath, and just then a baby hand was raised. With one finger it touched childish lips through which came the sibillant sound "S-h-h!" Then that wee hand sought a warmer place in the bosom of the bedraggled mother's dress and weary blue eyes closed as baby head sank to rest.

There wasn't another harsh word spoken during the remainder of the ride to Harlem. The conductor said to a growling night worker:

"See what one baby's hand can do."

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THE average attendance at places of public worship in England is supposed to be about 11,000,000 persons. Something like 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday, making a total of more than 4,000,000 each year.

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A white disc a foot across can be seen 17,000 feet in bright sunlight.

#### THE CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.

THE Stock Yards still is the great mecca for visitors to Chicago. Only the great park and boulevard system is bigger than the "yards," and big things in Chicago are still its interesting things to the strangers in the city.

For eight years at least Chicago has had a considerable and extremely desirable element which had turned against the Stock Yards as an exposition of Chicago's greatness. Time was when everybody who came to the city was hustled down to the abbattoirs in spite of himself or regaled with the figures of shipments received in one day or with the number of bullocks which a "killer" could crack in the head with a sledge hammer in the course of an eight-hour shift.

But preparations for the World's Fair in 1893 turned attention of the masses about four miles to the southeast, and after that show had come to its ending a considerable proportion of Chicago citizens insisted that to take a visitor to the yards against his will is a violation of hospitality, while to suggest his going there is in bad form.

But while the avenues and boulevards have declared against showing the yards to their guests the great packing-houses of that district have greater facilities than ever for showing visitors through, from the brick-paved pens outside to the gaudy cans of preserved beef and the neat wrappers of smoked bacon in the storehouses.

Once shutting its eyes to the yards esthetic Chicago has blinded itself to the situation. It is true that the closing of the World's Columbian Exposition left to Chicago the rich legacy of the Field Columbian Museum. Its Art Institute sprang into existence as a part of the same great impulse. Its magnificent public library has been completed within a few years. Its far-reaching chain of boulevards has had the last links welded into the circle. Society has given up croquet for golf. Everybody but the tax assessor has conceded the city's richness and greatness, and plumed himself over the fact. Certainly something else should have attracted the rapt attention that once was riveted upon the parabola of a bright sledge hammer, dropping with crushing thud between the eyes of a mute bullock;

something else should have rounded eyes, rather than the upturning hoofs of a stricken beef and the block and tackle haul which triced the animal up, head down, before it was done kicking out its life. But it hasn't.

Should it have been art? Why, one of the greatest attractions of the State street department store for half the summer has been a series of colossal photographs, taken in the killing and dressing rooms of a Stock Yards house. Not four display windows in four of the most prominent art stores in the city could hold such crowds as viewed these photographs day after day. And they were not vulgar crowds, either; lawyers, doctors, preachers, and politicians made up the changing groups in their full relative proportions.

Of course, Chicago never has seen the Stock Yards. This may account for the attractiveness of the photographic window exhibit. But Chicago should not blind itself that the outside world is seeing the yards and finding more interesting things in it than Chicago has dreamed of. For, while Chicago has been growing and developing, the Stock Yards has been growing too. It has grown in fact, till the man who knew the district ten years ago would not know it now.

How many persons in the city know that the yards has one of the greatest electric light plants in the world? How many know that it has one of the biggest electric power plants? That it has one of the greatest color printing establishments in the United States? That in the week of the Grand Army of the Republic encampment an average of 15,000 strangers a day went through the yards, and that on the big day, when refreshments were served in one of the large plants, 30,000 visitors drank lemonade by the hogshead?

Ten years ago the Union Stock Yards in wet weather was a miry swamp, tramped into a miry condition by the hoofs of animals in the pens and by the hoofs of horses in the streets and lanes. To-day almost the whole surface is paved with vitrified brick. The streets and alleyways are paved and swept clean every night, and after dark the whole district blazes with electric lights.

One of the biggest and best regulated cheap

restaurants in Chicago is in connection with a packing-house in the yards. An excellent carriage and bus service, run for employes of the district, meets trains in showy style and vehicles whirl in and out of the main entrance with something of the vim and spirit of the old coaching days of the West. The Stock Yards cowboy is as real as any type in the alkali plains.

Bigger, better, more elaborate, and more complete than ever before in its history, the Stock Yards employe asks, Why should n't it attract? And away down in its heart, esthetic Chicago cannot answer the question satisfactorily to itself.

Ordinarily an Englishman cannot be held away from the yards with a cowboy's lariat. Chinese visitors are not infrequent. Japanese travelers go there in shoals, as a rule skipping the killing pens. A few days ago the guide in a big plant had a group of men in tow, when it developed that there was an Australian, an Afrikander, a Japanese, three Englishmen, and a Scotchman among the larger groupings of Western men who wished to see where their corn-fed cattle went.

Recently one of the largest plants in the yards has made a feature of its canning industry, arranging it so that every phase of the work may be seen, from the preparation of the meat to the labeling of the cans.

Every big gathering in Chicago sends its proportion of visitors to the yards. From the national convention of politicians to a quadrennial Methodist conference, visitors are anticipated by the packers, more guides are put on duty, and no man with eyes to see is turned away from the show.

Five hundred visitors in a day is not far from an average. Three thousand spectators are not an unusual number on the occasion of an ordinary gathering in Chicago.

## HE BUYS AND SELLS TRUNKS THAT HAVE FOREIGN LABELS.

This is the story of a man who makes a living by catering to one of the little vanities of human nature. He has his place in the basement of one of the office buildings on lower Broadway, New York, and deals in labeled

trunks and traveling bags—that is, trunks and traveling bags that have seen service abroad and that bear the labels of foreign hotels. A man going to Europe, if he proceeds judiciously, can on his return get twice what he paid for his bag or trunk at starting.

The enterprising Yankee who conducts this queer traffic meets the passengers of incoming steamers. He sizes up his people with an accuracy born of long experience, knowing instinctively who it is that has probably exhausted his funds on his trip on the other side and who will be very willing to accept a good price for his belabeled traveling appurtenances.

With equal skill he "gets next" to people who have not traveled abroad, but who wish to make a show of having done so, with the aid of a liberally-labeled trunk.

## A FARMER WHOSE BARN IS A HOTEL FOR TRAMPS.

JACOB HEISTAND, a farmer living near Hereford, Pa., has the record for sheltering tramps. He has a huge barn and has never been known to refuse its hospitality to any knight of the road. He keeps a diary of all his "visitors" of this class, and finds that during 1900 he sheltered 752 of them. The largest number finding rest during one night was twelve, while many nights from six to eight sleep in the barn. The tramps have never destroyed anything for Farmer Heistand and seldom ask him for food.

#### COULDN'T LOSE HIM.

IT was late and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor.

Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No, sir," replied the funny man on the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### AQUARIUMS.

EVERY boy and girl, no matter how crowded the home or how humble the circumstances, can have an aquarium stocked with pets. These pets may be goldfish or they may be ordinary lake or river fish, just as the owner of the aquarium prefers. However the case may be, there is a great deal of pleasure to be derived from these graceful, finny pets.

With very little trouble the fish may be taught to come to the surface for food from their owner's hand or to answer his voice when he calls them. More than that, it is a pleasure to watch them as they play hide and seek with one another among the rocks, for of course the aquarium will be fitted with its rocky recesses to represent as closely as possible the natural home of the fishes.

The best aquariums are the large oblong tanks which are to be purchased at all bird stores. Some of them are fitted with fountains, which unless very carefully arranged are useless, mussy things. If they are turned on full force they spray not only the aquarium, but as well the surrounding furniture. And if they are but half turned on they are without the graceful spray which makes the fountain beautiful. Moreover, the pipe which comes up through the bottom of the aquarium is awkward and often interferes with the arrangement of the aquarium furniture.

If the aquariums which are to be purchased are beyond the reach of some boys and girls glass cans may be arranged to take their place. An ordinary quart fruit jar will hold a goldfish nicely, and, although he will not have as comfortable and roomy quarters as an aquarium would furnish, he will manage to live in the jar and grow to unusual size. A catfish taken when very small will live in a quart fruit jar for two years, by which time it will have grown so large it can no longer turn round.

A very fair aquarium can be fitted in one of

the large globular candy jars which are to be found in all candy stores. When the jar is empty of its wares it may be purchased for very little, and, carefully cleaned, it will make as pretty a home for a few fish as anything the market can furnish.

The main point with an aquarium is that it be well stocked without being overstocked. Too many fishes or plants will spoil the appearance of the whole and destroy the health of the plants and animals. There must be a certain amount of water for each animal, and unless this balance is maintained the animals are bound to suffer.

It is best in arranging an aquarium to make frequent visits to the lake or a river or brook if they are accessible, carrying home each time something which will add to the aquarium collection. One day get sand and round stones to cover the floor of the tank to the depth of an inch or more. The fishes will find great comfort in the sand and with the waterworn stones there will be no danger of the fishes cutting themselves, an accident which often happens with sharp-edged stones.

A second visit to the lake may be for the procuring of water plants. It will be impossible to find these except in shallow, marshy places, which occur but infrequently along the lake shores, but in small streams they are abundant. There is, for instance, the regular river moss, which, while it is a muddy, brown color, will furnish good food for the fishes. It need not be placed in the aquarium in large quantities, but should be renewed so that the fish may have it for their infrequent vegetable meals.

Along every stream there is to be found some form of lily pad which, though flowerless, will furnish a pretty green for the water. Then, too, there are the rushes which will grow under water, furnishing convenient shelter for the fishes when resting. Even a fish prefers a dark corner for an afternoon nap, and some

opportunity for this should be furnished, either by means of rock or plants.

When the time for collecting the fishes arrives care should be taken that there is sufficient variety, and a collection of plain river fish will be much more pleasing than an aquarium full of goldfish. Snails are good aquarium pets, as are little water lizards and baby frogs.

#### VEGETABLES AS MEDICINE.

Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested.

Cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts and broccoli, are cooling, nutritive, laxative and purifying to the blood, and also act as a tonic, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons.

Celery is good for rheumatic and gouty people.

Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic, and lull and calm the mind.

Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout, and also in kidney diseases.

Onions are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all.

Watercress are an excellent tonic, stomachic and cooling.

Beet is very cooling and highly nutritious, owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Parsley is cooling and purifying.

#### FISHING FOR BUTTERFLIES.

The ordinary man would be startled if he were asked to row out upon the sea for a little butterfly fishing, but sea butterflies do really exist in vast quantities and great beauty. The Mediterranean sea swarms with them, beautiful, transparent creatures, that have wings exactly like their prototypes on shore, and that

use these wings as means of propulsion through the liquid element that is their home.

The sea butterfly catcher's outfit consists of a number of large, wide-mouthed glasses, small glasses and a net made of very fine cloth, stretched on a copper ring and furnished with a stout handle, after the manner of an ordinary butterfly net.

The bay of Villafranca, in the south of France, is a favorite haunt of all the rarest and most beautiful sea butterflies. The fisherman—for he can hardly be called an entomologist—rows out into the bay and sinks his net in a place where the butterflies can be seen, so that the rim is barely under the surface and the long handle is set on the edge of the boat against the tholepin. The little craft is then very gently propelled forward by the boatman, and in this way the net is speedily filled. One of the large glasses is then dipped into the net and carefully raised when full.

The most beautiful of the sea butterflies are perhaps those that are known as the needle butterflies. Their bodies consist of a shell, cylindrical in form and as clear as glass. To this are fastened the wings, beautiful, gauzelike appendages, in which are all the colors of the rainbow, that beat to and fro like those of a captive bird.

#### WORTH A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

If you stretch a string around your flower and vegetable beds the sparrows will not cross it.

GEO. BOWSER.

Linchoro, Md.

#### THE ELEPHANT'S TEETH.

Eight teeth suffice the elephant for munching purposes. The giant animal has two below and two above on each side.



# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE INGLENOOK COOK BOOK.

WE are pleased to report excellent progress with our coming Inglenook Cook Book. It will be one of the best consulted books ever sent out by the Publishing House. Think of it! One thousand recipes by one thousand sisters, signed and located. That is what we intend and what are now doing. All the recipes in the 'Nook will be in the cook book, and twice as many more you have never seen. The book will not be ready for distribution till autumn, and only subscribers will get a copy. Every home in the church ought to have that book in the house, and most will, we hope.

It is said that the French General Jacqueminot never won a battle, and lives only in the glorious red rose that bears his name, and so many a fair-faced Dunker sister may be sleeping on the hillside and yet living in her cookies for the delight of children as yet unborn. Send on your recipes, and don't say that you did not have a chance or an invitation. It is a free for all, within the bounds of the Brotherhood. The book will be a perpetual inspiration in the kitchen, and the parent of many a dream on the dining room table, and possibly, after dark if the diners eat all they would like

to of some of the dishes that make one's mouth water to read about.

## A WELCOME CRITIC CHEERFULLY ANSWERED.

Editor 'Nook :-

A brief paragraph in a 'NOOK a tew weeks ago, "Blessed is the man who knows when he is well off, and who is content with the lot given him," prompts me to write these lines; not for criticism, but as I am in the dark on the question I am seeking light.

To explain myself more fully I will take myself for instance. Were I content with what I am and have I would make no effort to rise to a higher moral plane in life and of usefulness; if content with what I have. I would only work enough to live on, and likely become lazy and good for nothing. But on the other hand my desire to better my position and condition in life, causes me to put forth every effort. If I were content with what I am I fear I would have no hope for the joys of heaven.

Would it be blessed for a man to be content to remain at the foot of the ladder? If so, where would our statesmen come from? But more to the point. If a man were content to remain a lay member where would we get our preachers and deacons?

Would it be blessed for the man in degradation and ruin to be content to remain there?

Would it be blessed for the sinner to be content to remain in his lost state?

If it is not asking too much will the Editor kindly give us an editorial on contentment? It might be of interest to others as well as myself.

We cheerfully comply with our reader's request. He mistakes the meaning of contentment as used in the article. The Bible says that contentment with godliness is great gain. In other parts it urges diligence in business. It nowhere encourages inaction. A man is to do the best that is in him, and be satisfied with present results. If they are considerable, well and good, if bad and unavoidable, the unavoidable is right for some unknown reason.

Whatever befalls he is to be content with his lot. He may strive to change it, but if he fails he is still to be content. Who overrules our lives? Shall the clay vessel used in washing the saints' feet complain of its lot and envy the crystal bowl used for the roses? One may be as ambitious as he pleases, or as Emerson puts it, he should hitch his wagon to a star. But he is never to be complaining or dissatisfied with his rate of progress if he does the best that is in him. Does it help anything? Does it improve the situation to be

complaining about it? There is a good deal to be thankful for. Come whack on the head or bump on the nose be thankful your neck was not broken. Get up and go on. The sin does not consist in falling, but in not getting up again. And the word content is used in the dictionary sense of not repining or grumbling. In other words blessed is the man who does not grumble at his lot, and if you consult the Unabridged you will find our definition correct. Indeed godliness without grumbling is great gain.

#### MARRIED.

Near Centerview, Mo., June 26, 1901, Grace Scroggs to Nathan Roop. Wedding at the bride's home. Ceremony performed by the Editor of the INGLENOOK. About eighty guests present. Mr. and Mrs. Roop will reside on a farm near Warrensburg, Mo., and have the hearty congratulations of the 'NOOK family of which they are members.

Readers of the INGLENOOK can have their marriage notices printed in the magazine if the above form is observed. There will be no charges whatever for 'Nook readers. Marriage notices should be sent in as soon after the ceremony as practicable to insure early publication.

## ????????????

What invention has done man the most good?

The steam engine, to our mind.

What makes steel armor plate for war vessels cost so extravagantly?

The greed of the manufacturers and the helplessness of the government in not having steel plants of its own.

What is nitroglycerine made of?

Glycerine is allowed to flow gradually into a mixture of nitric acid and oil of vitriol. It is a yellowish liquid, heavier than water.

Do people in the tropics live longer than northern people?

As a rule, no. The writer has seen, however, some very aged persons among the wild tribes in tropical regions. Two of us differ as to the composition of mica and agree to refer it to the 'Nook. What is it?

It is a mineral, largely mined in North Carolina.

Would there be a chance to sell home products in the food line, such as jellies, canned goods and the like in Chicago?

Yes, but you would have to come on and arrange with parties to handle your make, which would be much higher in price than the factory made, while it might not be much better.

I read of the wonderful magnificence of the Aztecs before their conquest by Cortez. How did they attain such excellence in the arts?

They never had it. They were a barefoot, barelegged lot of simple fishermen, living in mud or stone huts. Cortez and his followers lied about them for personal reasons, and future historians took their cue from his story.

Is kleptomania a real thing or is it an excuse?

It is frequently real, but a common thief will often play the kleptomania act. The 'Nook knew a woman once who consulted a doctor about it in real tears and stole his gloves on leaving. They are generally known by their stealing things for which they have no earthly use.

How is blue print paper made?

Take 9¾ oz. of ferric ammonic citrate and and 6¼ oz of potassic ferric oxide dissolved separately in pure water, and then made up to one quart. Use thin paper and lightly cover it with the solution, evenly and thinly. Dry and keep in a dark place. There are many other methods but this gives good results. The solution should be used when made, as it will not keep.

I am easily ivy poisoned. Can you give me a cure?

Yes. Mop with sweet oil and drink the oil, an ounce or two at a time, and it will cure it over night. You can drink half a gallon of the oil without bad results, to effect a cure. Start with ounce doses every few hours, doping it on the poison spots meanwhile. It will cure you possibly with only external applications. If not, drink it. Olive oil is sweet oil and is not likely to be rancid like drug store sweet oil.

#### LOADING AN OCEAN LINER.

Much care has to be taken in the loading of ocean steamers, and the work of the stevedore might well be classed as one of the fine arts. Many untoward things can happen on the way across, and various precautions have to be taken for safety and economy—the pianos must be so stored as not to get abroad and roll around loose in among the baby carriages; the apples and hops must be placed where they will not give an undesirable flavor to the butter, lard and other foods, and, of all things else, the tons of grain in the hold must be packed in firmly and securely, lest a shift in a storm send the ship to bottom, or at least give her a list that will make much trouble.

A visit to one of the wharves where the work is done brings out many details that one never dreams of by the mere reading of published figures of the immense increase in our exports. Indeed, one may regard himself as lucky if he reaches the wharf, during busy times, without getting run over by one of the many trucks that haul the freight to the ship. Out of what at first seems bungling confusion, however, one soon becomes aware that there are systems and heads of systems, and uncommon care and order withal. From the midst of the din and confusion one man seems to stand out among the rest as the person of whom every one is asking questions. The reporter followed suit, and when the boss stevedore got around to it he led the way to his office. Showing a sectional view of a steamer, he said:

"Here is kept a record of everything that goes aboard," and he pointed to sections set apart, with the number and contents of cases, bags and barrels marked in. Part of the cargo I can place in advance, and know just where it is going, but often I have to make changes, either from the delay in arrival of certain freight or delay in loading. There is the ship as she is. Now come out here and see how it goes on.

"It is not only the matter of placing the various consignments, but keeping everything on the move," he explained. "When a ship has been scheduled to get away on a certain tide, and there is just about so much time to get

things aboard and patched up, and the cattle all on, there's no loafing for any of us.

"But this steamer here," he went on, nodding to the great ship that stood sides high on the flood tide, almost closing out the light from the wide doorways, "has been in only a little while, and it gives you a chance to see the unloading and loading at one time. From some of the hatches they are taking out freight, and at others putting it in. What comes from the other side doesn't amount to much by comparison with what we ship over. And these piles of freight, for the most part, are on the way out. In short, it is what we call miscellaneous cargo—manufactured goods, food products and some lumber, cases, boxes, tierces, bundles, pails and sacks.

"The space required by each of these various pieces we come by constant handling to know without any measurement—the weight and displacement. Once in awhile some new shape or size of case or bundle puts in an appearance, and we have to measure it, like these bundles of sticks used for dowels," and he pointed to some long, small round pieces of wood that were tied up in rolls.

"Now, when such stuff as that, for instance, comes along we have to measure it and get its displacement and compute from one what the whole consignment will take. As we know the tonnage capacity and the room, we can arrange matters accordingly. We regard 200 sacks as a unit. These, we know, weigh 28,000 pounds, and take up 700 cubic feet. In most cases we can handle a unit of these, and, once ordered, there is so much out of the way. A tierce of lard occupies about 14 cubic feet, a box of bacon 16 and a roll of paper 90 cubic feet for every ton, and, with paper in the case, 40 cubic feet for every 10 cases. Oats run 65 cubic feet to a ton; wheat, corn, barley or flaxseed 43.

"Knowing the estimated weights as they run, we can tell where we are at any time. And, as the loading proceeds, we are posted from the men below decks as to how the space is running, usually measure by so many beams, forward and aft measure, and so high—occasionally 'man high.' In that way we get a pretty fair estimate of room.

"And then," he continued, going around the

pier to where there was a good view of the stern of the ship, "it is well to keep an eye for the balance, to see that she doesn't get a ist on. When a ship gets in we are told just now she stands with the coal there is in her, and from that we, to a certain extent, can determine upon the makeup of the cargo. If the starboard or port bunkers are either of them pretty well filled, we counterbalance with the cargo. And, while you will see that, in loading up, it is the practice to let down the cargo, alternating from one side to the other, there are exceptions. When weight of one class of cargo is unequal to a lot on the other side, either at some immediate or distant part of the vessel, we keep our eyes out for any overtoading on either side."

About the great openings, gangs of men were at work either receiving the miscellaneous cargo from the ship, or preparing loads to be drawn up the heavy, smooth planks, and dowered into the hold of the vessel.

It becomes evident at once that business is done on the wholesale plan as far as is possible. In loading the pails and smaller boxes, a number of the pieces are packed into large boxes about the size of a gravel scoop, and trundled on to a truck to one of the mouths of the shed, ithere to await their turn. The men work for most part in gangs of four, and there's not a man of them that won't tell you that it is mighty hard work.

"One of these boxes," said one of the men, pointing to a lot of lard pails, "weighs about 100 pounds. Now, in the winter we don't mind working, and it's only a matter of keeping on the move so as to be warm. But in the summer time—" and the wharf hustler looked tired at the thought.

In time the hoist was ready, and slowly was drawn up the plank, with one of the men before and one behind to see that nothing got adrift. The bags of flour—flour is never shipped abroad in barrels—are hoisted up much the same way, only in their case there is no need of any boxes, as the sling is thrown around a lot, and they are thus kept together. One of the men seats himself upon the pile, and up they go. One wonders what he could do if anything did loosen, and sees, as part of an answer, that the man is very much in use at

the top of the trip, and steadying the load forward to the deck crew.

The men who do this general work about the wharf get paid by the hour, and, when business is rushing, of course do well. But business doesn't keep rushing, they say, and when the end of the week comes around it has averaged up probably \$8 or \$9.

It gives one of the men at work upon the wharf evident pleasure to call attention to any of the freight that may show damage. The chances are that it is not "on him," for the damage probably resulted from improper storage, either on the railroad or the steamer.

"That often happens," said one of the freight handlers, when his notice was called to two large barrels with their heads broken in. and the skins that had presumably once been packed nicely within crowding out through the upper end. "They don't know how to store stuff as well on the other side as here," he went on, "but there is some reason for things getting adrift sometimes. You see, there being so much less coming this way than going over, it is harder to make good storage of it, and in spite of the best they can do it will get loose in the heavy thrashing around that comes from a big storm." Incidentally, he remarked that of late there had been much more damage of this sort than usual, because of the many heavy gales that incoming steamers have encountered.

In all of the seven hatches of the vessel there was something either going in or coming out, and there was no end of noise from winches rankling away at one or another of the hatches.

"Can you go below? O, yes. But look out and don't fall and break your neck."

The warning is hardly necessary to one who looks down the 40 feet to the bottom of the hold—a fall that, by the way, comes to many an unfortunate man at work about the hatch. There is something of a reach down over the iron ridge of the upper hatch to the upper rung of the ladder leading down to the first, or "between decks," and again the same backward stretch to the ladder running to the orlop deck, and again to the deep hold. It was there learned by a short experience that the floor of a steamship hold is very

likely to be slippery, and the writer narrowly escaped a fall.

The work went steadily on. Only at intervals would come the whack of a sling that had just been unloosed from one of the loads, and was sent down again to harness in two more pieces. What with the smell of pitch there was nothing attractive about that hold, and the next one aft was visited, after a climb up to the orlop deck, and a walk through.

There was a sample case of grain in the hold, with room left according to law for storage at least five rows deep of grain in bags, or the equivalent in weight. The object of this is to prevent the grain from shifting, for, even if filled in to the top, after out a ways the grain would settle ordinarily, and leave room for shifting, in spite of the centerboards which run fore and aft the ship, in the hold, to counteract, as far as possible, the lateral movement of the grain. The only alternative for this, one of the men explained, was to provide boxes filled with grain and set in the deck above, which as the grain settled below, might supply the deficiency and thus prevent the shifting when under way.

In place of the stipulated "five rows of grain bags," the grain that had been put in was covered over with some of the cargo lumber, and on these boards were placed some rolls of paper to fill in right up to the deck above.

In another of the holds the work had progressed so far that much of the so-called lighter cargoes were being put in bales of hay, patent medicines, furniture stock, and what not. In still another a grain nozzle was feeding the hold with corn, and the corn being dry, there arose a cloud of dust that floated out far across the docks. In the after hold of all, a cargo of chalk from England was being hoisted out in great buckets and dumped into one of the lighters, to be made finally into whiting—one of the lighters that the waterfront people call the "express wagons of the harbor."

So the work goes on. It requires two or three days to unload and load one of the 10,000 or 12,000-ton ships that come into New York. The heaviest cargo goes into the hold, as a matter of stability. It does not necessarily follow that the cargoes forward and also aft shall be light, as all that depends upon the form of

the vessel. Some can stand, and sometimes, in fact, require, that the stern or the bow be well set down. And when all the merchandise has been taken aboard, it is the turn for the cattle and horses. The former are punched or prodded, but not violently, to make them proceed, while the horses are led aboard. And when all is ready, except some work that can be done by carpenters who can come back on one of the tugs, the great carrier is coaxed out into the harbor, and thence moves majestically off to sea.

#### VENEERED DIAMONDS.

ARTIFICIAL diamonds have been made for more than a hundred years, the process being first discovered by a German named Strass, and the peculiar kind of glass that bears his name exactly resembles the diamond when cut. Strass is nothing more than rock crystal, to which borax, arsenic, potash and other chemicals have been added. The ingredients when thoroughly pulverized and sifted are placed in a crucible and subjected to enormous heat in a furnace. The melting occupies from twenty to thirty-five hours, and skill is needed to see that the proper temperature is maintained or the strass comes out cloudy and utterly useless.

At the expiration of that time the crucible is removed and placed in another chamber, where the heated atmosphere is permitted to gradually cool and solidify the mass, which is then ready to be cut as required. Exactly the same process is followed in making emeralds, except that large proportions of fine white sand and green oxide of chrome are melted into the strass. Opals are by far the most difficult stones to imitate; indeed, it is only within the last decade that they have been successfully copied with the aid of electricity and solution of silicates.

and solution of silicates.

So far the work has been practically easy,

but it now becomes difficult in the extreme, and only the most skillful workmen are engaged in the department through which the strass next passes. The "diamonds" that are sold for a few pence each are merely pieces of white strass cut by machinery, and a yellow tint can be detected in them. But the more costly gems, though made of the same materi-

d, are subjected to a delicate process known s "facing-up."

Every one is aware that when real diamonds re cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently valueless. But lapidaries ollect the sweepings from the tables and sell hem to the makers of artificial gems at \$20 per pound, who purify them with acid that lestroys everything but the pure diamond lust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which results in sheets of diamond dust as thin as paper being given off.

The facets of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of liamond paper laid upon them. When dry, the false jewels, veneered with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are often set in pure gold, for no one but an expert can detect the difference and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive artificial gem made, inasmuch as one that has been properly veneered cannot be purchased for less than \$2.50.

Thus it will be seen that no small amount of skill is required to make imitation stones, and the workmen in the cutting, polishing and acing-up departments can command high wages.

#### LETTERS.

When Lothario, with a cheerful click of the cover, drops his love missive into the letter pox he gives no thought to the number and variety of hands through which it must pass before reaching its fair destination. There would seem to be enough handling in store for t to squeeze all the sentiment out of such a tender thing. In any other respect, however, there is small concern, for Uncle Sam does all his mail business in such a methodical and tabulated manner that mishaps, even to the love letters, are rare.

When the mail train steams into the station at Washington the receiving clerk, whose post is there, is waiting to take account of the bags. Attached to these are tags marked with abbreviations. "Dis." stands for distribution to the neighboring towns and hamlets; "dir." for direct mail for Washington.

The bags are placed in the large mail wagons and the driver of each is given a slip of paper, to be taken to the receiving clerk at the post office. Upon this slip is printed the list of mail trains; in front of the mail in question is written the number of bags sent in this wagon. The slip bears also the time of scheduled and of actual arrival of the train and the name of the driver. This list is signed by the receiving clerk at the post office.

On arriving at the city post office the wagons draw up at the large platform at the rear of the building. Here the post office receiving clerk takes account of the load of each wagon, verifying the items on the slip. The bags are then rolled onto an elevator, which bears them half a story higher to the main floor of the building where, in the immense room beneath the clear skylight, the real task of delivery begins.

Nearest at hand is a large table, at which the bags are unpacked. Quickly and cleverly the clerk then unstraps the bags and pours out the mail. This is now seen to be arranged in packages, each inclosed in a slip bearing the name of the post office and clerk from which it came, and its destination. If intended for other than Washington these are promptly packed again into bags and made ready for another journey.

The mail is now divided into bags and receptacles placed conveniently near the table. One basket is devoted to official mail, another to newspapers, a third to ordinary letters, a fourth to mail that is plainly congressional. A rack near by bears mail bags, each of which is devoted to some particular sort of mail.

One of these, labeled for some mysterious reason "Nixes," is the vestibule to the dead letter office. Herein are cast all the packages marked "Nixes" by the railway mail clerks. In unadorned English this mail is wrongly addressed. On investigation the mistakes prove to be mainly in regard to state. "Lynchburg, W. Va.," and "Wheeling, Va.," are errors easily rectified, but the railway clerks do not take the trouble or the responsibility of correcting them. Such letters are sent to the main post office of the division, where the "nixes" clerks redirect them. When unsolv-

able riddles in addresses are reached they become the guests of the literary morgue.

On top of the bundles of letters are placed whatever special delivery letters were found by the railway mail clerk for the same place as the letters in the parcels. The clerk who opens the mail in the post office can easily spy out the blue stamps on top of the packages. These letters are slipped from the bundles and turned over immediately to the special delivery clerk, who sits within a stone's throw. Here the letter is recorded, postmarked, and passed through a window to one of the number of special delivery messengers who sit in the hallway without.

Another department of the post office which receives its mail with equal rapidity is the congressional, which is simply a branch of the post office in the capitol. Here, as there, the mail is placed in the boxes, labeled each with a congressman's name, and is delivered or disposed of as he may have directed.

The general mail of the city however, all passes through the same hands. The receptacles of mail are rolled to the desk of clerks, who open each package. The mail within is examined in order to see if the letters are directed to the post office to which the mail clerk's slip on top of the bundle brought them. Whatever mistake may be found is recorded on the back of the slip: I for Boston, Mass.; I for Tacoma, Wash.; I for New Haven, Conn. The slips upon which mistakes have been noted are put aside for the authorities to see.

Attempt is made at this point to arrange the mail to some extent according to the size, in order that it may run easily through the post-marking machine. This is close at hand, and is an ingenious arrangement that saves an immense amount of time and incredible labor. The letters are placed on a sliding arrangement that forces them past the stamp. A cyclometer records each impression, so that record may be kept of the number of letters stamped a day. letters are automatically collected at the other end of the machine. A printer's font is at hand to supply type for the change of dates and hours. It is a compact and clever instrument, and is kept in such constant use that it is necessary to clean it two and three times a

day. For mail that is too bulky or otherwise unsuitable to this machine, the hand stamp is still used with a facility that is remarkable.

As soon as the mail is stamped, it is turned over to clerks for assortment. High shelving formed into letter boxes makes a corridor, and each clerk has about five feet of these boxes to fill. Each box in each clerk's division is labeled, the majority being given to the general carriers, the rest to the postal stations. congress and the departments. By dividing the mail among so many clerks the work of assorting it is speedily accomplished.

There is here another division of the dead letter vestibule, in two upright rows of boxes, in which are deposited "nixes," on which the errors were made in streets. The clerks, of course, know that we have no Commonwealth Avenue nor Baltimore and Eutaw Sts., and a letter thus directed must be placed in the "nixes" boxes.

The method by which these letters are borne, as frequently happens, to their rightful owners, is a source of pride and vanity to the post office officials. If the street named is apparently a version of some of our streets, their ingenuity is called into play, and frequently manages to solve the difficulty. Ingenuity plays an important part, anyway, in post office affairs. It is nothing unusual to come across an address of such originality as "Hon. Lentz. White House, senate, Washington."

Many mistakes arise from writing Washington, D. C., when Washington, N. C. is meant. The clerks have had so much experience from this error that they are remarkably familian with the street names of that southern city. A great fault against which the post office people inveigh vehemently is the habit of writing "city" instead of the full name. Frequently these letters are mailed in other than the "city" intended and thus an endless amount of bother to clerks and chagrin to writer is entailed. When a more difficult error than these arises, recourse is had to the street directory. The post office here asserts that it has the finest street directory in the world. streets in new and old cities are kept in strict account. Many puzzling tangles are solved by referring to this book.

When all the letters are assorted, the "nixes"

placed for trial in some box, or else sent to the nixes clerk, the carriers are able to collect the mail. As the boxes are made without backs, they simply walk down the line on the opposite side of the shelving from the assorting clerks, and collect, each man from his own box in each division, the mail intended for him.

Just behind these mail compartments is the space allotted to the carriers. Here, arranged in aisles are the desks at which the carriers arrange their mail in the order of delivery. So perfectly is this done that a stranger taking the carrier's arranged mail could cover his route without taking an unnecessary step. On some of the desks may be seen weather bureau cards, to be delivered by the carrier. These present the same appearance as postal cards, but bear no address; the carrier knows where each one is due.

When a letter is returned by the carrier since he is unable to locate the individual addressed, it is turned over to the keeping of the directory clerks. Its return is reported in a book, the reason for its nondelivery, the address to which it is next sent, and its final disposition being also noted. Thus the department keeps track of all mail. The addresses to which these letters are sent on trial are found in the post office edition of the city directory

The directory is prepared for the post office, with a blank page facing each printed page. Thus when any change of address is reported it is recorded on the blank page opposite the printed page that bears the name. In addition to this there is at hand the special post office directory, prepared by the department itself, in which in three neighboring columns the names and addresses for the past three years are kept. Thus the postal department keeps track of a person for three years. This list includes servants and those who are accustomed to receive mail at each house in the city.

When it is impossible to locate an individual from the directory, the letter in question is placed in a glass case in the carrier's division. Before starting out on their rounds the carriers examine this collection, taking from it any which they think they may be

able to deliver, and each carrier deposits in a box beside the case his name and that of the person addressed.

Those letters which remain unsettled after one inspection are turned over to the general delivery, whence, after thirty days, they receive lodgment in the dead letter office. A letter which is not located, but which bears a "return to" specification, also remains in the general delivery for thirty days, unless the number of days for it to be held is specified. Ten days are sufficient to exhaust all official means of settling the letter at its proper destination.

The career of a letter from its exit from the writer's desk till its entrance to the reader's is a remarkable one, but surrounded by a vigilance and care that Uncle Sam does not hesitate to employ. In the city post office here every possible means is sought for the advancement of the service, even to the presence of mirrors, which, as everyone knows, are essential to the safe conduct of the mails.

#### JAPS AS HOUSE SERVANTS.

Those who have had experience with Japanese men as house servants pronounce them far superior to either the Chinamen or the ordinary domestic of Celtic, Scandinavian or German nativity. One housekeeper of large experience recently said she liked the Japanese better than any others for many reasons, but that even they had their drawbacks, one being that they did not like to stay in the country after the 1st of October, as so many of them were college under-graduates.

"I have a Columbia junior in my diningroom," she said, "and a Harvard divinity
student in my kitchen at the present time, but
that is not all. A short time ago I had a
chambermaid and waiter who were highly
recommended to me by a fellow Japanese who
had lived with me before. He was a nice
looking little fellow, but not a very good servant," for his mind seemed to be on other things
rather than his work. And then he would
ask me such profound questions! I really
could not answer them and he always had a
book in his hand, even when he was making
the beds. Finally I had to tell him that,

much as I liked him in many ways, I should be obliged to let him go. 'All right,' he said, and to my surprise he went that very day, while I was out, without waiting for his money. As money is usually the thing that they work for, I wondered and waited.

"Hearing nothing from him, I wrote to the Japanese through whom I had engaged him, making a particular point of the unpaid wages. The man wrote back not to worry about that; that my ex-chamberman and waiter was not in need of money; that he was a prince who had come to America to travel and observe, that he was going to write a book on our manners and customs, and thought that the best way to learn them was to live in an American household. Since then I have been particular to ask my Japanese servants whether they are princes in disguise or only divinity students."

#### NEED NOT FEAR NIGHT AIR.

In passing along a row of city tenements in the dawn of a midsummer day about ninetynine of 100 windows can be seen tightly closed. Sleepers whose lungs crave life air as a desert traveler thirsts after a draft of cold water have excluded the refreshing night wind in obedience to the behest of a sanitary superstition, "Beware of draughts, get a dollar's worth of weather strips; be sure to close your windows after dark "-in other words, exclude the air which the children of nature have for myriads of ages breathed with perfect impunity and poison your lungs with the azotized, sickening atmosphere of an unventilated bedroom. We might as well advise a health seeker to avoid rock springs and fill his water bucket at the effluent pipe of a festering city sewer. We might with the same logic admonish our children to beware of fresh vegetables and mountain strawberries and still their hunger with the garbage of a dump pile.

Millions of travelers pass the night in boats and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; animals that perish with consumption in the atmosphere of a well-warmed menagerie survive the tremendous night storms of the tropical forests.

Is night air a lung poison? Is the outdoor atmosphere made deadly by the absence of sunlight? Does the gas lamp of a stifling dormitory remedy that grievance? Must we exclude the cool night wind bringing relief to countless sufferers from the misery of a sweltering summer day?

It is no exaggeration to say that individuals who have freed themselves from the night-mare of that superstition can live out-and-out healthier in the central wards of a large manufacturing town than its victims on the airiest highlands of the southern Alleghanies.

#### AT THE VOLCANO'S CRATER.

A PARTY of Americans touring in Mexico recently accomplished the unusual feat of ascending to the edge of the crater of Mount Popocatapetl, the famous volcano of the North American continent. A member of the party in describing the trip says the crater is a marvel and well worth a hard journey to see. "A huge and gloomy pit it is," he says, "its steep sides emitting sulphurous smoke and fumes, and its perpendicular walls descending, it is said, to a depth of 1,500 feet. At the bottom is a small lake of emerald green, surrounded by volcanic rocks and deposits of sulphur. At the top there is a ledge of rock at the crater's edge, from which we made our observations of the crater and upon which we were photographed. I did not observe any difficulty in breathing or any noticeable increase of heart action, but several members of the party were panting painfully and were hardly able to speak. One of my comrades told me that he could feel his heart beat through his coat and sweater. The temperature was very cold. but it seemed to be modified somewhat by the natural warmth of the crater and we were protected against the icy wind outside."



#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

BY NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Jesus was a happy mother's boy; just the ame as all other boys, only his mother was more humble and submissive woman than ome are. She was willing to do just what God wanted her to, and was very thankful hat he considered her worthy of his notice, ust as all true Christian mothers are. vas pleased when people noticed how bright nd beautiful and worthy her boy was, as all nothers are. The boy was just like all inteligent children should be. He was closely obervant. Though he might be very busy building a block house or whittling a stick, or triving a nail, or sailing a kite, he knew just what was going on around him. He saw his nother prepare dough for bread, and knew ust how she did it. He could do it himself if he were sick and his help was needed. He iften saw her put a very small piece of dough r yeast into a larger amount of material to nake it raise, and so he knew just how to go bout it.

When his clothes got torn, as boys' clothes ometimes will, he saw just how she fitted a patch on, so as to cover the hole, and not bucker it, so it would look untidy. He knew he never cut into a good new piece of cloth or this purpose, either: for she was a prudent voman who had to spin and weave her own doth, and knew its value. She saved the best parts of old garments to mend others with, and esus knew all about it. He was a boy that cept his eyes and ears open, and learned somehing every day and remembered what he earned. He was a bright, pleasant boy whom verybody liked. He was so courteous, so sind, so truthful and trustworthy, they could ot do otherwise than like him, and the longer hey knew him, the better they liked him.

He was not the kind of a child that people oon get tired of. His mother could always lepend on him, and she liked to have him long when she went any place, because then he knew that everything would go all right. If she was invited to some entertainment; a

supper, a wedding, or any suitable place, where she could meet with her friends and enjoy their society she liked to have Jesus and his boy friends invited too. He never abused his donkey or horse, or ox, or whatever animal he had to serve him, and they always did just as he told them, to do, because he loved them, and they knew it. There is a legend about Jesus once coming up to a man that was abusing a poor donkey because it could not draw its heavy load up a steep hill. And Jesus asked the man why he beat his ass, saying that God could hear it groan and cry; and then he took hold and helped the poor donkey to get the load up the hill, and then told the man not to beat it any more.

Jesus liked to go with his parents and brothers and sisters wherever they went. He always went to church (or meeting) on the Sabbath day, and as soon as he was old enough he became one of the teachers in the church, or synagogue, as the house of worship was called. He never waited to be urged or pushed forward in the good work. He saw that he was needed as a teacher, and went right at it: not because men wanted him to, but because God wanted him to. He did not, however, receive pay for his services in that line. He just did it because he loved God and loved all God's children, and wanted them to go to heaven.

He did not leave his parents, to do any good work while a child, but stayed at home with them and helped them, probably, herding sheep when a little child, and when grown larger and stronger he worked at the carpenters' trade with Joseph, doing as he was told, faithfully. Doubtless he enjoyed in childhood making toy houses, hammering, sawing and cutting pieces of wood as other boys do. Doubtless, he played with other children, but it is not likely he ever fought with them. He no doubt, "went a fishing" with other little blackeyed Jewish boys, many a time, and helped to prepare the fish for the meal after they were caught, besides relishing his share of the food. He lived in a very humble little house, which probably had but one room, meagerly furnished, and ate plain food, not complaining or making apologies. He dressed as other children dressed and was not at all

exclusive. None were too poor for Jesus to associate with, nor too rich. He never slighted anyone or sneered at them because they were not so good as they should have been, but tried to get them to do right. He was a brave boy—Jesus was. He never let the taunts and jeers of wicked people prevent him from doing just what he knew God wanted him to do. He was not afraid of being laughed at, or of being called a "goodygoody" boy.

He was a praying boy, and it mattered not what others might think, never did a day pass over his head without Jesus praying. prayed often in secret, because he loved to talk to God alone, but he was not ashamed or afraid to pray in public. He talked about the things he thought about; and was never ashamed to be heard talking about things pertaining to religion or heaven. It mattered not where he was, or who, or how many were around, his talk was just the same, for he was not hypocritical or deceptive in the least. Jesus was a religious boy, and was not ashamed of it. He intended to be a minister when be became a man, and was not ashamed of that either. He had his trials, sorrows, heartaches, pains and griefs, the same as anyone else, and could sympathize deeply with every one who had any pain or sorrow.

> Not afraid of cruel derision, Not afraid of scoffs and sneers, Not ashamed of his position, Quickly touched by griet or tears.

Jesus was a pure, manly boy. No uncouth language ever passed his lips. No tobacco ever defiled his breath, no cigarette benumbed his brain. He did not live upon sweetcake, rich pastry, meat, candy and chewing gum, but plain, wholesome food nourished the life of this plain, pure boy, who grew up a strong, brave, worthy man.

Jesus could walk as far as anybody, and was not ashamed or too lazy to do it. He grew tired just as we all do, was often hungry, suffered sometimes from cold or heat, and required rest, sleep, food, shelter and raiment, just as we all do. He was thankful for the plainest fare, and rejoiced in the beauty of the tiny flowers growing at his feet. He went barefoot and doubtless experienced the same hurts that many a country boy or city waif has felt, every summer since the world began.

But, though he bore the same trials that all do, he remained true, honest, upright, pure, kind and gentle.

The kind of boy that Jesus was, Every boy should strive to be. Be ne'er ashamed to own his cause, Nor fear to live pure as he.

The kind of child that Jesus was, Every child can surely be. Fill each young mind with God's pure laws, Let them all his beauty see.

The kind of man that Jesus was, Every Christian ought to be. Our souls should have no ugly flaws Make us, Jesus, more like thee.

Collbran, Colo.

#### ANCIENT STRIKES.

It is often asserted that the labor strike as such does not date back further than Captain Boycott, in the early part of the century. As a matter of fact the earliest strike dates back to about 1450 B. C., or upward of thirty-three centuries ago. Pharaoh was building a new temple at Thebes. The masons received very little cash, but a quantity of provisions, which the contractors thought sufficient was handed to them on the first of each month. Sufficient or not, they mostly ate it before the time had elapsed. On one occasion many of them had nothing left quite early in the month, so they marched to the contractor's house, before which they squatted and refused to budge until justice was done. The contractor persuaded them to lay their distress before Pharaoh, who was about to visit the works, and he gave them a handsome supply of corn, and so all went well for that month.

But the same state of things recurred by the middle of the next, and for some days the men struck work. Various conferences took place, but the men declined to do a stroke until they were given another supply of food. They declared the clerks cheated them, used false weights and so forth-familiar enough complaints in this country under the truck system. The contractors not complying with their demands, they marched to the governor of the city to lay their grievances before him. and he tried to get them to return to work by smooth words, but that was no use and they insisted on having food. At last, to get rid of them, he drew up an order for corn on the public granary and the strike was at an end.





### In the Front Room after Dinner





#### THE CHURCH TRAMP.

NATURALLY the church tramp is not confined o any particular denomination, otherwise would not be tramp. He is the kind of a nan who goes to one set of people for a time, all earnestness and apparent zeal, and hen he is missing, only to turn up in another old where it is repeated. He has made the ounds and has not found any church to his king. As a rule there are few women tramps. The woman generally decides where she wants to worship, and there she is found. The man ramp usually stays the longest where they nake the most of him. He has a few obscure passages of scripture, and these he wants explained. But he is never satisfied.

Now the question is whether it is worth while to give this man any considerable atention. Of course he must be courteously reated, but with all that people have their ppinions about him all the same. Now I don't say that a man is necessarily compelled o stay where he finds himself at any given time. As he grows older he may, and often does, see hings differently and wants to act up to his convictions. This man is not a tramp. He is nore likely to be an earnest seeker after the ruth. But the genuine tramp, the runner liter new things, the man who is pounding a drum with the Salvationists in the Spring, attending the Catholic church in the Summer. and upholding the Confession of Faith in the Fall, while in the Winter he is in the Amen corner of the Brethren church is the one we are discussing. Is he worth while? Here is one side of the question ably presented. It is by Bro. John Calvin Bright, of Dayton, Ohio, and he tells some things new to the Editor of :he 'Nook:

We are not to despise any one who makes applica-

satisfaction is because he has not found the truth. Eld. H. Kurtz came to America a Lutheran and was converted. Eld. F. P. Lochr was sent over to bring him back, but was converted. Eld. H. Reubsong came over with Bro. Kurtz and was a zealous Catholic at the time. They met years afterward, ministers in the Brethren church. Eld. C. Hope became a zealous missionary among the Brethren after he had tried several other churches.

Drive the truth home to his wavering soul, convince him that the Brethren have the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and all the principles of Christ and the truth will give him a mind of his own, or rather give him the mind of Christ, and if he knocks at the door of the church bid him welcome in the name of the Master, who will in no wise refuse him.

Now that is one view of it, and it appears pretty conclusive. The situation is one that undoubtedly justified the action of the church in the premises. But that is not exactly what is meant by the query. There is a difference between a man going about earnestly seeking a home and a common vagrant on the road, asking for food that he is unwilling to earn. One is a homeseeker, and the other is a tramp. Now there is short shrift for the chronic beggar, and the question is whether similar means may not be used within the limitations of the environment in dealing with the chronic wanderer from fold to fold. Bro. John Heckman, of Polo, Ill., has this to say:

He has a chance to get a lot of experience but that's worth nothing.

He thinks trouble is caused by so many people when the fact is, that he is the cause of nine-tenths of it himself. He is no better church member than the other "tramp" is a citizen, the fellow who walks the road and an hour after a full meal tells the good housewife that he's had nothing to eat for two days.

He's a church nuisance, he is.

And there's no mistaking John Heckman's views. He sets forth in graphic words what the INGLENOOK editor has been thinking, lo, these many years.

The 'NOOKMAN does not want to be uncharitable, or discourteous, but at the same time it is a fact that with our peculiar constitution as a church a man unworthily taken up may cause no end of trouble and mischief before he can be got rid of.

And Bro. Wm. Mohler, of Falls City, Nebr., has the following sensible talk:

The "Lo here or the lo there" is an easy broad road to heaven has deceived for the time being many an earnest seeker for the truth. Some of our steadfast bretbren did some church tramping before they found a church willing to obey Christ in all things. It is our duty to receive all truly converted applicants for church membership. But the person that is moving from denomination to denomination searching for a church that is without the cross and self-denial of Christ, where all is pleasure and enjoyment, is like the tramp, asking for a "hand-out" in a country where an abundance may be had for labor, unworthy of our food, raiment or shelter. I do not believe in trying to cultivate soil too stony or poor to yield fruit for the Master.

#### And Bro. Edward Frantz says:

When he comes around to try our church a while, take him in. Then try to teach him something. He has supposed that religion consists in holding correct opinions about all religious problems and he is uneasy for fear he hasn't got them. Tell him not to worry about these matters for the present. Induce him to settle down and go to work. Get him interested in making other people's lives nobler and happier. Explain to him that after while he will be old and feeble and not able to do much good in the world and then he will have more time to work out the details of his theology. Teach him something like this if you can. If you can't—well, what do you always do when you can't do what you want to?

And Bro. John G. Royer has the following about him:

His reputation, my dear editor, is not an enviable one. He may be a good honest soul, but lacks the ballast necessary to hold him steady. Like the stony-ground-hearer, he is always ready to lay hold of what at the time he considers a good thing, and just as ready to let it go for something else. He really deserves both pity and sympathy, but commands little of either. I am glad church people are not all like him, because it would render the membership uncomfortably portable.

Samuel Hertzler, of Pennsylvania, thinks as follows:

Inasmuch as he is not entirely responsible for his actions, our attitude toward him should be the same as toward any other unfortunate, — that of love, pity, prayer. Generally he is turned from his last conclusion

by revelation(?), the latest religious fad or the last en thusiast he has met. The remedy for these is to direc him to the Word of God.

There is another class of tramps—who gad about from church to church in the hope of finding a perfect church, arguing, of course, their own perfection. For these we can only pray that God may graciously convert them.

In conclusion the 'NOOKMAN desires to say that it is sometimes difficult to differentiate the actual tramp from the seeker and the unsettled person, to whom it would be a wrong to act brusquely. But there is no mistaking the genuine, hardened, usually old sinner, who makes a business of being a rounder. It is a thing that the Book expressly cautions against by saying that we should not be blown with every wind and running after strange doctrine He has had not one chance, but half a dozen and he has not heard the church, nor the hall a dozen he patronized in turn, and it seems to the 'Nook that he might as well be listed with the man who has sinned and will not hear the one church,—let him alone with an unnatural class and regard him as a stranger.

The success of this department of the 'Noos will depend very largely on the early receip of replies sent out to those whose opinion is sought. Those who receive lettes are request ed to be as prompt as possible, as it is eviden that in a weekly issue matters can not be allowed to go over the current week. Ample time is allowed for time of transmission and preparation if the opinions sought are forwarded at once.

The department is open to those who may wish a talk on any given subject within the scope of the publication, and anyone having questions he would like discussed is at lib erty to suggest them, and if properly related to the work they will be taken up.

The following question at large has been suggested:

Does the at peace and in love idea necessary to fitness for communion apply to the whole world of our a: quaintances or only to our own brethren?

Your idea on a postal card is solicited, and let none complain now that they have not had an opportunity for a hearing on a living question. Answers at once are essential to publication.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

JULY 20, 1901.

No. 29.

#### AN EVENING PRAYER.

JFE'S opening voyage, Lord, thou didst safely keep O er childhood's sheltered bays;

As now the tides of age around me creep,

Protect my shortening days.

Thou didst defend my youth when sped my bark Out toward the open sea;

As I approach the shore, unknown and dark, Still guard and care for me.

Becalmed by idle winds on placid seas,

Thy vigil did not cease;

Now tempests beat, and when I shrink from these, Impart uplifting peace.

When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly on the prow Thou gently didst restrain;

Though Sorrow often voyages with me now,

My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies were bright, I knew thy presence sweet;

As one by one they vanish in the night, Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, thou hast been companion, friend and guide O'er life's unresting sea;

When Death, the gentle Pilot, stands beside, Oh, make the port with me!

#### VALUE OF THE APPLE CROP.

Wheat is a great crop in the United States, but there are several others that beat it in value, and among them is the apple crop. As nearly as statistics can give it, the apple crop of 1900 was 215,000,000 barrels, and \$2 a barrel is a fairly moderate average to put upon them. That would yield \$430,000,000, or 50 per cent more than the wheat crop, which was rated at a little more than \$300,000,000. America exported 4,000,000 barrels of apples last year, and as they learn to care for apples as they do for other fruit they will export still more. Apples selected for quality, size and soundness, carefully wrapped in paper, as oranges are, and boxed like that fruit, will bring fancy

prices when apples are scarce and will prove as paying an investment as any fruit that can be put up. Abroad, all over Europe, American apples bring \$4 a barrel when they are selling here at \$2, and, of course, they retail for a very much larger sum. Orchard owners in this country have just begun to learn what may be done in the apple way.

#### A CLEVER SWINDLE.

A TORONTO, Canada, firm advertised that on receipt of one dollar they would send, "securely sealed, a beautifully-bound book of 400 pages, full of good things; every sport should have one, the most wonderful book ever written; French and English translation; prohibited in some countries."

The Detective Department, scenting the possible circulation of improper literature, sent one dollar and received a fifteen cent Bible. The department has not interfered with the scheme, not caring to curtail the propagation of the Gospel.

#### LET OFF CHEAPLY.

It is said that Gladstone one day said to the witty Father Healey: "When I was in Italy the other day I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about 30 shillings.' How do you explain that?"

"If," answered the father, "my church were prepared to give you a plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of for 30 shillings I think you would be let off uncommonly cheap."

During the year 1900, the racing association of New York state paid the sum of \$98,671 in taxes.

#### THE COCOPAHS.

THE Cocopahs, a very queer people, living in the valley of the Colorado river—partly in lower California and partly in Mexico—have just been brought to light by Professor W. J. McGee, the well-known ethnologist, who has returned from an interesting visit among them. He is the first scientific man to have studied them and to have noted their remarkable customs.

"These people are ostensibly monogamous," said Professor McGee. "Of their polygamy, in which state they formerly lived openly, there are yet traces, kept in the background out of deference to the Mexican law.

"They have prescribed a strange ordeal which must be undergone by every Cocopah girl before she can be considered marriageable. When she is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until the surrounding earth has been thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished and the bride-elect placed in the pit. She is buried to her neck and in this condition is left standing over night. After being dug out, the next morning, she is ready for the connubial state.

"Each Cocopah family is bound by a strict law pertaining to property rights. Strictly domestic property belongs to the women; farmstead property to the men. For the purpose of buying some articles for my collection I visited one hut while the husband happened to be away. The wife was willing to sell me her pottery, her squash vessels, her mill or the grain which she had ready for grinding in the latter. But in the absence of her husband she had no authority to sell me the grain in the granary or the granary itself.

"The Cocopahs greatly surprised me. Living so near to the gulf I supposed, of course, that they were fishing people. I found them essentially agricultural. They were cultivating corn, beans, peas and squashes; were harvesting five different kinds of grasses for their seeds. They had located their little farms according to the caprice of the floods, frequently occurring in this valley. They professed to be strongly inimical to the Mexican Government and to be anxious to emigrate to the United States. An occasional Cocopah seems to

have crossed to the American side and to have there received our higher rate of wages. They preferred American silver. In fact, i had to exchange my Mexican silver for ours had to send to the frontier for this purpose.

"The Cocopahs are generally of fine physique. The men are tall and robust. ured one and found him to stand six feet three. Their skins are dark. They have very large feet, notable for the fact that the middle toes are invariably the longest. I saw the big fellow whom I measured run barefooted over a patch of sharp stubble left by stalks of the cat-tail flag, which had been burnt. He was hunting wild hogs and his feet were not hurt in the least. It was common to see the men come to our camp fire and poke the coals with their naked toes. One fellow had thus burnt all of his toe nails black, although his feet were otherwise uninjured. The toes of these people are remarkable also on account of their nimbleness. I saw one man pick up a red-hot coal with his foot to light his cigarette. other, walking along a road, thus clutched a stick which he wanted to use for a cane. raised it to his hand and continued on his way I gave a child a lump of sugar; he dropped it. but the nimble toes caught it and brought it to his hand.

"I learned that these people are diminishing in numbers with unusual rapidity. I am accustomed to seeing primitive people decreasing annually, but not so fast as are they Where there were a thousand ten years ago there are 500 to-day. The cause of their early extermination will be their fad for wearing white men's clothing, which is simply smothering out their lives. They make every sacrifice for the sake of this new apparel. men now and then go to Yuma with their corn, each taking a horse loaded with a hundred pounds. One of these loads, after three days' journey, sells for but \$1.50, all spent in cheap clothing. The corn crop of each little farm is thus disposed of early each season, the family for the remainder of the year being limited to squashes and grass seeds. valued clothing is not removed when the men work about the river and get soaked from head to foot. Pneumonia and death often result from this carelessness. The medicine nen endeavor to sing, dance and charm the isease away, but in vain.

"Their houses are simple little structures ardly protected from the rain. Some have oofs of earth. None are wind-proof. All ave wattled sides—that is, made of boughs ntwined together. None of these huts has loor or furniture. Some are mere bowers wilt of tree branches.

"The burial customs of the Cocopahs are very interesting. Upon the death of one of he tribe his kinsmen all cut their long hair o a shortness proportionate to the relationship of each to the deceased. If the dead was possessed of property it is given away to the different members of the tribe, but never to his relatives. That is a clever device to prerent a family dispute as to ownership of any of the property. Many primitive people have :aken such precaution against the possible division of a household against itself, as for instance the mother-in-law taboo of certain Indian tribes. This prevents any exchange of words and any association whatever between mother-in-law and child-in-law.

"All of the Cocopahs paint their faces and are more or less tattooed. The foreheads of the men are tattooed with circles or zigzag marks. Upon marrying, the women must be tattooed with various designs."

#### ARTIFICIAL FLY MAKING.

THE trade of artificial fly making is the lightlest-fingered business in the world, and there are only about 500 fly-tyers in the country. They are all highly trained, carefully picked workers, and it is not one man or woman out of 5,000 who can learn to tie flies. These tyers are remarkable for the beauty and delicacy of their hands, and only the cleverest of fingers can deal with the "niggling" work of knotting hairs that can hardly be seen.

In making a fly, the earth has to be ransacked for precisely the correct feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong will make all the difference. A big English fly-making firm keep 14 different breeds of fowls alone at their workshops, and these provide feathers, down and hackles of every shade, color and quality. Half a dozen kinds of pigeons supply coarser feathers for moth wings, and in the "drying rooms" are over one thousand skins of all kinds of tropical birds, and from each skin a few feathers only are usable.

It takes an expert tyer only fitteen minutes to turn out a fly like the "late spinner" which consists of a tiny hook, with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair and a body of mouse fur, wound around with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feelers," but the true expert adds the legs, and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, white at the tips. All of these tiny details will be exactly in their places, and so finely tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse.

Bears' eyebrows, being stiff, and exactly the right shade, are used in the "Tweed beauty," a newly-invented fly, and these eyebrows come from the Himalayan brown bear. There are always agents all over the world searching tropical forests for the right birds to supply fly hackles, and one of the most-sought-after skins is that of the rare "green screamer." an African bird, about the size of a fowl, which has a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder that are worth \$15 per bunch to the fly maker. One of these birds only supplies feathers enough to make rings for half a dozen flies. Numbers of men spend their lives-and lose them, too-in collecting the right kind of birds for fly feathers.

Several keen fly fishers invent their own flies and attend in person at the factory to have them made under their own supervision. There is no limit to the enthusiasm of an artistic fly tyer, who will use hairs from his own eye-lashes to finish off an extra special fly. Baby's hair is a much-sought-after material, if of the right shade—golden yellow—for all the lighter salmon flies, and one curl will make a dozen first-class flies.



#### ENGINEERS.

I WONDER what was the first, instantaneous sensation of that Canadian engineer who ran down Jumbo in the fog. Probably no engineer ever had a stranger shock; but shocks, strange and otherwise, are the portion of every man who stands at a locomotive throttle. He must get used to them and stand them as best he can—or find some occupation with less nervous strain to it. Most of them in the business get hardened to the unexpected, which is always happening on the rails.

One of the worst starts I ever had was due to a large lazy pig who had got on my mind. Nothing will slide a train more easily and destructively from the rails than live pork. This particular specimen had a habit of burrowing alongside the track, and it was a fair presumption that sooner or later he would find something to interest him between the rails, and somebody would go down the bank.

I was coming down a hill one day at high speed, and craning my neck for a comforting sight of piggy in his accustomed place, when, as I popped around the curve, a bright red flag assaulted my anxious gaze. The connection between that flag and the pig was only a bit of mental aberration on my part, but it was very vivid.

I shut off and grabbed the whistle cord, but before I could even screech for brakes I saw that the flag was only a red flannel shirt, which the good woman of the shanty to which the pig belonged had hung on an improvised clothesline between the telegraph poles. That may not sound like much of a scare, but it represents a type that turns the railroad man's hair to a delicate ash color.

Railroad men have supplemented the rules with additions of their own, for the sake of convenience, and to expedite the work. When a man is sent out to flag he gets instructions. Perhaps he is told to let all regular trains pass, but to hold everything else; then he understands that his conductor will have his train in the siding when those trains arrive.

A freight train had occasion to cross on the other track, but there wasn't time to cross ahead of the limited. A man was sent ahead with orders to let the limited by and hold everything else until he should be called in.

I was fireman on the limited that night, and the place I write of was in the middle of a 20mile run, where the engineer made a practice of catching up any little time previously lost

I heard a sudden exclamation as George, my engineer, shut off and snapped on the air. I stepped to the gangway and caught a glimpse of a fellow waving a red light frantically as we flew by. In another instant we rounded the curve, and there was a headlight right in our face and eyes.

George "horsed 'er over," and I thought he would surely pull the sand lever out by the roots, but in spite of all, that headlight came up on us like a comet. Of course, we thought the other fellow was crossed over on our track, or he wouldn't have flagged us; it didn't make any difference that he had no right to be there; there he was. George yelled for me to "git off," but a single glance at the ground satisfied me with my chances where I was.

A moment later we rolled past the engine and half the train—which was on its own track. The freight conductor climbed up on our engine and asked George if that fellow had flagged him. George sputtered and stammered with nervousness before he found his tongue, but when he did that conductor heard something that was well worth listening to. Such a salvo of verbal pyrotechnics—George expressing himself about the conductor, and he about the flagman—one hears but once in a lifetime.

A newly-located watchman's shanty—looking exactly like the end of a box car—set my scalp to tingling one night. There had never been anything there but the river before, and when the headlight glared on that very substantial structure I was sure my call had arrived.

Another time a tool box in a tunnel, partly covered with overclothes and a coil of rope, started me for the step, under the impression that it was a rock fallen from the roof. But these are mere harmless scares which help to keep one awake. The engine gets by them before you get off, and you are back in your seat again breathing anathema maranatha against the thoughtless idiot who was the cause of it all. Then there are the other kind.

I was poking up a long hill one night when a red light suddenly showed up, followed at once by another, indicating that the caboose of the preceding train was just ahead—and I was coming up to it with astonishing rapidity. I yelled to my fireman to jump, and we had parely landed in the ditch when six cars and the caboose of the train ahead climbed all over tour engine. The train had broken in two and this was the rear section that had trundled down hill on top of us

Frequently I have been asked if railroad men are superstitious. I think not, though they might be pardoned if they were.

One night, after the meeting, Fred Jones, asked, with fairly well assumed indifference, if "any o' you fellers" had seen a mysterious flagman at night near the old stone house, this side of Ollendorff's Fill. Two or three of the men looked around, quick and sharp, as though the question reminded them of something, but nobody admitted he had.

"Very funny," said Fred, puffing at his cigar like a "mog" on a grade, "I've seen 'him twice, 'n if I can't make it out."

In response to careful pumping Jones told me that on two occasions on the night trip a fellow had sprung out from behind the ruins of the old stone house and flagged him—not with a lamp, although it was night time, but with a flag. He stopped both times, but no man was to be found, nor was there any occasion for flagging.

On the second occasion his conductor hinted with railroad frankness that Jones was dopy, so Jones said he would disregard the fellow's signal if he ever saw him again. As to details he remembered only that both nights were brilliantly moonlit and that a good breeze was blowing.

About two months later, along in the fall, after a heavy rain, Jones ran into a bad rock-slide a quarter of a mile beyond the old stone house. His fireman was killed, but he escaped with a sprained ankle. He came hobbling up to me a day or two later, as I was oiling around, and said,

"Wal, I done it."

"Done what?"

"Run by that stone house flagman I was

tellin' ye about; wonder if they'll think I'm dopy now?"

He went on to tell me that the same fellow flagged him the night of the accident, but, with his good name in mind, he dropped her down a notch, breathed defiance at the spook through his teeth, and went through the cut tail on end only to pile up on the slide a moment later.

One night, a long time after that, I was killing time on a clearance. The moon was about full, pretty well down in the west, and there was a stiff breeze from the same quarter. I remembered Jones' flagman, and decided he would never have a better chance to get caught. I shut off and let her roll on approaching the stone house.

Waving shadows on the track, cast by trees and bushes on the bank above, suggested a possible solution of the mystery. I kept my eyes fastened religiously on the spot Jones had described, and presently saw there was something there. Gradually the thing took form, until, when within a train length, I could have sworn that a man was in front of me waving a flag.

I put on brakes, slowed right down and gave an answering toot toot, but he paid no attention. Then I crawled out on the runboard and looked at the moon, which was just visible above the bank at my right. As the moon, myself and the man came into line, he became blurred and indistinct, and I observed that a small pine tree on the bank was also coming into line with us. When the line was complete the flagman spread out and lost form.

Next time I saw Jones I told him about it, and he exclaimed:

"Well, I never!"

On his next day off Jones dead-headed to the station near the stone house and tramped four miles with an ax. The spook flagman never bothered him nor any one else thereafter.

#### THE POTATO IS IN ITS DECLINE.

If there should be no more sugar cane in the world beets might be cultivated to take its place entirely, but if there were no longer any potatoes the domestic economy of thousands of humble homes would be seriously deranged, and the deprivation would be considerable even on the most luxurious table. That the sugar cane and the potato are in danger of becoming degenerate and finally extinct has for some time been recognized in botanical laboratories all over the world. In this country the botanical department of Harvard university has gone into the matter with a good deal of thoroughness, and experiments have been undertaken to perpetuate these valuable species.

The records of rocks unearthed by the geologists show that in former ages there were many plants, just as there were many animals. which have since become extinct, which flourished and died in the carboniferous period, for instance, have been preserved for thousands of years as potential agencies for the comfort and convenience of mankind. The giant ferns and other forms of plant life which are now found in the form of coal had served their purpose, and in the action of natural laws it was fitting that they should become extinct. But the decadence of the sugar cane and the potato is not natural, but rather results from the circumstances of their The danger lies in the fact that cultivation. both have been propagated for so many generations from buds-the sugar cane from the joints of stalks, and the potato from the eyes of the tuber-that they have almost lost the power of producing fruitful seeds.

For a century or more, during which reproduction from buds can be successfully continued, the fact that the seeds themselves become sterile or dwindle away and disappear does not seem particularly important. Finally, however, there comes a time, like the present, when a whole species shows signs of the deterioration which precedes extinction, and it is then only by crossing one plant with another plant or one variety with another variety that the life of the species can be renewed. But if the plant has lost its seed-producing faculty such crossing is evidently impossible, and the degeneration must continue to its logical result.

Sugar cane is, of course, one of the most valuable and important of agricultural products. According to botanical history it was first known in India, whence it was brought by the Venetians to Europe during the twelfth century and cultivated to some extent in the islands of the Mediterranean. Later it was introduced into Spain and finally into America, where it became firmly established during the sixteenth century. Botanically known as "saccharum officinarium," it is a sort of strong cane-stemmed grass, ten or twelve feet high with a large feathery plume of flowers.

It is at present grown in all warm countries and the plants for fifty of 100 plant generations have been started from the buds which spring from the joints of the cane. A section of the stalk containing one of these generative joints is planted and a new stalk or group of stalks springs up, the plantation being thus maintained by a portion of its products. Meanwhile, as the plants mature, they put forth blossoms, which, though as beautiful as they ever were, perhaps, are meaningless and unfruitful.

When it was discovered by the botanists that the sugar cane was losing its power to produce fruitful seeds it was realized that such a loss meant inbreeding, as it would be called in the case of animals, and that unless some artificial means of restoration could be employed the species would eventually run out. The highest animals are so classified be cause they are the best equipped for the per petuation of their species and the intel lect of man places him above other animals because it equips him to maintain the life o the race under all sorts of unfavorable circum stances. As the breed of man is maintained and improved by the constant crossing of in dividuals, adding intellectual strength to phys ical strength and courage to gentleness, so in plant life a similar crossing is essential to the maintenance of a species. Plants are classi fied as high or low as they possess to a greate or less degree the capacity for perpetuating their kind. The beauty of the flower, it bright color and sweet perfume, and often it peculiar arrangement, are all for the purpose of attracting insects so that the fructifying pollen may be carried from plant to plant crossing individual with individual and one variety with another.

There is a little fable, popular among botanists, which illustrates the point very neatly. Two seeds of the same plant were separated

n their youth, one being dropped on a mounain side from the beak of a bird and the other being carried into the heart of a swamp by the current of a stream. Both brought forth simiar plants, but in the course of many generaions the mountain plant became strong and pardy, while the swamp plant became soft and watery. The time came when the swamp was dried up and changed to meadowland. The swamp plant was not fitted for this sudden change of condition and would speedily have become extinct had not a bee brought pollen from the mountain side and crossed the weak plant with the strong. Thus the meadow plant was the child of the mountain and the swamp, but was different from them both -a new variety.

Interesting as the botanical theory is, it did not appeal at first to the sugar planters who were raising crops from budding just as they had been raised for many centuries. Among the planters, however, there was one notable exception, E. F. Atkins, of Boston, the owner of one of the most important plantations in Cuba, who was interested sufficiently to give to the botanical department of Harvard two thousand dollars for a scholarship to be devoted to this particular study. This gift resulted in a series of investigations in the island of Java, where it was found that by crossing seed a sugar cane was produced which contained considerably more sugar than that ordinarily cultivated.

Practically all that has been said in relation to the degeneration of the sugar cane may also be said of the potato. This useful vegetable, it is interesting to note, belongs to the nightshade family, as its botanical name, "solanum tuberosum," indicates, the common poisonous nightshade being the "solanum nigrum." The potato has been found wild in Mexico and South America and was taken to England by Sir Walter Raleigh toward the close of the sixteenth century. It is unnecessary to refer to the enormous quantities of potatoes annually eaten in Europe and America. It is sufficient to say that when the potato disease appeared in 1845 it produced a famine in many localities, particularly in Ireland where for years potatoes had been the chief article of food among the lower classes.

The potato is among the cheapest of all the cultivated foods, and while it is generally known that it is reproduced by budding, pieces of tuber containing "eyes" being planted in the ground, most readers will be surprised to learn that potato seed is an almost unheard of curiosity. In the museum of economic botany at Harvard there are models of potato plants, including the pink and white blossoms and the grapelike fruit, but this seed-containing fruit has become so nearly extinct that few people even from the agricultural districts of the country, have ever seen it. In the models, however, it is clearly shown that the potato is closely related to the tomato, and the two-celled arrangement of seeds is very similar in the original fruit of both plants.

From time to time new varieties of the potato have been developed by the crossing of the seed, but this requires a somewhat costly experiment, which is quite as likely to prove a failure as a success. The first year's crop of tubers from a planting of seed is generally too small for commercial use, so that the seeding process has of late years been almost entirely discontinued. The budding method of propagation has been carried on to such an extent that it is the rule for the blossoms to wither without fructification, and even in the exceptional cases where fruit appears it is generally seedless and barren. It is largely due to an enthusiastic horticulturist, Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal., that the seed of the potato is to-day being perpetuated.

#### A VERY RARE THING.

THE aunt of a bright ten-year-old youngster had a fad of keeping an autograph album. Some appreciative friend wrote upon one page the quotation beginning, "What is so rare as a day in June?"

The youngster in question was looking over the book for a place to put his name and noticed this. The next page was vacant, and he wrote, in the bold if somewhat scraggy chirography of youth, the answer as he saw it, "A Chinaman with whiskers," and then signed his name.

#### SAFE IN A THUNDER CLOUD.

To be in the very heart of a thunder cloud and escape unharmed is an unusual if not a unique experience. That is what happened to Rev. John M. Bacon and some companions in one of his balloon ascensions from Newbury, England.

Mr. Bacon in telling of the experience says: "In scarcely more than twenty minutes from the start a sudden and surprising change took place in our circumstances. Our environment, which had appeared absolutely calm and clear, began changing with the rapidity of a transformation scene. Below us the few hundred feet which separated us from earth began filling in with a blue haze quite transparent, but growing palpably filmier, while ahead, as also right and left, the horizon at the level of our eye and higher opposed a dense fog barrier of an ashen hue.

"Overhead of course the sky view was entirely hidden by the huge silken globe At this time we were being swept along on our course, which remained sensibly unaltered in direction, at a speed which we subsequently were able to fix at approximately forty miles an hour.

"To ourselves the full significance of these circumstances was not immediately apparent, but the onlookers at our point of departure—the town gas works, now some five miles in our wake—clearly detected the approach of a heavy thunder pack and, as they reasonably asserted, coming against the wind.

"And now with a whistle a blinding sheet of hail attacked the æronauts, stinging their faces so sharply as to give the idea that the stones were falling from a great height, and immediately afterward from all sides and close around flashes of lightning shot out with remarkable frequency and vividness. We were, in fact, fairly embosomed in the thundercloud.

"Other and nearer observers narrowly watched the phases of phenomena now in progress. These were the countrymen who became interested spectators and who presently came to our assistance. They seemed to have imagined that the balloon must be infallibly struck, inasmuch as it appeared to them completely encircled with lightning. It was, indeed, the worst storm the countryside

had known for many years. "At Devizes only a few miles ahead, it lasted for five hours continuously. A little way on our right a house was struck and burned to the ground, and on our left a couple of soldiers were killed on Salisbury plain

"Though the storm progressed, it also appeared to lag behind the wind that bore it along. It did not seem to advance against us as a whole, but rather about us, forming itself out of what a few moments before had appeared mere empty and transparent air.

"The lightning as seen by the people in the balloon seemed to leap from cloud to cloud and not from the clouds to the earth, and the noise of the thunder consisted of short, sharp reports like the explosions of gun cotton without any of the rolling reverberations heard on the earth. The æronauts passed through the thunderstorm uninjured, but it was trying to the nerves."

#### VESTMENTS OF GREAT VALUE.

IN St. Patrick's cathedral there are vestments valued at \$500,000. The collection is the finest in any cathedral in America and compares very favorably with the vestments in many famous cathedrals in Europe.

Archbishop Corrigan presented to the cathedral the only complete set of holy Thursday vestments in the world. Its value is \$20,000. In the set are thirteen chasubles, ten dalmatics, nine tunics, two copes and lace albs, amices and other vestments to correspond to the holy Thursday service alone.

These vestments are for the archiepiscopal set proper and are of the finest imported white satin, embroidered in gold ninety per cent fine. The principal ornaments are the passion flower, wheat sheaf and grapes, embroidered in silks and gold, emblematic of holy week. The body of the vestments is worked with sprays of fuchsia. The remainder of the vestments in the same set are made of the finest moire antique, embroidered in colored silk and gold to correspond. This magnificent set of vestments was made by the Dominican nuns at Hunts Point. To embroider the vestments it took fifteen nuns an entire year working eight hours a day.

The chasubles are studded with pearls and

ibies. The archiepiscopal sets worn when he archbishop pontificates are of the finest d silk velvet. There are eight sets, and they est \$5,000 each. They are embroidered in the gold.

A famous old set of vestments now in the athedral sacristy was a gift to the late Archishop Hughes. On these vestments, which re of the finest gold cloth, is worked the rchbishop's coat of arms. They are emroidered in gold and incrusted with jewels. he set comprises vestments for twelve riests, besides the archbishop. It is valued t \$20,000 and was imported from Lyons archbishop Corrigan has worn these vestments occasionally.

Still another set of vestments that has atracted general attention from admirers of rtistic embroidery was presented to Archbishp Corrigan. They are rose colored, and are rorn on only two days in the year, and are ermitted to cathedrals and collegiate churchis only throughout the world. They are emroidered in fine gold and artistic needlework. In the chasuble is the usual cross, and the gures on the cross and designs on the frontspiece are worked in silk of different colrs, gold and silver, on gold.

A very handsome set of vestments is one vorn for pontifical requiem masses. It is of lack moire antique silk.

A set of vestments for nuptial mass was prelared especially for Archbishop Corrigan's se. It is made of white satin and around the uter edge is worked a vine of forget-me-nots n colors that blend. Around the cross in the tack of the chasuble are worked gold sprays of marguerites in vine shape. In the center of each spray is inserted a pearl. The cross is richly ornamented in pearls and pink seahell embroidery.

#### HOW TO BRING SLEEP.

Assume an easy position, with the hands desting over the abdomen. Take a long slow, out easy and natural breath, in such a way as gradually and gently to lift the hands outward by the action of the abdomen. At the same lime slowly and gradually open the eyes so hat at the end of the inspiration they are wide open and directed upward. Let the

breath out easily and naturally, letting the hands fall inward as the outward pressure of the abdomen is withdrawn. At the same time let the eyes drop and the eyelids naturally fall by their own weight, so that they are closed at the end of the expiration. Do all this quietly and naturally. Do not make too hard work of it.

Repeat the inspiration and expiration, with opening and lifting, dropping and closing of the eyes, ten times. Then take ten breaths in the same way, allowing the eyes to remain closed. Alternate ten breaths with opening and closing of the eyes, and breathe with closed eyes. When the eyelids begin to feel heavy and you feel tired and sleepy, as you will very soon, go through the motions more and more easily and lazily, until you merely will the motions without making any effort, or hardly any effort, to execute them. At this stage, or more likely in one of the intervals of breathing without any motion of the eyes, you will fall asleep.

Nervous persons will have some difficulty at first in the gradual opening and closing of the eyes. They will tend to fly open, and then snap together. But, as putting salt on a dove's tail is a sure rule for catching the dove, so this gradual and easy opening and closing of the eyes in rythm, with quiet, natural breathing, when once secured, is almost equivalent to dropping off to sleep. This rule induces the respiration that is characteristic of normal sleep. It tires the set of muscles. the tiring of which is one of the favorite devices for producing hypnosis. It produces and calls attention to certain sensations in the eyes and eyelids which are the normal precursors of sleep. Finally, persons who have had difficulty in going to sleep, and staying asleep, report that this method puts them to sleep, and puts them back again when they wake up too soon.

The manufacturers of plows throughout the country are engaged in the formation of a trust which will have a capital stock of \$50-000,000. It is stated that one result of the combination will be to abolish the long credit to merchants. The headquarters will be at Chicago.

## NATURE



# STUDY

#### DOGS REALLY LOVE MUSIC.

The old idea held by many that musical sounds are discordant to the ears of dogs and other animals is so easily disproven that there can scarcely be found the slightest apology for its persistent continuance. The fact that the ringing of church bells invariably causes every dog in a village to set up a howl has given rise to the deep-rooted fiction that the sound causes intense discomfort to the ear.

Not only dogs, but other animals, show in no mistakable way their delight in the sound of musical instruments or other musical notes, whether from the throat of the church bell, the farm bell or from other similar sources.

Robert Wickes, one of the most ardent lovers of dogs in Kent, who constantly keeps a large kennel of fox hounds, water dogs and diminutive pets, several years ago delighted visitors to his home with what he termed his "canine orchestra." Provided with an accordion, violin and several other instruments, the members of Mr. Wickes' household would commence an enlivening air in the dining-room of his home. Immediately the dogs would crowd to the door of the kitchen and set up their whines of approval, or even delight. When admitted into the room they would crowd around the players and indulge in a most novel performance until either they were tired out or the musicians were forced to suspend playing from sheer exhaustion. Their whining was solemn when some dragging air was played, but a veritable bedlam was reached when the quick "and devilish" strains of the "Fisher's Hornpipe" were played. That their sensations were those of pleasure and not of discomfort was unmistakably shown by the fact that they could scarcely be forced from the room so long as the music continued.

In the old high-ceilinged country kitchen the writer has seen mice steal out and become quite tame in response to the performance of some old negro fiddler, who, apart from hiperfect time, succeeded in drawing but little music from the dilapidated violin, though of course, the sounds were musical.

There is reason, too, to believe that dogs like human beings, are not all appealed to by exactly the same sounds. What will attract the notice of and call forth the deep bass sold of the mastiff or the Chesapeake bay wate dog may not appeal to the household pet of the farmyard cur or foxhound and vice versa.

#### GREAT STRENGTH OF FISH.

"THE flight of birds has been studied from time out of mind without yielding the firs syllable of its secret," said an enthusiastic am ateur naturalist, "but it is not a whit more mysterious than the movement of fish in water Their speed, their sudden leaps from fixed positions, their abrupt turns in less than their own length, the extraordinary inertia that en ables them to swim against tremendous curl rents—these and a hundred and one other thing have been the despair of every investigator We know that such miracles are performed in some manner by movements of the fins and tail, but in 99 cases out of 100 those organ are altogether too small to account for the apparent power they develop. In less time that it takes me to tell it a three-inch gold fish in a glass globe will upset every law of dynamics in the text books. It does things that are theoretically impossible.

"I have a good-sized tank at home, in which I keep a number of small fish, and at differentimes I have made some curious observations especially as regards their speed. One of the fish is a young fresh water trout, about five inches long. On several occasions I have watched it with a timing instrument while was making plunges for flies on the surface of the water. It would approach leisurely at no over six inches to the second, until about ha

yard from its prey, and then leap straight for the mark like an arrow from a bow. The inrvening distance would be covered in approxpately one-tenth of a second.

"That doesn't sound very remarkable in old figures, but imagine a steamship jogging ong at about five knots an hour, and then, in e twinkling of an eye, increasing its speed to mile a minute. The feat would be no more stonishing than that performed by my little out, and what makes the mystery all the reater is the extremely delicate and flexible naracter of its tail and fins. They seem to ffer no purchase worth mentioning against 1e water; it is as if an ocean liner had a proeller made of gauze; vet, comparatively speakig, they accomplish more than the most powrful machinery ever built by man. When naare gives up the secret, if she ever does, we re apt to see the true submarine boat."

#### HOW FAST A BIRD CAN FLY.

"As fast as a bird can fly" has come to be ymbolic of great speed. But birds do not all y fast, at least comparatively, and few can ell the exact speed any given bird can attain a its passage through the air. Recently American, English and French observers have been comparing notes and are practically greed, after most careful calculation, on the peed of the best-known birds.

They start with the carrier pigeon and have nade him a base of comparison. He has hereofore been credited with 110 miles an hour, but it is now agreed that he is entitled to fifty. A quite recent long distance carefully conducted test of 590 miles, from the Shetland islands to London, showed that the most rapid pigeons made thirty-seven miles an hour. On shorter distances none has made more than fifty miles.

Because frigate birds have not been seen far from land and have been supposed not to fly by night or to rest in the water, they have been credited with a speed from 150 to 200 miles an hour. If they did fly at that speed they would have to overcome an atmospheric pressure of from 112 to 130 pounds to the square foot of flying surface. There is no certainty that they fly more rapidly than a passenger pigeon or that they do not fly by night or do not sleep on the water.

The swallow, which is indeed a rapid flyer, has been credited with 180 miles an hour, but must be cut down to sixty-five miles, and the marten to five miles behind him, though authorities have placed him ten ahead.

The teal duck is brought down from 150 to fifty miles an hour. The mallard is five miles slower and flies the same as the canvasback, while both of these are five miles ahead of the wild goose and eider duck.

The pheasant makes thirty-eight miles an hour, which is three miles ahead of the prairie chicken and quail, though the latter appears to fly much faster on account of his temporary bursts of speed that seldom exceed 200 feet. The crow flies twenty-five miles an hour.

Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones and have deceived many observers. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many awkward appearing, very much larger slow-flopping birds.

36 St

ALTHOUGH the ostrich has powerful legs and can kick like a mule, his limbs are very brittle and are very easily broken. He has two toes on each foot, one being armed with a horny nail, which he uses as his principal weapon of warfare. When an unarmed man is attacked by one of these birds the chances are very much against the man unless he can climb a tree or jump over a five-foot wall.



# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ..

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### WHY IS IT?

WHY is it in a church such as ours, professing a superior allegiance to its interests, there should be such a neglect of its business? Here at the Publishing House the material dollar and cent part of the work is done. In the management and furtherance of the business it is often necessary to send out letters of inquiry in large numbers. One would naturally suppose that with our professions and talk each one would take a pleasure in doing what he could to help matters out. Yet it is a fact that if one-half respond to the inquiry the net result is regarded as satisfactory.

Now what about the other half? They haven't time, neglected it, intended to but didn't, and all the other reasons that belong to the condition as fleas do to the dog. Just the other day a man sent an answer to a letter written him nine months before. Now the 'Nook does not expect to improve the situation or help it much, and it is not ruffled in spirit over the shortcomings of others, but it often wonders at the mental and moral situation of such people. What are their insides like? Externally they are in their places at service, they appear as members, they profess

loyalty to the church and yet, when asked to do a simple thing like answering a letter, whe they can evade it without being publicly foun out, about half of them do so. It doesn't sto at answering letters. There are at least to 000 members who ought to take the church papers and who do not. Letters were sen out to round up the indifferent and the replie indicated more than that number who were s indifferent about the matter that they tak none of our publications.

In the business world there is a system of listing people according to their habits and responsibility so that, at a glance, we know where a man stands. If this were done in the church no end of people would fall in this class: "Indifferent. No good unless watched Full of excuses."

Answer your letters when they pertain to what you profess to regard as the best side of life—your church and its interests.

Naturally none of this applies to those whread these lines. It is applicable to those whwill never see it, and who can not be reached To waken their dormant activity, or to supply it in a measure where wanting, should be theffort of all the alive and awake readers of the 'Nook everywhere.

#### BEAUTY.

It is not original to say that beauty is only skin deep, but it is a fact. It is a further fact that, speaking now of women, the smartest of them that ever lived were not beauties. Regularity of features does not seem to go with special ability. Strong mental traits are often associated with strong features. The enemie of George Eliot used to say she looked lik a horse. But what is beauty, anyhow?

The answer is, something that pleases Doll-like complexion and little brains may please Jimmieboy immensely, but they do no appeal to the man. He wants something be side color and flaxen hair. It is only a relative matter anyhow. And it is a good thing we do not all have a common standard or wimight all be fighting for one kind of woman It is just as well as it is, though what on the green earth some people find to admire in each other passes the comprehension of the most of us who look on.

#### ES HANGT NIT GUT ZUSAMME.

Well, Mariann, es is so heis diese Dag, dass ich shier nit wees was zu dhu. Es is zu heis zu shaffe oder zu esse. Dhu dich nit so verhitze an hem Offe, mit dem Koche. Mer sollte nit so fiel esse diese heisse Dage. Mach etliche "Appeldumplens," nit so fiel, aber mach eine fer mich en wennig groesser, weil es so heiss is.

The boy in Ohio who had walked two miles to the post office to get his 'Nook has had a harrowing experience, according to his letter. He laid it down on the back porch and a halfgrown pup got hold of it and chewed it out of all recognition, before he had read a word of it and, "Would you please send me a whole one?" Sure, and we advise putting the pup under the big iron kettle till it is read.

# ?????????????

Does human hair grow after death? Yes, it sometimes does.

What is asbestos made of?

It is a mineral mined from the earth.

Are Dear Sir, Yours Respectfully, etc., to a letter right when one does not mean them?

They are forms without any special meaning.

What is a grill room?

To broil a steak is to grill it. And a grill room is, in other words, nothing but a restaurant of the better order.

I am a girl of seventeen and a strange gentleman l have met but once has written me an unusually warm letter. What should I do about answering it?

Better not answer at all. Imagine a crowd of men, smoking, telling stories, etc., passing your letter from hand to hand!

What is chewing gum made of?

Various substances, such as the refuse of carbon oil distillation, and at its best out of gum chicle (chickley), a Mexican vegetable gum.

What is meant by barometrical pressure?

The lightness or density of the air, and its consequent weight, shown by the rise or fall of a column of mercury in the instrument known as the barometer.

What is a merciful way of disposing of an old and faithful house dog?

Shooting. And when sighting down the gun barrel to blow his brains out think of the times he met you first of the family when you came home tired and worn out, how he gave every expression of delight and pleasure, and then let fly—if you can.

Is there any good book on etiquette?

Lots of them, but good form is an elusive thing, dependent more on the individual than on any book. Some people can say and do things that would not be tolerated a moment from others. It is the evident intent that counts. Politeness, the bowing and scraping monkey business, can be learned from a colored waiter. Be natural, with all regard for the rights, feelings and tastes of others, and you have all there is to it.

Can quail be domesticated?

To a certain extent, yes. But their habits of flight, and their wild enemies while off foraging, would beget a fear at home. The 'Nook has seen a flock of quail feeding with the chickens in the yard, getting pecked at by the hens and striking back, and as tame as the poultry, but at a scare away went the whole lot. What would you do with them? Killing a flock of quail that came to believe in you would be like slaughtering a visiting child.

I am mortally afraid of lightning. Is there any cure?

None that we know of save that you have never been killed this far and are not likely to be, though, of course, it is possible. Lying on the bed with your eyes tight shut will keep the flash from you. The thunder never hurt anybody, and you will never see the flash that kills you. The fright is not uncommon and betokens only the possession of "nerves." To hurt you the storm must be overhead. Begin by watching distant lightning, and thus get used to it.

#### INSANITY OF SUDDEN WEALTH.

PEOPLE who, after years of grinding poverty, suddenly come into great wealth sometimes put their new fortunes to peculiar uses. Certainly they should be allowed to do so without harsh criticism, for the strangest things done by the newly rich are done to realize a dream which has cheered the heart when the days were full of trouble scarcely to be borne, and helped to lighten the great load of poverty.

A while ago an Englishman, who all his life had never been able to keep his feet shod properly, suddenly came into a large fortune. The first thing he did was to give an order for shoes to several shoemakers, so arranging it that he could put on a new pair of shoes every day in the year. How often had he said to himself in his years of poverty, when his toes were sticking out of his shoes or the water coming into them: "Oh, if I ever get any money, won't I just blow myself on shoes." The opportunity came, and the first thing he did was to indulge in an orgy of new shoes!

A miner who came into an unexpected fortune gave a great feast to his work-mates. Often when the miners were eating the contents of their dinner-pails down in the dim galleries of the mine he had thought of what a feast he would like to see spread there for himself and his fellow-workmen. So when he came into his fortune he had one of the galleries of the mine lighted and decorated, and a great and costly feast served there to the miners, at which he presided.

Another man who suddenly became rich bought all his particular friends a complete outfit of clothing, even going so far as to furnish each of them with a gold watch and chain. Then he invited them to a famous feast, at which all sorts of expensive luxuries were served. When the guests reached their homes each found an envelope with \$50 in it, and a note saying that the money was to pay for a short vacation. This generous man, unfortunately, died in want and misery not long after receiving his windfall.

A rather romantic way of spending money was adopted by the builder of the Beggar's bridge, which spans the river Esk. When poor he had the greatest difficulty in meeting his sweetheart, who lived on the opposite bank of

the river, owing to the Esk often being swollen and so impassable, even to a good swimmer. The ardent lover, when distraught one day, registered a vow that if ever he became rich he would take good care that no Eskdale lover should ever suffer in the manner he suffered. He became rich, and fulfilled his vow by the erection of the Beggar's bridge.

#### THEY GROW UNTIL WE DIE.

The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life; in fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. If one will take the trouble to look around in any assemblage of people, as at church, he will discover that the old folks have ears considerably larger than those of the middle-aged. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at twenty years of age will be very apt to possess medium-sized ears at forty years and larger ears at sixty.

Why should ears go on growing all one's life, any more than noses, is a mystery. There are a good many other points about them that are instructive, their shapes being markedly persistent through heredity. An ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation to generation with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognizable by an expert in such matters.

There is probably nobody in the world who has a pair of ears perfectly matched; in most people the two differ perceptibly not only in shape, but also in size. Frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head. The age of a person may be judged with great accuracy by the ears, which after youth is past assume an increasing harshness of contour. A pretty woman whose first youth has departed may not show the fact in other ways, but these telltale features will surely tell the story of the flight of time. Then there is the little wrinkle that comes just in front of each ear during the thirties—a fatal and ineradicable sign.

Near the top of each ear, just within the downturned edge and slightly toward the back, will be found, if one feels for it, a small lump of cartilage. This is a remnant of what was originally the tip of the ear, when, ever so long ago, that organ in our remote ancestors had a point on it. Most of the apes to-day have pointed ears, but in human beings the upper edge of the organ has, in the course of ages, been folded over so as to cover the real tip.

#### ORIGIN OF KISSING.

According to Professor Cesare Lombroso. the distinguished Italian criminologist, kissing is quite a modern practice, and originated in a very curious manner. The kiss, as a token of affection, was unknown to the old Greeks, and neither in Homer nor in Hesiod do we find any mention of it. Hector did not kiss his Andromache when he bade her farewell, neither did Paris press his lips to those of the beautiful Helen, and Ulysses, who was more of a cosmopolitan than any other man of his day, never dreamed of kissing the enchanting Circe. and when, after long wanderings, he returned home to his spouse, Penelope, he satisfied himself with putting one of his stalwart arms around her waist and drew her to him.

The people of Tierra del Fuego, says Lombroso, have taught civilized nations the origin of the delightful art of kissing. Drinking vessels are unknown in that country, and the people, when they are thirsty, simply lie down beside brooks and drink the water as it flows to them. It is evident, however, that infants could not satisfy their thirst in this primitive fashion, and, therefore, their mothers have for ages supplied them with water by filling their own mouths first aud then letting it pass through their lips into the expectant mouths of the little ones. In some places the banks of the brooks and rivers are so high that water cannot be obtained in the usual manner, and the mothers in such places draw it up through long reeds.

Birds feed their young ones in a similar manner. They first fill their own mouths with water, and then transfer it to the wide open mouths of the little ones. This very ancient maternal practice is, according to Lombroso, the only source to which the modern practice of kissing can be traced. The custom of pressing one mouth to another originated with the women in Tierra del Fuego, who could only supply the infants with drink in this manner, and it is presumable that they learned the lesson from the birds. Finally, we are told that kissing is an evidence of atavism and a memorial of the early stage in our development, "during which the wife had not yet triumphed over the mother nor love over maternity."

#### HOW TO HUNT QUAIL.

In hunting quail, the habits of the bird must, of course, be understood. These birds feed in the open fields, on the corn or wheat stubbles. in the morning and evening-most certainly in the evening. Early in the morning, before they moved much, you will find them at the edge of open woods or even in meadows or the edge of sloughs where the grass is not high. On dark, rainy days they stay huddled late in the morning. As it grows a bit warmer the birds walk out into the fields to feed. They often roost all night in the corn fields. When it gets bright and warm the bevy will walk back out of the stubble field into the edge of some warm woods or some brier thicket or hedge row, where they will bunch up and sun themselves comfortably. If flushed in the field they will scatter and take to the woods and thickets as fast and as far as they can go. In the evening they whistle to each other if scattered, and sometimes do so in the middle of the day. Late in the afternoon they go out on to the fields again to feed, slowly walking out, about dark, to get ready for the roost. A bevy of quails in getting ready to roost uses some headwork. The leader knows a thing or so about minks, skunks, weasels, and foxes. The flock will never walk right up to the roosting place, but will walk part way, then take wing, and so break the trail of scent they leave behind them. They alight well bunched and then huddle up with their heads pointing outward, so that if startled they will scatter at once in many different directions.

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A cubic yard of oak weighs 1,100 pounds. A cubic yard of coal weighs 3,504 pounds.

#### STARVING SNAKES.

Few persons have a partiality for snakes. but it does seem a cruel thing to deliberately starve two inoffensive reptiles to death before putting them in a jar of alcohol for preservation as specimens, says the Washington Times. This was and probably is being done at a room in the Smithsonian institute by a scientist who calmly conducted his classification unheeding the frightful suffering close beside him. The visitor to the professor's room was engaged in watching an assistant drawing a Cuban boa constrictor which he did from the life, or rather the death, the defunct reptile being hoisted out of its jar every now and then by means of a huge pair of pinchers and accurately scaled with a pair of compasses. All around, upon shelves, tables and floor, were jars, large and small, containing a vast variety of snakes, frogs, lizards, etc., all rendered long since harmless.

A faint, rustling sound became at length so distinctly audible that the fear of a specimen having by some means or other broken loose became almost inevitable. assistant, being questioned, merely pointed to a wooden box with a screen top, which hitherto escaped the visitor's notice, and which, being more closely examined, was found to contain two adders. They had been caught not far from the district and had occupied their present quarters ever since last summer without food and water. The immense vitality of snakes which enables them to go without food for several months is accountable for their holding out so long, but it must also be remembered that the sufferings of starvation are increased in proportion with this same amount of vital force in the victim.

One of the adders was shedding its skin, the dry, flaky colorless substance as it peeled off revealing a beautifully marked undersurface. Somewhat to the astonishment of the spectator the assistant quietly opened the lid of the box and assisted the snake in its shedding process by taking hold of the portion already off and pulling it with as much unconcern as though it were a glove on his hand. The adder did not attempt to bite, nor did it seem at all disposed to resist the attentions of the professor's assistant. Left to itself it continued to unburden itself of its old clothing as it were and to

reveal the gorgeous raiment with which nature had provided it. The snake in shedding its old skin is popularly supposed to crawl through a narrow opening or rub itself against some rough surface, as the bark of a tree. That it can, however, dispense with any such assistance with little or no inconvenience was sufficiently demonstrated by the adder in question accomplishing the end very efficiently by muscular action alone. The movement of the ribs, by which the snake progresses, peels the old skin off, the entire process lasting, in the case of a snake three feet long, about three-quarters of an hour.

A few pebbles in the box and a tin watercan which was well nigh eaten by rust from disuse, were eagerly examined every now and then by the starving creature in search of food, while its companion, a small gray adder, had evidently long since given it up as a bad job and had coiled itself up in a corner apparently lifeless.

It may be remarked, generally, that the serpent, ever since the garden of Eden episode. has been a much-maligned animal. So far from wishing to intrude in human affairs, it has ever sedulously sought to avoid mankind, and it seldom strikes, unless first attacked except for food. It is a fact that among the present large number of snakes in the zoölogical park only one, a king snake, has been taught to dispense with live food. Yet it is a well-known fact that snakes can be educated to feed exclusively upon the meat of animals that have already been killed. The fact that they prefer and apparently require live animals arises from the habit acquired by them in a state of nature, where they, of course, could procure no other kind of food.

#### ORIGIN OF THE "DOG WATCH."

In changing the hours of policemen, thereby abolishing what has been called the "dog watch" system, Chief O'Neill has struck a blow at one of the old customs of the department. Few persons know the origin of the expression "dog watch," as applied to the police department. Inspector John D. Shea gives the following version:

"Years ago, before the city employed dog

atchers," said the inspector, "a certain numer of policemen used to leave their respective ations at 4 o'clock every morning to poison ray dogs. The city was then overrun with urs, and if it hadn't been for the police deartment there would have been no living in hicago. At some stations one-third of the av squad, and at other stations one-half the ien had to come to the station at o o'clock at ight so as to be ready for the dog watch at the next morning. A package of boiled neat, cut up into small squares, with a ittle strychnine in each chunk, was given to he men and they went out on the hunt for tray dogs. Sometimes a policeman would get three or four dogs around him, and he yould make them 'speak' for a piece of the poisoned meat. A few minutes after the meat was eaten the dog was a dead one. Small parks were favorite spots to catch the dogs while at play in the early morning. The poiceman had to see that the dog ate the chunk of meat, because if left on the ground some child was liable to come along and eat it. That happened once over on Jefferson street.

"I was on the dog watch for a while, and I got even with a whole lot of people who had t in for me. I didn't leave a dog or a cat or a billy goat in the neighborhood. The policemen who went out on the dog watch were on duty till 8 o'clock. They were expected to keep an eye out for thieves, and at the same time poison any dogs they came across. This method of ridding the city of stray dogs was kept up until about 1887, when a dog pound was instituted. Two dog catchers were imported here from St. Louis, there being no dog catchers then in Chicago, and at first there was only one wagon. Now there are three wagons with as many dogcatching crews.

"That is one thing that Chicago had to go to St. Louis after. The St. Louis people are the greatest dog catchers in the world. It is an art with them. We have got some of the home product that are pretty fair with the wire noose, but they can't hold a candle to the St. Louis dog catcher. Most everybody in St. Louis can throw the noose with unerring accuracy. It is one of their regular sports, the same as we in Chicago play golf.

"After the poisoned-meat remedy was abol-

ished the dog-watch system continued up to the present day. Officers went out from each station at 4 o'clock and remained on duty until 8. The name of the 'dog watch' clung to it, and now I see that Chief O'Neill is going to abolish the system."

#### HEN WITH A LITTER OF KITTENS.

THERE is no telling when, where or how the maternal instinct will assert itself Among our thornycroft cats is a certain Mrs. Greyskin. She had not been seen for many days and Mrs. Heaven concluded that she had secluded herself somewhere with a family of kittens; but as the supply of that article with us more than equals the demand, we had not searched for her with especial zeal.

The other day Mrs. Greyskin appeared at the dairy door, and when she had been fed Phæbe and I followed her stealthily from a distance, writes Kate Douglas Wiggin in Scribner's. She walked slowly about, as if her mind were quite free from harassing care, and finally approached a deserted cowhouse, where there was a great mound of straw. At this moment she caught sight of us and turned in another direction to throw us off the scent. We persevered in our intention of going into her probable retreat, and were cautiously looking for some sign of life in the haymow, when we heard a soft cackle and a ruffling of plumage. Coming closer to the sound we saw a black hen brooding a nest, her bright bead eyes turning nervously from side to side; and, coaxed out from her protecting wings by youthful curiosity, came four kittens, eyes wide open, warm, happy, ready for sport!

The sight was irresistible, and Phœbe ran for Mr. and Mrs. Heaven. Mother Hen was not to be enbarrassed or even daunted, even if her most sacred feelings were regarded in the light of a cheap entertainment. She held her ground while one of the kits slid up and down her glossy back and two others, more timid, crept underneath her breast, only daring to put out their pink noses. We retired then for very shame and met Mrs. Greyskin in the doorway. This should have thickened the plot but there is apparently no rivalry nor animosity between the co-mothers. We watch them every day now through a window in the roof.

#### WHEAT AND CHEAT.

Some time ago a query was answered in the columns of the 'Nook to the effect that wheat never turned to chess or cheat. This has brought us a letter with some clippings, saying that it does do so. The 'Nook is appealed to again. We repeat that wheat never turns to chess or cheat. They are botanically different. The botanical name of chess is bromus secalinus, and that of wheat triticum vulgare. They are two entirely different plants.

Now here is what does happen occasionally. A field of wheat is sowed. Something comes over it, and in its place is the weed that is called chess. The farmer, who is much oftener than not nothing of a botanist, jumps at the conclusion that the wheat has turned to chess. He makes an examination and finds on a partly blighted wheat head something that looks like cheat and he is satisfied in his mind that his wheat has played him a trick in turning into something else. But did he ever take an unmistakable head of chess and find a few undoubted grains of wheat in it? Never. He may go over a rambo apple tree in fruit and find a few stunted, highly-colored apples that resemble, for all the world, nothing so much as the fruit of an ornamental crab. But did he ever find a fully-developed rambo apple growing on a crab tree, among crabs? Never.

How, then, did the seed get there? Frankly the 'Nook does not know. It only knows that in certain cases it is there just waiting for a chance. The chance comes in some way that is not good for wheat, and is good for cheat, and there you are, a field of chess or cheat. But it is not the wheat that is doing any masquerading. Conditions are right and it comes to the fore all right enough. Alter the conditions and you alter results, but that result is not the twist of the original plant. It is a new thing out and out.

Here are some parallel instances. Often when a forest is cleared out an entirely distinct growth of tree comes up. An oak woods may be cleared and a growth of pines take possession of the ground. Go out on the boundless prairie where there is nothing but the dried, curled up buffalo grass for fifty miles. Turn over a square acre with the plough, and a lifetime hence that patch of vegetation will be different from its surroundings. Start a path through the meadow and fringing it will be a different vegetation from that of the main field. Out in Oregon, in places, chess is sowed as a regular crop, cut and cured for hay. The seed is worth thirty cents a bushel, and the crop is about seventy-five bushels to the acre. Such a thing as the chess turning to wheat is unknown, but it is readily to be seen how a blighted head of wheat may be chess to the superficial observer. But the botanist knows better.

#### CORN HUSK DOLLS.

A DOLL of corn husks; did you ever hear of such a thing?

And yet there is a woman out in Kansas, where the corn grows, who makes her living by fashioning these dollies. When she was a very little girl Miss Nellie Morrison could make the dearest dolls that you almost ever saw. She tied the pretty brown husks togeth er, with a round ball at the top for a head, and such a fluff of dainty petticoats. With some corn silk for hair and eyes of tiny black seeds the dollie was done and there was not a little girl in the neighborhood but wanted a whole family like her.

Now that Miss Morrison is a young lady instead of a little girl, she makes corn husk dolls for money instead of for fun and thousands of little girls all over the country have been made happy by them. Her fame and the fame of her dolls has gone far and wide and the demand for them is always greater than the supply.

She is kept busy day and night supplying the demand. She has sent the queer dolls to Germany and France and recently shipped a large lot to England. She says she does not know exactly how many dolls she has made, but the number would run into the thousands.

Miss Morrison uses about as many husks as are found on an ordinary ear of corn to make each doll. The cob serves for the body. The face is covered with a husk and the features painted on. The corn silk is used for the hair. The dress is a full skirt of husks, with a

nirtwaist and Eton jacket. A corn husk sash neircles the waist. The hat is a big scoop onnet trimmed with tassels. In her right and the doll holds a dainty parasol made of rm straw with a particularly silky husk for cover.

#### SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

A PUBLIC house is one of the last places one tould expect to be used as a place of worship. Che inhabitants of Twyford, a village near Vinchester, would not consider this at all a lovelty, because for several years past the Phœnix inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people, and opens at the back on to a pretty tea garden. The most remarkable leature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public house is open for pusiness purposes, and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theatres which are now places of worship. The Fen district possesses a canal boat church. There are a large number of people who live some distance away from any church, and the canal boat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells has a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry he comes out of the parish of Frant of Sussex. If he is going to officiate at the altar he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel at Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no landowner would grant any other position.

The "windmill" church, near Reigate, is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "Ancient Lights" difficulty, the

authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one, they decided to "build down."

#### PEANUTS THE ONLY FOOD.

A PECULIAR religious sect, the feature of whose singular beliefs is based upon the eating of peanuts as their principal article of food, is thriving in Vancouver and throughout British Columbia. There are 200 members in the new church in Vancouver and their numbers are growing daily. Six months ago the sect was first formed as a branch of the Seventh-Day Adventists and now it has gone so far as to erect mills equipped with machinery for the grinding and manufacture of various kinds of food from peanuts.

In abstract belief, one of the principal opinions held by the new organization is that Christ will appear on earth within a few months and perhaps within only a few weeks. They, therefore, wish to be prepared, in order that they may "shuffle off this mortal coil" with no difficulty. That they might be able to do this when the time comes they made searching investigation of the most healthful and purest foods and came to the conclusion that peanuts were the most proper diet. Their leader, James Charman, who was formerly a minister in the Adventist church, was sent to New York and there made a contract for a large weekly shipment of peanuts to Vancouver. Suitable works have been erected and equipped with machinery and now all kinds of peanut products are being turned out.

The peanuts are first boiled, and then ground into a meal, and are used to make nearly every kind of baked and cooked dishes in which flour is ordinarily employed. Brazil nuts and walnuts are used by way of variety, but these three constitute almost the entire means of sustenance of the 200 persons in Vancouver who belong to this queer sect.

Several missionaries of the new movement have lately been sent out through the province and they report that they are making good headway in the conversion of people to the strange belief.

PATTI says the best way to preserve the voice is to take daily walks in the open air.

#### REMINISCENCES OF JUNIATA COLLEGE.

THE above is the title of a book by David Emmert, of the college he writes about, and it is a cloth-bound volume, of 183 pages. It is printed in exceptionally good style, on heavy paper, and is full of good pictures.

The book is the story of Juniata College, and is of abiding interest to all who have ever attended that institution, and not only to them, but it will be of interest to the general reader. It is out of the ordinary run of college productions, and would do credit to a more practiced literary workman than is David Emmert. We knew the author as something of an artist, a great deal of a philanthropist, and an all around good man, but we had not looked for the exhibition of that elusive thing known as literary merit in such a marked degree. The book strings out easily and smoothly, and has nothing of the pedantic and heavy about it. Most college people, when they make a book, think they must have it heavy with alleged learning, and a sad mess they often put out. Davy Emmert's book has escaped all this handicap, and he has constructed a volume that will do him credit among a class that, to say the least, as authors, are not likely to be early chosen to fill niches in the temple of

Every reader who is directly or remotely interested in Juniata College should have this book as it is of permanent interest to him.

#### LETTERS TWO.

Dear Friend:-

.... When I left your home two weeks ago I carried with me the vivid memory of your daughter Emeline. I remember especially the hour we spent under the elm in the yard reading the INGLENOOK together. There is something in a bright, young life, with nothing but roses and pansies ahead, that seems to come before me unbidden. . . . I have taken the liberty of sending you a box of roses for her, in the hope that they may reach her through you, and that she may receive them in the spirit in which they are sent,—that of the appreciation of goodness and purity.

My Dear Friend:-

. . . . It is now a week since your letter and the flowers were received. It is also about a week, or more, that Emeline sickened and took to her bed. We did all we could for her I read her your letter and gave her the roses. She took them, looked at them wistfully turned her face to the wall, and made no sign . . . . About two o'clock in the morning, when the stars shone brightest, she passed over silently, and in her quiet hand was one of the roses. . . . . If people who enter the unknown land are garbed as they were here, in what they loved best, I will have a daughter in heaven, and you will have a bunch of roses there, for we placed them in her folded hands when we laid her to rest out at Wildwood.

HER MOTHER.

### RECITED THE WHOLE OF "THE DIVINE COMEDY."

An extraordinary feat was performed the other day at Naples by M. Arlini, a professor of rhetoric, in the presence of a large audience. which was mainly composed of actors, authors and journalists. Without hesitation and with hardly a pause he repeated from memory the 15,350 lines that are in the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. It was 8 o'clock in the evening when he began to recite, and he did not stop until 2: 15 the following afternoon. The task therefore occupied him 1,005 minutes, which was at the rate of 830 lines an hour. all this time he recited unceasingly, except at rare intervals, when he stopped for a minute or two to sip a little brandy and water. feat was the result of a wager.

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ATHEISM is running riot in Japan. A majority of university students deny the existence of God. But Japan is young yet. All young men pass through a season of doubt, and the doubt is strong in proportion to their idea of their own importance.

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### CHRIST UNDER THE LAW.

BY GALEN B. ROYER

"THE Law" in the time of Christ was somening wonderful in its extent and just as burensome to observe. Before the "Captivity nto Babylon" it was a great task for a Jew to eep the few commandments delivered by loses. After the return the nation developed passion for observing "the Law" and where here was no law they would make one. As ime went by and Rabbi after Rabbi tried his and at "making law" the number of tradiions and laws to be kept reached upwards of en thousand, and touched every part of man's ife between the cradle and the grave. Every levout Jew sought to observe all these teachngs blamelessly. It was the height of ambiion of a Rabbi to be able to quote from nemory any part of the law and cite to the place where it could be found-one of the reatest feats of memory known to man. Of course the common people could not keep in ouch with all these decisions and requirenents, and so, to keep up appearances as far is possible, much hypocrisy was practiced.

Let some instances from devout Jewish life flustrate the great strain under which the Jew lived in trying to serve his God in the pres-

pace of the people.

Sleep was looked upon as a kind of death, in which the soul leaves the body and returns at the awakening. Hence the Jew's first thought should be gratitude to God for giving back his soul to enjoy another day. Perhaps the form of prayer that he had committed for this occasion is something like this: "My God, the soul which Thou hast given me is clean. Thou hast created it, formed it, and breathed it into me, and Thou wilt take it from me, and restore it to me again. Praised be Thou, O Eternal, Thou who puttest the souls again into dead bodies."

Of course sleep being like death, the person was defiled who slept. Upon rising he was not allowed to move more than four steps until he had washed his hands and face. It was unlawful to touch any part of the face or body

before this was done, and the cleansing had a prescribed form. "Lifting the ewer, after dressing, with the right hand, it must be passed into the left, and clear cold water, Rabbinically clean, must be poured thrice over the right hand, the fingers of which must be open and must point to the ground." The left hand was treated in the same manner and then the face was washed thrice, at the close of which the palms of the hands were placed together and a long prayer of set form must be uttered.

The fine distinctions of doing or not doing what was right according to the law, and of guarding against defilement, is clearly set forth in the following, concerning the Sabbath: The law of Moses directed that all work should be done on the sixth day and none to be done on the seventh, no doubt in order that the servant might enjoy rest as well as the master. Now the Rabbis, "pondering this command, raised the question, whether an egg which a hen had laid on the Sabbath could be eaten on the sacred day, and decided it by a strict negative, if it had been laid by a hen kept to lay eggs; because in this case, it was the result of work begun on the week day, and brought to an end on the Sabbath, On this the Rabbis were unanimous. But how would it be if the hen were one intended not to lay eggs, but for eating, and how, if a Sabbath, and a feast day, observed as a Sabbath, should come together? On this point Shammai, one of the two great Rabbis of the day, was disposed to be liberal, and decided that it was lawful to eat the egg of a hen, itself destined to be eaten, on whichever day the egg had been laid. But Hillel, the other great Rabbi, argued as follows: Since the egg has come to maturity on a Sabbath or feast day, and is therefore of unlawful origin, it is not allowed to make use of it; and though it would be lawful to make use of the egg of such a hen, laid on a feast day or Sabbath, not followed or preceded by another similarly sacred day, yet it must not be eaten if two such days come together, because, otherwise, there would be a temptation to use it on the second holy day. And since it is forbidden even to carry unlawful food from one place to another such an egg must not only not be

eaten, but must not be touched to put it away. Hillel's opinion carried the day, for, says the Talmud, there came a voice from heaven, saying, The words of both are the words of the living God, but the rule of the school of Hillel is to be followed."

Much more could be cited to show the extent to which laws had been made on some of the most trivial things. Discussions like between Shammai and Hillel the Child Jesus heard. As He grew older he thought much about what He heard. His parents were devout in their worship and sought to observe all the law blamelessly. This made Christ very familiar with every part of it. And at the early age of twelve when discussing the various points of the law with the teachers at Jerusalem, He thrust into the very hollowness of it all and showed His dumbfounded hearers the folly and emptiness of their teachings.

The schools at the Temple were a great attraction to the youthful Jew. For to be a Rabbi was greater in the eyes of the people than to be the High Priest. Yet the emptiness of it all was so apparent to Jesus, that he never attended one of the schools. He sought to know the law at His quiet home in Nazareth and there He was led into its full meaning. As He grew in years He rose far above His surroundings in thought, and "with immense originality and force of mind, valued them at their true worthlessness, leaving no trace of their spirit in the Gospels, but breathing, instead, only that of the most perfect religious freedom."

During His entire life he observed the law of God without fault. He attended the feasts, He observed the days appointed for religious worship. In every point He was blameless, though He entered into the service in the full meaning that God had intended, instead of the traditionally and hollow worship of the Iews. So complete was His observance that in all His trials before Jewish courts and even before the king himself on that great day, no fault was found in Him. And how true. He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. In the fulfilling of it, the old law was done away, not by putting it out of existence, but by having it succeeded by something far better. The law led up to Christ. In Him it

all centered. That the world might receive Him properly it had to be made. He se none of it at nought only as He offered a bet ter law of life for the one the Jew had beer observing. As far as the law is concerned He was in every point a Jew. As far a world-wide redemption is concerned, He is all that Jewish law could have hoped for, the perfection of what the world needed.

Elgin, Ill.

(To be continued.)

#### WATCHES OF NO ACCOUNT.

REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER is one of the mos eloquent of pulpit orators, but notwithstand ing his long service as a public speaker has sometimes been disconcerted by a trivial occurrence. Not long ago when he was preach ing in a leading provincial town of England he was much annoyed by a young dandy sit ting under him, who, proud of a new gold watch, was continually pulling it out to see what time it was, says a London correspondent Eternity was the preacher's theme, and on and on he went, and out and out came the watch till the poor divine could stand it no longer In the very climax of his sermon he suddenly stopped, looked full at the offender, and quickly said:

"Put up your watch, young man; we are speaking of eternity, not of time."

#### BEAR WORSHIPERS DECREASING.

THE curious Ainu race, which originally occupied the whole of the island of Yezo is rapidly vanishing before the influx of Japanese emigration. According to recent investigations they now only number some 16,000, and in a few more decades they will probably be totally absorbed. They are the hairiest race in the world, are filthily dirty in their habits and terribly addicted to drunkenness. They worship bears and snakes, and in some cases live in caves like the troglodytes of the Red Sea. Their skeletons have many peculiarities in common with those of the ancient cave men found in European strata.

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Last year the railways of the world carried two billion passengers and 950,000,000 tons of freight.





# In the Front Room after Dinner





#### HOULD WOMEN TEACH IN PUBLIC, PREACH-ING, FOR ILLUSTRATION?

IF one wants to stir up a hornet's nest of arument this is the question to spring. There re about as many opinions as there are indiiduals. The ideas on the subject are diverse, ind apparently no conclusion is ever satisactorily reached. Different churches regard t differently, and there are reasons on both ides. Now, whereabouts, in the middle of he road, lies the truth? The 'Nook does not pretend to say. This department is not deigned as a judicial one in which things are ettled, but, as its name indicates, a place where the everyday but little talked about hings are discussed, and no decision arrived it. We send out our queries and take all that come in in time and give them to the reader. That they differ we all see. Now what is the ight of it? The proper use of this department is to get food for thought. This weather s too hot to admit of discussion, and the eaders of the 'Nook are too sensible to work hemselves into a passion over the opinions others hold. Here are some of the things people have to say about the question. Bro. Daniel Hays, of Virginia, states briefly as follows:

I advocate solid church work in a solid way, and by abose properly appointed to serve.

It would seem that Bro. Hays is capable of being read two ways, but there is a feeling in between the unwritten lines that he is not in favor of women preaching, as a rule. The next in order is from Bro. W. A. Gaunt, of Pennsylvania, and there is not the slightest doubt as to where he stands in the matter:

In reply to your request I beg to state that the inspired record emphatically declares, "I suffer not a woman to teach or to usurp authority over the man but to be in silence." I Tim. 2: 12. We have no apology for these words. There is not space enough to expound their meaning so as to harmonize them with other Scriptures that may be cited on the other side. But whatever they permit or forbid they certainly do prohibit women from assuming the office of the ministry. The most eminent scholars of the Christian church have so understood. Paul and the great majority of the best women of the church to-day, so understand the Scriptures, and so we believe it will always be.

About six miles from where Bro. Gaunt lives is another Brethren church center, and for it Sister Ida Shoemaker has the following to say:

My opinion is that women should teach in public, and preach, if necessary, providing they comply with the conditions laid down in Holy Writ. Woman has always manifested an aptitude for religious devotion. She will attend to her religious duties, even if no special work be assigned her, whereas man may not be so attentive to duty, unless some special work be given him. Woman is not only man's equal but his superior in love. If reverent lips proclaim holiness and truth-if she be thoroughly consecrated, full of zeal-charged with electric fire-she will do more good in reaching certain classes than man. I see no good reason why a capable, good woman, should not be an expounder of the highest truths. When she sees her help is needed she should go eagerly to work and lend a hand." For instance: an appointment has been made for religious service. The minister fails to appear. No man present will undertake the work; but there is a talented, Christian woman present. Now then, shall that audience be dismissed without any religious instruction! I say, No! Let that pious sister come forward and address that audience. The idea is-first BE, then teach.

Across in Ohio, at Mt. Repose, lives Sister Anna Lesh, and she makes out a pretty emphatic case in reference to the missionary's wife. She says:

If a woman wants to do anything that has been supposed to lie only in the sphere of man's ability, let her show superior, or equal qualifications, for doing the same. The influence of the mother is powerful in her own home and may she not reach out to those who are not blessed with Christian homes? The love and tact that can guide the restless child through the mysteries of fractions, could impress on restless humanity the story

of the cross. Following Paul's advice for their appearance, women may teach and even preach, and do it well. None question the right of women to teach in the public schools and she reproves and guides her children even after they reach maturity; so may she not with equal propriety speak in public? When the books are opened, the record of the missionary's wife will tell us what a woman can do as a preacher.

From out in Lordsburg, California, there comes the following from Sister Flora Teague:

For my part I feel it is all right for a woman to do public teaching. I know she is capable of doing good in that line. I see no reason why she should not. As to preaching, let her do so if she feels particularly impressed that way, providing she is above reproach in her manner of living, and home duties do not interfere. I am not an advocate of women preaching. Too often they are too emotional to impress me favorably. I have no desire to fill that position, although I do not think it wrong. I have frequently been called upon to conduct religious services. I always do so with a great degree of reluctance. To my mind there is no higher nobler sphere than wifebood and motherhood. Her duties in the home will leave her but few opportunities for public preaching.

And so we have the reasons pro and con. The 'Nook has heard some eminent women speak in public, Frances Willard, for illustration, and he has heard some of the alleged lords of creation, and if he knows anything about it the woman was far and away ahead of some men. But there is another side as well, and what St. Paul had in mind when he issued his injunction we have no means of knowing now.

Here in the Elgin church on every Sabbath evening there is a meeting of the members, and all who will may attend. Some subject has been announced before, and all speak, all who wish, and there are as many women as men talk, and they talk just as well, with as much sense, and perhaps, in cases, with more

real moral backing. Nobody seems to dispute the moral aspect of this. Then, after half an hour or so of this talk, the whole audience moves over into an adjacent room, and there a man gets up and talks, and we call in preaching. If it was right for the woman to talk half an hour ago why is it wrong now is another or the same room?

Whatever we may think of it personally, of however disparaging the comparisons that might be made, the fact is prohibited by the apostle. By the Word, women are not allowed to assume the position of church leadership of superiority. None may doubt their spiritua activity, their zeal and their loyalty to the cause of Christ. They were last at the cros and first at the tomb, but when it comes to as suming a position of leadership in church af fairs the apostle distinctly rules them out Note that there seems no inhibition of speak ing and helping in minor offices and situations but as teachers of the people there can be no question as to the apostolic injunction against the assumption of the office by woman and the reading is plain.

The reason seems to lie in the difference between man and woman. There are not only physical but moral and mental diversity be tween the sexes. It is ingrained, and age-old Women must be mothers and the rearing of a child is woman's wisdom. It would seem repulsive to all sense of right for men to remain a camp with the children and the duties of the home, while women went to the fore in bat tle, in the chase, and in matters of state. It would be a manifest reversal of all the teachings of nature. Recognizing this principle St Paul clearly sets forth woman's place in church authority,—that of a learner, not as a teacher or leader.



# 触MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

JULY 27, 1901.

No. 30.

#### AN UNTOLD LOVE.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

OH, the birds sang it
And the leaves sighed it,
The brooks rang it
And the rain cried it,
The sun glanced it
And the flowers breathed it,
The boughs danced it
And the buds sheathed it,
The stars beamed it
And the winds blew it,
My heart dreamed it,
But—she never knew it!

NOT AS OLD AS THEY LOOK.

ONE of the most experienced men in the ug business in Chicago recently made the assertion that there are not more than 200 genune antique rugs in the country. Those who own them hold on to them, for their value increases every day. To be antique a rug must be at least 100 years old.

Because it looks dingy and is high priced is by no means a guarantee that the rug is a genuine antique, and many who have prided themselves on the ownership of such an article would be sadly disappointed if they had it examined by an expert and were informed that it was the ordinary kind made in this country and had been "doctored" to make it appear old.

The finest rugs come from Persia and are mamed after the provinces in which they are made. The manner in which the knots are tied is a guide to the province. They look so much alike it is difficult to tell the difference. The manner of making them, too, dates back centuries and the colors endure forever. The people of India neither invent nor imi-

tate, for the old methods are the best and they stick to them so long as they live.

The colors of these rugs never fade. While the dust may soften their original tints the primal quality is never lost. They can be cleaned time and again without injury to color or texture.

The people of India are excellent at copying and will reproduce an original rug so perfectly that it is hard to tell the difference. They always get the best effects.

Antique rugs are very expensive. They cost hundreds and thousands of dollars and \$8,000 or \$10,000 is not considered exorbitant for a good-sized rug. Nearly all of the old patterns are being repeated and are being used, with the exception of those in the mosques, copies of which are not permitted.

The Armenians have demoralized the rug trade by bringing over a great number of counterfeit rugs in recent years. They use mineral dyes and the weaving is not as skillful.

#### A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

In some parts of Wales a curious custom prevails at funerals. A poor person is hired— "a long, lean, ugly, lamentable rascal"-to perform the duties of sin eater. Bread and beer are passed to the man over the corpse or laid on it; these he consumes, and by the process he is supposed to take on him all the sins of the deceased and free the person from walking after death. When a sin eater is not employed glasses of wine and funeral biscuits are given to each bearer across the coffin. The people believe that every drop of wine drunk at a funeral is a sin committed by the deceased, but that by drinking the wine the soul of the dead is released from the burden of sin.

#### HOW CRACKERS ARE MADE.

FIRST you take a lot of flour and water and things and put it in a big trough. There you mix it around and swash it about till it has stiffened into a toothsome quagmire. After this you break it up in a machine and toss it over into some big boxes that stand close by. There it stays for awhile, till the fire is hot in the oven. The dough is queer-looking stuff. It is drier than the dough mother used to make, and is tough.

Now that you have gotten through with the drudgery of the preparing process, the rest is fun. When you are ready to really begin to make your crackers you grab a big carving knife and slice off a piece of dough as big as a peck measure.

Then you put it in a machine and run it through.

When it comes out from under the wheel it looks for all the world like a piece of blanket -a long, thin strip, tough and leathery, so that you can hold it up and look at it without its coming apart. There is another machine close at hand, with a long chute on the back end that will just fit your strip of dough if you know enough to put it there. If you pull the right lever you will start the machine going and the strip of dough will run through like the way paper runs through an old-fashioned newspaper press. When the strip comes out at the other end on a long flat board it is all stamped into neat squares, with little holes punched through and all salted from a box that sifts the seasoning down as the strip passes through.

Now you are ready for the oven. This oven is the secret of the whole business of cracker-making. It is a big brick affair, maybe twenty-five feet high. The fire is at the bottom and you are at the top where the door is. There is a great wheel that revolves when you pull a lever and attached to the wheel are broad shelves that swing and remain horizontal when the wheel goes around.

This whole contrivance, when the fire at the bottom is good and hot, suggests a sort of infernal Ferris wheel more than a cracker-baker.

When you get the dough started in the stamping-machine you start the wheel and take a flat, wooden shovel thing with a

handle on one end, and as the strip comes or from under the salt-shaker you pick it up and put it on one of the shelves. A shelf will hole shovels full, and then you turn the wheel so that the next shelf comes down to where you can fill it from the oven door. By the time you have filled all the shelves, one afte, another, the first shelf full is cooked, because it has been down to where the fire is and up the other side, and around to the oven door again.

You take out the sheets of crisp biscuit or the same shovel you put them in on, and i you have done everything right you have the finest lot of soda crackers that you can buy anywhere. When you get the whole whee full baked, you go into the packing room and pack the biscuit up, that is, all that you haven eaten in the meantime. You can pack them several ways, but the best, if you are going to sell them to grocery stores, nowadays, i to put them up in packages that keep out the dampness and keep in the crispness, and make people like to eat them just as well as you did when you first got them out of the oven If you can keep your crackers fresh till they get to the people who eat them it stands to reason that you are going to sell more crack ers than the shiftless chap who doesn't take trouble to fix his nicely.

They have a first-rate way of packing crackers. They put them in what are called cartons, but which are nothing more than paper boxes with the inside paraffined to keep out the damp, and they line the boxes with waxed paper that is very clean and keeps out whatever damp that is likely to get in through the box itself.

This, as anybody can see, is the only proper way to pack crackers, and the people are finding it out, too, because they would much rather have biscuits that are clean and fresh and sweet, than see their groceryman put his hand into a barrel of loose crackers and weigh them out a pound or two, just after he has filled up the kerosene can.

#### IS CAST OUT OF THE COLONY.

In the beaver enclosure recently formed in the national zoo at Washington there is an outlaw, a beaver cut off from contact with his

llows and condemned to live alone. It ems that the beavers increased in numbers pidly and the following year, when they were I full grown, the rules and regulations of waverdom were put in force. It was decided at there was one beaver too many, and acording to their laws, he must either betake mself to some other locality or submit to an ntimely death. Now, the victim chosenhether by ballot or by what other means, who nall say?—had to leave the colony, and, as it as impossible for him to get off of his own cord, death would have been his lot had he ot been saved by the keeper. For a short me he was kept in a cage, until a suitable lace could be made ready, and the place seected was the inclosure in which I found him eading his lonely life.

Being a solitary bachelor, he had not as yet one in for regular housekeeping-perhaps he hinks it scarcely worth while building a ouse until he has a mate. As it is, he has nade a burrow in the bank, with the entrance t the level of the water. In this he spends is days, seldom coming out at all before sunet, and frequently much later. On leaving is underground house he invariably goes diectly to the fence corner, where he stands vatching his former companions for as much s half an hour at a time. They, on the conrary, seldom pay the least attention to him, From their lodge came the sound of muffled voices-evidently they were holding an aninated conversation in beaver language. It is strange sounding language, like a mixture of subdued children's voices and the crying of a very young puppy. Whether or not our beawer understood the drift of their discussion would be difficult to say, but certain it is that he seemed to be very much interested by it all.

#### HOW MEN DIE.

I HAVE found that persons of clean life, of honorable, upright, religious character, not only do not display an indifference to the approach of death as those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a relief from care and toil. There is something about the approach of death that reconciles men to it. The senses

are dulled, the perceptive faculties are blunted and the end comes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep. In this condition—I mean on the approach of death—those who retain their faculties to any degree become more or less philosophers. They know that death is inevitable, that it is only a question of hours, and they accept the verdict without any demonstration and in a philosophical way.

In all my experience I have never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the inevitable, attempted to fight its approach or even feared it. It is only in good health that we fear death. When we become ill, when we have sustained some injury of a very serious nature, the fear of death seems to disappear. —Dr. Andrews, of Philadelphia, who has seen 2,000 deaths.

#### MUSHROOMS RAISED BY ANTS.

Professor W. M. Wheeler describes a species of ants which raise "mushrooms" for food. They first cut leaves into small pieces and carry them into their underground chambers. Then they reduce the leaves to pulp, which they deposit in a heap. In this heap the mycelium of a species of fungus finds lodging and the subterranean conditions favoring such a result minute dwellings are produced on the vegetable mass. These are the mushrooms which constitute almost the sole food of the colony of ants that cultivate them.

#### ONE WAY OF OBEYING.

My four year old Carl has been forbidden to eat ice. Imagine my astonishment when I found him sitting alone out in the back yard eating ice as fast as he could.

"Carl, what did I tell you?" I demanded with some impetuosity.

"Mamma," he replied, "I's not eating ice; I's only sucking the juice."

#### 34 N

"YES," said Aunt Hannah, "Priscilla, you were the most beautiful child I ever laid eyes on." And then after a good long look she remarked meditatively, "And, indeed, Priscilla, I never saw anybody change so much in my life."

#### MONEY IN ASHES.

To the general public there is something of mystery in the facility with which the experts of the treasury department identify counterfeits and mutilated currency. The merest fragment of a bill, bearing no marks by which an ordinary person could distinguish its denomination or its series, is sufficient to indicate to those accustomed to the work the precise issue to which the complete bill belongs, its value or lack of value, and the probable fate of the missing remainder. Notes that have been charred to the last degree are sent into the redemption division to be identified and redeemed, and notes which have been chewed by dogs or torn into bits by insane people or molded into small flakes by fire, are also forwarded to the treasury department, each accompanied by an affidavit giving the original amount of the money and the circumstances attending its mutilation and recovery.

In one corner of the room in the redemption division of the treasury building sits Mrs. A. E. Brown, the expert whose task it is to pick out, from the money fragments turned over to her, the marks of identification which will either verify the affidavit or not, as the case may be. Scattered about the desk are fragments of paper money placed on slips of brown paper in shape and contour like an ordinary envelope. These are all marked and labeled so that each can be credited to the owner of the fragments.

"The mutilated money comes from no one particular source," said Mrs. Brown, "except perhaps from the banks; where it has been taken by the individual owner as the first step toward getting it to the United States Treasury. which will redeem all notes identified as to their face value and number. Banks do not. of course, redeem these fragments and then look to us to reimburse them. It is only an act of accommodation which the banks extend to individuals. The rules of the treasury require that three-fifths of the bills be sent for identification; less than that amount will either shut off redemption altogether or at least prevent the full amount being given back to the owner of the fragments.

"For example, supposing one-half of a \$5 bill is sent in for redemption, and supposing it is in such a good state of preservation, that its

identification as a \$5 bill issued by the govern ment of the United States can be told at a glance, the owner of that fragment will receive from the treasury only \$2.50 and not the ful face value of the original bill. The fragmen will be registered with its essential marks of identification, and \$2.50 sent to the owner. A first glance this would seem to be unjust to the owner, but on further consideration it will be evident that at any time the other half of that bill may come in to us perhaps from the same person, or possibly from some one else and \$2.50 paid in its redemption. Now it is obvious that if \$5 had been paid for the first half and later the same amount for the second half, although years may intervene between the visitation of the first and second halves the owner would either have been paid \$10 for his original \$5 bill, which is more than he is entitled to by \$5, or the government would have been out just \$5, which would be an injustice to the people of the United States.

"If, however, three-fifths of the bill is sent in, enough of the bill will be in our hands to satisfy all demands for the safety of the treasury and the public service. The remaining fragments may come in later, but as soon as their identification with the three-fifths portion is established, they are thrown out as worthless.

"It is astonishing how many people put their money about stoves, ovens and other places exposed to fire. Here is a roll of burned money which a woman placed in the oven for some reason unexplained. According to her affidavit she says that immediately after placing the money there she left the house for a few moments and when she returned she found that her daughter had built a fire in the stove and was preparing the dinner—or supper—I do not remember just now which."

The mass of charred money which Mrs Brown held in her hand was as black as charcoal and seemed ready to fall apart by its own weight, like the last remnants of burned paper often seen in the grate fire. She began separating the mass with the point of a paper cutter and finally peeled off a fragment on which could distinctly be seen the impressions of the printing plate in the center design. This was

\$10 note, as was shown by comparing the enter design of the charred fragment with a ew bill which Mrs. Brown placed beside it.

"The figures giving the amount of the bill," (rs. Brown said, "are obliterated principally of the break in the charred fragment, where broke off from the rest of the bill, but the order and central design of this piece are aparent to the naked eye and are brought out ill more clearly by the magnifying glass his is a true United States treasury bill, but contains the center design and is enough to lentify the bill exactly. When we have a lass of mutilated money stuck together as his mass is it is necessary to use the utiost nicety in separating the layers in order of see how many bills there were in the roll or lass of money before it was charred, as this

frequently it is possible to positively idenfy some of the bills, but not all, and unless reat care has been exercised it is possible to o an injustice to the owner. The treasury alays stands ready to redeem any money which can identify by the methods which have roved most satisfactory."

Reaching down and opening one of the rawers of her desk, Mrs. Brown drew out a n tobacco box containing what looked like a lass or slab of peat or earth pressed compacttogether. It turned out, on investigation be a roll of money, amounting originally to bout \$200, which a farmer had plowed under he ground while turning a furrow on his farm. le had carried it about his person when plowig and in some way had lost it by its droping out of his pocket. When he had finished lowing he missed the money and having earched the plowed area in vain gave up the uest. Each time, however, he went over the ame field with the plow in each succeeding eason he kept his eye on anything that would e likely to look like the lost money. Finally, fter the bills had lain underground for six ears, his search was rewarded and last spring is plowshare unearthed the blackened mass hich lay in the tobacco box.

"There is no doubt," said Mrs. Brown, "that his is money, as the fibres attest, but it is so betten and friable that I do not know whether is possible to identify it or not. I have not

examined it yet, but it looks somewhat discouraging."

While Mrs. Brown was still talking she picked up a small pasteboard box from which she took a roll of paper, tied around with a pink string, and, after unfolding it, displayed a black powder, in which were a few flat black flakes about the size of a little finger nail. This had been money and this black powder Mrs. Brown was soon to examine to find out whether it was worth \$1 or \$1,000 or perhaps more. In the first place, the average man would never know that it was the dust of money, and if he did he would give it to the first person who would take it for a square meal or anything else, no matter what its value may have been or still may be.

"Bills in all sorts and descriptions of mutilation come to the United States treasury," concluded Mrs. Brown. "We get a mass of money which has been chewed by dogs or torn into the minutest fragments by insane people, and if it is possible to identify it as an issue of the treasury and we can determine its original value it is redeemed as if it were something of the greatest value. Sometimes the border alone, which may be detected, will be sufficient to determine the original value of the bill. Bills of certain values have certain designs which bills of other denominations have not. It is therefore, by virtue of the recognition of these various designs, whether on the border or elsewhere, that we can know the amount of the original bill.

"So much burned money has come to us, together with affidavits giving account of the burning, that I marvel why so many people will put money where there is a fire. They hide it in the oven, in the stovepipe, and almost everywhere about a stove except in the grate itself."

36 36

AT Dayton, Ohio, recently, a man aged 59 married a woman aged 22. The bride was the divorced wife of the bridegroom's son. Two children were born of the former marriage and the result is a complicated relationship. This bride becomes grandmother to her children, while the groom, who in natural relationship is the grandfather of these children, becomes stepfather to his grandchildren.

#### MAKING A POST OFFICE.

"EVERY few days I am asked how a post office is established," said an old post-office inspector to a Washington Star reporter this morning. "As there are a few preliminary wrinkles connected with the proceeding which must be observed before the 'leading citizen' may affix the initials 'P. M.' after his name they will be found of general interest if briefly described.

"The first thing to do is to decide upon a name. This seems easy, but the department has snags in the form of rules on this point which may cause several attempts to be made before finally successful, because they are not generally known outside of the office.

"There must be no post office of the same name already in the State, nor one of such spelling as might cause the postal clerks to confuse the two. For instance, there is a Mauricetown and a Morristown in New Jersey, and a Charlestown and a Charleston in West Virginia. The trouble, confusion of mail and profanity these and other similar names have occasioned would stop an express train. These offices were established before the present rules went into effect, and neither office will now consent to a change.

"Also, if there is a name of another post office in another State the abbreviation of which resembles the State in which the office is sought to be established the name will be rejected. If the people of a community in Tennessee agree upon 'Pleasantville,' and if there is an office of the same name in Pennsylvania, they will be requested to select another name because Tennessee when abbreviated to 'Tenn,' resembles Pennsylvania when abbreviated to 'Penn.,' it being borne in mind that all of us do not write a copperplate hand. The abbreviation 'Va.' for Virginia is easily mistaken for the 'Pa,' of Pennsylvania, Mail for offices of the same name in the States of Colorado and California is being constantly missent to the annoyance of the public and postal employes for the reason that people abbreviate these States 'Col.' and 'Cal.,' instead of 'Colo.' and 'Calif.' and the same holds true as to New York and New Jersey, as people are careless in forming their Y's and I's in writing the initials indicative of these two States. The reason of the rule thus becomes very af parent.

"Sometimes a dozen attempts will be mad before a name which will suit the department will be accepted. It must be a single work unless for peculiar local, historical or particular business reasons a double name is permitted. Communities desiring post offices should always submit ten or more proposed name for selection, arranged in their order of preerence. During the Spanish war and immediately thereafter the names of Dewey, Schlessampson, Hobson, McKinley, Manila and Santiago for post offices poured into the department by the hundreds, and such as coulbe placed in the different States under the rule I have given were granted.

"While there is no prescribed number names necessary to a petition for a new pos office, there should be enough to indicate i need. A dozen or two signatures of residen are sufficient, though some petitions have over 100 names. The name of the person desire for postmaster should always be stated in the petition. The department accepts the reconmendation of a representative or senator the same political faith as final usually in th appointment of the first and succeeding posmasters. In some States the petitions are fo warded directly to the representative for h indorsement and transmission to the depart ment. This is an excellent practice, as saves time unless the representative is one the lazy sort who allows his mail to accumlate and then it causes trouble.

"If there is no representative of the sampolitical faith of the administration in the congressional district, the department designates one or more men who are termed referees, and whose recommendations are accepted. These referees are usually ex-representative national committeemen, or other men of high standing in the party and state.

"The department did a land-office busine in establishing post offices last year, placing in operation 3,600, an increase of 665 over the preceding year. The department follows the policy of establishing post offices where asked for, as it endeavors to give the people all the mail facilities possible. Under some previous administrations the policy has not been seen as the policy h

peral, and certain rules more or less restrictive were enforced, mainly as to the distance one office from another, which shut out me communities. The department has a recially-prepared blank for the establishment a post office, but a petition signed by the sidents of the community expressing their estires as to name, postmaster and location of the office in most any intelligent form will receive equal consideration.

"The old adage that government employes ay die, but none ever resign, does not apply postmasters, especially to fourth-class postasters, of which there are 72,455. They oth die and resign, for there were 919 deaths and 8,013 resignations of these postmasters st year, an increase of 1,000 resignations were the preceding year, or about one in every ine postmasters.

"These somewhat unexpected figures ceruinly disprove the adage, as off-hand and unformed, the average man would make a uess at 1,000 resignations all told and then e afraid he had gone too high.

"The causes of this high percentage of esignations are many and diverse, but two vain subdivisions may be given. First, in ural communities the postmastership is nought to be a great honor and a soft snap. t is a distinction, but far from a snap, as the epartment holds postmasters strictly acountable for the proper performance of their fficial duties. Thousands of the postmasters t small offices get that tired feeling long beore their term is over and gladly relinquish onors and perquisites, which, they find to heir disgust, do not come up to their antici-But if one man is ready to give up here are others at once willing to earn the aw dollars obtainable annually from these mall offices and the vacancies are usually hortly or instantly filled. Where the departent finds it impossible to fill the vacancy, he office is discontinued. This raises a howl f protest and flushes several candidates at he same time.

"Another prolific reason why postmasters esign in such numbers yearly is on account of he bond of \$500 or over they are required to ive. Many men haven't the confidence of heir neighbors to secure bondsmen, and oth-

ers will not go to the trouble to obtain securities. Others resign when a new bond is required, as is the case at certain periods, or where the office is made a money-order office. Thousands of small post offices have been made money-order offices within the last four years, and the resignations of postmasters of these offices have been comparatively large, as the incumbents did not think the added responsibilities were commensurate with the remuneration, while with some they had no safe place to keep money-order funds.

"It seems odd that government office holders will resign places paying \$1,000 and over, but they do, and there is always a lively scramble for these places. The men with their representatives' recommendations usually get them. The fact that forty-seven presidential postmasters resigned last year adds proof to the exception of the adage quoted. There were but forty-five deaths in the army of 4,233 of the president's appointees.

"The reason for giving up these well-paying berths are also diverse. Business men who have been appointed postmasters find that the duties and responsibilities of a post office require too much of their time, and as the department demands that a postmaster shall devote his attention to the duties of his office. the good old plan of past days, of allowing an assistant to run things while the postmaster remained in his business house, drew the pay and enjoyed the honor, no longer works. Postmasters who try to thus carry water on both shoulders are promptly called down, admonished to attend to the affairs of the office. and if they do not, they are removed. Many resign to avoid removal."

#### COOKING WATCHES.

KEW observatory has lately been much in the public mind consequent upon the threatened derangement of its delicately made instruments by the installation of electric tramways at Hammersmith, some miles distant.

The very position of the observatory is ample testimony to the sensitiveness of the wonderful machines it contains. Situated about two miles from Richmond, the solitary building stands like a beacon in the midst of a far-

stretching sea of meadow land. But the observatory is more than a home magnetic mystery. They cook watches there. If you contemplate buying an expensive watch you can have it sent to the observatory, where for forty-five days it will undergo an ordeal that will test its capability to the utmost.

The branch of the observatory where this interesting operation is carried on is known as the rating department of the national physical laboratory. The observer, E. G. Constable, explained to a representative of the *Daily Mail* who visited the observatory that about 500 watches are tested yearly, and that 10,400 have passed through their hands since the department was opened.

On this particular day forty watches were under observation. An ambitious watch in pursuit of a first-class certificate commences its career at Kew by standing upright for five days in an ordinary safe. It spends a similar period in three other positions, and is then placed on its back in a refrigerator. After five days of that icy abode it is removed to an oven kept at a temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and is at last restored to a normal temperature. All this time the watchful eye of the observer has been upon it, and the watch's behavior duly noted in books.

Every variation of a second the watch makes in the different positions and temperatures is carefully entered and certain marks for or against are given it. What this means will be the better appreciated when it is explained that Kew possesses instruments capable of indicating the hundredth part of a second.

The highest marks awarded to a watch are 100, and if it gains over 80 the words "especially good" are written on its certificate when the watch leaves the observatory. Last year the lowest marks received by a watch were 44 and the highest 90.1. The latter was English made.

Quite a number of watches were in the oven stage The oven is an ordinary safe, heated with a tubular boiler, and over it a constant supply of hot water is kept. The refrigerator is of the ordinary kind.

All kinds of watches were there. There was an explorer's watch, so water tight that it would keep on ticking merrily at the bottom of the

sea. There was the watch of an important official of the National Cyclists' Union, whice splits seconds to infinitesimal degrees, and comes to Kew every year. In racing time is not accepted as official unless the watch has gained a Kew certificate. Then there were watches destined to accompany an expedition to the south pole and probably to tick where watches never ticked before. There were cheap looking silver watches, really wort between £15 and £20—appearances are deceptive in watches—and there was a wonder ful gold watch that cost £300, and does more things than there is space to enumerate here.

But the most remarkable watch that has eve been "baked" or "frozen" at Kew cost close upon £3,000. It was bought by a sportsman with his winnings in one horse race. The owner's monogram on the outer case was sur rounded with twenty-four diamonds, and a picture of the horse appeared on the other side: enamel, the artist having spent a week in the stables to get an accurate drawing.

The watch, however, proved to be useful a well as ornamental, and Kew was able to senits distinguished visitor home accompanied b a certificate worthy of its position in the watch world.

#### COSTLIEST OF LOG HOUSES.

THE costliest log house ever built in Main and probably in the world, is being constructe on Warren's island, Gilkey's Harbor. It wi begun by the late W. H. Forwell, of Philadel phia, and is being completed by his sor Nathan P. Forwell, to whom the property wa willed with the provision that it should b finished according to the plans adopted. will cost nearly seventy-five thousand dollar: The log hut, as some of the neighbors call if is 100x105 feet, and is built of unpeeled spruc timber cut upon the island. Fred Hunter, a expert log-cabin builder from Virginia, superintending the erection of the building and is copying the style that prevailed in V ginia a century or more ago.

The house will contain twenty-two sleeping rooms, a living-hall 30x40 feet, a dining room 20x30 feet, a kitchen 20x25 feet, a laundr 20x25 feet, and a storeroom 15x25 feet. Ther will be six bay windows and 100 of the orei

lary kind. Many of the windows will be fitted with panes of glass 4x5 feet. The roof is

The large living-hall is finished with gilt noulding, and from the windows one can look across upon the Camden mountains, famous or their beauty. This view caused Mr. Forwell to have placed above the immense open ireplace a large marble tablet with the inecription, " How beautiful are the mountains," rom Isaiah. Work on the house was begun nore than a year ago, and it will require four nonths to finish it.

#### HEALTH FOOD FOR A BURGLAR.

THE noise made by the burglar in the Ferguson pantry, slight as it was, disturbed the light sleeper in the bedroom not far away, and the midnight marauder was surprised a moment later to find himself covered with a big revolver in the hands of a determined-looking man in a long, white robe.

"I hain't done nothin' but eat a few cold victuals, mister," stammered the burglar.

"I see," sternly replied George Ferguson. "You have been eating the remains of a strawberry shortcake my wife made for dinner last night. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"Turn me over to the police, I s'pose,"

gasped the helpless thief.

"Worse than that," said Ferguson, with a ferocious grin, "I'm going to make you eat a quart of health food. It's a new kind my wife heard of and fixed up for us yesterday, and it's pretty dry eating, but you'll eat every particle of it or I'll bore six holes through you. There it is in that big bowl. Turn yourself loose on it!"

With grim determination the indignant householder stood over him till it was finished, after which he picked up the luckless scoundrel, who had fallen exhausted to the floor, and threw him out of the open pantry window.

"It may kill him," soliloquized Mr. Ferguson, somewhat remorsefully, as he crawled back into bed without disturbing the rest of the family, "but a man who breaks into another man's house takes his life in his hand, anyway."

#### THE COMPASS PLANT.

THE compass plant grows luxuriantly on the prairies of North America, and fine specimens of it may be seen in botanical gardens. It is a stout perennial, 3 to 6 feet in height, and bears a pretty yellow flower. It gets its name from the fact that it always presents the edges of its radical leaves north and south, while the faces are turned east and west.

On dark nights hunters often get lost on the prairies; but as soon as they can find a compass plant, and feel the edges of its leaves, they readily get their bearings.

In "Evangeline" the following allusion is made to the compass plant:

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow:

See how its leaves all point in the north as true as the. magnet;

It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's jour-

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the des-

When Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" he had never seen a compass plant; after he had seen it, he slightly changed his description of it. He used the phrase "vigorous plant" instead of "delicate plant" and "in the houseless wild" instead of " on its fragile stalk,"

The compass plant was first made known to botanists by General Benjamin Alvord. At first they questioned the accuracy of his statements, but investigation substantiated them. A microscopic examination of the leaves shows an equal number of "breathing-pores" on each face. This fact and certain experiments made with the plant have led scientists to conclude that the polarity of the plant is due to the action of light.

An English newspaper says that the largest block of stone ever quarried weighs 1,400 tons and was used in the construction of the lighthouse on Bleachly Head. The statement is not true. Blocks of stone much larger and heavier are in plain sight in the pyramids of Egypt.

An Omaha newspaper man says the highest ambition of his life is to have two good pairs of suspenders at one time.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### FREAKS AMONG THE FISHES.

It is self-evident that the mysterious and wonderful workings of nature's methods are beyond the comprehension of man. Among the multitude of living things in every form of life in either the animal or the vegetable kingdom there appears to be destined to be brought into existence a certain percentage of malformations or abnormal organisms. It is, therefore, in the order of things that fish life should contribute its share of strange deviations from the perfect forms. But little was known of this peculiarity with fish until the advent of artificial propagation on an extensive scale-undoubtedly due to the fact that all these malformations die in infancy, and it is therefore extremely doubtful if a single specimen would ever be discovered among the fry hatched naturally.

Scientists tell us there is a greater predisposition to monstrosity among certain animals than others, and that it occurs more frequently among domestic than wild animals; also, that the chief cause of malformations is impeded or retarded development from whatever cause. The observations of fish culturists all tend to corroborate the truth of these statements, demonstrating the fact that the inhabitants of the water are subject to the same conditions and peculiarities in the manner of procreation as are creatures of the land.

Among the several varieties of fish now hatched artificially it has been discovered that both the brook and lake species of the trout family yield a greater number of malformations than any others. The abnormal forms brought forth are singular and various, the most common being those with two heads and one tail, and double fish, or twins, connected by means of the yolk sac—veritable Siamese twins in fish life. Trout fry having three heads are extremely rare, and out of the millions I have seen hatched artificially I have observed

but a single specimen. Although monstrosities with two heads, are quite frequently discovered, still it is somewhat singular to note that an individual with two tails and one head has never to my knowledge made its appearance, the abnormal development mostly tending toward an excess of heads. Fry having curvatures of the backbone are quite frequently discovered, so that in attempting to swim they describe a circle, and they are sometimes coiled up so tightly as to be unable to make any progress whatever. As soon as the yolk sac attached to their bodies, which sustains them, is absorbed all deformed fish then die of starvation, being unable to forage for food. This is undoubtedly as it was intended. Attempts to raise them artificially have invariably proved futile.

Another curiosity which is sometimes seen among fish fry is the albino-as perfect as could possibly be imagined, pure white with pink eyes. These are quite rare, probably not more than one in 1,000,000 young fry making its appearance. On several occasions they were kept at the Caledonia hatchery for quite a time, and three or four were raised to 2-yearolds. Finally all but one were caught by kingfishers. Being white, they were much easier to be seen than the other trout, thus falling an easy prey. The remaining one was kept until three years old when, unfortunately, it died. It was a female, and 300 eggs had been taken from her, a good percentage of which hatched, the fry showing no difference from the ordinary brook trout.

#### WASP STINGS ARE FATAL.

In an article on the stings of wasps a British medical journal cites the two following cases which have come under its notice: A strong, healthy girl of twenty-seven was stung on the neck by a wasp and fainted. On regaining

onsciousness she complained of a general eeling of numbness and partial blindness and omited; she suffered severe abdominal pain. she recovered in the course of a few hours. Two months later she was stung again, this ime on the hand. Her face became flushed, he again complained of numbness and blindiess, suddenly became very pale, fainted and lied twenty-five minutes after she was stung.

Another case was that of a girl of twentywo years who was stung by a wasp behind the angle of the jaw. The sting was at once exracted and ammonia applied. In a few minites she complained of faintness and would have fallen if she had not been supported. Her face assumed an expression of great anxiety and a few minutes later she was tossing on the bed, complaining of a horrible feeling of choking and of agonizing pain in the chest and abdomen. Brandy gave no relief. There was nausea, but no vomiting. She rapidly became insensible and died fifteen minutes after receiving the sting. The most probable explanation of such cases seems to lie in what is known as idiosyncrasy-that is, abnormal sensitiveness in particular individuals to certain toxic agents. It is well known that drugs vary much in action on different people. What is a safe dose for one is dangerously large for another. The inability of some people to eat strawberries or shellfish is another instance of the same phenomena. The active agent of hee stings is generally believed to be formic acid. It, therefore, seems very desirable that we should have more accurate information regarding the action of this drug on different species of the lower animals and through them on man himself.

#### COLLAR OF HONOR.

A " COLLAR of honor " is awarded in France to dogs that have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery. The collar is a work of art, and among the dogs already decorated in this way is Bacchus, a large bulldog, which has saved the lives of many people by stopping runaway horses. The dog jumps up and seizes the bridle of the fleeing animal. Another intelligent and heroic beast is Pantland, also a bulldog. He saved his mistress from the attack of a footpad and has received a collar from the Order of Merit, which, by the way, was founded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has also been decorated for saving three young children from drowning on different occasions.

Sultan, also a Newfoundland, wore the collar of honor in recognition of several acts of bravery. He rescued a child from drowning. saved a man who attempted suicide, arrested a thief and captured an assassin. His last heroic deed was preventing a castle being robbed, but he was poisoned, it is supposed by those who attempted the robbery.

#### FROGS THAT BUILD NESTS IN THE WATER.

In Brazil has now been found the most curious frog in the entire world. It is known as "Hyla faber," and the difference between it and other batrachians lies in the fact that the females of this species regularly build nests in which they lay their eggs, their object being to preserve their little ones from the enemies that constantly threaten them.

When the time for incubation approaches the female goes down to a marsh and proceeds to build a circular wall of earth, which, when complete, is about one foot in diameter. starts to build at the bottom of the marsh and she continues the work until it is at least ten centimeters above the water. Two nights suffice to complete the nest, and then the female enters it and lays her eggs. Her worthy spouse, it is said, does not give her the slightest assistance in constructing the nest, but after the progeny are born he shows his solicitude for them by remaining in the vicinity, presumably with the object of doing sentinel duty and giving warning of the approach of enemies.

Naturalists who have recently examined some of these nests in Brazil say that human ingenuity could not invent a better contrivance for protecting the young frogs from their foes.

THE price of elephants is going up like some railroad stocks did very recently. Fifty years ago an East Indian elephant could be bought for \$250. To-day the ruling price is \$4,000 per elephant.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### BAD PEOPLE.

Are really bad people sometimes bad through and through, without a redeeming feature? I think not. They may seem it, but somewhere under the coatings of sin the spark of higher life is found. Reference is not had to the abnormally constituted person who seems to have had left out of him the fundamentals of correct living, but to the ordinary bad man or woman.

Let one of this class get into the clutches of a mortal disease and get to the point where he sees all this world slipping out from under his feet, and the next dimly taking shape, and he will let out to the midnight nurse what is in him. The dying tramp in the public ward of the hospital was asked whether he wanted to talk with a priest. No, he didn't. Would he like to be baptized? He didn't know that it would do him any good. What would he then, as he stood on the brink? Mark the answer. "I dont know anything about these things, but I want to die in the same religion as the woman with the white cap that nursed me." He accepted the ceremonial part and died happy. It was only a repetition of the act of the thief on the cross. A drunken cowboy was shot in a western fracas, and on going through his effects after death they found a pair of red leather baby's shoes that he had bought for some child. And so on indefinitely the instances might be multiplied where the bad man covered up the good in the same in dividual.

The moral is not to judge harshly from eviloutside. Sometimes if we dug deep enough we would come to the streak of ore, and rest assured that it is there if we only know where to look for it. While we can not shut out eyes to the evil side that men show, yet it is a pleasanter thing to remember and think about to know that somewhere in their make-up is the worthy and the desirable.

#### KNOW ANY OF THEM?

EVER see an old woman with her life all behind her, who puts in her time helping others? Ever see a man who puts in a peck over and above the measure when he sells to the poor? Know anybody with a heart as big as a bushel basket and as modest as a girl? Acquainted with a maid as modest as a daisy and as free from sin as she is from the taint of leprosy? Happen to know anybody who puts the house to order and visits the sick and the poor?

Among your friends are there those who might be turned inside out and show no more rags and dirt than could be found in the guest's chamber? Well, what about them? This. You have heard of the phrases, the salt of the earth, pillars of the church, etc. That's what they are, and no mistake about it. They are the uncrowned but kingly and queenly among a sorry world, that's what they are.

\* \*

THE first Christians made a business of their belief. They went at it as they did with their secular affairs, and they kept it up till they were taken off. With us a good deal of our Christianity is a side issue. Other things come first.

SEE the color of the cover this week. It is only our summer dress, that's all. We are a little more comfortable in a blue dress than a red one this weather.

## ?????????????

Are mineral waters of any remedial value?

They are of unquestioned value in many instances.

What will be the price of the INGLENOOK Cook Book? It will be given to every 'Nook subscriber and can be had in no other way.

What are the symptoms of smallpox?

Headache, fever and a severe pain in the back always go ahead of the disease.

How are the new varieties of fruits, vegetables and flowers produced?

Some happen in growth and possess the power of perpetuating the "sport." Others are hybridized by the hand of man. Cultivation has much to do with it.

Will the water in a tank freeze thicker when the lids are open than when shut?

Something depends. If left long enough it will freeze solid if the temperature is low enough and sufficiently continued. The whole mass will become the same temperature as the surrounding air.

Is it customary for the the bride's parents or the groom to furnish her trousseau?

In this country it is customary for the bride, to attend to that. In Spanish-speaking countries the man she is to marry always does it. It is a delicate matter, but the 'Nook ventures the opinion that if the man has money, and the bride-to-be, or her people, little or none, it would not be in bad form for him to have a quiet, sensible talk, to which the neighbors need not be invited, and help most materially. A girl of sense, knowing her parents' poverty, would sacrifice no principle of modesty or right in taking a gift from her millionaire husband-to-be, if he volunteered to give it that her parents might not be embarrassed financially in an effort to do what they deemed the right thing in the matter. The fact need not be advertised in the papers, however. The answer is to be governed by the situation and the common sense of the principals.

Can I transplant the huckleberry and get fruit?

We have seen it successfully done. If you try it be sure to get the most prolific plants. Mark them while in fruit.

Is it right for a semireligious paper like the 'NOOK to print its issue and assign a date of publication ahead of time? It is not fact.

Is it right to set an old hen and mark the date three weeks ahead in the almanac when she expects to publish? The date on a paper is more to keep track of it than anything else.

What is there in the northwest that makes the cold weather come from there?

The earth is surrounded with an envelope of air. Outside of this it is everywhere intensely cold. It is believed that the rotation of the earth causes a certain boiling of the air, and that by reason of natural causes the cold air from the northwest section strikes down on the earth, making cool or cold weather. At all events the farther northwest one goes the colder it becomes at times, and from that section comes the blast that chills.

Can I get sample copies from the Editor?

The thing to do is to address the Publishing House for all such wants. The Editor and the business part of the house have nothing in common only pleasant personal relations. letter coming to the Editor for samples, missed numbers and the like, is carried upstairs to the editorial room, and then has to be carried down and put in the regular way of getting to the mailing room. Sometimes it is forgotten or mislaid. All this could be prevented and the business hastened by addressing the Publishing House. Here is the rule,articles, personal letters and the like, address direct to the Editor. Business matters send to the House, and then they will get where they belong. Remember this is a pretty sizable institution, working in departments that do not meddle with each other. Never muddle matters by mixing subjects in one letter. Put them on different sheets, each signed, and enclose them in one envelope. All general letters are opened by one man, and pigeonholed according to contents. Separate subjects are thus better disposed of if on separate sheets.

#### DARING DEATH TO LIVE.

It is no exaggeration to say that many thousands of our fellow-countrymen work for their daily living on the threshold of the unseen and unknown world.

The builder ascends a ladder, and one moment's giddiness, one slip of his foot, may bring him to death. Workers with machines, if they cease their vigilance for one instant, are caught and crushed to atoms in a second's time. But even leaving out of count such tremendously risky employment, there are numerous trades where dangers to life and limb are ever present.

Take, for instance, the bottler of aërated waters. Did you know that the women who work in this trade have to have protectors? We all know, of course, that the fireman and the worker among poisonous gases have to wear respirators and air pumps, and in gas works and factories where fumes of ammonia, etc., are liable to escape it is often necessary for a kind of diving apparatus to be worn by the men who have to enter such places.

Another kind of danger arises where the grinding of metal or stone is carried on. The fine dust gets into the lungs of the workpeople and is apt to produce a species of pneumonia. Many devices are used to prevent this. Specially-constructed fans are used to carry off as much dust as possible, but this is not sufficient in the case of sand blasting, which is a process of engraving or polishing by means of a powerful blast of fine sand directed against the object. The workers here have to wear a helmet and jacket, much like a fireman.

It would hardly appear on the surface that the handling of skins is attended by any great danger, yet, as a matter of fact, persons engaged in the tanning and furdressing trades are frequently exposed to grave peril. There is a peculiar kind of dust, mingled with minute fragments of hair, which gets into the lungs and sets up a special form of irritation, which sometimes results in serious illness. In the flax spinning and other trades connected with the making of textile fabrics great danger, as we all know, from irritant and poisoned dust is often present, and has to be guarded against by various precautions in the way of ventilation and personal cleanliness

One of the most perilous of all manufactures is seen in the alkali industry, which is carried on principally around Widnes and St. Helenal worth's Magazine, is unanimous that men employed in the alkali works rarely live to an old age. Their appetites disappear, the foul gases destroy the tone of the bronchial tubes and bring on asthma; all the men are more or less anæmic, and disease of the kidneys is a common complaint. Very few of the men live beyond sixty.

In the manufacture of bleaching powder, chlorine gas is pumped into slacked lime, and this gas is so poisonous that the men whose work it is to fill the barrels with bleaching powder have to wear goggles over their eyes and some twenty thicknesses of flannel over the nose and mouth. They even have to cover all openings in their dress, so that no particle of dust could possibly find its way to the skin.

Danger of quite a different character is encountered by the workpeople engaged in bottling arëated waters. Here the danger arises from the liability of the bottles to burst. The pressure of the condensed gas is very great, and if the bottle contains the slightest flaw or weak place it is pretty certain to go. All the bottlers wear wire-gauze helmets, and their arms are protected with full-length gauntlets.

The workers in explosive factories, too, run great risks. They are scattered in sheds, only two or three men working together, with the sheds placed far apart. No iron is allowed in these buildings. Visitors appearing in ordinary boots dare not enter, because of the nails in their footwear. All the workers wear woolen guernseys and specially constructed overshoes and the gas jets are in lamps hung outside the windows.

#### ILLS THAT HINDER DEATH.

THERE seems to be no end to the theories of medical men. They are constantly investigating and ever and anon they startle the world by the announcement of the discovery of some new panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to. One of the latest of their theories is that certain diseases ward off death. Rheumatic people, for instance, are said rarely to die young. Why, the medical men are unable to say, but

is probable that the blood acquires some property which is fatal to the germs of other iseases. A doctor of experience has noticed he fact that in a family of five or six brothers and sisters, one of whom is rheumatic, that the will outlive the others, as a rule. If gout an be kept away from the heart and confined to the big toe the patient is likely to live to be ninety or one hundred years old. It is said that this is due to the fact that the disease purifies the blood.

If one has an attack of smallpox and lives hrough it he stands an excellent chance of ittaining a ripe old age. In a census of aged people taken many years ago it was found hat a large percentage of them were pockmarked. This led an eminent physician to make a calculation which proved that there were twice as many pock-marked people over eighty years old as there would have been had not the smallpox exercised a preservative induce. He accounted for this curious fact by concluding that the smallpox microbe frightens away all other microbes, just as rats frighten away mice from a house.

Deafness is said to have the property of adding to the victim's age. Now and then a deaf man is run over in a city street, but when deaf people prudently pitch their tents in the country their chances of a long life are extremely good. The true explanation of this is declared to be the fact that deafness saves people a lot of worry over small matters and from wear and tear of noises. The shrill noises to which most people are insensible because they have got used to them really are harmful. Clanging bells of street cars and ambulances, of autos and bicycles; the roar of elevated and surface trains, the rattling of carts and drays, the shouts of paper sellers and hucksters; even the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs and the whistling of boys are seriously injurious to one's health. The ear nerve is very large and every time it is overstimulated the brain receives a shock. Deaf people escape all these life-shortening troubles, hence they live long.

Bronchitis often shortens life, but in some cases it has the opposite effect. A large number of the old people one meets cough all the year round with chronic bronchitis. One

would think to listen to them that they must cough themselves to death soon, but that is not so. The coughing helps the heart to circulate the blood, and, in fact, gives exercise to many of the organs. Only for this daily exercise many old people's mechanism would get fatally clogged. Besides, a man with bronchitis will not sit in a draught, he will avoid getting wet and will not stay out half the night losing his sleep and "painting the town" with the "boys." Thus he more than compensates for the injury done to him by his ailment.

#### WHAT TRADE-MARKS COST.

THE registration of trade-marks has become a necessity of late years, for unless an article of merit is protected by such means or by letters patent it is sure to be imitated by some unscrupulous person. It is only within a few years, however, that the question of protecting trade-marks has assumed grave importance. This is due to the enormous increase in advertising of health foods, cereals, patent medicines and athletic novelties. The tariff of charges for registering trade-marks in the various countries seems in some instances to be based upon the idea that authorized labels and the like are as much a luxury as a coach and four. In Zululand, Peru, Uruguay, Hong-Kong and Granada the tariff fixed by law for each trade-mark is \$145 in gold, the highest on the entire list.

In this country trade-marks are filed with the patent office and the price for registering one is \$55, which is the lowest rate charged anywhere. Canada charges \$60 for a general or a special trade-mark. There are some countries of Europe that demand \$100 for registering a trade-mark, but in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France and Spain the fee in each case is \$75. This is the rate asked in the majority of the English colonies, including New South Wales and New Zealand, but in Cape Colony it is \$115 and in South Africa \$135. The latter price is also demanded in Costa Rica. Some of the bargain counter sales of registry for trade-marks are obtainable in the Leeward islands, Jamaica, British Guiana, Mauritius, Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Guatemala, Sierra Leone and Bulgaria, each of which

charges \$115. Little Venezuela is content with \$100 for the privilege of recording the existence of a patent label.

There are thousands of trade-marks that are never heard of by the great masses, because they are not properly advertised. The majority of trade-mark lawyers realize big profits fighting infringements of private marks rather than in registering new ones. One of them has just settled a case that was in the courts for four years. The single word "favorite" was at issue and the courts have decided that there is no exclusive proprietary right in the word as a trade-mark. One of the most successful lawyers, who represents the interests of a big cereal firm and a cracker establishment as well, says that it costs more than \$15, 000 annually to protect his clients from those who twist the names of brands in every conceivable way.

#### RUSSIAN STAMPS.

Postage stamps from Russia are not rare among the treasures of the stamp collector, but for people who do not know every stamp from every nook and corner of the globe they are interesting enough. Russia's postal system is quite different from ours. In that great big country the imperial post, as the government service is called, has a certain fixed route by which it covers the main points throughout the country. For towns that are off the main route branch routes or miniature postal systems are established. These small routes are entirely separate from the main route, being run by the locality in which they operate. All letters coming from these side routes are stamped with the route stamp, for each route or locality has a series of stamps of its own.

It thus happens that there are more stamps issued in Russia than in most of the other European countries combined. These posts are established under an edict dated 1870, to carry local letters from one point in the district to another and also to take letters to and from the nearest office of the government post. When a letter is sent out of the country it has two stamps upon it, one the local stamp, which carries it to the government post, and the

other the government stamp, which carries is to its destination.

With their love of color the Russians have made their stamps as gay and decorative as possible. They are not always artistic, as art is generally considered, but they are always the gayest stamps to be found in the postbox.

The stamp of Tiraspol would vie with a matchbox label in point of size. Two-penny English stamps could be laid side by side on the top of this giant and still not cover it completely. Tiraspol is a district in the province of Cherson. The stamp is a marvel of the designer's art and is printed in no fewer than five colors—namely, gold, red, black, green and yellow. In it the Russian eagle is surmounted with a cross printed in gold, the arms of the municipality of Tiraspol are shown below the Russian standard and the inscriptions indicate that it is a "Tiraspol rural stamp."

A curiously mystic looking stamp comes from Tikhvin, in the province of Novgorod. The design shows a sun printed in gold and a band of silver on a shield of red and blue. The outer frame is in black. This handsome stamp is printed in five colors. Another illustration is of a stamp from Oustsysolsk, in the province of Vologda. It shows a typical local landscape, in the foreground of which stands a shaggy bear, whose gaze is fixed upon some unseen prey. The stamp is a pretty one, being printed in three colors, red, blue and brown, the last named color being reserved for bruin, the symbolic animal of Russia.

#### IN A BELL FOUNDRY.

A PEEP through the furnace door reveals a wide, molten lake of liquid fire, glowing with rosy light, stirred into sluggish motion from time to time by a long-handled iron rake, which comes out red-hot almost in a moment from its fiery labor. This seething mass is a compound of copper and tin in admixture of about three parts of the former to one of the latter, and occasionally a small portion of the metal is withdrawn, while the melting is in progress, and examined by the expert, who directs, maybe, that a small quantity more

opper or tin be added to bring it to the right consistency.

The floor round the furnace consists of hard rodden earth only and from the lower door of he great caldron from which the molten mass vill presently flow little shallow channels of clay prinkled with powdered plumbago, have been scooped in the ground, conducting to four seprrate holes leading downward, says a writer in the Quiver. These four holes lead, we are old, to the grave beneath, where, carefully buried in tightly rammed earth, lie the molds of the four bells to be cast. These molds are, of course, invisible to us, but we can form a very fair idea of what they are like from the specimens that are piled up in negligent order around the walls. The mold of a bell consists, then, of two parts, called technically a "core" and a "cope," The core is built up of bricks and covered with loam, which word, as even a cockney knows is the proper agricultural term for clay. This loam is carefully plastered upon the bricks and then smoothed round with a specially shaped instrument known as a "crook," until the core has assumed outwardly precisely the form of the inside of the bell which is to be cast upon it. Next the cope is prepared. This is the outer covering. which fits exactly over the core, but leaves a space between the two, to be presently filled with the molten metal of the bell to be cast. The cope itself is an iron case of a size dependent upon the bell being made, and thickly covered with a lining of loam.

The lining is done with great care and skill, for upon its depth depends the ultimate thickness of the bell. Upon the soft loam also is molded any lettering or decoration which the completed bell is to bear, and the choosing and inscribing of a suitable inscription has from time immemorial been considered a matter of grave import. The cope is placed in position above the core, and the whole then buried underground in convenient proximity to the furnace as described. Then, when all is ready, the lower door is opened and the molten metal in a fiery stream rolls down the little channels scooped for it, and pours through the prepared holes, into the space between cope and core which it is to fill. The workmen. armed with long-handled iron plugs, stand beside to see that the stream flows aright and to stop its course as one by one the molds are filled to overflowing.

The temperature of the shed rises almost uncomfortably as this molten mass is liberated. The liquid metal glows first with hot brilliance, which quickly gives place to a rosy glow lighting up the heated faces of the men bending over it and suffusing the whole building with a warm and ruddy glare. For many minutes does the fiery 'stream, in well regulated torrents, flow from the furnace doors until each mold is filled and the surplus metal lies in broad red pools within the channels. Then at length the flood-gates are closed, the fire is suffered to die down and the workmen withdraw to other labors, leaving the molten masses to slowly cool and solidify until such time as the heat has sufficiently abated to allow of the unearthing of the molds. With big bells this will take many hours. The moment of opening the mold is an anxious time for the founders, for only then can it be discovered whether a perfect casting has been made, and how much the resulting note differs from that which was intended.

#### CHEAP TRAVEL IN DENMARK.

Denmark was absolutely the pioneer in cheap railway fares. The fares were reduced all around, so that the longer the distance the greater the reduction, but at the same time the return ticket system was abolished for journeys within Denmark.

One of the greatest boons to business men and holiday-makers is the so-called fortnightly ticket. For third-class it costs 22s. 3d, and for second-class £1 15s. 6d. Such a ticket entitles the holder to travel all over Denmark for a term of fourteen days. He can go wherever he cares to go and as many times over the same route as he may wish within the time paid for—namely, fourteen days. A holiday-maker may visit every place of interest in Denmark during that time and if he finds any pleasure in traveling from town to town night and day for the period he can do so.

He pays the price of \$5.40 with a deposit of \$1.37 for the ticket, on which a photograph of the holder is pasted, and at the expiration

of the fourteen days he returns the ticket and gets the \$1.37 deposit back.

He can also buy a ticket for a month, which costs 50 per cent more, and the longer the time the greater the reduction. While a fortnightly ticket costs \$5.56, a twelve-month ticket costs \$50. If the passenger had to pay for a twelve-month ticket at the rate of \$5.56 per fortnight it would cost him \$133.50. Thus the reduction is over 150 per cent.

If instead of paying for a fortnightly ticket a traveler went from Eshjerg to Copenhagen and back as often as he could within fourteen days and bought ordinary tickets for each trip they would cost him over \$30 and this amount would be doubled in a fortnight if he went sightseeing from one place to another, traveling all over Denmark in easy stages.

Season tickets can also be had for journeys between two towns. Young people under the age of 18 travel for half price.

#### GROWTH OF THE ISLANDS.

ISLANDS are formed in several ways, and if large are generally looked upon as fairly permanent features of the earth's surface, but occasionally they disappear, and we are surprised at the history their destruction reveals. One such island, upon which I played when a boy, had no appearance of being otherwise than a part of the mainland around which the water had worked its way, but the truth was revealed when the soil was removed and the core of the island proved to be a stranded tree. It was clear that a very long time ago some great freshet had uprooted and carried downstream a large tree and that it had lodged at some shallow spot. No sooner was it an obstruction to the free flowing water than it began catching drifting material and this securely lodged was an additional check to the progress of anything floating. Such a barrier soon begins to collect sand about it, and the growth of an island is then begun. In the sand lodge seeds of water plants, and these rank growths, if submerged species, check the current and cause floating particles to sink; and later taller plants, like wild rice, spatterdock and arrowhead, take root and flourish. Then by various modes the soil is accumulating, or,

as I said, the island grows. Then the seed of some tree lodges, and a maple, a willow or a water birch takes root. Dry land is made at last; grass starts and the birds frequent the spot. It may be the work of a few years or many, or of centuries, but this is the history of some of the islands in our rivers and creeks. Perhaps we never think of this when walking about, and that is where we make a grave mistake. No matter what the character of the locality, it is always well to look up its geological history, that we can the better understand its present condition. The island of which I have told gave no clew as to why it was an island, and not a bit of the surrounding meadow. but this is no reason for wondering why it was here at all. Nowhere is the world just as it has always been.

That my play day island, now no more, was very old, as we count years, was shown by the fact that close to the level of the water were found flint arrow heads and pieces of Indian pottery. Here was a pretty chapter of the island's history. When but a sandbar, bare perhaps at low tide only, Indians came here, perhaps to fish or to lie in wait for passing water fowl; but here they came, and what they left behind them clearly proves that the old tree was the foundation of the new land long before the white man came to this country.

Wherever there is a little brook the story of the making and unmaking of islands is told. On a small scale, everywhere, the great works of creation are being repeated. It is never necessary to travel to the ends of the earth to learn about a good many interesting things that are going on out of doors. The familiar incidents about our doorsteps are never to be despised. A cat in the grass can tell as much as a tiger in the jungle.

#### THE LAST NIGHT.

Now that all things are done I want to sit by the bedside alone a little. The stars are shining brightly, and it is still without, all but the plaint of the cricket and the midsummer night folk of the underworld. There you are, my three children. Willie the wayward, May with her golden hair, and Eva the weakling. And you are sleeping so soundly while I, your

nother, watch by your side. The oldest but en, and all of you too young to understand ince your father died.

I had hoped to keep you together, but I find it an unequal struggle. I can't do it, and Ho you justice. I can't. I have tried and ried, and I see you without proper clothes and food. I must not defraud you of your rights, even in the name of a mother's love. I must let you go, and to-morrow the people are coming for you. They will take you to their homes, and they will do better for you than I possibly could. I know, yes, I know all that but it is like dying, worse than dying. I can't give you up, and I must. I had hoped that when I grew old you would love and care for me, and here I must give you to the stranger, for I cannot do for you what I should. and keep honest. It is hard, hard, hard.

You do not understand. You can't. And maybe you will never be able to appreciate my feelings. You will grow away from me. Perhaps you will forget me. You will be taught to call another by the name of mother. But you will never have but one mother and she will not be there to talk to you as a real mother talks. You will have better clothes, and better food than I can give you, and you will go to school, and grow in stature, but will you grow away from me? I am afraid, I am afraid of I know not what.

The people are kind, and all that, but they do not enter into my feelings. We do not know the land our feet have never trodden, and they do not know what it is to part with children for lack of food and clothes, that come so easy to the strong bread winner. I have tried hard to keep you with me, but it is an unequal fight, and I am vanquished, thrown in the struggle, and I must give you up. I can do for myself, and will, but for three helpless ones the burden is greater than I can bear. I must let you go, but is it not like death, a living death?

My children, we are told to carry all our troubles to God, and I am going to pray now as I never prayed before:

Dear Lord: Thou who hast given me years of happiness, and these three children, listen unto my prayer. Thou hast taken the father, and I have passed under the rod, and have

kissed the chastening hand. It is not for myself that I ask, but for thy help for the three sleeping children before thee and me. there be aught of walking through the valley of the shadow for them, let me take their places. Let me, dear Lord, suffer for them. Whatsoever of help or of comfort that thou wouldst have given me, take thou from me and give to them. Let them grow up to noble life and thy service. Make them not to forget me. Let them love me for what I would have done if I could. I ask nothing for myself. What thou hast for me give to them. And as thy dear Son blessed little children under the Syrian sky, so Lord, bless mine. I will serve thee all the days of my life, if thou wilt rec ompense my children in what thou wouldst do for me. Bless all of us, and bless those who take them from me, and when the work thou hast given us to do here is finished bring us all together again for evermore. Amen.

#### HARD ON OUR BOY AT COLLEGE.

That the college boy is often too exuberant all who know him will admit, but that he is as much of a nuisance as Judge Frank Doster of the Kansas supreme court declares some will question. "Among other things," said the judge in a recent newspaper article, "I would reform the college student or kill him off. I knock on him. I know we pretend to dote on him and affect to believe that he is the hope and first care of the state, but it's a lie. We don't. Nobody but his mother does. From the time he starts out to render 'Gallia est omnis in partes tres divisa' he becomes an insufferable nuisance. If at that stage of his career his own gall could be divided into 3,000 parts instead of three and he left with only one of them the relief to mankind and to himself would be inestimable, because an infinitesimal fraction of the whole of what he has would suffice the needs of any ordinary mortal.

"Why do I say these hard things about him? I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited, ignorant of all practical wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive, challenging sort of way in everybody's face, and prances upstreet yawping his ear-

splitting college yell to the fright and disgust of all timid, sensitive folk within sound. I saw him at the Twentieth Kansas reception, a bigger man than Funston-bigger even than General Hughes-making more noise and taking up more room than the whole procession, elbowing everybody out of the way and drowning the voices of the orators and the music of the bands with his idiotic 'Rock chalk, jay hawk; rah! rah! rah! Washburn, rah! Baker, hurrah! or whatever the Siwash gibberish is. I have seen somewhat of this world and I think I have correctly sized up a good many people in it, and I give it as my mature and solemn judgment, based upon a careful, unprejudiced comparison of the many classes of people who cultivate the habit of making a holy show of themselves, that, with the exception to be hereafter noticed, the average college student is the most obtrusive and elephantine ass that fronts the grieved and frowning face of heaven. I was a college student once myself.

"Now I am not objecting to what this creature learns at school. It's what he doesn't learn that I am talking about. He's lazy. He doesn't design himself for any of the usual work of mankind. Nobody ever heard of a college student who was fitting himself for anything but one of the learned professions so called—that is, one of the professions of learning how to live off the balance of mankind. He's going to be a lawyer, a preacher, a doctor, an editor, an author, an orator, a statesman, and no doubting thought ever ruffles his serenely egotistic soul that when he once vaults into the arena of affairs the things of this world will be speedily set to rights.

"But when he finally does land out the much-abused, long-suffering world gets its revenge. The world just trips him up and rolls its big self over him and mashes the wind out of him and then picks him up and chucks him into a little 8x10 office with cobwebs on the ceiling and fly specks on the windows and two broken-leg chairs on the floor and a dozen second-hand books in a wobbly old case with the glass broken out, and, refusing to pay his board bill any longer, goes off and leaves him to learn wisdom from the ant.

"Nor have I any spite at the college student.

I only think he takes up too much room and makes too much noise and costs too much money and is too smart in the budding days of his career. If he could only be induced to subside somewhat, to practice a little the habit of self-effacement, go out and soak his head, turn an X-ray upon his inwards and see himself as others see him, we could possibly endure him instead of filling up with wicked wishes for his assassination. But he won't.

#### STREET CAR A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

RECENTLY one of the children's magazines contained a story about a boy who had a queer Christmas present in the shape of a genuine, large as life street car. The story was fiction, but the keynote of the whole thing was that the street car was the strangest gift that ever fell to the lot of a child to receive. The scene of the story, if memory serves, was Boston, but if the writer had lived in the Chicago suburb of River Forest he would have had at hand foundation in fact for his tale.

The oldest street car in Chicago, a relic of the antecable days on Cottage Grove avenue, is doing service as a playhouse for Master Pierce, son of R. H. Pierce, of River Forest. The car stands in Mr. Pierce's grounds and barring the fact that it is minus its wheels, it is in a fair state of preservation. It was dragged many miles across country to do duty as a plaything largely because of the novelty of the idea and because the car in itself offered possibilities of many kinds of games not ordinarily included in a boy's pastimes. The bells and the old rusty brakes are sources of never-ending amusement to the boys of the neighborhood, and the straps on which so many now dead and gone South Siders swayed and hung during the rush hours, serve the purpose of the "flying rings" in a gymnasium.

Time and weather have nearly obliterated the "Cottage Grove Avenue Line" from under the car roof, though the fact that the car was the property of the Chicago City Railway Company and that its number was 24 still remains visible. One thing the old car does for the boys—it presents to them during all their play hours four signs, each bearing in black letters the useful admonition, "No Smoking."

### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

BY JOHN G. ROYER.

"THE fullness of the time was come" when he herald of the kingdom of heaven should all the attention of the people to the Messi-1. John suddenly appeared in the wilderess of Judea, as the preacher of repentance, enouncing the sins of the age, and calling on all to repent. Though he laid no claim miraculous power, there was everything bout him to excite attention, and his baptism on became the sensation of the day. All ne valley of the Jordan was moved, and peole from every quarter came pouring in to ear the new prophet, and receive his baptism. or some time he pursued his work without inrruption, but when he saw coming to him hany of the Pharisees and Sadducees, leading hen of the day, pure in their own estimation, e cried aloud, "O, generation of vipers, who ath warned you to flee the wrath to come?"

When about all the people had been bapzed, there came one day out of the throng, ne so unlike all who had come before, that ohn in amazement said to him, "I have need be baptized of thee and comest thou to ie?" This was Jesus. Nothing is recorded f him since his visit to Jerusalem, at the age f twelve, except that he lived at Nazareth ibject to his parents; that he grew "in wisom and stature and in favor with God and nan;" and that he learned the carpenter trade. le was now in the full strength and conscious igor of manhood, and he felt that the time ad come when he must leave his quiet home 1 Nazareth and go out into the world "to eek and to save."

But why should Jesus come to John to be aptized? What need was there for the Savor of the world to be baptized? We may not gree in every particular concerning the Savor's baptism, but there is one point upon hich we surely all do agree—namely, that he baptism of Jesus Christ could not be a aptism of repentance. "He did no sin." He was without blemish and without spot," he very Son of God, pure as the bosom out of

which he came. We must therefore find other reasons than that of repentance for this baptism. John himself had to enlarge his conception of the baptism he came to administer. He had used the word "repent"; but Jesus said there is another word to be attached—a word old enough and broad enough to give the baptismal service its true proportions, and indicate its high design;-that word is rightcousness. "For thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." Jesus taught John that it was a baptism in accordance with the spirit of righteousness as well as a baptism unto repentance. "The baptism of John is it from heaven or of men?" was no doubt a live question in the days of John's mission. We all know how it was answered. Being guided in all things by his heavenly Father's will, it was enough for Jesus to know that John's baptism was of divine appointment. Therefore, just as day by day he had been subject to his parents; and just as he had deemed it right to go up to the temple according to the law, so he recognized it to be his duty to present himself to receive baptism from John. The manner of the narrative implies, too, that he came not as if he were some great one demanding special recognition but as simply and naturally as any of his fellow-countrymen.

We should remember too, that Jesus Christ identified himself with all the dispensations of God. He evidently was the Spirit of the prophets, and when he expounded the Scriptures it is said he began at Moses-he could not have begun earlier-and expounded all things which were written "in the law of Moses, and in the prophets and in the psalms" concerning Having therefore been present in all these dispensations it would not have been right for him to be absent from John's baptism; and so he accepted that baptism not because the word repentance was associated with it, but because it also extended itself in some way unknown even to the Baptist himself, to righteousness.

There was also an element in common between the Savior's baptism and that of the people. They came professing a willingness to do the will of God by turning from sin to righteousness; he by turning from the quiet home life at Nazareth that he might take up the burden laid upon him as the Messiah. So he as well as they had to leave the old life and begin a new one. It was in this way that by baptism, the symbol of consecration, John on the one hand "made ready a people for the Lord," while on the other hand the Lord was made ready for the people. Thus we can readily see the appropriateness of his baptism.

Jesus must, however, have come to the Jordan with a heavy burden. His knowledge of the Scriptures must have made him painfully familiar with the dark prospects before him. He well knew that the path of the Messiah must be one of suffering; that he must be despised, rejected, "wounded" and "bruised" for the iniquities of the people; that he must be the suffering priest before he can be the reigning king. Those Scriptures, therefore, which speak of the priestly office of the Messiah, must have borne heavily upon his mind as he came to John offering himself to be baptized. It was here then that he took up the cross. He knew he must suffer and die before he could enter on his glory. Therefore, as the first great duty before him he takes up the cross. Who can measure the sacrifice he made as he bowed before John to be baptized "into the name of 'the Christ'" the Savior of mankind?

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," who thus on the banks of Jordan blessed us with an open heaven, a present Spirit, a reconciled Father's voice and a loving Savior willing to stoop so low, take up the cross so bravely, and bear it so faithfully to the bitter, bitter end.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS.

This is a paragraph from what John Fox, Jr., has to say of "The Southern Mountaineers:"

"When the first printing press was taken to a certain mountain town in 1882 a deputation of citizens met it three miles from town and swore that it should go no farther. An old preacher mounted the wagon and drove it into town. Later the leader of that crowd owned the printing press and ran it. In this town are two academies for the education of the mountaineer. Young fellows come there from all over Kentucky and work their way through. They curry horses, carry water, work about the houses — do everything; many of them cook for themselves and live on \$2 a month. They are quick-witted, strong-minded, sturdy, tenacious and usually very religious."

## HOW THE BOXERS USED A DOG TO CARRY ON NEGOTIATIONS.

ONE of the old revelations of the diary of Sir Claude MacDonald, written during the siege of Peking by the Boxers, is of the use of a dog to carry messages between the Chinese and the foreign forces. Sir Claude says:

"During the early days of the armistice, from their barricades on the east of the Fu, the Chinese adopted a novel way of communicating with the Japanese defenders. One day a large dog trotted into the Japanese barricade with a note tied round its neck. This was from the Chinese general commanding in that quarter, pointing out the futility of further defense, and recommending unconditional surrender. A reply, declining the suggestion in somewhat forcible terms, was tied on the dog's neck, with which it trotted back.

"This was repeated several times, the adyvisability of surrender being urged with greater insistence each time. The answers varied only in the strength of their language. Letters demanding and suggesting surrender were also tied to arrows and shot into the Japanese lines."

#### HAPPY ARE THE REDEEMED.

I THANK Thee, my God, for the hour I have just passed in Thy presence. Thy will was clear to me; I measured my faults, counted my griefs, and felt Thy goodness toward me. I realized my own nothingness—Thou gavest me Thy peace. In bitterness there is sweetness; in affliction, joy; in submission, strength; in the God who punishes, the God who loves. To lose one's life that one may win it, to offer it that one might gain it, to possess nothing that one may conquer all, to renounce self that God may give Himself to us—how impossible a problem, and how sublime a reality! No one truly knows happiness who has not suffered.





## In the Front Room after Dinner





## IS IT RIGHT TO WEAR MOURNING FOR THE DEAD?

This is one of the questions that comes up eriodically, and is never quite settled. There were few people who rise superior to public opinion in what they know to be the right ning to do. If not a complete surrender of pinion is made a deference to custom is inulged in, as a rule, that is simply compromising with a doubtful thing.

Now what is the question? It is that when me of our loved ones passes from mortal view ato the beyond, leaving us grieved and nournful. Some think it is the proper thing to cater to fashion and make a show of their eelings. Indeed fashion decrees the limitations of the show of full mourning, and when certain time has elapsed then comes the half nourning, so called, and finally the time when may common consent the whole business can be aidden in the closet and going to the ball is in order.

Twelve letters of inquiry were sent out, six o men, and six to women. Nomen responded. Five women with opinions that they are not shamed of come to the fore. Here is what lister Allie Mohler, of North Dakota, has to ay about it:

Why should we wear mourning for the dead? I think f we would all ask ourselves whether we wanted to put n black clothes when some of our loved ones go to hat other country where we can't see them with these yes, we would say no, or not stop to think first, and say es. If we only think, the result would be the same. There is nothing black in heaven, surely, and none of s think our loved ones have gone to any other place, nd if we think they have gone to heaven they are surey happier than they were here where we are. So why hould we mourn and make those around us continually hink of our loss by donning black clothes? No, white nes would be more in keeping with the idea of heaven nd what they are wearing there. Just wearing the orlinary clothing would be nearer pleasing the one gone efore, methinks.

It will be observed that she favors an expression of grief wholly at variance with accepted fashion, and the 'NOOKMAN is not prepared to say that she is in error. And here is what Sister Anna Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, has to say on the subject:

It is not necessarily wrong to wear mourning for the dead. As a rule, when a near and dear relative dies, one does not feel inclined to either dress gay or be in gay company.

And in such a case it is not worn for mere display and affectation, but is rather the result of deep sorrow and a distaste for that which jars on sensitive feelings.

But if it is worn only because it is the custom, and where little sorrow is felt for the deceased, and to be precipitately discarded when the orthodox time for mourning has passed, then I would consider it not only foolish but wrong.

Sister Emma Carstensen, of Pennsylvania, has to say as follows:

The wearing of mourning does not in any way affect the dead. Our conduct toward them while living can not be changed by any kind or amount of so-called mourning garments. If such clothes affect any one it is the ones who wear them, and those with whom they may come in contact. The effect will be a tendency to gloominess rather than cheerfulness.

When we have buried our dead it is our duty not to lament our loss, but to turn our attention to the living that we may not heap up regrets to mourn over when they also are among the dead.

The foolish custom of wearing mourning often causes poverty in homes that might otherwise be comfortable. The father is taken away. The mother spends all the available money on a mourning outfit. The garments in the wardrobe remain to be outgrown or moth-eaten, and the children beg for bread.

To say the least it is following a worldly custom.

Sister Sharp, of Plattsburg, Mo., follows in a different strain, and says:

I can see nothing wrong in conforming to the custom of wearing what are sometimes called funeral garments at a time of burial. It seems just as fitting as to wear the festal dress at a marriage ceremony. But to continue wearing a mourning habit after all is over seems to me unreasonable.

Real grief needs no such reminder, and to use it to show to others that we have a grief, only makes them feel unhappy on our account, and thus adds to the sum of human sadness instead of lessening it.

For the Christian who knows that death has no power over them that believe in Jesus, it is still more unreasonable to conform to a custom doubtless founded upon wrong conceptions of the character of the Divine Being.

And Sister Barbara Culley, of Missouri, takes the following view:

If the Christian's idea of heaven is true, reason says we should rejoice when our loved ones pass out of the tenement of clay, and the summons of death should be welcomed with gladness. Our grief is selfish, and selfishness is wrong. But the great majority are so human as to grieve in spite of reason, and reason does not ease the heart break.

The wearing of the sombre color which harmonizes best with the overwhelming sense of bereavement is just as right as sorrow over the departure of loved ones. As a matter of personal preference I wear it, but extravagance or display in the wearing of mourning is another question.

Here are the views of a number of sisters, and the difference is apparent to every reader. There seems to be no clear conception of what is actually the right thing under conditions of bereavement. And now what is morally and religiously correct?

In the consideration of this question it is to be remembered that there are diverse sides to it. To a certain extent we are all more or less bound to the wheel of public opinion. Departing much from the decrees of so-called good form makes the party doing it the target of adverse criticism, and most people are so constituted that they would sooner sacrifice a principle of right than incur the displeasure of Mrs. Grundy. Others see no wrong in the custom and freely fall into the fashion.

It is held a lack of respect for the dead to make no parade of grief. But is this correct? I think not. The deepest sorrow is never the most demonstrative, and I never see a howling, wailing, screeching demonstration at the grave that I do not think how easily the noisy are placated before the grave turf has had time to grow. An instance is remembered of a woman who refused to be comforted at the grave of her husband. It took the united efforts of three or four people to prevent her being interred with the dear departed. On course there was no black deep enough to portray her woe, but the very week the fashionable time had elapsed to come out of mourning she was at an assembly ball, part naked surrounded by men who had not forgotten the late lamented, if she had.

The people away back did their wailing at a birth, and made the occasion of their loved ones passing a time of rejoicing. It was a decidedly better view than that which obtains at the present. The one who had come into the world had all his troubles before him, he who had gone had left them behind. Hence the rejoicing.

The 'Nook respects the grief and the manifestations of it among those who follow the fashion in the premises. But is it right? That is the question,-is it right? The 'Nook view of it is that it is not right, and the reasons are that it is a catering to fashion, and a silly one at that. Does sorrow need an advertisement? Does bereavement need placarding? Does it do any real good to notify everybody that you are mourning friends having gone to About the man or woman who thinks this world has no further charm for them, whose heart is in the grave, and who put on the conventional black to show the world that they are through with it, there is not a word to say, if the fact continues till they have gone on to those who have passed before. But for those who simply advertise that they are in the market for number two the English language has no sufficient terms of contempt in which to do the condition iustice.

So, after all, it comes down to a matter of motive. And who shall be the judge of that? Certainly not the 'Nook. But it does say that mourning as a fashion is wrong.



# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Aug. 3, 1901.

No. 31.

#### WHICH ARE YOU?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day; Just two kinds of people no more—I say;

Not the sinner and saint; for, it's well understood That the good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor; for, to rate a man's wealth, You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud; for, in life's little span, .Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad; for the swift-flying years Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth, I mean, Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses Are always divided into just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load. Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or, are you a leaner, who lets others share. Your portion of labor and worry and care?

#### WINDOW GAZING FOR A LIVING.

In this country years of time are wasted every hour, so to speak, by people who might be making money, or doing something useful. If an industrious man is willing to use his own time to good advantage he is liable to meet some one who has nothing to do and insists upon having his friend help him to do it. One way of killing time is to walk up and down shopping streets and looking into windows. In the great cities there is a world's exposition in the shop windows. A day's walk about the streets of New York, window-gazing, is a liberal education. In London smart-looking people, male and female, are paid for looking

into windows. There is an agency that supplies window-gazers as promptly as mourners at a funeral are supplied, or as 'longshoremen are supplied to load vessels. The manager of a London window-gazing agency said candidly to an American: "Oh, yes, our agency has been in existence for some little time, and the men and women whom we employ have had plenty to do, especially during the past season. If you won't give our business away I will briefly explain our modus operandi. We have about twenty employes whom we pay from 10 to 20 shillings a week. I am always on the lookout for new shops in and around the west end, and as soon as one appears I call upon the shopkeeper and suggest that he might improve his trade very much if he engaged one or two of our shop-gazers. The older shopkeeper may ridicule the idea, but smart and enterprising men see that there is something in it. More than one shopkeeper has availed himself of our services by having one or two of our people-men and women-who are dressed in the height of fashion-continually stopping to look at the contents of their windows. If the ordinary London passerby sees a person gazing intently in a shop window, he or she immediately follows suit, and is followed by quite a crowd of other folk. If the shopkeeper has a good and attractive window, the crowd notes the same, and the shopkeeper has secured a good advertisement." This looking business is a picnic for those who like it, and have a distaste for work. They may carry an exempt permit, keeping the "move on" policemen from interfering with their business, and they have only to go out and look and make money.

THE first water cure of which there is any record was the flood—and it killed more than it cured.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

When you are in Kansas City, Mo., and start east over the Missouri Pacific Railway you will ride on one of the best managed railroads in the West. The know-it-alls scent a pass right there, but they are mistaken all the same. The writer knows a good railroad when he rides on one and wants others to know it.

The scenery from Kansas City to the first Dunker church along the road is on the bumpety-bump order of broad-backed hills, and after between sixty and seventy miles of it you come to Warrensburg, where the Warrensburg Brethren church is supposed to be and where it isn't. The town has some thousands population and at this writing it has something else, to wit, about two hundred reported cases of smallpox. Now as there is a certain contingent of humanity eternally wanting something for nothing this is the place to get it, and the time is right now. All you have to do is to come here and rummage about the Afro-American population and results are tolerably sure. The town has established a Hotel de Peste for the stranger and the homeless, suggestively near the cemetery, and he who happens along and "gits it," is cared for. It is a peculiarly non-fatal type, few dying, but this is not held out as an inducement to come here just now. It has its comedy as well, and the sight of a man weaving around the crowds on the street, with the sheriff hunting him down to run him into the pesthouse has its funny side as well as its scare. The town is not quarantined and if the people are real careful and properly husband and care for their smallpox, till cold weather sets in, business will begin to look up, especially among final resting places, undertakers and coffin hardware dealers.

It is two good miles from the town to the church which is set in a delightful greenery which God made, while the building is a cleanly, desolate structure like a hundred of its kin, everywhere, built for utility with the audience room above and the kitchen below. Having seen one of these churches you have seen all of them.

Uncle Dan Mohler is elder of the church, Chas. Yearout, John E. Mohler and Jesse Mohler are the ministers. Barbara Mohler Culley, a recent writer of promise, also lives here. The congregation numbers about seventy-five, wonderfully scattered. They are all good people, and get along as well as the ordinary Brethren church, every one of which, as far as the writer knows, is human enough to engage in a little controversy now and then.

It is said that the rain falls on the just and the unjust alike, but up to this writing it hasn't fallen at all for a long time in the Warrensburg district. The brazen sky overhead. the baked and cracked earth underneath, and the shriveled corn make anything but a pleasant outlook for old sukey chewing her cud in the barnvard, or the pigs rooting in their enclosure. Like every other country it is a hit or miss gamble with nature for the crop stakes. Given the rain and shine and the farmer walks with his head up in the air. Let the bottom of a Dutch oven represent the earth and there is a well-founded feeling of uneasiness as to where and how the yellow corn is to be had for the stock which must be fed in some measure, no matter what happens. Warrensburg brethren should not lose heart. as all this has happened before, and will happen again, as long as the winds blow wheresoever they list, bearing the clouds along with them.

The writer has always thought that our church thrives best under the shade of the trees. It is urged by a good many people that there must be something wrong with a faith and a church that is applicable only to the sections occupied by a class. Not necessarily is it wrong. The fact that there are differently constituted people in the make-up of the world is forgotten. One man loves noise and is never so happy as when he is shooting off a gun, or pounding a bass drum. Another hates the fuss and noise and takes himself away from the Fourth of July exhibit. Here is a man who shows his religious fervor by hysterical jumping and shouting. Another is affected most when he is quietest. churches are nets with different sized meshes to catch the different fish in the sea of humanity. And there is a size for nearly all, if not all, classes. We are a quiet people, not given o noise and fuss, and it naturally follows that long the peaceful streams and under the hadow of tall trees the most Brethren will be pund. The writer is not arguing the thing ro or con. It is a statement of fact. The ldest churches of the Fraternity are in the lities where the faith first took root, but the trongest are where the birds nest and the rook ripples. There is a moral in all this, ut you can supply it as well as the 'Nook-GAN.

A good many of the Warrensburg Brethren ired of the locality for farming and betook hemselves to other sections, thus draining the hurch numerically. But there is an earnest, vorking contingent left, and the meetings are s well attended, proportionately, as in any ther section. Some churches are lax in their deas of things, but the Warrensburg managenent buckles up to the last hole There is a pring in the vicinity where remedial water is ouring out day and night, and people with hings the matter with them go there and get traightened out. So if there be people who ind them themselves going backward and vant pulling together let them fall in with the Missouri Brethren and get tightened up. The Nook is not objecting. It is stating things as ihey are. What's the use of professing one hing and doing another?

There is a village church of the Brethren about six miles away, at Centerview, and one about twelve miles south, known as Mineral Creek. The latter is one of the strongest thurches in Missouri, and is the home of the Mohlers, a race of preachers, and good ones at that. Some of these days we will give our mpressions of this church, and their ways of doing business. The 'Nook has lots of friends all through this section, and is as proud of it as a member in good standing dare be, and show it.

#### SUNSTROKE.

SUNSTROKE is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of the heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, debility, close sleeping rooms and abuse of stim-

ulants lead up to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 in the afternoon. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible, and try to avoid loss of sleep and unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun wear a light hat (black absorbs the heat) straw or linen being preferable. Put inside of it a wet cloth or a large green leaf. Lift the hat frequently and keep the cloth wet. Do not attempt to check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from becoming overheated.

Have when possible an additional shade, as a thin umbrella when walking or a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. If much fatigued do not attempt to work after II o'clock in the morning in the sun. If a feeling of dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs cease work immediately, lie down in a cool, shady place and apply cool cloths to and pour cold water over the head and on the neck.

If anyone is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest physician and while awaiting his arrival give the patient cool drinks of water, cold black tea or cold coffee if he is able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs and apply to the head crushed ice in a towel or cloth. If no ice is at hand keep a cool cloth on the head and pour cold water on it as on the body. If the patient is very pale, faint and pulse feeble let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar added.

#### CORK.

CORKS are used in such numbers, and are so generally thrown away after being drawn, that it is sometimes asked concerning them, as it is concerning pins, what becomes of them. A more interesting question, however, is as to where they come from.

Spain and Portugal furnish corks to the world. The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square acres, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in belts

and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth, and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid, and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation in the open market which the cork of Catalonia does.

In Spain and Portugal, where the cork tree, or Quercas Suber, is indigenous, it attains a height varying from 35 to 60 feet, and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches, clothed with ovate, oblong, evergreen leaves, downy underneath, and the edges slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of a yellowish color succeeded by the acorns. These, when ripe in the autumn, serve as an article of food, resembling chestnuts in taste.

Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree virtually abounds in every part of the country.

The method in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during the operation, which takes place when it has attained the 15th year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in this juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequent strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years; and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years. If the bark is not removed artificially it will on maturity split and dismantle itself. This is caused by the fresh growth of bark forming underneath.

The bark of the cork oak is composed of two distinct concentric layers—an inner sheet, which is the active part of the bark, and corresponds with the liber of other trees, and a thicker outer zone, composed of light, compressible, spongy substance, only slightly permeable to liquids, and constituting the cork proper. Whenever on the body of the tree

the inner sheet, or "mother" bark, is destroyed, no further formation of bark or wood takes place, and even a narrow decortication clear around the tree would cause it most certainly to perish. The other coat, or cork, is inert, and does not contribute to the active functions of vegetation, and this explains how it is possible to strip the cork oak of its corky envelope without endangering the existence of the tree.

The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two or three inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk whence it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to and at some distance from the former, and two short horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after two cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk.

The first process through which the bark passes after the stripping is that of boiling. This is sometimes done in the woods, but more frequently in the cork factory, in large, specially constructed caldrons, in which the bark is left to boil for upward an hour, causing an increase of thickness (generally of onefourth to one-fifth), elasticity of the cork and dissolution of the other substances. The caldrons in which the cork is boiled are of copper. The boiling of the cork can also be effected by steam, for which purpose it is introduced into a wooden box lined with copper or zinc, which is filled with water and steam injected therein. The steaming of cork sometimes hardens it and makes it brittle. The loss of weight effected by boiling the cork varies between 12 and 40 per cent.

In making corks it is necessary to take away the hard crust or raspa, for which a tool is used with a short handle and curved blade. Scraping machines are also used, two systems being employed - the Besson and Tousseau. The former, propelled by steam, consists principally of horizontal spindles supplied with omb-like teeth, and turning at the rate of 900 evolutions a minute. The Tousseau scraper ttacks the cork by means of a vertical iron haft carrying several knives, whose edges are lso vertical, and by a rotary movement of the haft, giving 1400 turns a minute, work like a rush.

Before cutting the slabs into strips they are ooked for about half an hour, so as to faciliate the cutting, and piled up soon afterward a damp place, so as to preserve the softness ntil ready to operate upon. The slabs are ivided into three strips, the width of which is qual to the length of the corks, and in such a ray, that if the cork be placed in the position ccupied by the slab on the tree, they would ave their fibers running alike. The workmen ut the strips by means of a knife with a flat urface and curved edge, called cuchilla de abanar. The strips are then made into squares y means of the cuchilla. They then have the dges cut, and are ready to be made into corks.

The squares pass into the hands of a worknan who is furnished with a knife composed f two pieces—one of them similar to an ordiary knife, and the other a blade the edge of which fits into the first. He holds the knife y a small iron catch to the table in front of im, and, giving the square a circular movenent, the result is that a cork is made in a ew seconds. The squares are usually boiled pr about a quarter of an hour. They are then eposited in a cool place, and, four or five ays afterward, they are sorted and kept damp ntil required.

Machines are also employed to make corks, nd all consist, at the base, of a knife, the lade of which is placed horizontally, joined enerally to a piece of wood, to which a backard and forward movement is given similar to nat of a carpenter's plane. In moving the nife turns the square cork, which, being atacked by the knife, takes off a strip of cork tore or less thick according to the distance om the axle of the cork to the edge of the nife. If these are parallel the result is that he cork is cylindrical, and if not it becomes onical.

The corkmaker or workman has several urge baskets into which he places the cork, acording to size or quality, but this first classi-

fication is not sufficient, and the corks are placed upon a table and more carefully sorted. To classify the corks according to size, wooden boxes are employed, the bottoms of which can be taken out or put in, having a kind of grating of wood. The boxes are suspended by ropes to the ceiling, and the workman gives them a swing backward and forward, by which operation the smaller corks drop out at the bottom. With this apparatus, worked by one man, 100,000 corks are classified for their size in one day.

The corks are worked in a solution of oxalic acid or bioxalate of potash. As soon as washed they are placed out to dry gradually in the shade, in order to enable them to retain the silky gloss which the cork has when damp. For packing, 30,000 corks constitute what is called a bale, but for transportation across the ocean, bales of from 5,000 to 10,000 corks are made.

In Spain, beehives, kitchen pails and other culinary utensils, and also pillows, are made of cork. In Italy, images and crosses are carved out of it, and footpaths are paved with it. In Turkey it forms cabins for the cork cutters and coffins for the dead. In Morocco, it appears in the form of drinking vessels, plates, tubs and water conduits. In Algeria, shoes, armor and boats and various articles of furniture consume their share. The Portuguese use cork for structural purposes, such as roofing houses and lining wells, and also in articles for domestic use. Some of the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made of cork.

Much of the cuttings left by cork cutters is sold to color makers, who burn and prepare them into what is called Spanish black.

#### FLAVORED EGGS.

Any one knows an egg when he sees it, but comparatively few persons know anything about eggs. The extent, generally speaking, of Anglo-Saxon information about the egg is that it is the fruit of the hen and good to eat. Among other peoples also an egg is an egg, but whether it is to be classed as the fruit of fowl, reptile or saurian depends upon latitude and longitude—for in some countries snake's eggs are considered a food delicacy, and in

still others the eggs of alligators, crocodiles, turtles, lizards, certain insects, gulls and other sorts of sea fowl are common articles of diet.

Plover eggs are prized in England and Germany, while in this country the eggs of sea birds have long been gathered for food. On the eastern shore of Virginia eggs of the laughing gull are eaten frequently, and the eggs of gulls, terns and herons were a few years ago gathered in great quantities along the coast of Texas. Thousands of eggs of gulls and murres have been gathered annually on the Farallon islands, off the coast of California.

Turtle eggs are highly prized in most countries where they are abundant. They were once more commonly eaten in America than now. The eggs of the terrapin are usually served with the flesh in some of the ways of preparing it for the table. Fish eggs, especially those of the sturgeon, are eaten in large quantities, preserved with salt, under the name of caviar. Shad roe is also a familiar example of the use of fish eggs as food.

A fertile egg contains an embryo and is at the same time a storehouse of material for the development and growth of the young individual from the embryo until it has reached such a stage that life is possible outside the narrow limits of the shell. The embryo is situated quite close to the yolk, which furnishes the nutritive material for its early development, the white being used later

Since in all cases the egg is designed to furnish the sole source of material for growth and development of the young individual for a considerable time it is evident that it must be a perfect food for the purpose intended

Milk is another familiar example of animal food containing all the elements of a complete food for the young and growing individual. Milk and eggs are frequently spoken of as perfect foods on this account. The designation is however misleading, for although it is true that they contain all the required elements for the growth and maintenance of the young bird or a young mammal, as the case may be, the elements are not in the right proportion for the sole nourishment of an adult individual.

The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds. Thus hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as light brahmas. On an average a hen's egg is 2.25 inches in length and 1.72 inches in diameter of width at the broadest point, and weighs about two ounces, or eight eggs to the pound (one and one-half pounds per dozen).

Generally speaking, the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old hens, those of ducks somewhat larger than hens' eggs, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger Guinea eggs, on an average, measure 1% by 1½ inches, are rather pointed at one end, and weigh about 1.4 ounces each, or 17 ounces to the dozen. Goose eggs weigh about 5.5 to 6.7 ounces each, or about 5 pounds to the dozen—that is, more than three times as much as hens' eggs.

Eggs are especially rich in protein, the nitrogenous ingredient of food. This material is required by man to build and repair the tissues of the body. Some energy is also furnished by protein, but fats and carbohydrates supply the greater part of the total amount needed Combining eggs with flour and sugar (carbohydrates) and butter, cream, etc. (fat), is perhaps an unconscious effort to prepare a food which shall more nearly meet the requirements of the body than either ingredient alone.

When eggs, meat, fish, cheese or other similar foods rich in protein are eaten, such other foods as bread, butter, potatoes, etc., are usually served at the same time, the object being, evei if the fact is not realized, to combine the different classes of nutrients into a suitable diet

The wisdom of such combination, as well as of other generally accepted food habits, was proved long ago by practical experience. The reason has been more slowly learned.

The shell of the hen's egg is made up very largely of mineral matter, containing 93.5 per cent calcium carbonate, 1.3 per cent magnesium carbonate, 0.8 per cent calcium phosphate and 4.2 per cent of organic matter. The shell of the egg is porous, and the micro-organisms which cause the egg to ferment—i. e., to rot or spoil—gain access to the egg through the minute openings. Like the mold spores these micro-organisms are widely distributed.

It generally is conceded that eggs which

After eggs have been kept for a time the flavor deteriorates, even if there is no indication of spoiling. Such differences are especially important when eggs are used for table purposes. The flavor of even perfectly fresh eggs is not always satisfactory, since it is influenced nore or less by the character of the food eaten by the laying hens.

The New York State experiment station studied the effect of different rations upon the layor of eggs. Those laid by hens fed a highy nitrogenous ration were inferior to those from hens fed a carbonaceous ration. They had a disagreeable flavor and odor, the eggs and yolk were smaller, and the keeping qualities were inferior.

In a test at the Massachusetts experiment station to compare cabbage and clover rowen as green portion of a ration for laying hens, it was found that the eggs produced on the former ration, although heavier and possessing a higher percentage of dry matter, protein and fat, were inferior in flavor and cooking qualities to eggs produced on the ration containing clover.

The North Carolina experiment station studled the effect of highly-flavored food upon the eggs produced. A small quantity of chopped wild onion tops and the bulbs was added to the feed of a number of hens. After about two weeks the onion flavor was noticed in the eggs aid. When the amount of onion feed was intreased the flavor became so pronounced that he eggs could not be used. A week after the feeding of onions was discontinued the disagreeable flavor was no longer noticed. From these tests it appears that the flavor of eggs may be materially influenced by the food confumed.

Occasionally a person is found who is habitually made ill by eating eggs, just as there are those who cannot eat strawberries or other loods without distress. Such cases are due to lome personal idiosyncrasy, showing that in reality "one man's meat is another man's poison." A satisfactory explanation of such diosyncrasy seems to be lacking.

Overindulgence in eggs, as in the case with other foods, may induce indigestion or other oad effects. Furthermore under certain conlitions eggs may be the cause of illness by communicating some bacterial disease or some parasite. It is possible for an egg to become infected with micro-organisms, either before it is laid or after. If an egg remains in a dirty nest, defiled with micro-organisms which cause typhoid fever, carried there on the hen's feet or feathers, it is not strange if some of these bacteria occasionally penetrate the shell and the egg thus becomes a possible source of infection. Judged by the comparatively small number of cases of infection or poisoning due to eggs reported in medical literature the danger of disease from this source is not very great.

There are many ways of testing the freshness of eggs. "Candling" is the method most commonly followed. The eggs are held up in a suitable device against a light. The fresh egg appears unclouded and almost translucent; if incubation has begun, a dark spot is visible which increases in size according to the length of time incubation has continued. A rotten egg appears dark colored.

The age of eggs may be approximately judged by taking advantage of the fact that as they grow old their density decreases through evaporation. A new laid egg placed in a vessel of brine made in the proportion of two ounces of salt to one pint of water will at once sink to the bottom. An egg one day old will sink below the surface, but not to the bottom, while one three days old will swim just immersed in liquid. If more than three days old the eggs will float on the surface, the amount of shell exposed increasing with age, and if two weeks old only a little of the shell will dip in the liquid.

Eggs are sometimes removed from the shells and stored in bulk, usually on a commercial scale, in cans containing about 50 pounds each. The temperature recommended is about 30 degrees Fahrenheit or a little below freezing, and it is said they will keep any desired length of time. They must be used soon after they have been removed from storage and have been thawed.

In the East Indian archipelago salted duck's eggs are an article of diet. The new laid eggs are packed for two or three weeks in a mixture of clay, brick dust and salt. They are eaten hard boiled. In China duck's eggs are

buried in the ground for 10 or 12 months and undergo a peculiar fermentation. The hydrogen sulphid formed breaks the shell and escapes, while the egg becomes hard in texture. The final product does not possess a disagreeable odor or taste. Eggs treated in this or some similar way are on sale in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. A sample recently examined had the appearance of an egg covered with dark colored clay or mud.

#### A SERMON TO GIRLS.

To that giggling, silly class of girls who "aint never agoin' to git married," we have nothing to say, other than that they better pull themselves together and center what little sense they have on what is said in this talk. The sensible part of the girl readers are earnestly enjoined to heed what is said, and to give it decided form and color in their lives.

A girl gets married. Well and good. An unmarried life is only half of it. The affair is successful as such things go, and all turns out ordinarily well. Children come, three of them, say, and everything happens as usual in the way of getting along in the world. That is, there are ups and downs, but, in the main, things are evened up pretty fairly. And then something utterly left out of the count happens. The husband sickens and dies.

There is nothing new about all this. happened some millions of times in the world's history, and it will happen again till the crack of doom. Sometimes the woman with her three children is left all right as far as material things are concerned, but oftener she is in the worst possible fix. The funeral expenses left her bare and unprovided for. Three thoughtless mouths are ever open, and three cavernous stomachs are never filled. Three little bodies must be clothed, and six feet shod. Oh, don't dispute the possibilities of the case! There are too many hundreds of thousands of instances abroad in the land to so much as make it a debatable question. It is a hard fact in too many instances.

Now then, after the funeral there is plenty of time to take stock of the outlook. Something has to be done. It is imperative. The woman, naturally enough, wants to keep her

little flock together, and she has to do it herself. What can she do? In nineteen out of twenty cases she can do nothing at all but hard labor, something that every ignorant colored woman in the land can do, and does do. Very often she does that very thing with all credit to herself, and she keeps a roof over the heads of the bairns and the wolf is not at the door. And very often she is incapacitated from hard work. Now then, what? Immediately there looms up the home as a place of resort. It has happened that the old folks are in none too good circumstances, and while they might care for her, they are not ready for the three cannibals, whooping, screeching, fighting, crying and crawling over things. They will help, but they are not ready for daily mauling at the hands of their grandchildren. Brothers and sisters are equally out of the question, and all that remains is to pitch into whatever offers and make every cent go as far as it can,

And this is where the rub comes in. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the woman is helpless. People are friendly, and kindly disposed, and all that, but the bulk of the weight falls on the woman after all. And what is she going to do about it? The history of the lives of thousands of such women would make a heartrending story if it were told.

And now, to cut matters short, do you. young woman, look the 'Nookman right in the eye while he gives you some excellent advice. In this, the time of opportunity, prepare for the day of adversity. Acquire some trade or some business that will stand by you and be of use to you ten years after this. It is a simple thing, and the value of it is unquestioned, but few there be who actually reduce it to practice. It is never a loss if not required in life, and it is of such enormous value as to be beyond computation if it is ever called upon as a resource. In other words, while you have the chance prepare for the possible in the way of earning your own living. Most people go it blindly when it comes to marrying, and usually with as little thought as the mating of animals. But fate gets in her work now and then, and the woman suffers for her lack of forethought the rest of her life.

Unfortunately there is a deep-seated streak

of the fool in some, if not most people, that eems to operate against a young woman who earns a business. Happy the young woman who can rise superior to public and popular oolishness and lay hold of something that can be turned to money when the day of need comes. And after all, it does not require nore than common sense to go into a printing office and learn the business from the ground up, nor is it a loss of any kind to become a professional cook by going into the kitchen of a first-class hotel and learning a business that is never full. Usually those who do give :hese matters a thought take a course at school, learn stenography, or typewriting, or both, and only to find that ten years of disuse have sent the knowledge, never very accurate, to the four winds.

The thing to do is to lay hold of something that will stay by you, some manual labor calling that is not readily rusted or forgotten, and once acquired it may prove your salvation when it comes to yourself, three children and poverty on one side, and a washtub on the other. There are some things easier done than washing and ironing, though none more honorable, and the sooner you lay hold of something worth money at all times and places, and not readily lost, the better for you.

#### THE TIN PAN BRIGADE.

The vast majority of the Christian world of people are earnestly seeking a better life, they are keenly conscious of their shortcomings, and often tears come over defects that are apparent after the act. These people are quiet. They know their own limitations and are charitable to those about them. They are modest because they think that others are worthier.

And then there are others; for the sake of classifying them let us call them the tin pan crowd. They are always shoving, edging, and pushing to the fore. Others, better in every respect, make way for them and let them go front. Their names have to appear on everything; they are in evidence all around. Publicity and the "see me" idea is ever to the top of the list. Public notice is as the breath of life to them. They seem to have but one

dominant idea, and that is being on show all the time.

The best people in the world never get front except by accident. They are not willing to pay the price in shuffling, trimming and juggling, to get into the focus of the search light. They do what good they can that comes nearest to hand, and make no fuss about it. When they die the world mourns good people gone before, and the tin panning goes on.

Know ye, makers of noise and seekers after notoriety, that you will soon pass away, and like the leaf on last year's tree, be utterly forgotten among men. The neglected grave turf will grow over you, and before the Searcher of hearts, next to him, will be the old woman who knit stockings for a homeless child, while you and your tin pan will be lucky if you get within the gates.

#### AN ARTIFICIAL MAN.

A DOCTOR has calculated how much it would cost to make an artificial man. He estimates that a pair of arms cost \$90, or with the hands articulated cost about \$175; a pair of legs, also articulated, cost about \$140; a false nose in metal, from \$80 to \$100. For \$130 he believes that he could get a pair of ears just like nature's handiwork, fitted with artificial ear drums and resonators. A complete set of teeth, with palate in platinum, costs from \$40 to \$90, and for a good pair of artificial eyes about \$30 would have to be paid. Thus the total cost of restoring a battered veteran who has lost most of his separable parts would be about \$600.

It is a melancholy fact that many kittens born into this world must in the interests of humanity be killed, and the question is how it can be done most humanely. It is said by persons who have narrowly escaped drowning that their sensations were not painful. We are inclined to think that putting kittens in an ordinary flower-pot, and then plunging it upside down in a pail or tub of water, is about as humane a method as can be found. The air escapes through the hole in the bottom (or rather the top) of the flower-pot, and it instantly fills with water.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### HOME OF MYRIADS OF BATS.

One of the most remarkable caverns in the world has recently been discovered by a Belgian missionary, M. Chaudois, on the coast of German east Africa, near the harbor of Tanga. The main entrance to the cavern is in the form of a majestic arch, which is more than thirty feet in height. Beneath it gushes from the earth a stream of water. The cavern is 120 feet high in some places and as many as 240 feet in others. The principal portion is fashioned like a chamber and it is so spacious that it reminds one of a square in some large city.

A labyrinth of halls intersects this chamber and each of these leads to a smaller room. Intense darkness prevails throughout this subterranean region and the man who loses his way in it cannot easily find it again. A worse difficulty than this, however, has to be encountered, for from time immemorial the cavern has furnished a home for myriads of bats, and the human being who penetrates into their stronghold finds it at times impossible to make the slightest headway and is sometimes even obliged to make a hasty retreat.

According to M. Chaudois, the sides of the cavern are literally covered with these bats and some of them are of such a monstrous size that it is impossible to defend one's self against them, even with a stout stick.

"I saw some," he says "that measured more than three feet in width and whose heads were as big as chickens. One can imagine that it is very unpleasant to find one's self suddenly surrounded by thousands of such creatures, and as they swarm around you it is very difficult to prevent them from extinguishing your torch. More than once they obliged me to take flight, for their attack was so vigorous I could not withstand it."

Another discomfort lies in the fact that water is perpetually dripping from the roof of the cavern. Moreover, the bats clatter unceasingly from the moment the torchlight

arouses them from their torpor, and they make such a din that it is impossible for two person to converse. For these reasons M. Chaudoi was unable to penetrate as far into the wonder ful cavern as he desired, yet he says that the beautiful stalactites and stalagmites which he saw in every direction are in his opinion an un questionable proof that this unique subterran ean structure is well-worthy of study.

That the cavern, the floor of which is now carpeted with skeletons of bats, has been grad ually hollowed out of the rock by the action o subterranean streams is evident. M: Chaudoii is also convinced that it consists of severa stories and is otherwise much more notable than it appears to be.

#### DOG SAVES BABY KITTENS.

GYP, the Brooklyn terrier which achieve on toriety two years ago by saving his master's family from death by asphyxiation through ar escape of gas by a timely warning, has recently given such proof of a kind heart as to deserve further mention, his friends think.

Henry Thomas a well-known resident of Flatbush, is Gyp's owner and is willing to vouch for the truth of the following story:

Not long ago the house cat presented the family with a litter of six kittens. As it was in convenient to have all that number grow up in the back kitchen, it was decided to pick out the prettiest one and to drown all the rest. To reach this decision and to select the fortunate kitten a family council was held, at which Gy! was present. Though he took no part in the discussion he understood enough of what was going on to feel that some danger threateners his friend the cat and that the kittens were to be the victims of some horrible plot.

That same afternoon, taking advantage of the cat's temporary absence from home, Mr. Thomas, armed with a pail of water, approached the box to carry out the judgment of the council. To his surprise he found the kittens gone.

Were. Mr. Thomas took the trouble to make sure of that. The cat just then returned and stepped half way into the box before she noticed something wrong. The poor cat showed soon enough that she at any rate had had no hand in their disappearance. Where could the kittens be? Who could have taken the trouble to remove them? No stranger had been in the house all afternoon, and everyone in the family denied having anything to do with them.

It was not until two days later that this mystery was cleared up. Gyp and the cat, although quite friendly, were not very chummy, and so when she was seen going into Gyp's kennel in the outhouse, an investigation followed, and the six kittens were discovered comfortably installed in Gyp's own quarters. Mr. Thomas is sure they were carried there by Gyp himself to save them from some danger his subtle senses told him threatened his friend's young ones.

#### THE BIGGEST TREES.

AMERICA is in the habit of boasting of its big strees, but Australia would probably be awarded first prize in a competition between the two continents under this head. Has a church service ever been held in America in the hollow of a tree? That event recently took place in Gippsland, the eastern province of Victoria, where the duke of Cornwall has had some shooting, says the London Chronicle. A giant reucalyptus, or "gum tree" had been cut lithrough at a distance of twenty feet from the ground. The remaining part of the trunk was then hollowed out and roofed overhead. A

room twenty-five feet in breadth was thus formed. It was capable of accommodating a congregation of fifty. But it is not to be permanently used as a church. Its owner intends converting it into a creamery.

This is a very unusual specimen. The gum tree makes its rapid way skyward, and not toward the horizon. The record height is 480 feet, and such a tree would probably overlook any of man's constructions in the world, except the pyramid of Cheops and the Eiffel tower. Its topmost tuft would be five stories higher than the cross of St. Paul's. The eucalyptus grows with a rapidity that is amazing. A seed planted in Cannes has developed in ten years into a tree sixty feet high. It grows even faster in California, where it is among the most popular tree-immigrants on account of its greedy absorption of water from low-lying, overmoist soils.

No tree in the United States has reached the "sky-scraping" altitudes of the record eucalypti, but several of the sequois of California exceed 400 feet in height, and have a girth of ninety feet at the base. There are about 500 of these survivals of a past age, and many are over 3,000 years old. They sprouted about the time that Troy was destroyed and Solomon's temple was built, and were in the "yellow sere of life"-I heard it thus quoted in the speech of a town councilor-when Alexander was weeping for lack of new opportunities. In the Mariposa grove is a tree measuring 100 feet around the base and near by is a cut stump thirty-one feet in diameter. Six sets of quadrilles have been danced at one time on this stump. One of these historic groves, unfortunately in private hands, is actually threatened at this moment by the ax, and all the world should unite in shouting: "Woodman spare that tree."



## 他INGLENOOK

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#### THE RECENT HOT SPELL.

This season has been characterized in some parts of the country by a protracted drought seldom equaled in length and the extent of the disaster it entailed. Down in Missouri, and through adjacent States, the absence of rain has done away with the corn crop. will be hard on many an INGLENOOKER, but it is to be taken philosophically. What cannot be helped has to be endured. There is often not much that is apparent to be thankful for, when one looks over burned-out fields, and sees the garden withered, and seemingly ready to go up in flames if one lit a match in the enclosure. And the unthinking stock, standing around, switching flies, and chewing the cud, will have a chance to diet on straw this winter, when the winds howl.

Farming is gambling with nature. When rain and shine are all right, at the right time, things fairly fall over each other in their growth, and then the farmer is happy, and disposed to be haughty and independent, but when there is one long hot day, after another, it is the kind of season that goes before lamentation and trouble. In the long run it evens up, and the resident of the dried-out

country might as well take matters resignedly in fact he has to, and there is no other way out of it. Better luck next time.

#### THE HAVEN'T TIME.

HE is a man or a woman who has a mental disease that about corresponds to the rickets physically. Ask him to do something, and every time you get the answer that he is so busy, so far back, and always somebody else's fault, that he hasn't time, he will take it up pretty soon, is a going to, and all that sickly childish wail, that goes with his disease. facts are that the "haven't time" is a sort of mental malformation. He has as much time as any other person on the face of the earth. all the time there is, and he only gets behind because he deliberately puts himself there. If he was even up with things he wouldn't feel happy. He is in his element when he is popping around like a pea on a griddle, bouncing about like a chicken when its head is cut off. He is an endless excuse and an unmitigated nuisance. You can never get anything out of him on time. His father's name is Poor Excuse, and his mother's maiden name was Going To. And he has all the family likeness.

He reminds one of a boy astride of a log in the pond, paddling backward with his hands, and kicking forward with his feet. Of course he never gets on, and all the time he is blaming everybody but his own methods for his tangle. It makes one tired to have to do business with a man who lets his work run him, instead of managing his work. He is a nuisance, and a good, big one, at that. He is a minute man,-in a minute, going to just as soon as, etc. There is only one personage on earth that he is not going to put off, and that is death. When the terror comes his way he will be taken right along, like other people, and all his promises will be no good at all.

Nearly every boy and girl is born with more or less of the put-off disease in their blood, and the thing to do is to be on the lookout for the first symptom of the trouble, and then and there apply the remedy with a strong arm and a full dose, till the habit of doing things as they come is acquired, and thus having all the time there is in the world. Often a minute of good larruping is worth an hour of talk.

ATTENTION is called to a communication in mother column in relation to establishing, in connection with the 'Nook, a department to inculcate kind treatment of the mute creation. The idea is a good one in itself, but may not be acceptable to our readers. So we ask for an expression of opinion on the subject. If there is any decided interest expressed we will take it up along the lines indicated in the urticle referred to.

## ????????????

Is there an absolute necessity to belong to the labor mions in the cities in order to get employment?

Practically, yes, in some if not the most industries.

Will those not members of the church be allowed the NGLENOOK Cook Book?

Yes. It will be given to all subscribers to the magazine.

What is a comptroller in a railroad organization?

A sort of head bookkeeper, the man who knows all about the money status of the company.

How and where does a circus get its animals?

Usually the management buys them of aninal dealers who make a business of supplying iving animals of all kinds.

In the case of carbon oil, is illuminating oil all that is nade from it?

There are about two hundred products of natural oil, all saleable, before the manufacturer gets through with the greasy stuff.

Do any of the Brethren live in the Publishing House?
No, most of them get enough of it in working hours, without staying in it all the time.
They live mainly about a mile from the office.

What does a hospital ambulance cost?

About \$500 for a good one, and as much nore annually for repairs. It is simply a wagon built and equipped for getting patients to
the hospital in a hurry. Minutes count for
nuch, at times, in poisoning cases, for illustration.

In case money burns up, will the government make it good?

No, not unless you have the pieces left for identification, and then only in amounts recognizable.

What is vaseline made of?

Vaseline, cosmoline, petrolatum jelly, etc., are all one and the same thing, for the most part a result of the distillation of carbon oil.

Is there anything of value in the medicines to produce or lessen fat?

If you follow the directions with the medicine, omitting the medicine itself, you will likely get about all there is to it. Better let yourself alone.

I noticed a grammatical error in the 'Nook last week. Why is it there?

Kill it on sight! It might induce others. Know, son, that there is not a publication in existence without errors. They sneak in and hide from the whole office outfit, and then come out and sun themselves where all can see. Put your foot on it.

I have a fine collection of Indian arrow heads. Is there a sale for them, and in what quantity? I can get lots of them.

There is a sale for such, among dealers, but the price is low. The 'Nook suggests that you exchange for other relics of equal value, and then sell your collection if you want to realize on it. There are some publications that reach the class of people you want to meet.

What kind of a pan is used in washing out gold?

Any kind, and in practice the miner usually takes the pan he bakes his bread in. A lot of dirt is put in the pan, it is vigorously shaken, and overflowed with water, carrying away the dirt. The heavy gold sinks to the bottom, and is picked out, if there is any to pick.

What is the enclosed flower? It is a rarity here.

It is the monotropa uniflora, a parasite, it is thought, doing best under tall trees, in damp, shady places. The name means one turn, one flower, referring to its one drooping flower. Its waxen white, leafless stem, always attracts attention, but it can not be preserved, and is not to be transplanted.

#### GAGGLE GOO AGAIN.

They used to call me Gaggle Goo, but that was when I had not learned the English language perfectly. I can talk better now than I could some months back, and I am going to try my hand on an article for the 'Nook. The 'Nookman is a good friend of mine, and every time he comes home he brings me something, if it is nothing but a cracker. So I will tell my experience of a few days ago for the benefit of the women readers of the magazine.

Most of the time I am playing on the floor, minding my own business, and one day not long ago, while my mother was in the kitchen, I got hold of a long, round glass bottle full of pretty little red things. Pretty soon the bottle broke, and the red things rolled out on the floor. I liked the looks of them, and I began to investigate. Now while most people feel, look at, and smell things, I go straight to the spot with them, and that spot is my mouth. They looked good, and they tasted as good as they looked, and I bolted about twenty of them when my Ma came in from the kitchen. She gave me one look and let out the queerest noises, a sort of screech and howl, and grabbed me up and laid me down, wrong side up, on her lap, and put her big finger down my throat and wiggled it. Of course I kicked, but it didn't do any good. She kept at it till I spilled out most of the pink pills, and then she went out in the kitchen and mixed up a mess of something and made me take that, too, and there was some more turning inside out. Now what I want to say is that if there is ever a case of personal violence it is when somebody puts his big finger down your throat and will not stop till you have done something. However I kept enough of them back to get the effect, good and strong. I don't care to repeat that experiment, and I don't care to go into details. Just let it go that they got in their work all right.

The next thing was real funny. In our house I have the run of the premises, all but one place. They never let me in the pantry, and of all places there are more things I want to see there than in any other part of the house. They keep it latched, and I can't get in. But one day my Ma put a clean white dress on me, and left me counting up my treasure trove on

the floor of the dining room. Then she wen up stairs for something, and in an instant saw the pantry door was open. I started fo it, and the 'Nookman says I paddle along like a turtle, but I got there. It was full of things and on the floor was an old plate, with a brush some water, and a stick of something tha tasted sweet. I ate all I wanted of it and pud dled a little in the watery stuff in the plate and brushed a few flies off my face and head and put a few touches on my dress, making look of a different pattern, and then along came the 'Nookman and looked in. whooped and laughed, and called for my Ma to come down. I got in a few more effect while she was coming. And then she called me names. "Oh you dirty, f-ee-lthy little pig, you." She made a grab for me, and held out the stick of stove blacking, and the she hauled me out backwards by the dress, and they made a fuss. The 'NOOKMAN said tha any young one that could stand half a dozes liver pills would not be hurt with a little ris ing sun stove polish, and it was mostly outside anyhow. He said why not put on a little more, and shine me up into a pickaninny? He also called out to me, "Kiss your Ma, baby, and for the first time in my life she wouldn do it. Then they got a tub, half full of wate: stripped me off, and scrubbed me down to the white. I see no reason whatever for all the fus they made. I was enjoying myself. There are some other things I have had to do with, and if they abuse me much more, I will tell them too, in the 'Nook.

#### IMITATION NEW POTATOES.

Since the days of wooden nutmegs, says Popular Science (July), there have been many artificial food products, and some of them are so real in appearance as to deceive even the best-informed. The list includes butter syrups, jellies, jams, honey, essences, coffereggs, luscious gelatin strawberries, and now new potatoes. In California this latest industry flourishes. The manufacturing gardener is an enterprising genius of foreign extraction, generally Portuguese, Italian, of Chinaman. By his private process of making new potatoes, he gets at least two months advance on the market in many places, and the

extent of this business must be somewhat gicantic, for these made new potatoes are to be een in all the markets from Denver to Albuquerque, and Salt Lake to Cape Nome. The nethod of their manufacture is as follows:

"Late in the season, after the other crops re out of the way, the gardener plants a crop of late and good-keeping potatoes. The time ias been chosen from experience, and is opportune for a vield of small potatoes before he frosts of winter come down upon the garlener's truck patch. These potatoes are dug nd buried in heaps in the open field and left intil spring opens and the new potato season rrives. At the proper time the heaps are pened and the potatoes sorted according to ize. In the meantime a large kettle or vat is et in the field adjacent to the potato heaps nd made ready by filling with water and dding sufficient lye to effectually curl the kin of the potato when dipped into the boiling olution. A crane and metal basket are igged so that the dipping can be done expeditiously, and the way that new potatoes are urned out is astonishing. The effect of dipoing any potato, no matter how old, into this poiling lye solution is to crack and curl the kin, and at the same time it hardens or makes he potato much more firm, so that its reemblance to a new potato is so near that it would be hard to pick out the impostor, from ppearance alone, from a basket of the gennine article. After dipping, the potatoes are finsed in another vat and spread out to dry n the sun, and cure into perfect new potatoes, Ind the work is complete."

#### MAKING PASTE DIAMONDS.

"One of the finest paste diamond makers in the world used to have a little shop over in he old quarter," said a Canal street jeweler, alking about tricks in the trade. "The term paste diamond,' by the way, is widely misonderstood. Among the craft it is applied only to a very fine class of imitations, never een on the general market, and I dare say you would go from one end of New Orleans to the other without finding a single specimen. The o-called 'artificial diamonds' of the kind sually offered for sale in stores are nothing

but common glass, made soft to facilitate cutting. When I was learning my trade I worked for a time in a diamond factory and am quite familiar with the process. The 'gems' are first pressed into shape in moulds and when taken out are as dull and dingy as dishwater. That is remedied by pressing their facets against an emory wheel, which sharpens all their angles and gives them extraordinary brilliancy while they are new and clean. A bit of glass fresh from the wheel will outshine the majority of genuine stones, but the trouble is that their angles soon wear smooth again, owing to the softness of the material, and when that happens they immediately lose their luster. There is a general impression that these cheap imitations are 'painted' or 'dyed' with some chemical that rubs off and leaves them dull, and the theory seems plausible enough in view of the gorgeous display they make in a show window and the rapidity with which they fade. But, as a matter of fact, they owe their fire entirely to the sharpness of their facets and the delicate edge is worn away in a few days merely by handling or rubbing against the clothes.

"A good paste diamond of the two-carat size, for example, will cost at least \$15, and I have known as much as \$300 to be charged for a necklace. In making artificial gems of this class a very hard flint glass is used, the same kind employed in the manufacture of lenses for telescopes. Big lumps of it, fresh from the melting pot, are broken into small fragments and carefully sorted over to secure pieces that are perfectly clear and free from the slightest flaw. Moreover there is a mysterious variation in the refractive properties of different 'melts.' Some have a much greater facility than others for catching and reflecting rays of light, and they, of course, are preferred. When the maker finally gets a piece of glass that suits him he proceeds to shape it against a wheel, almost exactly as a lapidary would cut a real diamond. The chief difference is that the glass is much more easily worked and a cutting can be made in a day that would occupy a month with a genuine stone."

36 31

THE chief end of man depends on whether he is wanted to do brain work or run errands.

#### ABOUT OUR COOK BOOK.

Most men seem to think that they are above cooking. They think that it belongs to woman and womenkind. All right. Only this little thing remember. There are men cooks that make as much in the practice of their profession as the ordinary man in other pursuits does, and ten times more in the same time. But let that go. What we want to tell about is that INGLENOOK Cook Book. And some ever-recurring questions are to be answered. One of the commonest things we have to read is, "What will be the price of the book?"

Now once for good and all let us say that the book is not for sale at any price. It is given away, free, gratis, for nothing, to every 'Nook subscriber. The way of it will be this. In the coming autumn, or whenever you come to where your subscription is about to run out, you will want to subscribe again. As soon as you do it and your name reaches us the book will be sent you. Now that is all there is to it, absolutely all. There is not another way out of it. Ask no questions. Subscribers for the year get the book as a premium. And nobody else gets it. Isn't that plain enough?

What is it going to be like? Well, a cook book is a cook book and that is what it is going to be. And what is the use of it over and above other books of its kind? It takes a man to ask that question. Know, O man, that there are cook books galore in the world, books that tell about puff paste, truffles, diamond-back terrapin, and other things you never heard of, never saw, and wouldn't know what they were if you did see them. But where is the Dunker cook book? It isn't, but it's coming. You remember the time you took dinner over at those people you visited? How you remember that layout! Well, that sister is telling how she did it in this coming book. And you remember how, when you have passed through the kitchen at home you smelled cookies, and lifting the snowy cloth from the crock containing them, you have slipped a few in your pocket and passed on out of the door. If one of the youngsters had done that he would have been slapped for it. Well, in the coming cook book there are more

kinds of cakes than you have crocks to hold them if you put but one of a kind in a crock And pies! Well there are pies and pies. And you don't like a piece of warm apple pie of the back porch when you are feeling good. Oh no, of course not! The Editor of the INGLENOOK gives it as his solemn, judicial opinion, that when a sister wants to do hersel proud, she takes down a paper bag of lemont and makes a lemon pie. He is influenced in this opinion by the number and variety of lemon pies that have come in. Not but that a lemon pie, "one as is one" is a good thing but that there are so many of them.

And that which is the real value of the whole business is that each and every recipe in the book is by a sister who has her name to it, a recipe that she knows all about, and one that she is able to make good in practice. There is a double interpretation in that send tence. See whether you can find it. with a book can sit down to a dinner at which there will be a potpie from Pennyslvania, potatoes from Iowa, biscuit from Virginia, pies and cakes from all over the earth, and other things you like. And if there is any one sister who thinks she knows it all now, just let her take a pencil and write out the names of just half the number of dishes described in the Cook Book. She can't do it. And what is the biggest thing about it all is that the recipes are practical. They are made up of the things you have right at hand.

You will want the book and of course you will get it, if you are a subscriber. But tell your neighbor about it, and urge that he takes it, for otherwise they will want your book, over at his house, and the chances are that when you want it yourself you will have to go after it. Finally, you will get the book, as soon as the announcement is made, and we receive your subscription.

#### THE CRITIC.

THERE might be a general rule established with no little good resulting if no individual were allowed to criticize either persons or objects unless possessed of the ability to better the subjects of their detraction. If such a law could be made operative the occupation of a vast number of people would be gone.

It is easy to criticize. Anyone can walk ound a wagon and talk about it, but it takes wagon maker to build one. And it may be pretty good wagon after all. There is perips, no field of human endeavor in which ore wholesale criticism is indulged than making a newspaper. No remote or imied reference is had to this particular publition, for its critics have been kindly, but ere are others, and the continual, deadly ag of adverse comment is something that ould be utterly disheartening to a man or oman of fine feelings. A thousand people in tell just how it ought to be. They are ainly the kind that spell it "bibble," and gurge," and the like. These original characrs would not know what to do if they were cought face to face with a weekly issue of a pod-sized paper. They have not the ability write ten lines of correct English, and as r ideas they are like the snakes in Ireland,ere are none,-everybody knows it but themlves.

Nothing daunts them, however, and they ill go on telling how a thing should be done hen they know not the first thing of a better ay, or even as good a method.

One of the most distressing instances of this njust criticism is often shown in the case of minister. The church get together some ne day, and one after the other deliberately appress their desire for a certain one of their umber to come to the fore as a speaker. He been not want it, often, but he is wheedled and areatened into it and then what might be exected happens. He is slow of wit and halting and monotonous in thought and speech, and the people who made him devote a good art of their lives to reviling their own handiork. It is the refinement of cruelty and submated witlessness.

When next you are tempted to turn critic possider whether, if you had the chance, you buld better it. If not you simply advertise a ack of correct thought about things.

#### MACARONI.

MACARONI is made of hard red wheat from he Black Sea, mixed with Italian wheat, rown mainly in the plains round Foggia. This is ground into semolina (not flour), the bran and husks are removed, and the semolina kneaded in hot water till it has the appearance and consistency of dough. The dough is then placed in a vertical brass cylinder, about eight inches or nine inches in diameter, the bottom of which is a plate like the rose of a watering-pot, which is fine or thick, according to the macaroni required. Thus, for making vermicelli and all kinds of solid macaroni the holes are very small, while for making tube macaroni the holes are much larger. In the latter case also a conical blade is fixed in the middle of the hole to form a tube. The dough being placed at the top of the cylinder, it is driven down by hydraulic pressure through the perforated plate and cut off by hand in lengths of about three feet. It is then hung on canes in the sun to dry. In the case of the solid macaroni there is no difficulty in grasping the process. In the case of the tubular macaroni the conical blade and its attachment cut through the dough, and the macaroni issues with a slit all along it. This, however, shrinks together at once and forms a perfect tube, the joint being practically invisible. No macaroni is now made by the laborious hand process. was for a long time a prejudice against machinery, but this has been overcome.

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LEARN to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your troubles to your-self. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad for yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and he is a nuisance as well.

M 1

Miss Anna Lyle has been teaching school in Philadelphia for fifty years. For forty-one years she has been principal of a primary school.

#### THE HOG.

BY A KANSAN.

I HAVE been a constant and careful reader of the INGLENOOK for some time, and find it interesting as well as instructive, and after the local paper is scanned I go for it next. In Vol. 3, No. 28, I found an article entitled, "Hard on the Hog," from a correspondent in Yerkes, Pa.

He evidently does not live in a country where many hogs are raised, and has had no chance to study the animal. When an Eastern man expects to tell something concerning the hog he must remember that the farmers in the West, as a rule, know considerable more about him than the Eastern man does, for this reason: The hog in the West is bred and reared for profit, it being the most profitable and fastest money maker we have, and to be successful we study him every day as we administer to his wants, and by so doing for years, or perhaps a lifetime, we are able to give a correct opinion of him.

The hog is a cleanly animal. If you pen him in a small space he always has one corner that is dry where he sleeps. Do the same with any other farm animal and the entire pen will be soiled, showing that in that respect he is even superior to most other animals. I have seen him stand and wait for one hour for some fresh water to be put in his trough rather than drink from a mudhole near by. We have our hogs running in pastures. Mine is fifteen acres and I have one hundred head in it, and they are as clean, bodily, as the horses or cattle that run in different pastures.

Our correspondent from Yerkes, Pa., says he wallows in the mud. Why? In studying the physiology of the hog we find there are no sweat pores in his skin, and in the summer he becomes very warm and the only way he has to cool his body is by lying where it is the coolest or wetting his body if he can. This is why so many hogs perish on a hot day in summer when they cannot wet their bodies with mud or water. The hog will not go into a mudhole in winter nor stay in one during summer longer than until he is cooled off, when he will come out and proceed to rub the mud off of himself although he often does a poor

job of it. He is not concerned for pride by for comfort.

The old Jewish law concerning pork, eta was all annulled when God told the Apost? Peter to arise, kill and eat, "for what God hicleansed call thou not common or unclean and the hog was in that sheet. If, by the devil entering the hogs at the time of Chrishas caused them to be filthy to this day, whice effect would it have on the human race whe we have a record of scores of times that the very same devil was cast out of man which there is but one instance that the devils were in hogs and that time they were all drowned in the sea?

In closing I will quote from Mr. Joh Cownie, Des Moines, Iowa, in a speech mad before the Kansas State Board of Agricultur at Topeka, and he is considered very goo authority by all on what he says, "For twent years my annual hog sales averaged over \$3,000, showing success. I feed from 300 to 400 hogs and my hog house is never in a col dition but what I could lie down in it with th suit of clothes on and not soil it-and I go this suit just to come down to Topeka and do liver this speech—and the man that does no keep his hogs in that condition ought to qu the business." He further says, "The hog the cleanest animal we have and if properly cared for there will not be one particle of droppings in that hog house. I would n more think of feeding my hogs on a feedin floor that had not been cleaned immediatel after the last meal than I would of eating m dinner off of the breakfast dishes without be ing washed," etc.

Now this corresponds to our experience t the letter and that is what we write from experience and careful study.

Yes I agree with the editor of the INGLE NOOK that the hog is a cleanly animal an even the cleanest animal we have.

[This ends the hog controversy. One writer deliber ately called him, well, a hog, and one of his friend comes to his rescue. Now what the INGLENOOK woullike next is an article or two from some vegetarian, o person who eats no meat at all, giving his reasons to his faith. And especially valuable would be a few contributions on preparing nut foods. A small but growing class have their opinion about eating a hog, and larger class have opinions, also, about eating the healt

pods now advertised everywhere. But in the use of ut kernels exclusively prepared for food there can be o doubt as to their stay-by-you qualities, and some permissionary work, if the how of it is described in the NOOK.]

#### WHENCE PERFUMES COME.

Many persons suppose that perfumes of the inest sort are all made in Persia. As a matter of fact this is erroneous. For two centuries he inhabitants of the valley of the Var, in outheastern France, have been engaged in the naking of exquisite perfumes from flowers.

Many curious facts concerning the secrets of he plant world have been learned by them, and the knowledge has been well utilized.

For example, the inhabitants of the little French valley have proved by many experiments, covering a period of 200 years, that the even plants whose flowers contain or will produce by combination the perfume of all the others are the orange, rose, violet, jasmine, teacia, jonquil and tuberose. Therefore, these are the only ones they grow; they depend apon the process of mixing for the other odors of commerce.

Among one of the first secrets which these bld perfume makers learned was that the scent of the flower is not contained in any gland or little sac, but rather that it is exhaled by the flower somewhat in the fashion of breathing, and that if the blossom be crushed the scent is destroyed.

Another thing they found out early in their work was the fact that fresh grease will absorb this breath of the flowers most readily, and that in turn will yield up its treasure to alcohol. Using these facts, the people of Var have built up their industry that to-day they supply a good portion of the world's market with flower perfume. There are two ways of obtaining the scent from these flowers. By far the more common is the method of "enfleurage." Large pieces of glass, each framed in a wooden case, are prepared, and over the surface is spread a layer of clean, fresh grease, on which are piled the flowers. Each kind of flower, of course is kept separate.

The perfume is quickly absorbed in the fat, and as soon as the blossoms wither fresh ones

are placed in the frame in their stead. And so the process is continued during the whole season of blossoming, after which the grease is scraped off the glass and put in alcohol, having previously been chopped fine. In this way every particle may be reached by the spirit and none of the precious perfume lost.

"Maceration" is the name given to the other process of extraction. It is used where the method of "enfleurage" is not satisfactory in getting the whole of the odor, and is similar. The flowers are infused in a bath of warm oil for many hours, and are then strained away and fresh ones added, the process being kept up as long as the blooms can be procured.

It is said that the best essence is obtained from the jasmine and tuberose by the enfleurage, but the orange, acacia and rose are found to give more satisfactory results by the method of maceration. To get the best odor from the violet and jonquil a joint process is used—first enfleurage and then maceration.

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It is said there were at least 200,000 mustangs scattered over the plains of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas ten years ago, and that now nearly all of them are gone. A few were caught and kept by the Indians in their reservations, but the wild horse, in his natural state, is practically extinct. Three causes are assigned for this: First, the better horse of the east, cheapened by the trolley car and the bicycle, could be bought at a moderate price, and the mustang was shot by the stockmen as a useless consumer of pasturage; second, that the breed deteriorated, and naturally died out, and third-heaven save the mark!-that they were shot and made into "canned beef." The ranchmen now breed and raise high-grade horses, and find a ready market for them, not only in the eastern states, but in England and Germany for army use. The western climate makes them hardy, longwinded and speedy.

36 36

"YES," said the irascible aeronaut, "I told you asmoment ago that the escape valve is out of order, and that I was doing my best to fix it. What do you want now?"

And his timid companion trembled violently as he answered: "I want the earth."

#### WASHINGTON'S WEALTH.

In these days when millions are counted as nothing and millionaires are found in almost every city, it seems strange that the property of George Washington, the richest man in the United States at the time of his death, inventoried only \$489,135.22. He owned 41,523 acres of land, lying in Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York, with city lots in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Alexandria, Winchester and Berkley Springs.

Lord Fairfax, who owned 6,000,000 acres of land stretching back into Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Tennessee, gave Washington tracts of wild land as compensation for his services as surveyor. Washington inherited even more from his brother, and his wife, she that was Martha Dandridge and afterward the Widow Custis, was a rich woman for her time. The judgment of Washington about town sites, however, was not good. In 1765 he laid out the town of Berkley Springs, which was christened in honor of the governor of Virginia, and was intended and expected to be a great metropolis.

Washington was so confident of its future prominence as a city that he bought a large number of lots in addition to those which he received as compensation for his services, and was greatly disappointed because the town did not develop.

Washington expected and desired the capital of the United States to be located farther west than its present site and although he took no conspicuous part in the contest, which was bitter and prolonged, he nevertheless attempted to manipulate matters so as to accomplish his design. In the advertisements of land which he offered for sale in West Virginia, where he had 25,000 acres, he stated that it "was of great value on account of contiguity to the seat of government, which it is more probable will be fixed at the mouth of the great Kanawha river." These lands were Washington's share of 200,000 acres donated by the State of Virginia to the officers and soldiers who served in the Indian war.

Washington also had 5,000 acres in Green County, Kentucky. He visited that region at

an early date, and settled some of his poor relations there.

It is an interesting fact that Washingtol owned the first natural gas well in this country. On his land near the Kanawha the gaissued from the cracks in the rock at the bot tom, and forced its way through the water of what was known as Burning Spring creek. It was a common amusement for Washington and his fellow surveyors to light the gas which came through and would burn on the surfactof the water.

#### WHAT DO OUR READERS THINK?

Editor Inglenook: -

The eager interest with which two of you youthful readers turn to the Nature Study De partment of the 'Nook first suggested to me then developed the idea into a wish, that there might be combined with Nature Study an IN GLENOOK Band of Mercy with the 'NOOKMAN as President and some other suitable 'NOOKER as Secretary.

Any girl or boy or older person could become a member by signing the BAND OF MERCY PLEDGE: "I WILL TRY TO BE KIND TO ALL LIVING CREATURES, AND WILL TRY TO PROTECT THEM FROM CRUEL USAGE," or authorizing it to be signed, and there is doubtless a large number of public school teachers and Sundayschool teachers in the INGLENOOK family who have never thought of the possibilities for doing good in this direction, who would be glad to form local bands with regular organizations. These could be reported and belong to the 'Nook band too.

The department might be opened with quotations concerning the importance of humane education and in a short time you could have plenty of good contributions from members of the Band.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well, Both man and bird and beast. He prayeth best who loveth best All things both geat and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

Sincerely,

BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY. Warrensburg, Mo., July 22.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### HIS MINISTRY IN OUTLINE.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

THE ministry of Christ covering a little over aree years of time is usually divided into three rincipal periods: The periods of obscurity, f popularity and of opposition. During the rst period he was laying the foundation for is later work. During the second the greatr part of his recorded work was done, while ne third period saw the opposition crystalzing and the forces of the envious and tualistic Pharisees, combining for the final ttack which resulted in his death. A very nportant preparatory work for his ministry as this forty days' temptation in January and 'ebruary, A. D. 27, through which he was nore able to sympathize with those who are empted in like manner. After his temptaon, he returned to where John was baptizing nd John was permitted, upon two successive ays to call the people's attention to him as the amb of God. At once several disciples acepting him as the Messiah, attached themelves to him and became his faithful followrs. After this, he went to the wedding at lana, where he performed his first miracles. a short time after this we find him at Jerusaem, at the Passover, at which time he cleansed ne temple the first time and also held the inerview with Nicodemus. During the next ight months he spent the time in the counry districts of Judea, and we have a very meaer record of his work during this period. Ve learn, however, that he was making disciles who were baptized by other disciples nd so great was the success of his work that 1 numbers the results outstripped John the saptist's work. Departing from there in Deember he went through Samaria, talked to the oman at the well, about the time of the imrisonment of John the Baptist.

We next find him at Cana of Galilee, where e healed the nobleman's son. This was probbly in February, A. D. 28. Soon after this he ent into the synagogue at Nazareth where he ead from the prophetic roll and talked to the eople, but because he was one of their own pwnsmen he was rejected and an attempt was

made to kill him. Next he made his home in Capernaum and called four disciples from their nets, Peter, Andrew, James and John.

Shortly after he healed Peter's wife's mother, and performs a large number of miracles. This brings us to the close of the first period.

The period of obscurity covers a little over a year, ending in March, A. D. 28. The morning following the day of miracles he was found in a solitary place where he had gone to pray. He then made a tour of Galilee, preaching in the villages and performing miracles wherever he went. This preaching tour was not of more than about a month in duration. He returned to his headquarters in Capernaum, and while there he healed the paralytic, who was let down through the roof. About this time he called Matthew, the tax collector, and goes to his house to a feast.

A short time after this he went to Jerusalem and healed the man at the pool of Bethesda. On his return from Jerusalem to Galilee the disciples displeased the Pharisees by pulling heads of wheat, rubbing out the grains and eating the wheat, this being done on the Sabbath day. Reaching Capernaum he healed the withered hand in the synagogue on the Sabbath day. By this time his fame had spread far and wide and immense crowds flocked to him until it became burdensome to him. About this time, June, A. D. 28, he chose his twelve apostles, and a few days later, on the horns of Hattin, a small mountain a few miles west of the Sea of Galilee, he preached the noted "Sermon on the Mount." Instead of this being at the beginning of his work as one might suppose from reading Matthew's account, it occurs almost a year and a half after his baptism.

He now made a second tour of the cities and villages of Galilee, heals the centurion's son and on this trip he comes to Nain and raises the widow's son. John the Baptist, being still in prison, sent disciples to Jesus asking whether he be the Christ. About this time he was anointed in the house of Simon the Pharisee. On his second preaching tour of Galilee the twelve apostles and a number of women were his constant companions. Thus the apostles were being trained for their future work. He spent the summer and autumn at

this work, making Capernaum his home, going in and out from there. It was about this time that he sat in the boat on the Sea of Galilee and spoke so many parables concerning the kingdom, and when he was tired out at that he crossed the sea, and while he was sleeping a storm arose, which he, being awakened, stilled by a word. Crossing into Gergesa he healed the demoniacs, permitting the devils to enter the herd of swine. This so exercised the people of the region that they begged him to get out of their country, which he did, crossing to Capernaum and soon after healed the woman with an issue of blood and raised the daughter of Jairus.

He now undertook a third preaching tour of Galilee. About this time he sent out the twelve, giving them full instructions as to what they should preach, what miracles they should work and how to conduct themselves among the people. On this trip they were to go with hands and purses empty. During the spring of 29 John was beheaded. The disciples returned from their preaching tours and he went out of Galilee. East of the Iordan and north of the Sea of Galilee he fed the 5,000, and during the night walked on the sea and Peter had his experience in walking on the water. Soon after this he discoursed on the Bread of Life and because they could not understand his meaning a number of his disciples played the part of backsliders.

He now left Galilee again and went over near the Mediterranean sea into the vicinity of Tyre and Sidon, where he healed the Syrophenician woman's daughter. During the summer he fed the 4,000, went to Mt. Hermon and was transfigured in the presence of three disciples. A little later he returned to Capernaum, and while there sent Peter to catch the fish which should have a piece of tribute money in its mouth. In October he secretly went to Jerusalem to the feast of tabernacles. The opposition to him was growing so bold that people were afraid to say much about him, especially in his favor. Notwithstanding this, about the middle of the feast, which lasted a week, Jesus appeared in the temple. Several attempts were made to arrest him but all During this visit to Jerusalem the failed. adulterous woman was brought to him and he taught the important lesson that people should sweep before their own doors first. He fut ther taught the woman that he would no condemn her but that she should not sil again, showing what real repentance means He now made a short trip to Galilee but soo left it and returned to Perea and Judea. his way he was rejected by a Samaritan village whereupon James and John wanted to call fire down from heaven. Soon after this he sen out the seventy. In December he made his wa toward Jerusalem, and on the road stopped a Bethany, where Martha became displeased be cause Mary left her all the work to do. A fee days later he was in Jerusalem and healed the man born blind. This trip to Jerusalem wa at the time of the feast of dedication and wal the last before his final one several month later. From Jerusalem he went across th Jordan into Perea and spent quite a while there He was thus removed from the persecutions of the Jews. But a great many people still flocked to him. It was during this time that he did the teaching recorded by Luke in chap ter eleven to eighteen inclusive. While there Lazarus died and Christ made a visit to Betha ny and raised him from the grave. He soon re turned to Perea and remained there until h visited Jerusalem for his crucifixion.

The way from Perea led by Jericho, an while there, on his way to Jerusalem, he heale a couple of blind men and visited Zaccheu Leaving Jericho he came to Bethany, wher he made his home during the week in which he was crucified. He spent the nights ther and went to Jerusalem during the daytime Saturday night he was at a feast in Bethany and Sunday, on what is known as Palm Sur day, he went to Jerusalem, riding the col On Monday and Tuesday he went to Jerusa lem and Wednesday he rested at Bethans Thursday afternoon he went to Jerusalem, i. stituted the Lord's supper, communion an feet-washing, and on Friday was crucified; ros on Sunday morning, and presented himself his disciples eleven times during the fort days he was still on earth. Taking them Bethany, he blessed them, ascended to heave and his personal ministry on earth was finished

Malmo, Sweden.





# In the Front Room after Dinner



Around a newspaper office, where there is ay considerable interest in the publication, iere is always an accumulation of correondence that is laid aside until the very size I the pile demands attention. The 'Nook om is no exception. And in the varied lot I stuff that comes in here there has been no ttle wailing about the requirements of the nurch in the way of its nonconformity to the orld. There is enough of it to make a talk v itself.

I think it is pretty well understood among cople that the world that Christ mapped out, nd the life that he indicated as belonging to , are different from the life that usually omes nearest us on the journey we are all ursuing. The endeavor of the Christian rould be to get as far into the world of Christ s possible, and, naturally, as far away from ne current established among people who ive Christian subjects no thought whatever, r, at least, very little. It is not necessary for 's to sequester ourselves from humanity to do is. The outre and the grotesque are not esentials of Christian life.

In other words the spirit of Christ and the ecisions of the church in all ages, and among ost denominations, call for plainness. ost people will agree that it is right. nd there there may be a person exemplifying he doctrine of transmigration of souls, and it lay have been that they inherited the screechig, squawking vanity of the gaudy peacock lat had his neck broken by the cartwheel, nd who think that their external appearance the whole thing, but the majority of manind will agree to the propriety of plainness s an essential to the modesty inculcated by ie teachings of the Master.

Now what is plainness? Here is where the hubbub begins. People equally honest construe the matter differently. They are constituted differently, look at things from a differing angle, and come to pretty nearly opposite conclusions. This is all natural enough. Here is a family living on the edge of the wood. It is three miles to the village, two to the church. The man spends his life in the fields, cutting and carving the earth, sowing his seed, and, if it should rain and shine all right, selling the product, paying his debts, and mayhap, putting by a little for the days of gray hairs. He goes to town on a Saturday, gets his Inglenook, the Messenger and the county paper out of the post office, and then he drives home. The next day they all lay off, and they go to church, sing, pray, listen, think, talk a little, and go home. Monday she washes and he is out in the field again. a picture as common as the green field and the growing corn. It is all right. But the people who walk on the grass there come to have some pretty positive ideas of what plainness means.

And then there is a family that the whirl of the wheel of fate has cast into the heart of a great city. Around them is anything but the greenery of nature. The droning, crescendo whirr of the motor is in their ears. The automobile glides by. The distant incoming trains shriek their warnings to other trains. The store windows are filled with the products of the world's looms. People are hurrying, hither and thither, and things are on the run. It is not to be expected that the people who live in the swim of events are going to measure up plainness in the same vessel that they use in Sang Hollow. Hardly.

If, then, plainness is a necessity, and individual interpretation does not produce anything either common or uniform, what is there to do about it? There is only one thing that can be done, and that is to pitch upon a common standard of plainness and as nearly as may be, adhere to it. This is what was done years and years ago, resulting in what is known as the order of the church. And it has proved bane and blessing, peace and chaffing, harmony and discord, ever since. But there is this fact remaining: In the main it has been accepted as a good thing.

A good many, more especially young folks, write the 'Nook wanting something said about it. They "can't see," "don't understand why," etc., etc. The 'Nook sees, and thinks it understands, and it is the editorial opinion that the order is a good thing. The main reason is that plainness is right, and the secondary reason is that without a standard confusion will rule. There must be a unit of measure if there is to be any well understood valuation of things. The proof of this is in the life experience of a good many denomina-Take the Methodists, for illustration. Away back in the early history of that people plainness ruled, in fact the early Methodist men and women dressed pretty much like the Brethren of to-day. But it is all gone now. Wealth, social position, and power did the business, and if you will ask some oldtime brother or sister in the Wesleyan ranks about it they will tell you with sorrow how the change has been wrought.

One of the commonest mistakes people make is in imagining that if the restrictions of dress were removed, persons who are noi kept out of the church by the order would flock into the fold. This is not true at all, and the way that it is known is in the fact that it has been tried. People who are really in earnest about their future, or who intend taking up on themselves church relations, are not goin to allow an honored and honorable garment to prevent their action, no matter how much it it used as an excuse.

The men and women who wore the garb at numbered by thousands and tens of thousands They sleep on the hillsides of the east, and the windswept prairies of the west. These al died in the faith, and though conquered in th fight conquered in the end. There are a goo many old-fashioned church structures over the land, amid their trees, or staring on the hi side, and about these places is a mine of sent ment that does not readily yield to word Would you willingly tear out the old table place in its stead a pulpit and install a ma behind who would read with his lips on thing, and preach in his life that it is best t be conformed to the world, and not to b transformed by the renewing of our minds The 'Nook does not think that you are read for it any more than the Editor is.

There will always be inconsistencies in the church as well as in all other purely human organizations. But right is right, and whether there be many or few followers in her wake just behind her standard is the place for the Christian soldier of the cross to be found. Those who best love the great Leader and his cause, will not stick on a garment or quibble about personal surroundings.



# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Aug. 10, 1901.

No. 32.

#### TO=DAY.

What is it that we have to-day
That ne'er we had before?
One more new chance to work and pray,
Some good to do, some ill to stay,
Some bitter debt with love to pay,
Before the day is o'er.

What is it that we have to-day
No yesterday has brought:
We have renewed the right to give
A word that in some heart may live,
And purest, sweetest influence have
Upon each deed and thought.

What chance is it we have to-day
To-morrow may have fled?
A chance to soothe with tender hand
And tender word at our command,
Some weary, aching head;
To ease the venomed pain and smart
And rankling poison in the heart
Of an unkind word said.

Ah! may we as the days go by
Accept each chance before it fly
From us in bitter scorn.
For if some giant task we wait
We never shall be good or great,
And we may find, alas! too late,
Each little service unreplete
Has hardened to a thorn.
As little stitches, firm and strong,
Will hold a seam both well and long,
So little deeds, if kind they be,
Count most through all eternity.

#### TOPAZ IS MUCH FAVORED.

"Not the least beautiful of the many semiprecious stones for which there is always a large demand is the topaz," said a wholesale dealer in gems to the writer. "The name topaz generally suggests only a yellow stone, yet there are light blue, brown and green varieties which are frequently sold as aquamarines. The genuine aquamarine may, however, be easily distinguished from a topaz, as the former stone more closely resembles the color of green sea salt. Besides, the topaz admits of a higher polish, and is extremely slippery to the touch. Strange to say, the yellow topaz, when slightly heated, becomes pink; heated further, the pink grows paler, and by long heating it is entirely expelled, leaving the green colorless. The sherry-colored or brown topaz is bleached in a very short time by the rays of the sun or strong daylight, and all the white topazes found in nature have been decolorized in this way. The topaz is found in granite rocks in Siberia, Japan, Peru, Ceylon, Brazil and Maine and in volcanic rocks in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico.

#### TO BAR THE TRAIN BOY.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad is about to do something which will bring sorrow to the hearts of little travelers, whatever the feelings of grown folk may be concerning the act. An order has been given, and is to be obeyed the first of next month, that thereafter the train boy must go.

The train boy is a time-honored feature on all railroads, although he is surely and steadily disappearing. The Burlington is the first road in the west to follow the lead of eastern roads in this custom, but it is certainly a fact that not only the little folk will feel a tinge of regret at his going. He may be a nuisance in a way, but he is something of a convenience after all.

Whether more of the western roads will do away with the train boy is not known, but after Aug. I the cry of "Papers, papers here! Have a paper, mister?" "Bananas and oranges!" or "Popcorn, peanuts, chewing gum and candy" will no longer be heard on the trains of the Burlington.

#### UNUSUAL FARM PRODUCTS.

REPOSING among the quiet hills in the northern part of Dane county, Wis., lies a peaceful valley, the lower extremity of which is the shore of Crystal lake. Here are broad, fertile acres devoted to cultivating and distilling wormwood, the oil of which is largely used in the preparation of ointments and from which absinthe may be obtained. Leander Drew is the proprietor of the farm and has inherited both the secrets of the business and the land devoted to wormwood culture from his father. who came to Wisconsin as a pioneer. For decades the fruitful valley has produced the plant to be converted into the oil of curative properties. Originally the seeds were sown broadcast upon the freshly-plowed land and without cultivation the plants were permitted to grow during the first summer. The plants were not distilled the first season, as they were considered too small for the purpose, and besides, it was desired that they become well established for the rigors of the approaching winter and be ready for an excellent growth the next year.

For about three seasons the plants were cut for distillation purposes and then the land was devoted to some other crop in order to give it an' opportunity to renew its lost vitality. Owing to climatic changes newer methods are now employed. There has been a perceptible decrease in the snowfall of central and southern Wisconsin during the last decade, and for this reason the plants are now set out in rows and cultivated the first year the same as tobacco. In this way the grower is certain of a crop the first year, and the plant becomes hardy.

In due time the plants stand about four feet high and are cut down to supply the distillery just before they reach their maturity. During the harvest season about half of an acre a day falls before the reaper's knife and is hauled to the distillery where it is crowded into an immense vat in order that the oil may be set free. The same as in any process of this kind the plants are heated by means of steam pipes and as the oil escapes with the steam it is condensed in a coil, cooled with water in a tank. The oil is secured as it drips from the end of

the still and is usually sent direct to some wholesale druggist to be used in compounding various medicines.

There is an old German colony near Watertown where the stuffing of geese has become a vocation in order to obtain the delicious pate de foie gras, a rare delicacy which is the chief ingredient in goose liver pie. To stuff one of these fowls requires about sixteen days and in that time his weight increases by one-half There is great danger in continuing the process for a longer period, as the goose is liable to succumb to the inevitable on account of the corpulent condition attained which involves several layers of fat about the neck preventing his respiratory organs from performing their natural functions. When he has become corpulent to the proper degree his weight has increased from about twenty pounds to at least thirty, and the price of his flesh is no longer 20 cents per pound but has bounded up to 30 In order to facilitate the fattening process the bird is placed in a small, darkened box where he not only eats all he wants but is forced to gormandize himself by having soft balls o cornmeal forced down his throat until his crost is full to its utmost.

This overfeeding enlarges the goose's liver until it is no longer in proportion to the size of the bird. The peculiar thing about the process is that the liver turns white. The change in color comes with the overgrowth which often reaches two pounds, worth \$1 a pound, and used as the basis for goose liver pie. This queer food product is always sole before being removed from the fowl and the delicacy is produced in such a few places that Watertown enjoys the distinction of being a shipping point for pate de foie gras. Consignments are frequently made to Germany the home of the stuffed goose.

To the farmer who has found it necessary to exercise all his ingenuity in order to free his property from minks as poultry pests the idea of deliberately breeding them and even main taining a farm for their comfort seems almost preposterous. But E. N. Harvey, at Lake Mills, has attained no little experience in the mink-growing business and says he is no obliged to worry as to whether there is room at the top in his line, for he is probably the only

erson in the republic who is reaping a profit rom the production of the sleek skins.

Minks manage to make life a success when ndisturbed in their native habitat, but when comes to mining wealth by engaging in using these quadrupeds, due caution must be xercised in the undertaking in order to preent the animals from escaping. Mr. Harvey onstructed a tight board fence several feet igh around the plot of land devoted to the links, and a stone foundation extending two et under the surface of the soil does not alow the creatures to burrow out. The pioneers f the colony he captured from a swamp close v and there has been no difficulty in increasig the population, for the animals are charcteristically prolific in the wild state and even nore so when partially domesticated, for then here is slight opportunity to be beset by their nemies.

One of the three best herds of pure-blood uffaloes in America is owned by Huber Bros., t Cochrane, Buffalo county, Wis. There is eft but a remnant of less than 500 head of uffaloes in this country and of these the Wisonsin herd numbers more than a third. The juffaloes are kept on a farm which includes nany acres, and although their surroundings differ materially from those to which they vere accustomed in their wild state they seem o thrive and be content and are, it is said. asily controlled, unless some unusual disturbnce occurs which frightens them. The popilation of the herd increases under these conlitions with sufficient rapidity to make the enture of buffalo farming one of profit to the wners.

Old Reitan, of Bayfield, is the proud possesor of more Angora goats than any man in Wisconsin. He recently purchased the entire tock from the Angora Goat company of Bay-

field, and enjoys a complete monopoly of the business in this section of the country. The forefathers of the flock were imported from their native hills in Asia. When confined in a limited area they completely devastate the inclosure of all unpretentious plants and in this way land thickly covered with young sprouts where the larger timber has been cut away is easily made suitable for the plowshare. Since the herd was started there has not been a single loss by disease or accident and the latitude has proved to be an ideal climate for them. Besides being a great aid in removing objectionable verdure from the land there is abundant compensation for the care of the animals in the silken wool obtained. The farm is a great success.

Before the days of triumph of the buzz saw in Wisconsin, the woods abounded in ginseng but with the cutting away of the forest the source of the supply diminished. Not only is this true in Wisconsin but in all other states as well. In order to meet the increasing demand which has come with the decreasing supply, several ginseng farms have been established in Wisconsin, the most celebrated of which is that of Emanuel Lewis at Hemlock, as well as those of H. S. Seymour at Richland Center, and of W. G. Palmer at Boydton. Mr. Lewis was the first man in the state to conceive the idea of propagating the root and now has over 36,000 healthy plants. The product brings over \$4 a pound at the present time. There are others who desire to engage in the ginseng culture but find it difficult to obtain either plants or seed at a reasonable price. The unabated demand for the root in the orient keeps the price at such a mark that it would be unprofitable to use the roots in starting a farm, and the seeds are so rare that they sell for \$1 per ounce. The root is almost exclusively used by the Chinese for nearly every ailment.



#### TOMMY.

#### BY ANNA MITCHELL.

TOMMY is a Pennsylvania cat, and likes milk. Most cats do. But, unlike most cats, Tommy is not satisfied with the old cat style of lapping out of a saucer any apology for milk, from cold skim to buttermilk. Not he

He goes in for more progressive methods, and has an idea that milk, pure and unadulterated, fresh from the cow, suits him best. Hence, for this purpose he is usually on hand at the milking hour, and proceeds to reduce his theories to practice as much as possible. Standing on his hind feet and looking very tall and erect, he gazes beseechingly at the milker, who in this case is a young girl. Unable to resist the pleading look, she directs the stream of milk toward his mouth.

Considerable practice has made both parties quite expert in this matter and little milk is wasted in the operation. Tommy opens wide his mouth and drinks it in with great gusto, his eyes half shut and a look of indescribable satisfaction spreading over his countenance.

Having imbibed as much of the lacteal fluid as the milker deems advisable, Tommy proceeds to make an elaborate toilet, and washes off any stray drops with scrupulous care.

He is then quite ready and willing to have the performance repeated as often and as liberally as the conscience of the milker allows.

On one occasion, while posing in his most dignified attitude, he began to wabble around rather unsteadily.

In order to maintain his equilibrium he placed his left front foot against the right hind leg of the cow. Cows being very sensitive in that part of their anatomy, the resulting mixup of cat, bucket and milk, not to mention the milker, can be readier imagined than described, and Tommy vanished from the scene, in any but a dignified manner.

[The above reminds the 'NOOKMAN of something that happened under his personal observation once. It was a Thomas cat too, that figured in the comedy. He had a habit of going to the barn at milking time, getting his dole of milk in an old earthen plate set aside for the purpose, and he was always on hand at the time. Old sukey was licking up her chop, a lady, not young, but full of corners and with a temper sharper than her bones, was doing the milking, while the writer stood in

the door, waiting so that he could take the cow to the

Then Thomas stood up and stretched himself, studie a moment, and decided to "sharpen his claws" which he proceeded to do on the off side using the hind leg of the cow for the purpose. Old white-face, at the first dig in, and rake-down let out a roar like one of the bull of Bashan, pulled out the front of the crib, lashed ou with both feet, kicking twice in the air, upsetting the maid and the pail, while the cat jumped through broken pane and cut for the orchard. The 'NOOKMA' took a hand in the scrimmage and for a few minutes is surpassed an Italian riot on the branch road

When peace was restored and the pieces picked to nobody seemed able to explain the earthquake, bu when it came out how it happened the milkmaid threat ened to kill Thomas the first time he showed up.]

#### NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF FOODS.

RECENT experiments of the Department of Agriculture show that fruits in general contain remarkably little stuff that is convertible, when eaten, into muscle and blood. Bananas and grapes have 2 per cent, while apples, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, cranberries lemons and oranges are able to lay claim to only 1 per cent—this, too, when skins and seeds are put aside. On this account, such articles of diet are obviously ill adapted to sus tain human life for any length of time, though they possess great medicinal value and contribute much to health.

Fruits are, however, relatively rich in sugar and starch, and hence are useful as fuel to keep the body machine going. Bananas have 27 per cent of these materials, grapes 21 per cent apples 16 per cent, cherries and cranberries 11 per cent, oranges 9 per cent, lemons 8 per cent and strawberries 7 per cent. In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered Blackberries and grapes have two per cent of fat, and the other fruits mentioned contain t per cent. Watermelon pulp is 92 per cent water.

Among vegetables, Lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent of nutrients. Sweet potatoes come next, with 2, per cent, green peas next with 22 per cent, white potatoes next with 21 per cent, and string beans next with 13 per cent. Green sweet corn has 10 per cent of nutrients, beets 12 per cent, turnips 11 per cent, cabbage, cauliflower and spinach 8 per cent, turnips, eggplant

nd lettuce 7 per cent, tomatoes and asparagus per cent, and cucumbers 4 per cent. Dry sans or rice are about the most economical hods one can buy, containing as they do 88 er cent of solid nutriment.

Fish has very high food value, in fact, is very early as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pund of eggs, on the other hand, yields only alf as much nourishment as a pound of lean eef, notwithstanding a well known popular ecory.

#### FREIGHT CAR HOSPITAL.

THE area devoted to this branch of work overs several acres, upon which are erected ree large buildings, one being about three undred and fifty feet long and one, hundred et wide. Two of these shops are used for pairing, and are equipped with all the latest achinery for doing this kind of work. The her building is utilized for supplies, and is all stocked with the many different articles, the patented and common, used in the conruction of an up-to-date freight car.

The number of cars that come to this deretirent will average several hundred each onth, and as they are more or less damaged, he hundred and fifty carpenters, machinists id painters are kept busy all the year round utting them in repair.

It required years for the several railroad mpanies of this country to solve the problem keeping track of their freight cars, scattered they were even to the remotest parts of the lited States, and of keeping them in repair.

The system now in operation leaves little to

The system now in operation leaves little to desired, and the freight car accountant of chroad knows every day just where the cars longing to his company are located.

In the matter of repairs all railroad comnies employ a number of car inspectors, one whom is stationed in every large railroad nter on their line. These officials examine very train of freight cars that reaches their tion, and if any cars are damaged sufficientto warrant their detention, he orders them letracked, and, if loaded, their freight transred aboard another car.

It matters not to what line the carbelongs, if be damaged it is sent to the repair shops as on as possible. If it be the trucks that are broken, the car is jacked up, and the injured truck is replaced by one in good order. The damaged one is then put aboard the car and is taken to the shops.

In fact, cars belonging to another road are given the preference over their own rolling stock, and are put in order with all possible speed.

Some cars received at the repair shops are almost complete wrecks, having little left but the trucks. Others have their sides shattered, their ends knocked out or roof ripped up. The damage is repaired if the car is of the regulation size, but if it be one of the old-style cars of small size they are pulled to pieces.

Every freight car, except those used for furniture, is thirty-four feet in length, or about six feet longer than those used ten or more years ago. The average weight is 30,000 pounds, although they vary about 1,000 pounds.

The average life of a freight car is fifteen years and they will stand severe usage before showing signs of weakness. The timbers are of well-seasoned oak, the sheathing of cypress and the floor of hard pine, all of which are ironed so as to make them as strong as possible.

The damages are attributed to various causes; derailing and collisions are responsible for a majority of them, and these accidents are more frequent among freight trains than generally is supposed to be, especially the latter when empty cars are being returned.

Another prolific source of accidents is by box cars bunting against flat cars loaded with lumber or other articles that protrude over the platform. Box cars loaded with lumber have their ends knocked out by the shifting of their own freight; in fact, there are scores of ways by which this kind of rolling stock is damaged—the greater the business handled the more cars find their way to the "hospital."

GOVERNOR STANLEY, of Kansas, rashly said he would give a silver cup to every mother of triplets during his term of office. He has already been called upon for fifteen cups and is beginning to think that he is being buncoed. Hereafter he will require the affidavits of the parents, the nurse and the attending physician before sending a cup.

#### CUPID IN THE COAL FIELDS.

In the immigrant trains which roll from Jersey City in the early morning westward to the coal region of western Pennsylvania nearly all the passengers are young and most of them are single. They are the youth and strength of the overstocked labor markets of Austro-Hungary, Russia, Italy and a score of minor European principalities come to dig out fortunes in the land where the cobblestones are gold and folk eat meat at every meal, as everybody in those countries well knows. The men are strong and bronzed and the girls are plump and rosy-cheeked. If these are the offscourings of Europe, as some people say, then Europe at a casual glance should be exceedingly healthy, and her off-scourings, developed in a freer air and under changed social conditions, should produce astonishing results in the competition between the old world and the new.

In every train load there are a few women and nearly all the women are young. woman to every five men seems to be the usual proportion. They sit by themselves, looking out half frightened and wholly curious upon the new wonders which every turn of the railroad reveals, their crimson, blue and orange-colored hoods the only bright spot in the dingy immigrant car; and each rosycheeked, strong-waisted girl is the heroine of a little romance of her own, for she is on her wedding journey to meet a bridegroom whom she has never seen, but who, she has been assured, is rich, strong and handsome, ardent and kind, and, best of all, able to provide for her as only the richest girls in the village she has left behind could expect there, and willing perhaps in the distant future to take her back home rich to queen it over the more timorous and less fortunate friends she has left behind.

In the coal region there flourishes a marriage bureau and these girls are the merchandise it deals in. It is a money-making business and some of its agents are making thousands of dollars a year; yet nobody finds the least fault with it, least of all the men who through its agency purchase wives and with them found above the coal mines homes in which are brought into the world children who will become American citizens of the next

generation. In turn these children will sentheir children to American schools and this second generation grow up with only a trac of sympathy with the Russia or Hungary their grandmothers are leaving behind as \$50 bride now.

Fifty dollars is the usual price for a wife Times have been good in the last few years i the soft coal region in Western Pennsylvania There are 50,000 foreigners there, most of them single, and now brides are going of there by the dozen every week. Prosperity too good for the unmarried immigrant to enjoy by himself and the first thing he'thinks of is a wife.

The matrimonial agent encourages him He is a keen business man, this agent. It knows every Hun and Polak and Slav in the mining regions for miles around the place has settled in; knows the size of his saving bank account and his weekly wages; know whether he is married, in love or fancy free thinking of a girl in the old country or obringing over other members of his fami. Usually the agent is banker, steamship agent railroad agent and matrimonial agent as well and the business of all these agencies got hand in hand.

As soon as the agent knows that an unmaried miner has a hundred or two dollars save he begins to talk matrimony to him. Life good in the coal country, but not a bachelor life. It is best to get away from the company's boarding-house into a home of his ow with a strong, black-eyed girl at the head of the table and by and by with little children climb on the knee.

It is true that there aren't such girls in the coal country to be had for the asking, but that nothing. The agent can see to that. Back the old country there are plenty of the ready and willing to marry the man who we pay their way out to the new country at treat them right.

It is simply a matter of putting up money, \$25 for a steamship ticket and say 5 more for incidental expenses, and the agen trouble and a fine girl will come out to lone Jack or Anton and make him a good will Pay the money and she'll be delivered in month or six weeks at most.

It isn't long before Anton is convinced. The barrenness of life in the miners' boarding-touses helps to decide the problem in the gent's favor. So the money is paid over, and hen the next six weeks are spent by Anton in prucing up and waiting. Then she arrives, or the agent never fails to deliver the goods in time. His partner away off in Europe has een to that, and often his task has been even asier than that of the American member of he firm.

It seems easy to persuade the girls in the vercrowded marriage mart of southeastern Europe to take a chance on a good home and fine husband in the new world. Often the ride-to-be has never before left her native illage or known more of the world than exends beyond the shadow of the church spire. But dreams of the land of gold are tempting. hotograph of the husband-elect, if he is rdinarily good looking-and he usually isvill clinch the matter. So one day she sets orth, knowing little more of the bridegroom waiting her than the marriage broker and the hotograph have told, but with his name and ddress on a slip of paper carefully pinned in he bosom of her gown.

The slip of paper and the photograph are often consulted, you may be sure, in the course of the miserable voyage in the steerage and very often, no doubt, the bride-to-be wishes herself thome again. But they never back out, so he agents say, and at last there comes the day when the immigrant train stops at Connells-tille or McKeesport or other of the distributing points in the coal region and the plump oung woman from home is being welcomed by a swarthy countryman, the matrimonial gent hovering around like an up-to-date, very natter-of-fact Cupid. Lodgings are found for he bride and then the details of the wedding re settled at leisure.

Just at first the brides are apt to be a trifle hy in the presence of their new lovers. But hat soon wears off. Once the all-important natter of a trousseau is settled they are soon eady for the ceremony. It takes place, of ourse, in the little Catholic chapel of the Pennsylvania settlement and makes a festival n the community for nearly a week. The ride looks very pretty, dressed in white, with

white veil and a wreath of flowers over her elaborately dressed hair. There are many bridesmaids and groomsmen as accessories, and after the wedding there is a glorious celebration.

Sometimes it lasts three or four days, sometimes a whole week. After the church ceremony bride, bridegroom and guests march to the new home of the couple or to some hall hired for the occasion and there a feast is spread. There are eatables with names unspellable and unpronounceable, but good to the taste and plenty of them, with beer and polinky, a home-made punch the ingredients of which are alcohol, molasses and water—sometimes if the bridegroom is rich and generous—red wine besides these, to wash the eatables down.

Every male guest has to dance with the bride. The dance is a delirious whirl to the entrancing strains of an accordion, and it costs \$1. The money must be silver and it is deposited on a plate with all the force the player can use. If he breaks the plate he gets another dance for nothing.

There are other pleasures with fees attached and the celebration is so arranged that it nets the couple anywhere from \$50 to \$100 to start housekeeping with. Then to housekeeping they go and the matrimonial agent looks about him for another benedick.

There is no swindle about the coal country matrimonial agency. Every man gets his money's worth, and to all appearances men and maidens seem perfectly satisfied with the system and glad to recommend it. The agents say there are no divorces. They pledge themselves to send out only good girls. Cases of desertion are few and the bargain to take each other for better or for worse seems in most cases to result for the better. In the generations to come some of the descendants of these marriages may not care to have it known how their maternal ancestor reached this country, but in the coal country now these matches are quite the proper thing. - Dozens are made every week throughout the State and \$50 brides are quite a respectable institution.

x x

THE United States produces three-fourths of all the cotton grown in the world.

#### FAMOUS MEN ARE PIOUS.

Much has been said and written to the effect that Americans were a race of skeptics, and fantastic theories of many shades and hues have been presented to support this idea. That the theories need be fantastic to prove so fallacious a premise cannot be denied, especially in view of the fact that a consideration of the subject proves without a doubt precisely the opposite. A fair test can be made and a notable result accomplished when it can be stated positively that there is not one of the men selected to represent America's greatness in the Hall of Fame who was not a firm believer in the necessity of religion.

It may be thought by some that this is a rash estimate, but the biographies of the twenty-nine men who so far have been chosen show that without a single exception all were deeply religious men. The division among the various denominations is as follows: Episcopalians, 9; Independent (denomination unknown or undecided), 8; Unitarian, 4; Presbyterian, 3; Methodist, 2; Congregationalist, 2; Baptist, 1.

The Hall of Fame is a building, erected by an unnamed donor at New York university, containing 150 panels, to bear the names of the Americans who shall be deemed the greatest in their respective fields. Of this number one-third were to be selected from the birth of the American republic to 1900, and five names additional should be added every fifth year. When the voting by the university council was accomplished only twenty-nine were found to have received sufficient votes. These were accordingly enrolled. It is of these twenty-nine that the statistics were taken.

Following is a list of those honored in the number of precedence, together with the religious denomination to which each belonged:

George Washington, Episcopalian.
Abraham Lincoln, Methodist.
Daniel Webster, Congregationalist.
Benjamin Franklin, Independent.
Ulysses S. Grant, Methodist.
John Marshall, Independent.
Thomas Jefferson, Independent.
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Congregationalist.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Unitarian.
Robert Fulton, Episcopalian.

Washington Irving, Episcopalian. Jonathan Edwards, Presbyterian. Samuel F. B. Morse, Presbyterian, David G. Farragut, Episcopalian. Henry Clay, Baptist. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Independent, George Peabody, Episcopalian. Robert E. Lee, Episcopalian. Peter Cooper, Unitarian. Eli Whitney, Independent. John J. Audubon, Episcopalian. Horace Mann, Independent. Henry Ward Beecher, Independent. James Kent, Unitarian. Joseph Story, Independent. John Adams, Episcopalian. William E. Channing, Unitarian, Gilbert Stuart, Episcopalian, Asa Gray, Presbyterian.

It will be observed that eight of these are designated "Independents," but this does not necessarily mean that they had shaken free of the trammels of churchgoing. Far from it. Who would accuse Henry Ward Beecher of being an irreligious man, or Horace Mann or Nathaniel Hawthorne? These were men of profound faith, most of them strongly puritanical in tendency. They were, however, not allied with any of the evangelical denominations, and hence were in every sense of the word Independents.

Benjamin Franklin has been put forward as an infidel, but there is one thing which puts this claim to rout most effectually. This is that when the continental congress threatened to fail to agree on a constitution for the United States it was Benjamin Franklin who moved that prayer be offered to God for divine wisdom to guide their counsels to a happy issue. Further in his famous epitaph he states a belief in the resurrection of the body by God and a future reward.

It has been said, again, that Chief Justice Marshall was without a creed, but he himself states in a letter to his brother that he was of the opinion that the Unitarian theology was at fault, as from his perusal of Keith on "Prophecy" the conclusion was forced upon him that Jesus, who fulfilled so many prophecies, was the only begotten Son of God.

Thomas Jefferson is perhaps the only man in the group who is not distinguished for his belief in God, and even here his biographer, Harris, says that though disdaining to affect ny particular church, yet he attended some hurch almost every Sunday, while in Morse's iography his churchgoing is commented upon s being a sign that many of his saying against he churches were more affected than real.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, a puritan; Eli Whitey, the man who knelt at his work bench very morning; Horace Mann and Henry Vard Beecher, pastors of congregations, although out of denominational lines, and oseph Story, whose son states that it was ne of his father's ambitions to write a work hich should discuss the Bible in the light of gal evidence and prove thereby its truth, are ell-known men and their thoughts and feelings do not allow of doubt as to whether they ere religious or not.

It is a remarkable fact that in this galaxy sere is not a Roman Catholic, but this is no oubt entirely due to the fact that the great atholics of America have been foreign born, and therefore, though equally great with the thers, are barred from the honor by the rules of the Hall of Fame. In an adjacent hall, here the names of foreign-born Americans ill be enshrined, many well-known Catholic ames are expected to lead the list. The reat American-born men of this nation are most entirely of puritan stock, and hence the cause of the prevalence of this spirit mong them.

#### EDITING A PAPER.

THERE is probably no occupation concerng which there is so much doubt, and misapchension as in that of an Editor. Now here e some things for you to think over. No an makes a paper such as he would like to. e has to watch his constituency and give iem what he thinks they want, and not what thinks they need. Many a would-be has one to sticks on the rock of educating the cople. In fact people do not want to be eduited, or if they do they want the dose on the meopathic plan, or so that they do not now that they are getting it. Thus it comes at, contrary to the general opinion, the troue consists not in what to put in the paper, it in what to keep out.

What would you think of a man who would to a hotel to board, getting along all right,

till one day, six months later, he would find on the bill of fare limburger cheese, ice cream, or something else that he didn't like. And then he would rush out to the office, pay his bill, and go out on the street corner, and wowwow-wow, and hullabaloo till all the neighborhood was aroused over the disturbance he was making. In practice the police would gather him in, the patrol wagon would be called and he would be locked up, and the next day fined for his noise.

It is precisely the same in making a paper. Six months of it goes all right, and then there is an item, true enough it may be, but it sticks in the mental craw of Old Subscriber, Veritas, or Constant Reader, and he raises all the commotion possible, as much as an ounce of it in the mails for two cents will permit, and a whole lot of it can be sent in and on a closelywritten paper. It is looking after that man that hastens the editor to an untimely end, for often he refuses to be placated. Even he sometimes "stops the paper," that is he stops his copy, and poses as a martyr, till he gets where he can see a copy in a neighbor's, when he takes hold and reads till he strikes the last line. Sometimes he is repentant, and comes back from the husks and then the Editor falls on his neck and issues the fiat about the fatted calf, and both talk at once, mingling tears and regrets. We confess to a liking for the man who takes the 'Nook seriously in every line. Theoretically what it says is so, because it says so, but sometimes it gets off, being only human.

It is a mistake, however, to think that by telling the Editor what you think of "sich carryins on" you hurt his feelings. He hasn't any. He is rhinocerial-hided, invulnerable, and impervious; and some other things. A good deal the better plan is to write that letter scoring him and implicating all his ancestry for three generations back, and then instead of mailing it, put it in the clock for two days, and then read it over and shudder at the thought of adding to the burdens of a man who has waxed fat and is growing older every day, when you ought to encourage him by subscribing for your grandson in the West.

M M

CUPID is blind to everything but pin-money.

### NATURE



### STUDY

#### AN ISLAND OF BLACK CATS.

One of the queerest corners of the earth, according to Captain John C. Reinman, is Chatham Island, off the coast of Ecuador. This island lies six hundred miles west of Guyaquil, and the equator runs directly through it. Captain Reinman, who was sent to the Galapagos group of islands to inquire into the proper grounding of the deep sea cable, stopped at Chatham Island, and says it abounds in cats, every one of which is black. These animals live in the crevices of the lava formation near the coast, and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

#### HOW A LIZARD CHANGED HIS COAT.

Who of us would not have liked to be present and watch Mr. Lizard take off his old coat to make room for a new one, as it is described so interestingly in *The Humane Alliance*:

I went into the sitting room one day to put some fresh water in the aquarium. Before pouring it in I looked for the lizard, as he was very active, and I was always afraid of his climbing out and falling on the floor, where the cat would get him. He was there perfectly safe, but was bobbing his head up and down quickly in a very unusual way, and I noticed a thick, black ridge all around his neck. This distressed me very much. I was afraid that he had been neglected and was going to be sick, so I looked at him again more closely. All of a sudden he gave a quick jerk with his right arm and pulled it through the black ridge, then he gave his other arm a jerk and pulled that out, too. Then I knew what was happening. He was changing his skin, just as boys change their shirts, only I did not hear him complain, and I think that on the whole he did not wriggle as much as most boys.

The skin was still around his waist and had to come off his tail. By that time he had worked the loose skin down far enough to be able to catch it in his mouth, very much as a dog bites a burr on his back, and he took a firm hold of it, braced himself against a stone, gave one good hard pull, and his skin peeled off like a glove. It lay in the water for a few minutes and floated out perfectly flat so that I could see his little lacy black scarf and two tiny pairs of black gloves—the dearest little gloves ever seen.

I wanted to keep the skin, but just as I was going to take it, the lizard, after watching carefully, gave one gulp and swallowed it down.

#### BUTTERFLY FARMING.

An English entomologist, William Watkins, was the first to raise butterflies on a large scale.

For a dozen years the vast establishmen, which he has founded for this purpose has furnished millions of these winged insects not only to private collectors, but also to various museums in the Old and New World. And it was Mr. Watkins himself who has established at the zoölogical garden of London a very interesting entomologic station, where may be found the most beautiful butterflies of the entire world.

The "butterfly farm" of Eastbourne—so it is named—near the southern coast of England and in a place well sheltered from winds covers an area of 4,000 square meters. It is a vast garden filled with flowers and rare trees, surrounded by a very high trellis and where flutter at liberty many thousands of butterflies of various species.

From all the countries of the world the farm receives the eggs, which are submitted to 4 special mode of incubation. Then the cater pillars issuing from these eggs receive nourishment suitable to their evolution as chrysales,

and these in their turn are given the most careful attention. A certain number of the most perfect are preserved as reproductors, while the others are asphyxiated and mounted. And thus are obtained absolutely perfect specumens, which are sold to collectors.

Some of the rarer insects fetch enormous sums.

#### THREE FAMILIES IN A NEST.

JOHN WIDGEON, the field collector of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, has had many experiences while collecting the specimens for the museum.

"It is remarkable," he says, "how some of the deadliest enemies live in close proximity to each other. Several years ago, while exploring Kent island, I ventured up a forty-foot hickory tree to inspect a large fish hawk's nest. When almost to the nest I was surprised to see an enormous blacksnake wrapped around the heavy sticks at the bottom of the bulky nest. The snake, although at such an unusual distance from the ground, did not lose its presence of mind, but dropped gracefully from limb to limb until it reached the ground. Continuing to the nest, I found a large family of field mice. Above this was a nestful of little sparrows, and upon the top of the hawk's nest were three young hawks just hatched.

#### ABOUT ROCKS.

A VALUED correspondent writes the Query Column of the 'NOOK, asking whether rocks grow up out of the ground, as they are some-

times reported to do. The question is too long for its appropriate place, so we answer here that rocks never do grow out of the ground, as put in the query. Here and there a rock in the field appears larger than before, but it is because wind and weather have cleared the soil away. The tendency of all rocks is to sink in the soil, if there is any to sink into, and if not to disintegrate with more or less rapidity. If our querist places a common brick gently on the ground, and leaves it there, it will sink into the soil, and in the course of time, what is above ground, will soften and disappear through the action of the elements, the frost and the rain, the sun and the wind. The same thing is going on all around us, everywhere. The same forces that carved out the rugged outline of the stony mountains are at work now, and always will be, and in time they will eat everything into a crumbling heap. Instead of the rocks growing out of the soil, the exact opposite is the truth. There is a sinking down, a crumbling away, and a disposition to go to pieces, in all forms of matter.

#### A BLOODHOUND MAN.

A BLOODHOUND man has been discovered by a German doctor. This is an individual whose sense of smell is so keen that he can recognize his friends at a distance of several feet and when he is blindfolded. One scientific fact resulting from this highly developed sense is that all the members of the family have a characteristic odor and that each family has its distinctive odor.



# 態INGLENOOK

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22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

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#### PRESERVING THE INGLENOOK.

SEVERAL readers of the 'NOOK have asked for information relative to filing this magazine, and have requested that it be made a matter of publicity. There are several methods of disposing of the copies as they reach the reader. One is to read them, let them lie around, and be destroyed sooner or later. Another is to do a little missionary work and give them out to less fortunate people. And then the greatest number want to keep the publication, and these arrange variously.

There are several ways in which the numbers may be kept together. We have not seen any satisfactory temporary binder, though there are such advertised. The best thing to do is to turn the completed file over to a professional bookbinder, who will put them together satisfactorily at a varying price, from fifty cents to many dollars, dependent on the amount of money want to you put in. Another plan is to pile up the copies in a bureau drawer, where they are kept from the light and dust. Nothing will ruin a printed document so completely in time as light, air and dust. Keeping the copies consecutive in the dark is the best method of preservation.

The bureau drawer method has its advantages. Very often, in the course of time, the bread and butter boy, or the girl in the pickle stage, will discover the mine, and go mad for the back numbers. Given the bound volume to maul over they will leave their mark all over it. But dealing out one number at a time, with the injunction to keep it clean and in good form, or they get no more, will keep them out of mischief for many a rainy day.

#### OUR SONNY.

I TELL ye, folks, it's a great responsibility. as well as a great gift, to have a boy as bright as our Sonny is. Come next co'n huskin' time our Sonny will be fo'teen years old, and he knows most near as much as his Pap and his Mam does now, mo' in fact 'bout some things. 'Tother day we was a sittin' on the front po'ch. a sitting quiet like, when our Sonny, he a readin' of the Inglenook magazine paper, when all at onct he up and said, said he. "Pap." I didn't say nothin', cause I knowed Sonny, and I knowed he wasn't a going to be put off by no such thing as nobody a answerin' of him, seein' that he does most all the talkin' anyhow. So he says again, "Pap," and I, just to encourage him like says, "What is it, Sonny?" An' he up an' says, says he, "Pap, what's the reason this Inglenook here is like Maw's skillet in the kitchen?" I studied a while, an' then I said, "Cause it's full of good things." Sonny said that was true but t'wasn't the right answer. Maw, she looked at me, to see if I was a goin' to bite, but jist to encourage Sonny, I said, "Well, why then?" Sonny's deep, an' I wanted to see how smart he is. So he jist up and said, says he, "Cause every well-regulated fambly ought to have its own, and not have its childer a traipsin' to the neighbors to borry it." An' Sonny he went right on a reading, an' Maw, she shook a little, Maw's inclined to be fat, an' I would a give something nice to have had the word to get back at our Sonny, but it didn't come, an' all I said was, "Sonny, you needn't traipse off a borryin' no mo' after I go to the post office come Saturday." Oh yes, our Sonny is deep, an' it's a great responsibility to have such a gift as our Sonny is.

We learn that Prof. Sharp will pay a visit to is ancestral home in Pennsylvania, which he as not seen for more than twenty years, and in the way visit each of the Brethren colleges and the Brethren Publishing House. He will robably spend the winter in holding Bible ormals and protracted meetings. His ability is an expounder of the Scriptures is too well known in the Brotherhood to need comment, but his real forte is that of a teacher, and hose who want a real treat in Bible normal astruction will be fortunate to secure his servers.

## ???????????

Is Gaggle Goo a real baby, or just the Editor's fancy?
A real, live, meat baby, healthy, red-haired and always hungry.

Does the right always triumph?

Not always in this world. In the long run, bes. But not always where we can see it.

Can I buy enough type for a line or two and my name? I want them for printing on a card.

Yes, readily enough in most offices, but you vill not be able to get up presentable printing without a heavy press.

Why is not the telephone used instead of the telegraph in running trains?

Mainly because there is no record, as in elegraphy, and where it has been tried it has not proved satisfactory.

What is touch typewriting?

Operating a typewriter without its having he keys lettered, touching the right one instinctively. It results in greater speed.

What are kid gloves made out of and is the hair or desh side used outside?

Kid gloves are made of skins of many different animals, of which, perhaps, the real kid constitutes the minority. The kid effect is produced by the methods of working and the skins are faced either way, dependent on the animal from which it came. Perhaps the commonest forms of kid gloves are made of colt skins from Russia. Can I get a book printed, if I pay for it myself?

Certainly. But unless you are in a special manner in touch with a purchasing constituency it will prove a bad loss to you. Private ventures of the kind hardly ever pay. The 'Nook advises going slow in the matter.

Can a tree in leaf be successfully transplanted?

Yes, it can be transplanted at any time of its existence with proper care and expert knowledge. The writer has often transplanted fruit trees in blossom and in fruit without injury. Enough roots and a little intelligent care is all that is needed.

Yes and no. The requirements of States differ, and even sections of the same State have different standards of scholarship requisite to success It will be clear to you that the requirements in a school in New York City are different from those in the mountains of North Carolina.

What is a quicksand like?

Apparently like any other bed of sand. But the quicksand is rounded like marbles, and when wet whatever gets into it slowly sinks, and the greater the struggles the quicker the swallowing process. The only salvation in a good bed of it is in being hauled out bodily by somebody on solid earth.

Who writes the unsigned articles in the 'Nook?

The 'Nook is made up of material that is often unsigned original matter, or, maybe, extracts, and anything and everything that seems likely to interest our readers. We are not very strong on the personal equation in the conduct of the 'Nook. Names count for less than the subject and its handling.

Why is a plant named in Latin?

The scientific names of all plants and animals are in a dead language because that language is a fixed quantity. Otherwise the mosquito would have a score of names, but in Latin or Greek, or both, it is understood by the scholars of all nations. Without this method of naming utter confusion would result.

#### CONVICT'S GREAT SECRET.

THERE seems to be enough in the claim of of S. R. Dawson, the Iowa convict who is alleged to have discovered the secret of tempering steel to the fineness and toughness of the Damascus blade, to warrant shrewd capitalists taking an interest in the man and his discovery. The secret has been placed in a vault in the Des Moines National bank and to this vault there are three keys. One is held by the bank, one by the officers of the Damascus Steel Company, S. R. Dawson, the aged convict in the penitentiary at Anamosa, held the third key. Because it required all three keys to open the vault Mr. Dawson is at home to-day a free man, paroled by Governor Shaw during good behavior.

All attempts to extract the secret from Dawson were unsuccessful. Wheedling, coaxing, threats, had no effect upon him. He declared time and again he would die in prison rather than give up his precious knowledge. With good behavior allowance Mr. Dawson had fifteen months of his sentence yet to serve when Dr. L. D. Rood, president of the steel company, interested Governor Shaw in the case and pointed out to him that through the death in prison of the inventor science might again lose the secret of hardening steel and copper.

After much hesitation Governor Shaw consented to the granting of executive elemency. and aged, gaunt, with grizzled beard and hair, Dawson is to-day just where he was on Christmas eve, 1895. He was on the verge of success, after a lifetime of work and self-denial. During the autumn he had interested local capitalists in his discovery and had been assured of abundant capital to perfect his proc-The Damascus Steel Company, with an authorized capital of \$250,000, had been formed and he had just returned from a visit to the east, where he had interested some of the great steel men. He looked forward to the new year to bring commercial success of his plan of making steel and riches.

The crime for which Dawson was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary was the killing of a young man named Scott, who married Dawson's daughter against his will. He received a ten years' sentence.

That Dawson makes Damascus steel or a product nearly or quite its equal is admitted by many good artisans. His product is harden than ordinary steel, more pliant, susceptible of a keener edge. He made some beautiful knifeblades that would bend almost double and also a beautiful saber. He fashioned a cold chisel and tested it beside ordinary chisels on some steel girders. The Dawson chisel went through the girder in much less time than workmen with ordinary chisels. The workmen had to change tools often in order to get good edges; but when Dawson had finished, the edge of his chisel seemed as good as ever.

#### YOUR WATCH.

If you own a watch open it and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indipensable part of the whole wonderful machine. The busy little balance wheel alone is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch I have before me, says a writer, is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 8,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from the steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one-thousandths of an inch wide.

It takes 208,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel about 9½ inches long, a hundredth part of an inch wide and twenty-seven ten-thousandths of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering was long held a secret by the few possessing it and even now it is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care.

The strip is gauged to twenty one-thousandths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished steel will be. A twenty-thousandth part of an inch in thickness of a strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proporon to the material from which they are made. comparison will give a good idea. A ton of old is worth \$627,915. A ton of steel made into hairsprings when in watches is worth 7,882,299—more than 12½ times the value of ure gold.

Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a train to the inch. One mile of wire weighs ess than half a pound. The balance gives five ibrations to every second, 300 every minute 3,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157, 80,000 every year. At each vibration it roates about 1½ times, which makes 197,100,000 evolutions every year.

In order that we may better understand the tupendous amount of labor performed by hese tiny works, let us make a few comparsons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive ith six driving wheels. Let its wheels be un until they shall have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one ear, and they will have covered a distance qual to 28 complete circuits of the earth.

All this a watch does without other attention han winding once every 24 hours. When we compare this with the frequent repairs an enine receives we certainly ought to be willing to have our watches cleaned once a year.

#### GOOD LUCK IN BAD ERRORS.

MISTAKES are not always unprofitable. Sometimes they turn out to be the most forunate things that could have happened. When Orme won the Eclipse stakes at Santown eight years ago the Prince of Wales sent his friend Mr. Courthope to lay a bet on a horse called Orvieto. But Mr. Courthope misunderstood the name and placed the prince's money on Orme. When Orme came in a good winner the prince thought, of course, that he had lost, instead of which he had won \$50,000.

A lucky mistake was that which resulted in the opening of the famous Niersfontein gold mine in south Africa and the making of \$30,000-000. It was an error that saved a score of people from ruin and made wealthy many of them, for the original intention of twenty poor men who were seeking fortune was to buy a

mine called the Rensnek farm. The prospectors who examined this farm found that it gave great promise of a rich mine, and they commissioned an agent to buy it for \$6,000. The agent, however, got mixed and made a hopeless blunder through not knowing the district well. He bought another place called Niersfontein for the prospectors, and the money was paid over before the dismayed gold seekers found they were let in for a place they did not want.

They refused to accept the deal, but the money had been paid and retraction was impossible. Worst of all, some outside people profited by the error and snapped up the coveted Rensnek.

Before going to law to repudiate the transaction the little company had a look at the despised Niersfontein place, and on giving a trial to it they found it worth while to hang on. The other place—the Rensnek—gave out within a fortnight and ruined the company which had bought it, while the Niersfontein became a magnificent mine and has yielded over \$30-000,000.

#### MAKES SADDLES AND HARNESS.

Among the novel occupations of the feminine breadwinners of the land none are more diversified and unusual than those undertaken by the fair ones of the southern states who have been cast by fortune upon their own resources. In one of the small towns of Florida resides the only woman saddler in America. Upon the death of her husband, instead of selling the "good will and fixtures," as her neighbors kindly suggested, the widow carried on the business, with the help of an assistant. Gradually she mastered every detail of the trade and finally succeeded in building up the most lucrative business of that kind in the country, not only maintaining the standard of work done by her husband, but long ago outstripping him in thrift and prosperity.

In Georgia a woman not only personally delivers the mail over a forty-mile route, riding over the sparsely-settled region of Montgomery county thrice weekly during the entire year, but manages a large farm as well, doing much of the manual labor, such as plowing, harrowing, sowing and harvesting, and supporting by her energy and courage a family of four.

Not twenty miles from Savannah as the crow flies there resides a widow of 40 who, for the last ten years, has made more than a comfortable income as a government contractor, bidding for the removal of wrecks, the anchoring of buoys, building of jetties and dredging.

A Virginia girl has made a widespread reputation as well as a good bank account as a trainer of saddle horses.

Few people riding over the new London Northern railway are aware that the company employs the only woman train dispatcher in the world. Her responsibility is great, her hours from seven o'clock in the morning to 9 in the evening, her duties a continual nervous and mental strain. Quite recently the directors of the road complimented her upon her efficient service, and it is a pleasure to add that she receives the same compensation paid to men occupying similar positions.

#### OREGON STRAWBERRIES.

BY JENNIE A. STEPHENS.

The season commences by the first of May and continues during the summer with the everbearing variety. From a grower of the fruit, who markets his product to the city of Portland, may be found berries measuring eleven and one-half inches in circumference, the largest size being the Vick variety, and of delicious flavor. Visitors can find ripe strawberries on the dinner table during the holidays. The berry business east of the city is a lively one during the months of May and June.

#### FORGOTTEN.

In making up the Inglenook Cook Book we find a number of excellent recipes, which, unless authors are heard from, we shall not be able to use. Some are written out on blank sheets of white paper with no name or address; some lack the address, while others have no name.

Below we give a list of them. If a 'NOOKER recognizes her recipe and will send us her name and address, and also the name of the

recipe she sent in, we shall cheerfully find a

Creamed turnips and turnip salad,—no name or address, both on the same sheet.

Scalloped tomatoes,—no name or address.

Spanish cream, wine gelatine jelly, huckleberry pudding,—no name or address. The three from one person.

Breaded sausage, economy gems, banana fritters,—no name or address.

Hot lemonade, frosted fruit, floating island, supposed to be from Brownsville, Md.

Savory meat, chicken croquettes,—no name or address. Both on the same sheet.

Stewed oysters, pineapple omelet, quince honey, blackberry cordial, together with seven others from Sharpsburg, Md.

Chicken cream soup, mailed at Huntington, Ind.

Chicken potpie from Somerset County, Pa.
Texas slaw, potato salad, cottage pudding,
muffins, from one person,—no name or address.

Vegetable soup, catsup,—signed Mrs. L. M. D.

Rice muffins, chili sauce, sweet pickles, muffins from one person,—no name or address.

Doughnuts,-signed but no address.

A cheap potpie from Ephrata, Pa., no name. Plum pudding,—no name or address.

Address the Inglenook at once if these recipes are to be made available.

#### WHERE DOGS ARE TAUGHT TO CATCH RATS.

An academy for dogs, you will say, is a novel institution, but there is such a school in Chicago. There is only one course of study, and a most practical one it is-the teaching of puppies to catch rats. The students to this academy come from the city streets mostly, and all enter upon their merits, aristocracy not yet having a place in this canine college, but fox terriers are more in demand than any other kind. When the puppy is duly enrolled, the "professor" who conducts the institution proceeds to give it careful training. If it shows great fear of the rodents, however, it is pretty apt to be expelled, for the puppy that has once been bitten or terrified by a rat rarely gets over its fright, and is of little use as a rattcher. A few lessons to the more hopeful og student will develop it into a courageous id wily pursuer of his ratship. When the dog thoroughly trained it is readily sold, good thunters being in much demand.

#### WHERE QUININE GROWS.

THERE is no drug in such universal use as ninine and none is more highly esteemed by the majority of physicians. It is one of the way specifics in the pharmacopæia, as it is aimed to be a sovereign cure for malarial feers. Not the only cure, perhaps, but one upon hich dependence can be placed. It is in use every part of the civilized world and before vilization invaded some portions of the orld the savages knew its virtues and profited y them.

The discovery of the drug by the Spaniards. South America is an old story, but it is not enerally known that the world's present suply of quinine comes from the island of Java, here the cinchona tree is not indigenous, but as introduced only after many failures and ith infinite toil and patience on the part of ne Dutch government.

Fifty years ago a Dutchman named Hassakarl as sent to South America to obtain slips and eds of the quinine tree. After many adventures and two years of wandering near the eadwaters of the Amazon Hassakarl returned Java with sixteen saplings. They were lanted and flourished remarkably well, but hen the bark was first taken, five years later, reat was the disappointment to find that lassakarl had been duped and that the sapngs were not cinchonas at all.

Another attempt was made a few years later, when an English merchant, a Mr. Ledger, sold the Dutch planters some cinchona seed he ad obtained in Bolivia. Twenty thousand rees grew from Ledger's seed and many of nem are still standing.

The quinine forests are planted in clearings the jungle and are kept as free from weeds a flower garden in this country. When a ree is six years old it is cut down and a new lip planted alongside of its roots, so that the uinine supply is never diminished. The bark a stripped from the trunk by Javanese women.

They cut it into short lengths and dry it first in the sun and later in ovens. The dried bark is then put through a crude mill, which cuts it into small bits. These are shipped in bags to Amsterdam or Bandoeng, the center of the quinine industry of Java.

At the factory the bark is mixed with an alkaloid and ground again. It is then pumped into immense tanks filled with hot crude petroleum, which dissolves the alkaloid from the bark. The oil in turn is washed out with sulphuric acid to remove the alkaloid, and the crude quinine crystallized when it is cooled. The crystals are then placed in trays to dry. In 100-pound cans the finished quinine is now ready for the market.

Quinine of an inferior quality comes from Ceylon, and the British government supplies its army and navy hospitals from plantations of its own in the Himalaya mountains.

#### A COSTLY LEATHER.

The finest and most costly leather that is used in this country for manufacturing purposes is known in the trade as piano leather. This leather, so called because it is exclusively employed for covering piano hammers, is in its raw state an American product, being the skin of the gray deer, which are found only in the vicinity of the great northern and western lakes. But as American tanners have not acquired the art of properly curing the skins, they have to be shipped to Thuringia, Germany, to be tanned before they can be used by the manufacturers of piano actions.

#### TELEGRAMS ARE INVIOLATE.

The governor of Pennsylvania has signed an act which makes it a misdemeanor for an employe of a telegraph or telephone company to impart to a third person any information he or she may acquire because of his or her position during the transmission of messages. The new law imposes a penalty of \$100 fine, imprisonment for six months, or both.

A POOR man never knows how many friends he has until he suddenly strikes it rich.

#### FIRE AND THE FISHERIES.

Fire and lights now play an important part in the fisheries of various parts of the world. In Florida boats go out on dark, moonless nights after mullet, with braziers at the bows filled with blazing pine knots. As the boatmen row slowly and quietly along through the lagoons the fish are attracted by the glare within reach of the cast net, which is thrown overboard at intervals, to be drawn in again and again, filled with silvery victims. So eagerly do the mullet seek the light that frequently they leap into the boat, thus effecting their own capture.

On the coast of Maine and in the waters of the near-by Canadian provinces is practiced a method of fishing for herring which is known as "torching." It is of Indian origin and was undoubtedly utilized by the aborigines in that part of the world long before the coming of Columbus. In the Lubec narrows, which form the eastern entrance of Passamaquoddy bay, this kind of fishing is specially popular, though forbidden in the neighboring waters of New Brunswick, because of a belief that the kerosene incidentally employed (floating on the water) has the effect of driving away the fish.

Formerly birch torches were used in this nocturnal pursuit, but since the bark became scarce kerosene has been substituted, tow or rags being wrapped around a stick dipped into the oil and set on fire. One of these torches being attached to the bow of a boat, the latter is rowed by one or two men, while another stands in the bow with a scoop net and scoops up the fish as they rise to the light. Moonless nights are chosen always and the rowing is kept up constantly, because the herring will rise only so long as the light is kept in motion.

Sometimes squid—the small cuttlefishes so largely used by fishermen for bait and whose bones serve to sharpen canaries' bills—are captured in the same way. They are much attracted by light—so markedly, indeed, that on a moonlight night tens of thousands of them will run ashore and become stranded, thus perishing because they are so interested in gazing at the moon that they keep their eyes upon the orb, propelling themselves steadily in one direction meanwhile until they find themselves on the beach. Then, by the

pumping of their siphons, they push them selves farther up until they are hopelessly high and dry.

Along the coast of Maine weirs of brush are used for catching herring and sometimes the fish are "toled" into these traps by means or lights. Large shoals of herring being observed outside, but showing no disposition to come and be caught, the fishermen will go out in boats, with torches, and row quietly over the schools, attracting them in the direction of the weirs. Having returned at length to the weirs they extinguish the torches, go out again and again and repeat the process.

During the shad catching season on the Potomac one may see numerous lanterns on the surface of the river, looking like so many great fireflies. These lanterns are attached to the buoys of the shad nets, enabling the fishermen to find them in the dark.

#### ANIMALS THAT COMMIT MURDER.

In almost every part of the world man-kil. ing by animals is common enough, but cases where a man is murdered deliberately by an animal are quite rare. There have been cases, though, where animals have killed men in such a manner that, had they been bipeds instead quadrupeds, they would have been tried for and convicted of murder in the first degree. Stories of several murders by animals come from England. A Lincolnshire bull suddenly evinced a hatred for its owner, and the farmer had need of the greatest agility to avoid the animal whenever he happened to be in the same field with it. With every one else on the farm the bull was as gentle as could be, and even would come to the farm hands to be petted in response to a peculiar call. One day a farm hand working in a field saw the bull, which was grazing in a meadow near by, walk to a gate leading to the yard of the house, lift the latch with his nose and pass through. In the yard was the farmer, asleep in a chair tilted against the side of the house. The bull seemed to know that the farmer was asleep and stealthily approached him. The farm hand, realizing what the animal was about, ran with a pitchfork to try to prevent the impending murder, but he was too late.

The bull paused within half a dozen paces of the sleeping farmer, lowered his head and nade a furious rush, pinning the man against the side of the building and killing him intantly. Without waiting to gore his victim he bull turned and strolled out into the meadow again.

A corporal in a native Indian regiment was murdered by a monkey. The monkey had been caught young, and had been kept as a oet by an officer of the regiment, who was fond of him on account of the unusual intellizence he showed. It was the duty of a certain corporal to feed the monkey, and one day he accidentally gave it some food which caused it great pain. The monkey never forgot or forgave the corporal, though another soldier was assigned to the duty of feeding the animal. One morning the officer awoke to find his pet which slept in the same room, missing. He dressed hastily and went out. The first thing he heard was that the corporal had been found in his company room with his throat cut, the monkey sitting on his body toying with a razor. The razor subsequently was identified as one belonging to the officer, and had been left on the table in his room when he went to bed the preceding night. To commit the crime the monkey must have gone out, razor in hand, into the pitch dark night, walked 200 yards to the men's quarters, slipped past the guard and made his way down a long corridor to the room where the corporal was sleeping. No one saw the monkey until after the murder had been committed.

A boy of thirteen was murdered by a race horse which had taken a violent dislike to him. It is believed that the boy at some time had teased or maltreated the horse, for it was gentleness itself with every one else. The boy was warned not to go near the horse, but one day he entered a loose box stall where his enemy was confined. The horse at once knocked the boy down, grabbed him by the back of his waistcoat with his teeth, and beat his brains out by slamming him against the sides of the stall. The horse kept the would-be rescuers at bay while he was committing the murder by kicking violently. Having killed the boy he allowed the stable hands to enter the stall without trying to do them harm. There have been several instances where elephants have watched an opportunity and murdered their keepers, against whom they had some grievance, perhaps of long standing.

#### BELGIAN HARES A PLAGUE.

A LITTLE more than one year ago the English wild rabbit, under the name of the Belgian hare, was introduced into California. It had previously been known in southern California for about five years. The daily papers welcomed the stranger and assisted the importers in working up an excitement. Animals for eating were readily sold for \$5 apiece, and the price of fancy specimens for breeding purposes ran up to several hundred dollars. At that time the Argonaut alone pointed out the danger of the introduction of this animal. They multiply with great rapidity and are large eaters. By the established figures of increase it was shown that one pair of rabbits would be represented at the end of the first year by twenty-two, and that at the end of five years the descendants of this original pair would number 3,809,322.

So long as the rabbits were kept in captivity these figures would not seriously affect anybody but the owner who was called upon to feed them. But should they escape or be turned loose the result would seriously affect the entire community. How serious this would be may be gathered from the experience of Australia, into which country they had been imported to furnish game for men of leisure who took an interest in sport.' They increased so rapidly that they began to interfere with stock-raising and agricultural operations. They consumed the herbage up to the very doors of the farmhouses, destroyed orchards and gardens and caused the abandonment of land that had formerly produced thirty bushels of wheat and sixty bushels of barley to the acre.

A war of extermination against the pest was inaugurated. Wire fences were built—one of them between 400 and 500 miles long and costing \$3,850,000—to restrain them in bounds, but they burrowed underneath. During three successive years \$730,000, \$1,250,000 and \$2,500,000 were paid as bonus to persons who

killed them off. This represented more than 35,000,000 scalps, but still the plague continued. They were shot, trapped, hunted with ferrets; poisoned and infected with chicken cholera. Even these measures failed, and nature had to come to the rescue of the farmers. The year 1888 was one of drouth. Lakes and water-courses were fenced in, and the rabbits, shut off from the water, died of thirst by thousands. Still many remain and the plague of rabbits may again visit Australia whenever vigilance is relaxed.

The English rabbit which caused all of this destruction differs from his descendant, the Belgian hare, only in the fact that the latter is larger and stronger as a result of generations of breeding and development. The Argonaut one year ago warned the people of the danger of allowing them to run at large through the state. Very shortly afterward a number escaped in Sacramento county. Now the State board of horticulture estimates that several thousand of them are at large within the boundaries of the State. The secretary of agriculture calls attention to the danger in his report to the federal government. Though the board of horticulture is alive to the fact that the pest is gaining a foothold in the State, it does not appear to be alive to the fact that now is the time to stamp it out.

#### UNCLE SAM'S CAT.

TEN dollars for food for an office cat is the most curious allowance ever made by a post-master general. And such was the item which was sanctioned the other day by General Smith at Washington. Ten dollars for food for the office cat at St. Paul.

The St. Paul post office is an old building and so filled with mice and rats that the cat has plenty of work to do keeping these little creatures in order. They say that the cat is the hardest-worked member of the force and the most necessary.

When the item was read by the postal authorities at Washington there was a hearty laugh. But later when they read the explanation which accompanied the bill everyone, from the postmaster general to the office boy, agreed that it was quite right that the cat

should be fed at the expense of the government. This is one of the very few instances on record where a cat has been placed on Uncle Sam's pay roll.

#### WHEN THE "CHINOOK" WIND BLOWS.

Should the boys and girls who live in the valleys west of the Rocky Mountains go to bed at night with the snow deep on the ground as it was in Chicago last winter, and wake up next morning with it all gone, and the ground perfectly dry they would exclaim, "A chinook came in the night!" and think no more of it: for this thing often happens.

A "chinook" is not a western boy's name for a fairy, nor has it anything to do with fairy tales. It is the Indian name for a warm wind that blows up in the night, melting and evaporating the snow and leaving the ground dry. In midwinter the boys will often wake up during the night and hear the wind blowing as it does in balmy spring days. "It's a chinook, and all our coasting will be spoiled," they say in disappointment; and sure enough the morning light shows not one speck of snow.

These boys do not question the origin of the "chinook." They accept it as you do the snow or the rain; but, as you know, there is a warm current in the Pacific Ocean which flows along the northwest coast of the United States, warming that region and making its climate similar to that of England. The explanation offered for this wind is that it blows up from the warm ocean current, crosses the mountains and sweeps down into the valleys.

#### PRICE OF AN OLD BOOK.

OLD books sometimes bring wonderful prices—amounts that would have made their authors open wide their eyes had they ever dreamed of getting so much for a single book.

An auction of books was held in London a short time ago and one of the books placed on sale was a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare, printed away back in the year 1623. The book brought \$8,600, which was the highest price ever paid for a copy.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE CHOICE OF THE TWELVE.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE choice of the twelve apostles is a part of the great plan of human redemption. When hrist was baptized by John, declared by the Tather to be his Son, filled with the Holy shost, tempted of the devil, and thus prepared to enter upon his ministry as the Savior of mankind, he was then introduced to the vorld by John the Baptist as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." This testimony of John attracted two of his wn disciples to Christ, who at once entered pon his ministry and began to gather around im disciples of his own. The first two/chosen vere Andrew and John, who became "pillars" n his church. Near Bethabara also assemled the first Christian congregation, conisting of two persons with Christ as their breacher. The sermon was convincing and so leeply was Andrew affected that he hastened o his brother Simon and said, "We have bund the Messias, which is, being interpreted, he Christ," and brought his brother to Jesus, who at once chose Simon as another of his disiples and gave him the name Cephas, which n Hebrew means the same as Petros in Greek, r Peter in English, signifying a stone.

With these three disciples, Jesus now turned ack from the Jordan, where he was baptized, oward Galilee, where he was brought up, and in his way the next day met Philip, an acuaintance of Andrew and Simon, being of the same city, Bethsaida, their home.

This Philip was also enrolled as a disciple f Christ and so well was he convinced that esus was the Messiah that he spoke to his riend, Nathanael, saying, "We have found im of whom Moses in the law and the prophts did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Nathanel could not believe that anything good ould come out of Nazareth, considering the eputation that city had, but Philip was so onvinced of the Messiahship of Christ that e said to his friend, "Come and see."

"When Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him e said, Behold an Israelite indeed in whom no guile!" Nathanael was astonished and said, "Whence knowest thou me?" Then Jesus told him that he knew him before Philip called him, and while he was yet under the fig tree. This satisfied Nathanael that Jesus had the divine power of knowing the secrets of men's hearts and he answered, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the king of Israel." Doubtless Nathanael had made the fig tree the place of his devotions where he thought none but God could see and hear.

With these five disciples as the nucleus of his band of apostles, Christ went to Galilee, and the next day attended a wedding at Cana where he turned water into wine, and then went to Capernaum a short time, where he tarried until the time of the Passover and then went to Jerusalem.

"While Jesus was in Jerusalem at the Passover, many believed on his name when they saw the miracles which he did" and the number of his disciples now increased rapidly. Notably among those who confessed Christ at this time was Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.

From Jerusalem Jesus went to some part of Judea and began to teach and to call the people to repentance saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." As Jesus taught the people, the disciples baptized those that accepted his doctrine, and so great was the interest in his teaching that "He made and baptized more disciples than John."

Apparently to avoid arousing any jealousy among John's disciples, Jesus left Judea to go to Galilee again. On his way he passed through Samaria, stopping at Sychar, where he converted a woman of Samaria who met him at Jacob's well. Passing on to Cana he healed a nobleman's son and then came to Nazareth. Here, as his custom was, he entered the synagogue on the Sabbath Day to read the Scriptures and explain them. It happened that on this occasion the Scripture read was Isaiah 61: 1, which he explained as referring to himself. This so enraged the congregation that they attempted to put him to death, but he escaped and came to Capernaum where he made his headquarters for the future. His disciples also seem to have returned to their homes at this time.

Walking along the verdant shore of the Sea of Galilee one day Christ saw Andrew,

Simon and John, his disciples, engaged in fishing; also James, the elder brother of John, and he called all of them, saying he would make them "fishers of men." This was a special call and they left their ships and their friends and began to follow Jesus wherever he went. James, the brother of John now made the sixth of those who received a special call from Jesus.

Returning to Capernaum with his disciples, he entered the synagogue and taught with great power and demonstration of the Spirit, astounding the scribes and Pharisees by casting out devils, healing all manner of sickness, and attracting an immense concourse of people who spread his fame not only through Galilee, but even to Syria and Phœnicia.

After making a short tour through Galilee with his disciples, preaching and healing the sick, he returned again to Capernaum where he taught and performed miracles, until the pressure of the people became so great that he went to a larger space by the seaside. On his way he passed the place where Matthew, the publican, was collecting custom or revenue for the Roman government and he called him to be one of his disciples also.

The divinity of Christ was now sufficiently well established, his doctrine was well taught, the number of baptized believers was sufficiently great to make expedient a better organization of his followers. Consequently he led the way to several hills named the "Horns of Hattin," west of the Sea of Galilee and about two miles southwest of Capernaum. On the top of one of these hills he called such of his disciples as he desired and "ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal the sick and cast out devils." He invested them with authority never granted to a human being before. They were made the highest officers in his church and in his kingdom, as explained in 1 Cor. 12: 28. "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers," etc.

There was really nothing lacking which is absolutely essential to constitute an organized body or church, except a constitution for its government. This he supplied next by preaching to them a sermon on that hill which

is known as "the sermon on the mount.' This may be considered as embracing the fun damental laws of his kingdom, as it clearly points out the distinction between his law and that of Moses, and between his kingdom and that of all others.

From this time on he instructed his disciples in the mysteries of the kingdom, and entrusted to them "the oracles of God" and the entire New Testament Scriptures as we now have them. They were later empowered to act as his ambassadors to every nation an. kingdom, to all the world and the transmission of the Gospel to all people, and the building of the church as well as the kingdom of Christ Nor was their mission filled when they had declared the glad tidings of salvation in every land and sealed their faith with their blood but there is waiting for them a far exceeding honor and glory, greater than any enjoyed during their days on earth, for to them the Master said, "When the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall also sit or twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

The choice of the twelve apostles with reference both to their general as well as to their specific character, is worthy of note They seem to have all been Galileans, a people not held in high esteem by the Jewist aristocracy at Jerusalem. They were all the common people, unlearned in any of the traditions. They were laymen, not connect ed with the priesthood. They were plain men, innocent of the vain pomp of the world.

The choice of Judas Iscariot has puzzled many a Bible student inasmuch as Jesus knew that he was a devil, John 6: 70, but we mus remember that this choice did not change hit character and that the Scripture had to be fulfilled.

When Jesus ascended to heaven he entrust ed the concerns of the church to his disciple on whom the duty devolved of filling the place of Judas. This duty they performed submitting their selection to the Lord in prayer and Matthias was chosen as the twelftl disciple.

Plattsburg, Mo.

To be continued .





# In the Front Room after Dinner





#### AT PEACE WITH ALL MANKIND.

When we gave out the subject of our talk as the proper construction of the relation of a hristian communicant to all the world, and vited the readers to send in their opinions, e were not prepared for the shower of anvers that came. We find that we can not rint them all, and the task of selection has een beyond us. Therefore we have been empelled to abandon all names and opinions 1d give merely the substance of what has een said, and the reason we have to do this is ecause we have not the room to give all, and o not wish to discriminate.

Here is a statement of the matter under disassion. When a Christian goes to the Lord's able to partake of the sacred emblems he is apposed to be at peace with all around him. ow does this apply only to his own church equaintance, or does it include all people, hatever, he may know? It is not as simple a latter as it seems at first blush.

The answers are about evenly divided. One et says that it applies only to acquaintances if the same church affiliation, while others asert that it should include all mankind, no tatter where they belong. It is a living queson, and one that concerns everybody who ikes part in the wonderful ceremony, fearome to the last degree if we do it unworthily. That is the right of it?

Like a good many other things in this world nere can be no hard and fast ruling applicale. The man and woman who think they now it all, who are sure that they are just ght, and that everybody who differs is all rong, may be able to settle matters out of hand. But there is another class of people who hesitate to express themselves dogmatically on a debatable question, knowing, as they do, the possibilities of human error.

The condition of sureness is oftener than not the accompaniment of ignorance. Truth is often so many sided that there are few who can see it all. But there is one thing that is certain, and that is that no man is required to work up to more than his light. It is the case of the talents over again. We are only responsible for what is given us, if we are honest with ourselves. A man may honestly think he is right, and still be wrong about things, and he is held accountable for his motive in the premises and his acting up to it. It is a fact that God judges us by our motive in what we do, and not by what we accomplish. A man doing wrong, intentionally so, finding good coming therefrom, is entitled to no credit for the outcome of his deeds. Human law makes no allowance for ignorance. Divine law does allow for it, and it is a good thing for us that it is the case, otherwise the honest man would not receive the credit good intention merits.

Those of the same household of faith are without fail to be at peace with each other. To this all the testimony agrees. In fact it could not be otherwise, under the circumstances. In all ages of the world eating together has been the symbol of kinship. In the church the full meal shows that the family that partake of it represent the peace and unity that should characterize the earthly household. When it comes to the symbols of the body and blood of the Savior of mankind it is an awful thought that those who sit by one another should have other than peace in their hearts. In this we all agree.

But there is another side to the question. How about our relations with those not of the household of faith? There the difference begins. Some say that our feelings of peace and love should include everybody, and others hold that it is not expected. What is the right of it?

Alas and alas! How often are we brought face to face with eternal verities that we can not see our way through with all clearness. At least we may see as through a riddle, darkly, as Paul puts it, yet we hesitate to teach what is not absolutely known to us. But here is what the 'Nook thinks about it. Perhaps the difference of opinion is engendered by a misconstruction of what is meant by love and peace. We sometimes hear the idea put forth that we should love all alike. It is a mistake, and only a colorless life can entertain such an idea. Christ, himself, had his better beloved about him, and there is not a normally-constituted person living who does not know differences of affection and regard. But it is possible that we should feel toward everybody that we would do them a good turn if it came in our way, and that we love the souls of all, and that we would do none any harm. It seems to us that if this is accomplished, and ordinarily it is not so very difficult, then we have attained the necessary plane of Christian perfection to enable us to seat ourselves around the table without reproach of conscience.

We may, in fact must, love the sinner as ourselves, no matter how much we condemn his sin. It does not enter into the question what the other outsider thinks of us. It is a case of our living peaceably with him, as far as lies in us. There are some people whose ill will is a credit to anybody. If some harridan

opens a place of evil resort is it necessary that we seek her good will before we sit down to the communion? Hardly. If a man open-up an illicit drinking place and begins the ruin of the neighbors, is a Christian to stay away from the communion because of his perversion? It would be folly to so much a think of it. But it is the duty of the Christian man or woman to love the soul of the sinner no matter how repulsive the garment in which it is hidden. And it is not always the easies task in the world. There may be hypothetic al cases presented that render kindliness of feeling a very difficult task indeed.

It is a very difficult thing to separate the spiritual entity of a person from his individu ality, and it is often a difficult matter to overcome our aversion to the individual and his methods, and do him the good turn that Christ's teachings demand. And is is even more difficult when the party is in open opposition to us, compassing our ruin, perhaps, vel the word is that we must love our enemies and do them good if occasion offers. And all this is for the individual, and no teaching of preachment will do more than help him out of the difficulty. It seems to the 'Nook that if the Christian can sit down in the quiet church. during the lull in the examination services and then and there remember his own weakness, the weakness of his fellow-creature with whom he may have warred, and from the depths of his heart resolve that he will do naught against him, but that he will recompense evil with good, trusting to the help of the Holy Spirit, he may account himself at peace with all mankind, as far as lies in him. and so approach the table with clean hands and a pure heart. It may be a battle, but with God's help, or even our really and truly asking for it, the fight is won.



# 個NGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Aug. 17, 1901.

No. 33.

#### TREASURES OF MEMORY.

I've a casket old filled with treasures rare,
Which the gold of earth could not buy,
And I guard its contents with jealous care
From the glance of an alien eye;
As I loosen the lock and raise the lid
And expose to my gaze the treasures hid,
No miser could gloat over his glittering hoard
As do I o'er the riches I here have stored
In days now long gone by.

Here's a woman's love—the holiest thing
The annals of life can show;
Who can fathom the depths of the sweets that cling
Round this treasure? Or who can know

Round this treasure? Or who can know
The beautiful trust and hope and faith
So silently hid in this memory wraith?
And yet, through the shadows of long gone years
And the quivering mist of gathering tears
I can still see their brightness glow.

Here's the clinging clasp of a baby hand, Faltering, helpless, sweet;

'Tis a tiny thing, yet a stronger band
Ne'er was forged in life's furnace heat;
And here is its mate—such a little grave,
Yet the sod and the flowers and the headstone brave
Mark buried hopes and sorrowing hearts—
The stepping-stone in the stream that parts
The portals of heav'n from our feet.

And here is a treasure that's doubly dear
'Tis a loving mother's prayer;
And yet for many a weary year
It was left neglected there.
Its fruition was slow and long delayed,
But the mother's faith was strong and staid,
And the sigh and the tear changed to songs of joy
When the answer came and the wayward boy
The cross of the Master bare.

Here's the glittering sheen of a great success;
Here the pain of a dire defeat—
And I feel, with a prayer of thankfulness,
That its lesson was just and meet;
Here's a whispered word and a stolen kiss
That changed deepest woe into keenest bliss;
Here's a beautiful song; here's a tear and a sigh;
Here's the sorrow and pain of a last good-by,
When a loving heart ceased to beat.

Ah, my casket lid hides many a gem
More precious than stores of gold,
And memory's wealth is a diadem
That cannot be bought or sold;
In the glare of the day, in the hush of the night,
Whether life waxes low or burns steady and bright,
I dream o'er the treasure which memory shows,
And ever and aye dear and dearer it grows
As it fades in the past dim and old.

#### WHAT CARLYLE SAID.

In the beautifully-illustrated Pilgrim Magazine we find, among other good things, a most interesting description of Count Tolstoi, by Ernest H. Crosby, and "What Carlyle said about War," telling how English artisans were enlisted in the army and shipped to the south of Spain to fight French artisans who were forced into the French army. "Straightway the word 'fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful artisans the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury. Had these men any quarrel? Not the slightest. They were entire strangers. Their rulers had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, made these poor fellows do the shooting "

#### CRANES OWN THE ISLAND.

In Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, there is a picturesque island which takes its name from the fact that it is uninhabited by man and given over to the cranes. Generations back these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As time went on and the surrounding islands populated no man had the heart to disturb them, until now Crane island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the northwest.

#### CONCERNING BRER JASPER.

In a recent *Frank Leslie's* Plummer F. Jones tells the story of the celebrated colored minister who argued that the "sun do move." The writer says among other interesting things:

The birth of the man far out in the rural districts of Virginia, of a mother of wonderful African shrewdness, and a father of much popularity as a preacher, or "zorter," as the vernacular has it, has a considerable significance in his career. From July 4, 1812, the date of his birth, until near the close of the Civil War, Jasper was a slave. He absorbed the very spirit of the olden days, and to his death he clung to the old ways, and scorned new-fashioned things and thoughts as the basest sacrilege.

It was while working in a Richmond tobacco factory about the year 1839 that Jasper "got religion." It seemed to dispossess him of his faculties and transport him to boundless heights. His marvelous "speriences' were told to everyone with whom he came in contact, and the foreman of the factory was so amused at his behavior and so impressed with his skill as a talker that he let him preach to his heart's content. Jasper learned to read a little, and from that time he made a business of preaching.

His preaching was happily received by all the old-time negroes, of whom there were many in Richmond. But Jasper did not like the educated negro, and he did not hesitate to express himself on the subject of his dislike. He took delight in ridiculing "des edycated fools," and with such plain talk, often from the pulpit, he estranged himself from the body of colored preachers of the city. After Jasper's great notoriety in the press, some of these men proclaimed from the pulpit that Jasper was an ignoramus and deserved no notice.

But the old preacher's influence grew in spite of it all. His sermons were irresistible to the colored element with all of their emotionalism, and he gathered into his church a membership that increased until it included more than two thousand of the most influential negroes of Richmond.

When the old gray-headed preacher, mostly legs and arms, got into the pulpit and exhorted with his marvelous gestures, his congregation became spell-bound. They believed everything he had to say, and were transported with him into other worlds.

One Sunday, about fifteen or twenty years ago, after a long series of his typical sermons, John Jasper arose in his pulpit, looked significantly about him, and took his text from the book of Exodus, chapter 15, verse 3: "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name."

This sermon, the well-known "Sun-Do-Move" discourse, was the culmination of his powers, and stands to-day, perhaps, as Jasper's best and most typical production. It was based upon the most literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and was what he thought the truth and the only truth regarding the physica nature of the universe. He had, from listening to school children and young semi educated preachers speak along geographical lines, determined that the world was going wrong, and he felt called upon to grind to powder the theories and absurdities of the "new-fangled upstahts," and right royally did he set about to do it

Beginning with Genesis and going through to Revelation, he collected together all the verses that seemed to teach that the sun moved and that the earth was not a ball. He felt absolutely certain that the Bible was true, and he could not see why anybody could disagree with its plain teachings. "Bredren," he said, "ef de Bible say de sun rise an' set den it do rise an' set! An' how ken it rise an' set ef hit don' move?

"In de tenth chapter o' de book o' Joshwy, an' de twelf, thirteenth an' fo'teenth verses, dar is proof strong ernuff fer us all. De Lawd said, 'Sun, stand thou still on Gideon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies. And there was no day like that before it or after it'" The old preacher stopped there and paused a long time. Finally, he said:—

"Bredren, ef de sun stood still once when 'twas a-movin' an' den stahted to movin' ergin, hit is a-movin now!

"Dey say de earth is roun'. Dat ain' so bredren, it can' be so, for de book o' Revel ations, Chapter vii, verse I, read, 'And I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth.' An' now bredren an' sisters, we is livin' on a fo'-cornered earth; an' ef de earth is got fo' corners, how in de name o' Gawd ken it be roun'?

"Ef de worl' is roun' an' turn over ev'y night, how we hol' on? Is we got claws on our feet like pecker-woods?

"Dey say 'tis so many billions an' squillions o' miles fum hyar to de sun. How dey know? Is anybody been dar? How dey know it take a cannonball a mont' to go dar? Ken a cannon-ball carry a cookin' stove an' victuals ter s'port a man on de way dar? Gawd, folks, is dat any argymint?"

These are but a few of the thousands of the illustrations he used in his "Sun-Do-Move" sermon. The sermon was delivered perhaps a hundred times, and each time it contained some new thought and some additional argument. It was not a burlesque show or a sham stump speech, for every time Jasper spoke it the believed in it the more thoroughly himself.

There were many other discourses just as good as this, though not so well known. In every one he wrought himself up into a pitch that was astonishing. In preaching one Sunday on the final triumph of Christ's kingdom he soared aloft in his imagery. The audience, white and black, were wrought up to the highest pitch.

"An' Death," he said, "whar will Death be den? Chained—tied fas' to de golden chariot o' de Lawd He will be groanin' an' stumblin' an' fallin'!" And taking up one foot in his hand, with the suppleness and the activity of a trapeze dancer, he hopped and hobbled and sprawled and fell around the pulpit until the congregation run wild with the perfection of the acting, almost thought they were in the presence of the chained Death, and the women shrieked and shouted and the men rose in their seats and shouted like wild.

Jasper could argue all day, if necessary, and none could beat him. He knew nothing of syllogisms, of their premises and their conclusions, but he proved what he said by staking upon it his own character.

"Ef tain' so, frien's, go into de highways an' de by-ways an' de streets an' de hedges an' tell ev'ybody you meet dat John Jasper is a liar!"

When conducting funerals Jasper was at his best. His poetic and emotional nature seemed to borrow inspiration when brought into the presence of death and eternity. But he was painfully conscientious and truthful in these matters, and did not hesitate to "preach de sinnahs into hell." One time while preaching the funeral of a very wicked man he said, "Dis is a very onpleasant task befo' me but is got to be done. Dis man, my friend, was a tuhrrable sinnah, a cussin' man, a thieven' man, an'a lyin' man. I can't see how he ken be saved in de golden city. I b'leeve, fo' Gawd, dat his soul is gone straight to hell like a blue-head pigin. Let his life be a warnin' to you, po' sinnahs, to shun de paths he trod!"

John Jasper was a veritable philosopher. He had not the least fear of death.

"I got my trunk packed an' my perlise by my side—des ready fer orders to move. Death! I ain' no mo'skeerd o' death—I don't min' him no mor'n I does de crawlin' of a summer fly."

The old preacher made a considerable sum of money preaching over and over for rich people who desired to hear it, the famous "Sun-Do-Move" sermon, but he turned it all over to the church. He had little faith in banking institutions, and was averse to the use of paper money. After his death, when his property was divided up among his wife, his son, and his daughter, about \$3,300 in coin, mostly half-dollars and quarters, were found in his strong-box at home. Jasper's daily life was almost that of a hermit. He did not mingle to a great extent with his people, but spent his time at home reading his Bible. He was married four times, the last time to a young woman. He preached for sixty-two years in Richmond, and was closely identified in many ways with the conservatism and the dignity of that well-known city. It is truth to say that his death was keenly felt by the Richmond public, but especially by the white citizens, who loved him best, and among whom were his greatest admirers and his sincerest friends.

EVERY man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him.—R. W. Emerson.

#### SECRETS LOST LONG AGO.

Although marvelous strides have been made in almost every branch of knowledge in the last 100 years, secrets known to scientists, mechanics and others long before the beginning of that period have been lost. For instance, thousands of years ago the Egyptians used to embalm the bodies of their dead kings and nobility so perfectly that the bodies are in wonderful preservation to-day. The valuable secret is lost, and modern science cannot recover the lost knowledge. We can, of course, and we do embalm bodies, but only for temporary preservation, and comparatively speaking, in a most unsatisfactory manner. Bodies which are embalmed nowadays will not be preserved for more than a few years at most; very many of the bodies the Egyptians embalmed before the birth of Christ are still so well preserved that the lines of their faces are as clearly marked to-day as when they were first embalmed.

Sheffield turns out the finest and hardest perfect steel the world produces, but even Sheffield cannot produce a sword blade to compare with those the Saracens made and used hundreds of years ago, and the Saracens never possessed the machinery we have, nor had the advantage of knowing so much about metals as we are supposed to know.

There are a dozen different methods of making artificial diamonds, but none of the stones produced by these methods compare with those made of old French paste, the secret of which is lost. It was difficult for even a person with expert knowledge of diamonds to tell that they were artificially produced, whereas most of the modern artificial diamonds can easily be detected.

People do not know how to put stones and bricks together as the ancients did, and consequently the buildings raised nowadays are really mere temporary structures and will be in ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Italy which were built thousands of years ago are in as good condition as they are now. The secret is not in the bricks or the stone, but in the cement and mortar; neither of which essentials can the moderns make as the ancients made them.

In modern buildings the cement and mortar

are the weakest points; in buildings which the Romans and Greeks raised thousands of years ago the cement and mortar are the strongest points and hold good while the very stones they bind together crumble away with age. We cannot, with all our science, make such cement and mortar.

Modern chemists cannot compound such dyes as were commonly used when the great nations of to-day were still unborn. Now and again it happens that searchers after antiquities come across fragments of fabrics which were dyed thousands of years ago, and they are astonished by the wonderful richness of the colors of the cloths, which, despite their age, are brighter and purer than anything produced nowadays.

Modern artists buy their colors ready made and spend large sums of money on pigments with which to color their canvases. The pictures of modern artists will be colorless when many of the works of ancient masters are as bright as they are to-day. Just as the secret of dyeing has been lost, so has the secret of preserving the colors of artist's paints. Yet the secret was known to every ancient artist, for they all mixed their own colors.

Look at any letter, five or ten years old, and you will probably notice that the writing has faded to a brown color and is very indistinct, Go to any any big museum and you will find ancient MSS, the writing of which is as black and distinct as if the MSS, were written the day before yesterday.

The secret of glassblowing and tinting is not yet entirely lost; there are still a few men who can produce glass work equal to the things of this kind which the ancients turned out hundreds of years ago. But the average glass manufacturer cannot produce anything that could at all compare with some of the commoner articles the Egyptians and, later, the founders of Venice manufactured; and those who still hold the secret guard it so closely that it will probably die with them.

#### NERVE OF ENGINEERS.

"I have been often asked why railway engineers disregard their instructions and the warning signals along the line of their road," said a general superintendent of a railroad the other day, "and I have summed it up that it is human nature for men to take chances in their business and that engineers are no exception to the general run.

"Sometimes they cannot give a satisfactory reason why they do so. I will give you an authentic instance of this habit, which made me live ten years in thirty minutes:

"On a road I was at that time connected with was a long trestle over a bay, several miles in length, with a drawbridge in the center. The draw had been opened and as a tugboat was passing through the bridgemen heard the rumble of a fast, heavily laden passenger train as it struck the bridge a mile away. Knowing that the red danger signals were set with the opening of the draw they supposed that the engineer would slow-up, or stop, as might be necessary. Instead to their consternation, the train came along at regular speed and a frightful accident appeared inevitable. They yelled to the captain of the tugboat to go at full speed and as the boat glided through the draw in the darkness they exerted themselves to swing the draw into the locking bolts before the train could get to the point where the rails separated.

"The engineer, however, disregarded the last danger signal a few hundred yards from the draw and came on. By a remarkable colincidence of time and position the draw which was, of course, in motion, swung so that the rails of the east-bound track were in juxtaposition with the west-bound track upon which the train was running, and the heavy engine and one of the passenger coaches, striking the least-bound rails, glided upon the draw and stuck there, the remaining portion of the train being on the west-bound track, making almost a figure S of the coaches.

"If the draw had moved the thirtieth part

rails would not have been opposite the westbound rails at the very instant that the great engine struck them, and a frightful disaster would
have resulted. When I got on the drawbridge
a few minutes later I fully expected to find the
train in the bottom of the bay and the bridge
smashed into splinters. I discharged the engineer on the spot and asked him why he had
not observed the signals. He admitted that
he saw them, but could not give a satisfactory
reason for failing to observe them. He evidently took chances of finding the draw closed
when he reached it.

"The engineer of to-day is a sober, steady, nervy man, especially on the fast express trains on the big roads. It is nerve that makes one man carry a limited express train through the darkness of the night, fog, sleet and blinding snow at sixty miles an hour. The stories we read about of an engineer losing his 'nerve' after an accident are largely fiction. In twenty-seven years of active railroad life I have had but one or two men apply to me for a transfer upon the ground that their nerves had gone back on them for running the fast trains. I have had men who had been flung fifty feet over their tender in a head-on collision and had a dozen bones broken come to me after they had been discharged from the hospital and ask to be put back on their old run. You see, they begin firing when they are about 18 or 20 and the cab of an engine is their home. If they run into a person or a wagon load of people on the track, if it is not their fault, they take a practical view of it; they have to. If it is their fault, we discharge them, and they can take any view of it they please then, for we do not wish in our employ careless men. true with all of the big roads and as a result American engineers of to-day are about as model a set of men in their employment as can be found."



#### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY ROY BEARD.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born Feb. 22, 1732, in Westmoreland County, Va. His mother's maiden name was Mary Ball and his father's name was Augustine Washington. His ancestors came from England and were among the early cavalier settlers of Virginia. Most of the Washingtons were noble soldiers.

Washington's early home was in a log cabin; but afterwards it was in a brick house. George's father died when he was but eleven years old, so this left him to fill a father's place and help take care of five brothers and sisters.

He was sent to school in the "Old Field School," where he stayed for a few years, and then he went to Bridges' Creek where he took mathematics and surveying. He was always among the best in his studies and kept journals of all that he did each day. When he was sixteen years old he left school and commenced surveying for Lord Fairfax, whose property was in Western Virginia. Many men could not have been put to such a job, for they could not be trusted.

George Washington, when a boy, was very truthful, for when he killed his mother's fine colt, many a boy would have denied it, but he told the truth. He was a hot-headed boy but by the aid of his mother and self-confidence he gained control of it. In play he was always the leader and always settled disputes that arose between the boys.

His first public service was when Dinwiddie chose him to go to the French on an errand. He started with seven companions and reached home with one. They traveled six or seven hundred miles through a wilderness filled with savages.

He was in the French and Indian war, serving as adjutant-general on Braddock's staff, and at Braddock's defeat at Ft. Duquesne he saved the army from destruction. It gave him a chance to train for the other wars he might be in.

He married Mrs. Martha Custis and went to his home at Mt. Vernon to live. His wife was a very generous woman. His house was built on the Virginia plan, with a great large porch that went from the ground to the top of the house, having white pillars to support it, and all around the house was a beautiful lawn kept in good order by their slaves.

When the Revolutionary war broke out he was serving as a Representative to the Continental Congress from Virginia, and was elected as commander-in-chief of the American army. He took charge of it at Cambridge, Mass. He had a small, untrained army, that did not have any provisions and ammunition against the troops of the most powerful country in the world. The battles in which he led his men were at New York, Trenton, Brandywine and Yorktown. After the war the soldiers wanted to make him king, but he refused.

He was a good general, for when he made the famous retreat across New Jersey many a soldier could not have used the plans the way he did. He always knew where to put the best troops and where not to.

He was one of the members of the Constitutional Convention and was among the first to see the weakness of the Articles of Confederation. He was the President of the convention and some of the best features of the government were suggested by him. His influence led many men to vote for its adoption.

He was elected President unanimously and did not have any precedents to guide him. This was one of the hardest places he filled, and he made a United States foreign policy that no other man could have made better. He was in office two terms, and at the end of them he made a farewell address to the people, which was very good.

He died Dec. 14, 1799, at Mt. Vernon. He made a will that freed all his slaves at his death

He always loved patriotism, for if he did not he would not have served in the Revolution without pay. Lafayette called him "That perfect gentleman." He was always kind to his soldiers and watched over them like a father. His accounts never varied by a penny. The old saying is, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

An acre of growing wheat uses 60 tons of water a month.

Elgin, Ill.

#### FOR WAR HEROES.

SECRETARY Long of the United States navy has approved designs, and the work of finishing medals for the West Indian sea heroes of the Spanish-American war has begun. You will probably remember that medals have already been given the sailors who manned the ressels and the guns at Manila, and medals for prayery have been given the heroes of Cuban pattlefields, but the medal for the men of the Atlantic fleet is still in process of construction. Congress has authorized the present undertaking and the naval board of awards has aided with its execution.

There are two medals in this group and they are to be known as the battle medal and the neritorious service medal. The battle medal s not conferred for service in any one engagement, but is intended for the men who took part in any or all of the battles fought in West ndian waters. The meritorious service medial, on the other hand, is for those whose service was not on the battle line. Such men as Jobson, Victor Blue, Ward, Buck and others will receive this medal.

The design for the service medal is a fivepointed star in open work, encircled by a greath and supported by a bar; a ribbon of red, white and blue forms a background for the nedal work. The face of the five-pointed star lears the inscription, "United States Naval Campaign, in the West Indies, 1898, William Thomas Sampson, Commander in Chief." The uspending bar above bears the American eale on a design of oak leaves.

Upon the face of the battle medal is the ead of Admiral Sampson, who was command-r in chief of the West Indian fleet. In using admiral Sampson's head upon this medal the oard has followed the plan decided upon then Admiral Dewey's head was put upon the Ianila medal. The medal will not be known to the Santiago medal, for on the reverse side will be the name of the battle or battles in which the recipient participated. If the hero pok part in more than one decisive engagement each battle will be represented by a bar batched to the suspending ribbon, which is to e red, white and blue. In the case of some two officers who took part in all the battles the

bars will form the most conspicuous part of the medal.

#### THRIFT VERSUS MEANNESS.

Most young people are not willing to save money. As it costs them little or nothing they are lavish in spending it. This is a great mistake. All should try to save money and never spend it without a reason or without getting something worth what they pay for. They will not always have parents to take care of them. As they grow up they will need money. Young men need it, and young women need it.

Persons should rarely or never marry unless they have some money saved or are receiving so much for their labor that they can take care of themselves if they should for a while be sick. Those who do not marry and save nothing are in a pitiable condition when old age overtakes them or sickness prevents them from working or leaving their homes.

Once in a great while a youth is found with a morbid desire to hoard. Personally we have known but few such, but in them the habit grew until they became notorious for meanness. A story is told of a celebrated bishop who grew so mean that one day when he cut his finger with a penknife and no court plaster could be found a clergyman standing by brought out his cardcase and took from it a 5-cent stamp and gave it to the bishop to use to stop the flow of blood. The bishop accepted it gratefully, placed the 5-cent stamp in his own cardcase and then took out a 1-cent stamp and pasted it over the still bleeding wound. This seems almost too much to believe.

But a celebrated minister in New England was offered a hat by a hatter who was a friend of his and who admired him in most respects. He asked him if he had another kind. "Yes," he said, "though not quite so good as that." He said he would like to see one and asked what the price of the first one was and was told \$5 and of the second \$3. "Well," said he, "as you offered me the first one, if I should take the second would you give me the difference in money?" A young person should not be a spendthrift, neither should he be stingy.—Christian Advocate.

#### ARE PAID TO SMOKE PIPES.

COLORING meerschaum is a long and delicate process, and unless a man likes to do a difficult feat there is no reason why he should set himself to the task of putting a beautiful shade on his costly pipe. That is a business in itself, and an experienced smoker knows, or can learn, the location of establishments to which he can take his pipe and have it smoked until the desired color is obtained. Such an enterprise exists in the outskirts of London and makes a fine competence for its proprietor, an Austrian. It is a large house that used to be the country seat of an English gentleman. Hither come every day a score of young men who are the experienced employes of the house. They pass upstairs to the business room in the rear of the house, seat themselves in armchairs and forthwith begin their day's work of smoking meerschaum pipes. Each one knows the art of smoking steadily. neither too fast nor too slow. The tobacco they use is a special blend of the proprietor's. for he knows it is only rarely that the right kind of tobacco is used for that purpose. The bowls of the pipes which these young men smoke are covered with wash leather, so that they cannot by any chance be harmed or improperly stained.

The highly accomplished among these young fellows can get away with four ounces of tobacco a day. They are paid well, and they have their regular holidays. Some of them have been with their employer for five years. But it isn't a business in which one may stay a lifetime, for though they appear to be able to smoke for years night and day, without hurting them, when they get to be old men their occupation has made them too nervous to be useful. The proprietor himself smokes not at all except when he is teaching an apprentice how to go about it. The new hand receives a cheap pipe, and after being told how to go ahead is left to himself to show what he can do. There are prize competitions, and these thirty newly-arrived young men, who are on an upper floor, when they become proficient are graduated to take their seats with the notables on the second floor back.

This kind of work as a rule takes all the

time and attention of the men, but some of them are so perfect that they can devote themselves to designing shapes and figures for new pipes, special attention being given to the possibility of producing quaint effects in the coloring.

The best meerschaums, it is said, come from Turkey, and the designs are worked out and cut upon the meerschaum in Vienna.

Probably the class who are the best buyers of those colored-to-order meerschaums are collegians, who want to show fine pipes, but who have neither the patience nor the skill to produce the effect themselves.

#### CATTLE WITHOUT OWNERS.

In the northwestern corner of Colorado there awaits a tidy fortune for the man or men who can devise and execute some scheme to corral it.

Here, in what may be truly called "Unknown Colorado," is a country still in that interesting border condition between the passing of the Indians, the trapper and the hunter and the advent of the settler. There are cattle on a thousand hills, free of brand, and not a bill of sale for them held by any man.

They are to be had for the catching. With a wagonload of food, a few cow ponies and plenty of grit you may secure over 2,000 fat and fine beef cattle.

The old-time cowboys of Routt and Ric Blanco counties know of their existence, and more than one has tried to become their owner. Several years ago an eastern speculator who had learned the story while passing through the country, formed a small company but his capital and patience gave out while following elusive trails, and the cattle stil roam unbranded.

Joe Burgett, the game warden, made a determined effort to capture these mavericks but he came off with nothing better than a broken leg. A fall from his horse put him out of the race just when success seemed near at hand, when he had surpassed all previous attempts by actually riding among the will brutes.

In the folklore of the country two storics are told. When the Mormons were traveling

in search of their Zion they struck portions of what is now Colorado. One party crossed North park from corner to corner. Continuing, it went through Egeria and Twenty Mile parks into what is now Routt county. It camped one night in a large bottom, after its usual fashion.

A terrible mountain storm blew up at midnight and the cattle became stupefied. The customary plan of circling about them failed to check the runaways, and soon 1,000 head or more were coursing madly down the gulch. The roughness of the country, the blackness of the night and the absolute madness of the cattle made it impossible for the Mormons to head them off. When the storm ceased and the morning broke 1,000 mangled beeves were found piled one on the other at the foot of a tremendous cliff.

The pilgrims passed on and to-day there still remains a huge pile of blanched bones to mark the site of the catastrophe. A few of the cattle, however, the last to go over the bank and whose fall was broken by the mass beneath, managed to crawl out, maimed and bruised, to wander forth and propagate and multiply into the herd that now inhabits the valleys of the Snake and Bear rivers.

The other solution is credited to the Indian department. Cattle furnished to the various Indian agencies were all branded with Uncle Sam's special "I. D." It is said that when the Indians were transferred from the range of the White River to their present reservations in Utah the department cattle were hastily and carelessly rounded up and sent with them.

Later round-ups developed the fact that a large number of cattle had been overlooked. It is supposed that the present cattle are the offspring of others who escaped the second and third of those haphazard round-ups.

#### WHY DONKEYS DON'T SHY.

Horses shy, it is claimed, because they are descended from ancestors accustomed to roam over plains, where any tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring on them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved themselves by suddenly starting away on observing any sudden or unexpected movement or on coming without warning upon some strange object. This is supposed to have become a habit which has descended to their domesticated descendants.

The donkey, on the other hand, is descended from animals which dwelt in the hiils, among which there were precipices and dangerous paths, hence the sure-footedness and comparative slowness of the donkey. His ancestors were not so liable to sudden attacks of wild beasts and of snakes. Moreover, sudden and wild starts on alarm would have been positively dangerous to them, hence they learned to avoid the very habit which proved so useful to the horse in the plains.

The habit of eating thistles, which is almost peculiar to the donkey, is also supposed to come from these same ancestors. Living in dry and barren localities, they found little food, and hence learned to eat hard and dry, and, if necessary, prickly plants.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### GOAT IS WORTH A BIG SUM

Mr. Pugh, of Vancouver, B. C., has the only Rocky mountain goat ever captured alive, and he wants \$2,000 for it. It is the opinion of many that the animal is well worth that sum.

Mr. Pugh is a hunter, trapper and taxidermist, and when, two years ago, the Vancouver "zoo" offered \$2,000 for a live specimen of the Rocky mountain goat he resolved to win the prize. Others had spent thousands of dollars in trying to fill the zoo's order, but in vain. The mountain goat, the shyest, but among the most beautiful of animals, resisted all attempts at capture. Finally a kid was secured and nursed for a month on a bottle just where it was caught, at a very high altitude. It grew lusty and was safely landed in England. Then came Mr. Pugh's successful attempt, from which he has just returned.

His plan was a novel one. He and two companions traveled into a land of eternal snows, forty miles up Squamish river, British Columbia, where no white man had ever been. As anticipated, he found that the wild animals—goats, bears, wolves, marten, fisher, etc.—did not fear man as much as each other. He soon caught seven kids, but the beautiful creatures all died when they struck the lower atmosphere. His only hope was to capture a yearling.

At last, after stalking one for three days, he drove it onto a ledge two feet wide, running along a perpendicular cliff. His companions then tied a rope around his waist and lowered him to the ledge, 500 feet below. The goat trotted along until the ledge pinched out. Then standing on its hind legs, it clawed the air like a waltzing horse. Below the beast was a drop of 1,500 feet, with nothing even for a mountain goat to cling to. On one side was vacant space, on the other side a man. Mr. Pugh allowed the creature to tire itself out pawing the air and the side of the

cliff above, when it deliberately crouched down at his feet, and looking pleadingly into his eyes, waited to be devoured.

Mr. Pugh held the goat unresisting in his arms and goat and man were hauled to the top of the cliff. A dozen other unsuccessful attempts were made. In some cases the goats leaped 100 feet and escaped from their pursuers. The kids captured leaped thirty or forty feet in their attempts to get away, but in their youthful folly landed in the deep snow. The goat captured became tame before reaching the valley and ate out of its captor's hand.

## THE PACIFIC OCEAN ON FIRE. WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

Last evening at Redondo, about eighteen miles southwest of Los Angeles, Cal., I had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful ocean fire which made its appearance about July 16 from Santa Monica to Long Beach—a distance of about thirty or forty miles.

Suddenly the waters, as far out as the eye could see, began to sparkle like myriads of beautiful stars, and in an evening or two later, the on-rushing billows came rolling landward like great walls of fire, then breaking into smaller forms spread out on the sand like sheets of flame. Thus it has kept up these beauties until now the brilliancy is decreasing, though the sparkles out at sea are yet very pretty at night and the breakers illuminate the atmosphere like flashes of lightning.

The swimmers are a study and a veritable show. As they push about in the water, every stroke of arms and legs seem to emit great waving streaks of light as if each one were a storage battery emitting the grandest illuminants for the enjoyment of the onlookers.

During the day the water has the appearance of brick dust.

The scientists of the State University call it peridinium—the remains of dead fish, lobsters and other marine animals which settled at the bottom of the sea, and by some convulsions of nature—an earthquake perhaps—the animal-culæ were disturbed and came on shore, emitting a phosphorescent light when the water is agitated. Prof. H. B. Torrey, of Columbia, who is making a specialty of the peridinium, says:

"We have no idea how long the little things are going to remain here. It dies much more rapidly than other animals when put on the microscope slide."

Large numbers of fish and other sea life are being killed by the peridinium, while small pelagic animals seem to thrive on the phosphorescent creatures. Thousands of people have come to see the sea on fire.

Redondo, Cal.

#### DRESS THEIR OWN WOUNDS.

THERE are not a few birds that possess a knowledge of the principles of surgery that is not far from supernatural. The woodcock, the partridge and some other birds are able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A French naturalist says that on several occasions he has killed woodcocks that were when shot convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down, plucked from the stem of feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long peak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken imbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers which had been blucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. It had evidently acted as hemostatic in the first place and subsequently as a shield covering he wound. The feathers were fairly netted ogether, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of treat protective power.

Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumonteil tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an accident. In the meantime the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisitely neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird, however, had, in dressing its wound, entangled its beak with some long soft feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation.

#### RATTLESNAKES PROTECTING THEIR YOUNG.

BY LEVI MOHLER.

THE method by which rattlesnakes protect their young from danger is illustrated in the following story:

While breaking prairie in Western Missouri, Mr. Caldwell found a large rattlesnake which sounded its rattle in the usual startling manner of this species when disturbed.

While looking at the snake and hesitating how to kill it without any weapons at hand, he noticed a movement in the grass by a small snake, then by another and another till the the grass seemed alive with what were evidently young rattlesnakes called by their mother's alarm.

The little fellow run up to the old snake, who opened her mouth. They wriggled in and she swallowed them, one after another, till the brood of thirteen little ones was comfortably housed in the mother's stomach, where they went to get out of the threatened danger.

Ellison, N. Dak.

[Contributions like the above are specially welcomed by the 'Nook. It will be remembered, however, that strictly speaking, the old snake did not swallow the young. She opens her mouth and they run into it as they would into a hole in the wall.—ED.]

It is believed by those who have made the matter a study that the dog is descended from the wolf. It is certain that in the wild state the dog readily falls into wolf habits and company.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY.

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### VANITY.

Is there anybody rid of all vanity? How do we know, for we do not know everybody? But we venture the assertion that, as far as our acquaintance goes, we have not met the party yet. As every individual is accented on a different syllable, so everyone may have his side on which he is willing to have his fellow-man trace favorable opinions with the straw of adulation. He may object strenuously to having it laid on with a whitewash brush, but if you are at all obliging he will not object to a camel hair brush, and a delicate hand.

After all it is only human nature to be willing to entertain a little flattery. And the 'Nook gives it as its opinion that a faint touch of it here and there, while it costs nothing, affords the best returns of any investment on earth, considering the cost. Good old brother A may see right through your allusion to his sermon last Sunday, for he may not believe much in it himself, but speak a word about his excellent sense in farming, and see the old man brighten up. He knows that is true, and he is willing to listen a long time about it.

The man or woman who goes through this world with none of the embrocation of flattery

in his scrip misses a good many chances of making people happy on the road. Untruth is not necessary. All that may be said should be the truth, but along the lines that most people avoid because it might "make them proud." It's the 'Nooκ's opinion that few people have ever had their moral digestion ruined by an overdose of water-colored flattery.

#### WHERE PRESIDENTS WERE BORN.

THE birthplaces of our presidents are divided among the States as follows: Six have come from Virginia, five from Ohio, three from New York, two each from Massachusetts and North Carolina and one each from New Jersey, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania and Tennessee. President McKinley is of Scotch-Irish ancestry; Vice President Roosevelt is of Holland-Dutch descent.

SEND no more recipes for the INGLENOOK Cook Book. Everybody has had a fair chance, and ample time, and the thousand different recipes have been contributed. It is the intention to have the book ready about the first of October.

The burned-out sections of the country have been blessed with rain, and the weather has turned perceptibly cooler. The people are happier, and the outlook much better. The 'Nook hopes that every cornfield in the land may be adrip with the rain, and that the 'Nooker may look over green fields in personal comfort from this on till the dead leaves along the fence are fluttered by the scurrying rabbit.

SEE here, youngster, if you spend all your money for peanuts, when the subscription man comes around you will be like unto the ant that made no provisions against the long winter evenings. You will miss your 'Nook. Here is a pointer for you. Your mother wants that Cook Book, and she means to have it. You two better turn the teapot in the cupboard into a bank, and you will be surprised how soon that dollar will "find itself" as the Italians say, if you attend to the pennies and the nickels.

THE editor likes the expression "Our magazine," for that is what it is, and every boy and girl in the church owns an equal share in it. As to our hundreds of outsiders who are readers and friends, Oh well, it's your magazine, too. Come and sit down with us. We are all 'NOOKERS together.

## ???????????

Is chewing gum unhealthy?

No, but it isn't pleasant to look upon.

Is there any scientific reason for the recent hot, dry, spell of weather?

None that we have heard.

Can I get a recipe in the Cook Book it I send it in now?

The requisite recipes, 1,000, are all in. Too late now.

Are all queries answered in these columns?

No, perhaps half are answered personally, the questions not being of general interest.

Is it against the law to mark passages in a newspaper or book sent through the mails?

No, if the markings are not of a personal communication character.

Is it necessary to go to a city to learn common type-setting?

No. You can get the hang of it in the county paper office just as well.

Can I get an advance copy of the INGLENOOK Cook Book?

You can get one of the first copies when it is printed, which is not yet done.

What color is chlorophyll?

Usually green, but it may be any color, as leaves vary in colors. It means literally leaf color.

What has become of magnetic healing?

As far as the 'Nook knows it has gone into retirement. It is a mistake to worry over passing spasms of the kind. They run their round, and are forgotten in a short time.

What is the eucalyptus tree like?

It is a tall-growing forest tree from Australia, planted in the warmer parts of this country. It grows very tall.

What is the moral aspect of artificial teeth, wigs, etc?

As far as the teeth and wig are concerned there is no moral side to it that the 'Nook knows. The etc. is too comprehensive to consider.

What does it cost to run a good-sized yacht?

One in a position to know says about \$80,000 a year. Of course it will vary with the size, the crew employed, and other matters. But it is a most costly experiment.

Is there any money in an absolutely indelible ink? I have it.

There is a big fortune in it for you if you do have it, which the 'Nook doubts. There are literal millions in it for the inventor or discoverer.

Why is it that the church publications are dearer than secular papers?

They are not, all things considered, and a city weekly, one of the cheap kind, is always made out of the daily, thus doing away with typesetting, and an enormous price is charged for advertising.

Is sea sickness an invariable accompaniment of an ocean voyage?

Not necessarily, but commonly yes, with most people. Even old sailors get it occasionally, it depending on stomach conditions, etc. Nobody ever dies of it, but if the land is far away the one having it wishes that he had stayed at home in pastures green.

Is it right to use a stamp on a letter that has once been carried in the mails, the same having missed cancellation? In other words can an uncancelled stamp be used a second time?

Yes, it can be used, and mostly is, but it is not right to do so. It is getting something for nothing that few people can resist. There are few 'Nookers who would filch two cents from John Smith, but how many are there who would not do our Uncle Samuel?

#### A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"I HAVE just been elected to the ministry and am not a good speaker. I have a high regard for the 'Nook and ask its advice, begging that the matter will not be treated humorously. It is an important thing to me."

We will try to answer this question earnestly. The young man, for so we take him to be, has been put to the highest station on earth. He is an Ambassador of Christ with a message to deliver to an unheeding audience, and he wants to tell it effectively—good! He is earnest and intelligent. The 'Nook has noticed that it is not so much the thing a man says as the way he says it that attracts attention.

Now here is what I would do if I had it all to do over again. I would not say much to anyone, but I would cut for the nearest best school of oratory. I do not mean that I would "take elocution" at any fresh water college or salt water one, either, but I would go where they made a business of it. I would tell the man in charge who and what I was and what I wanted. Then I would make myself wax in his hands till I had caught the trick of effective speech. Meantime I would go to every public lecture; watch, criticise, wait and talk with the speaker. I would go to all the churches and watch the mannerisms. This is all mechanical. But it is necessary.

Then I would go to a physical culture school and where the Delsarte system was taught. Here again I would tell my story and make mine all there was to get.

Then I would seek out a specialist of national or world-wide repute, tell him what I was and what I wanted, and beg him to tell what he could and would of his art. I would read and declaim before him if he would listen, and heed his criticisms. It may be said that it is a queer thing to consult an impressionist.

I reply, that for him who is the King's messenger, direction is an excellent thing, whether given by the wand of a ruler, or the way pointed by the finger of a gypsy.

Meantime I would leave no opportunity of seeing and hearing the world's masters of men on the stage, the platform, the rostrum, in the senate and at the hustings. If I had the necessary flexibility I would have caught the trick

and would be ready for the delivery of my story.

Of course all this is only manner and method. It has left out sense in the count. This will determine the reach of influence, but it will never, if not effectively displayed, attract at tention. The outline of action printed hereir is not a week's or a month's work, but a full year or more of it. And there is no need of your advertising in the papers what you are doing. It is best done quietly.

Now think a moment. Ever hear the whim of a separator in the cellar-kitchen or spring house? What is it? Noise. Have you heard the clatter of the loose slats of a windwheel? Noise. Heard the fiddle? Noise again, nothing but sound. Now give a virtuoso the violin. He is only going to make a noise. But he makes the vibrant instrument sing, swell, wail and shiver into splendor of harmony that holds the multitude entranced. What did it? Skill, skill, skill and brains.

On this paper I blotch the fair, white surface with ink. What have we? Blots in white and black. Now let the artist take the same pen, ink and paper, and lo! an angel floats with gossamer wings through an atmosphere. It is nothing but the same white and black, no more—save the way he used them.

One man sits down to pen and paper and writes his story. It drags its wounded length along, and what though the letters of every degree of old world universities may be written after his name, it is drone, drone, droning. Another takes the pen and the words jig and dance, the blossoms flutter in the breeze and you hear the ripple of the mountain brook over the stones as it gurgles and glides on its way. The reason of it all? Mannerism, nothing but treatment

So, man, make all manners yours. Catch it wherever you can. Get it, get it. Only so you get it. And when you have it, and have your story as a courier of the King of kings spring to the fore and as the last note of the hymn and prayer have died away play on your audience till you have them in the hollow of your hand.

Touch here till they flinch — lower your voice and they weep, brighten till they laugh and the next minute have them that the idle

stle of the outside limb against the pane Il make them start, shriek or faint. It can done. It has been done. You can do it, t not I, for it all lies back in the past, the aves of the years before time robbed the liter of the flexibility of touch. But it is urs if you are young, receptive and facile.

#### COLLECTIONS OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

BY EZRA DETWILER.

THE spring of 1889 will be long remembered Johnstown, Pa., on account of the great nount of rainfall during the month of May. Decoration Day came with sunshine and was lebrated in the usual manner. During the ght which followed rain fell in torrents continually for five hours. The mountain streams in the rivers were overflowing their banks. The lower districts of Johnstown were flooded, e mills were shut down on account of the gh water, men and boys went boating on the

reets. Many men went to spend the day in

loons.

Business was practically suspended. Some cople were uneasy and removed to higher rounds. About two o'clock in the afternoon e breast of the great dam, which had been uilt to supply the canal with water and afterards used as a summer resort, broke. later came rushing down the narrow valley cumulating volume and momentum until it ruck the stone bridge which spans the river Johnstown. Then the greater part of the wn was submerged and destroyed. The ext number of persons who perished is not Many pages have been filled about is flood, with stories, some true and some ther false or misleading. The destruction life and property, the pathetic scenes which illowed and the generous response of a symathizing nation cannot be described here.

A young man who was not contented at ome, with a desire for adventure, had crossed to Atlantic ocean, came back and crossed the tates, was in San Francisco, Cal., when he eard the news of the calamity at home. He ame back as quickly as possible and found is home destroyed and his mother dead. One a few members of the German Baptist

Brethren suffered, as nearly all live in the suburbs or in the country surrounding Johnstown. The stories that all the saloons and no churches were destroyed are not correct. However, a few saloons were left and few church buildings were entirely destroyed.

A common greeting on the streets after the organized help, known as the commissaries, were established was like this, "Where did you get that hat?" and the reply was, "At the commissary's." Such jokes were exchanged long after the commissaries were closed.

Grand View Cemetery is a place of interest to visitors. It was opened about a year before the great flood. Already over seven thousand bodies have been interred there. The plot of 767 graves of unknown dead who perished in the great flood is marked by a large monument. Plain slabs are placed at the head of each grave in this plot.

Johnstown, Pa.

BIRDS and men are the only creatures on earth that can sing. Instead of birds singing with their bills, as children usually think they do, Mr. Kearton says they produce their notes deep down in the windpipe, at a point where it goes off into the bronchial tubes and whose duty it is to take air to and from the lungs. At that point there is fixed a delicate little membrane, which gives the song of every bird that flies. Of course, this membrane is of different size in different birds and some birds are better skilled than others in the use of their voices, just the same as human beings. Else we would not have the differences in the songs of the raven and the nightingale.

When a thrush sings the neck is worked up and down like the sliding tube of a trombone in order to give the different notes the proper pitch. Some birds give their calls very easily, often singing with food in their mouths, but some are very awkward.

No century has ever begun on a Wednesday, a Friday or a Sunday, and the same order of days is repeated every twenty years. January and October of each year always begin with the same day; so with April and July; so with September and December; so with February, March and November.

## HOW RAILROAD COMPANIES KEEP CHECK ON THEIR EMPLOYEES.

BY JOSEPH H. MURRAY.

WHEN you go to the depot of a railroad company and pay freight charges to the agent, or purchase a ticket from the ticket agent, it no doubt occurs to you that if the agents were so disposed they could appropriate a part or all of the money to their own use, and the company would never be any the wiser, but such is not the case. The system of accounting and keeping check on employees is so complete that it is almost impossible for the company to lose a penny of its earnings.

The shipping agent is required to make a "wavbill" for each shipment, numbering each consecutively, commencing with No. 1 on the first day of each year. This waybill shows the name of the shipper, the name of the person to whom the freight is shipped, origin and destination, a description of the freight, the weight and amount of freight charges to be collected at destination. He is required to take an impression copy of these waybills and forward them to the auditor, who checks same and ascertains if the correct amount of transportation charges has been assessed, and if there is any mistake a notice of it is forwarded to the receiving agent so he may collect the correct amounts. This waybill is charged up to the receiving agent and he is required to send to the auditor each day a report showing all such bills received by him, and the total amount to be collected on each. This report is checked back against the copies of the bills received from the forwarding agent to see that the amounts agree. The auditor is now in a position to show how much money should be collected by each agent.

These agents have instructions to make a daily remittance of cash collected to designated banks along the line of the railroad, and report to the auditor the amount of such remittance. The bank in turn receiving this cash reports to the auditor daily the amount received from each agent. These reports are then compared, one with another, to see that they agree, and checked back against the amount charged up to the agent, to see that he has remitted something near the amount col-

lected according to the bills charged up thim. If there are any discrepancies or shor ages in remitting, the traveling auditor is set to check up his accounts and if he is four short in his accounts he is immediately dimissed and the Guarantee Company bondir, him is called upon to make good such shor age.

These Guarantee Companies will bond an person of good character, good moral habit and a good record for honesty and upright ness for which they charge a nominal sum pe thousand, which is generally shared in by th railroad company and the person bonder These Guarantee Companies make good to the railroad company any losses to the amount the bond of the employee. Any perso bonded by such companies is kept under strict watch by the companies' detectives an all of his acts and habits carefully noted an reported to the company. And if his habit and manner of living are of such a characte as will be to his detriment with the bondin corporation the railroad company is notifie that they wish to withdraw from the bond such an employee, which results in his dimissal.

It seems strange that an employee, knowin this system of check on him and the watch is the bonding company, should go wrong. The temptation, however, very often proves to strong for them and when they are weighed is the balance they are found wanting.

The agents selling tickets to passengers ar required to report to the auditor each day th number of tickets sold, to what points the are sold and the amount collected for same. The same system of remitting cash is require as that above named. These tickets are collected from the passengers on the trains be the conductors who turn them in to the audit or where they are compared with the report the agent selling them to see that they agree

There is, however, one class of transportation charges collected that is rather difficulto keep a check on. I refer to the cash far collections made by the conductors on trains. There is no one to see the transaction but the passenger and the conductor, and if the conductor is a good judge of human nature anable to distinguish between a real countrymal.

and a detective dressed up in a countryman's lothes, he can pocket considerable before he s found out. Means have been devised to vercome this to a certain extent. The company takes care not to allow one conductor to ake the same train every day, and by having lifferent men to run on the same scheduled rain on different days they should very nearv report the same amount of cash fares colected. Should any one of these conductors continue to report a less amount of cash fares collected on certain trains than his fellow-conductors it will become evident that there is something wrong, and detectives will be put upon the lookout and he will soon be caught and the first he will know of the matter will be a notice of his dismissal.

Thus it will be seen that a pretty thorough check is kept on all employees in positions of trust, and anyone of them making any misappropriation of funds will be found out sooner or later.

Roanoke, Va.

#### SPIDERS AGE THE WHISKY.

Spiders in a wine cellar or a warehouse in which whisky is stored are very useful insects to the owners of the liquors, and they are utilized to the fullest extent. By their aid whisky just brought from the still is made to appear as if it had been lying in store for many years and its market value is thereby trebled or quadrupled. The trick was discovered by the United States agricultural department when it went to assemble the exhibit of American liquors for the Paris exposition. When one stops to consider how simply the aging process can be accomplished and how largely it adds to the selling price of what would otherwise be a very cheap liquor it is not at all surprising that the device is resorted to and that its devotees flourish.

The small black spider which haunts the tenement rafters and delights in taking possession of the windows in abandoned stores is the chief medium in the aging process. The working spiders are not picked up by chance, but are saved from day to day and week to week and fed with care and system. The cob web-makers have discovered that, lacking a sufficient supply of freshly-killed flies, the

spiders will thrive equally well on a gelatinous mixture of meat jelly, thickened with a little sugar.

The first step in the operation of aging a bottle of fresh wine is to secure an appropriate antique label. They are printed on a tiny handpress kept especially for this purpose and the aging establishment has a collection of blocks to simulate a dozen different labels, some of them forgeries of older brands.

The labels are printed in cheap ink that will not stand too well, anyhow, but the artists do not trust to this alone, for a basket of 1756 port may have to come to the table in forty-eight hours after it has received its cobweb draperies. Consequently the labels are all dipped in a small bowl of weak tobacco water and dried on a line over the stove. The mellow suggestion of age given by this expedient is surprisingly deceptive when one considers the simplicity of the operation.

The labels are pasted and the bottle is ready for the finishing touches. This consists in dipping them in a bucket of water and allowing them to drain without wiping. Before they are quite dry they are dusted very lightly with a mixture of wood ashes and very fine sawdust. The result is that the damp bottle catches and holds a light film, such as it would acquire only by years of cellar life.

The final act is performed by the spiders. The bottles are placed in a narrow basket and two or three energetic spiders put in with them. The dusty surface of the bottle offers an excellent inducement for them to work, and it usually takes only a few hours for the bottle to get the most artistic suggestion of cobwebbed age.

The agricultural department officials declare that nearly nine-tenths of the whisky sold over the bars throughout the country is "aged" by the spiders rather than by old Father Time, and to its inferior quality is attributed the great increase of delirium tremens and other diseases to which liquor drinkers are prone.

THERE is a specialty of work in the world for each man. But the man must search for it, for it will not hunt for the man.—H. W. Beecher

#### MAKING WAX FIGURES.

THE business of making wax figures has in the last few years grown to considerable proportions. One of several manufacturing places is in a downtown side street.

"Are wax figures modeled from life?" was asked.

"Good ones are. But there is custom work and shoddy work in this line, as in every other. A reputable concern has a regular sculptor and artist's models to pose for him. We are at work now on a woman's figure upstairs. You may see how it's done if you'll go up."

On a revolving platform a heavy wire frame was standing, and two assistants bent it according to the outlines of the model's form. Then they began to fill it in solidly with wet clay, which the artist molded as nearly like her body as was possible from eye and caliper measurements.

"This clay model is taken only up to the bust line, you understand," the proprietor said. "There is a different process gone through for obtaining a cast of the arms when they are to be made of wax, and the head is always obtained from a photograph. Now when this clay figure has been molded to suit the sculptor in every detail, it is set aside to harden the boys pour a coat of plaster of Paris over it several inches thick. It sets quickly and retains every line and curve of the clay form. This plaster cast must be removed and serve as the shell, inside of which the papier-mache figure is made. Of course it is impossible to break it off as a perfect shell. It comes off in fragments, and has to be pieced together again and tied up until it hardens. We usually make the cast in four parts from the bust to the feet, for it is easier to line it in that shape with the papier-mache. Come downstairs and see how the lining is done."

Half a score of men were at work in the papier-mache department and figures in every stage of construction were scattered about the room. The men were tearing off strips of papier-mache and pressing them inside the quartered plaster casts. "When these are all lined they will stand for a day and a half in the drying room," said the proprietor. "By that time the papier-mache will be unbreakable and the plaster casts will be taken off.

The figures are ready then to be fastened to la gether over a light steel skeleton and have our their jersey underwear. If they are for the best trade their feet will be of papier-machatha and they will wear regular stockings and shoes. Cheaper figures have weighted irong feet. But they are still headless and armless you see. Now here is the figure of a man's His arms will never be bared and he will alway to wear gloves. Over there is a pile of jointed a wooden arms and hands. If he has jointed fin the gers he can hold his own umbrella or walkingle stick. Therefore he shall have them. But the women and children have useless wax hands Notice these bodies. Over the papier-mache is a thick padding of curled hair, so them, figures have the plumpness necessary; and now, look. They are adjustable at every joint. and bend at the waist and neck. You can make them assume any position you please,' and he put a papier-mache figure through all sorts of acrobatic feats.

"These holes in the body and limbs are form locking them in position. Now for the face and arms. Figures for the display of evening gowns demand wax busts and arms. Of course the only way to get a figure exactly is to take a direct cast from the body. But the sensation of being inclosed in a plaster of Paris cast is not pleasant and it hurts to have it removed so we can seldom find a model who will submit to it. The hands are always from direct casts, however, and the rest of the body has to be approximated in clay."

In an adjoining small room where direct casts were being made a modeler was rubbing cottolene into a girl's hands and wrists, preparitory to making a cast of the woman. He placed her fingers in position and supported her arm.

"Be careful not to move now when I pour the plaster over your hands or you'll lose the pose entirely," he said. A layer of plaster was dipped on with a large ladle, and a piece of string was laid around the tips of the girl's fingers, and on her wrist. "That string," said the modeler, "is to be pulled out before the plaster hardens, and cut the cast in two." More plaster of Paris was poured over her hand, and the man watched it closely. The girl wriggled.

'It burns," she said. "That's the lime and t, and it'll burn more before. I take it off. bw we'll pull out the string." The string me out easily and cut the shell in two parts, it the cast showed no sign of loosening on r hand. The assistant brought a chisel and by chipped the plaster off down to the skin, eping the pieces. It hurt sometimes. The tl's fingers caught in the plaster and they d to twist themselves free. At last the cast is all off and the modeler set the pieces to-ther and tied them up.

"In half an hour it will be ready for the ux," he said. The wax was melting in two rge kettles over a gas blaze, and when the st of the girl's hand was hard they poured he hot wax inside of it. In a few moments it id frozen' a quarter of an inch thick, and e surplus was poured out of the shell. They oke the plaster of Paris off the wax hand id threw it aside. "We have no further use r that," the assistant said. "The finisher ill work out all the imperfections in the wax and now and take a cast of it. This will be the final model for the hand."

"How do you get the cast for the head of a ax figure?" was asked.

"From a photograph first. Then it is moded in clay. A plaster cast is taken from the pay and the wax is poured into the plaster hell, just as it was for the hand. The whole it in making wax faces lies in the finishing. Thenever it is possible we copy the lines of a kpression from the face of the original whose hotograph we are using. We are more parcular in details such as these than the Euro ean manufacturers, and that is why our wax gures are better than theirs. The glass, eyes hat are used are of the best quality and are et very carefully, though occasionally a crossyed woman is returned to the factory for an peration."

"Do you use human hair?" was the next uestion.

"Yes," was the reply, "it is all from the eads of the rustic maidens of Spain and Ausria. They are shorn of their locks at the hair narkets there, and we buy them from dealers in this side." At a table in the rear of the oom the hair inserters were at work. The lair is set deeply in the wax heads. The girls

who do this work need steady nerves. They hold a tuft of hair in one hand and catch each individual hair in the slit eye of the needle. This is inserted in the head, and the wax is pressed back into the pores.

"A good figure will last about ten years," the proprietor went on, "though in that time it may be returned for repairs. The complexion needs frequent brushing up, and sometimes new hair is inserted in the head. Every season, too, women carry their bodies with a new pose, and we make over the wax ladies to conform to the style. Our work is far superior to the European, and the demand for their wax figures is almost at an end in this country. We keep abreast of the times, and they do not. Our figures can do everything but talk. tice our new wax women in the stores in the shopping district. Aren't they right in the mode? They are all ready to swing into the military walk. The imported figures are distressingly out of date. They carry their bod ies unnaturally, and haven't a bit of style."

#### AN ELEVATOR DISEASE.

Some physicians, in making examinations for life insurance companies, think that they have discovered a marked tendency to heart trouble and premature degeneration of the arteries in men and boys who run elevators and in others that make many trips a day. They do not yet know to what to ascribe it. Perhaps it may be due to changes in atmospheric pressure in passing from basement to roof and down again, or to the sudden starts and stops and the rapid descent. On the other hand, it may be the result of causes that they have not yet been able to discover.

#### GROWTH OF A WESTERN TOWN.

PHŒNIX, Ariz., the center of the Salt River valley, was a few years ago a sage brush desert. It has now 25,000 inhabitants, with an assessed property valuation of \$10,000,000. All this is due to water, which, brought in canals from streams fed mainly from the San Francisco and other Arizona reserves, has turned the desert into a fertile valley covered with ranches and dotted with small towns.

#### HAD BAD LUCK WITH TEETH.

A DENTIST enjoying an extensive practice among the fashionable people of the south side relates this peculiar experience of one of his patrons: "She was a rather pretty young married woman," he says, "but her upper front teeth were so badly discolored and defective as to greatly mar her appearance. Her husband after much persuasion induced her to have two of the worst replaced with artificial teeth. I made such a neat job of it that she was delighted. The two teeth were on a plate and she wore them to bed the first night she had them. During the night they fell from her mouth to the floor, and when she got up in the morning she trod on them and broke the plate all to pieces. I reset the teeth on another plate and she went home again with them. That night she put them in a glass of water on the mantel. Her husband got up in the night to get a drink of water, and finding something in the tumbler threw the contents out of the front window, thus disposing of the second set in three days. Then I made her a third set. These she put on the mantel when she retired and forgot to replace them in the morning. The maid while dusting the room swept these off into the grate underneath the mantel, where they burned up. The family moved out of town a few days afterward, so whether she got a fourth set of teeth I do not know."

#### ORIGIN OF FAMOUS HYMNS.

THE origin of many of the popular hymns that are sung with zest wherever Christian people assemble to offer praise to their Creator greatly deepens the interest in both the songs and the singers and reveal that mighty kinship of human souls, that divine sympathy, that confers deathless fame on a few simple verses, soul biographies living in song.

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." This greatest of hymns was written in 1775 by Rev. Augustus Toplady, a very learned English divine, who died at the early age of thirty-eight. The hymn has the rare, wondrous spiritual ecstasy he revealed in his daily life. In his last illness he said: "I cannot tell the comforts that I feel in my soul; they are past ex-

pression. It will not be long before God take me, for no mortal man can live after the given ries which God has manifested to my sou The marble tablet over his grave says: "I wrote 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for me.'"

Mrs. Vanalstyne, better known as Fan Crosby, the blind poet, wrote the hymn "Sa in the Arms of Jesus" for music in twen minutes, but into it was put the essence of h whole life of faith. Miss Crosby, after day's jostling through the city streets, guid by some loving hand, returns to her little roo and pours forth her soul in song.

Of the many hymns written by Mrs. Sar. Flower Adams, the only one that has survive is the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee based on the Bible story of Jacob's vision Bethel, the imagery of which narrative it to lows most faithfully.

One day Charles Wesley was sitting by a open window, looking over the beautiful field when he saw a little bird pursued by a haw The poor thing, weak and frightened, in seeing to escape from its enemy, flew into the room and found refuge in Wesley's boson. As the poet was then in great trouble at needed the safety of a refuge, the consolation of help from a higher power than his own, the incident seemed to him a divine message, and thus inspired, he wrote the famous hymn, "It sus, Lover of My Soul."

#### QUEER VISITING CARDS.

In Corea visiting cards measuring a for square are in vogue. The savages of Dahr mey announce their visits to each other be sending in advance a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved, says Hon Notes. When the visit is paid the "card" returns to the possession of its owner, who probably uses it for many years. The natives of Sumatra use for a visiting card a piece of wood about a foot long, decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

"You say all the people around here at healthy?" said the stranger. "That's what said," answered the native. "But it is a verbad climate." "Yes; people have to be extra ordinarily healthy, or they won't stand it an time at all."

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

HE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.-THE SCENE.

BY JOHN E. MOHIER.

As the first rays of the Judean morning sun hted the "Horns of Hattin" they fell upon the who was more glorious than the sun itself. It was the day chosen by the Son of the dot of the day chosen by the Son of the dot of the day chosen by the Son of the dot of the day chosen by the Son of the dot of the day chosen by the Son of the day chosen by the Son of the day conditions and duties of citizenship. The ght had been one of prayer to God, and as orning dawned he looked upon the unfolder scene of nature as the skilled sculptor ght gaze upon the first crude blockings of shandiwork.

Beautiful, beyond a doubt, lay the landape to the east. At a distance spread the oad wall of a mountain range, while in its ade nestled the blue waters of Galilee's sea, anketed yet with the coolness of night. tween the sea and the Master, and reaching and down the Jordan 'valley, lay a characristic view in the hill country of Galilee. blowing, and blending into each other, as the e roamed the distance, were city-crowned nolls, fertile upland plains, green forest ades, and wild, picturesque glens breaking to the east. Upon the air floated the perfume lilies, poppies, hyacinths, and sweet majorns-all wild in the hills; and there were huming of bees and cooing of pigeons in the iffs, and the soft notes of the turtle dove, lling among the bushes; and gurgling and ughing of waterfalls down the glens. Overand was the clear Syrian sky, while underot sparkled diamonds of dewdrops upon the

It was all the Master's handiwork, and yet, its completeness, was but as the rude block a sculptor. It had been made in the longgo, and was but an atom of great accomplishents. Its grandeur, its beauty, its harmony, a unity, and its variety were not to be comared to the kingdom to be partly unfolded to

Israel that day. The fragrance upon the breeze and the melody in the air were hardly a foretaste or a suggestion of the Master's more perfect work. Although this was in itself more than men could grasp, yet the Teacher purposed to instruct them in the more wonderful relations of the spiritual world. No marvel that the night had been spent in prayer.

With the dawn of day every hill-top was a tremble with life, for each was crowned with a city of people. Hither and thither they went, to their farming, their merchandise, their vineyards, their flocks, their synagogues, or to hear the new prophet in the mountain. Those with the latter intent drew near, at first singly, then in families, then in groups, and at last in throngs. From among those who first came Jesus selected twelve as special witnesses of all that he should henceforth do and say. But they were not such as we might have chosen. They were not representatives of the tribes of Israel, and neither were they of the leaders of the nation. Only one of the twelve could lay any claim to culture or holiness by reason of local residence in Judea, or near the metropolis, Jerusalem, and that was Judas Iscariot. The others were from among the people of Galilee—a people famed as rebellious and turbulent, and at the head of any uprising against the Roman power.

While Jesus conversed with the select twelve the increasing multitude assembled in a plain farther down the mountain side. They were not all from the immediate vicinity, but many were from the remote parts of Palestine, who had heard of the Man of God, and had come to be healed or to listen to his teaching. As they awaited the appearance of the prophet they gathered in groups in earnest conversation. There were young and middle-aged men, warmly discussing the correct station of Christ, some asserting and others denying his mission as one from heaven. There were older heads grouped with Pharisees and doctors of the law, who looked with suspicion upon any movement to herald Christ as the leader of Israel. There were groups of women who were champions of the prophet, and anon they cast scornful glances at his opposers.

Above the buzz and roar of many voices

were the occasional shouts of children playing under copious fountains common to the region. The men were black-bearded and dark-featured, and were dressed with a simple fold of cloth or turban upon their heads, and gowned in long tunics of linen, which were gathered about the waist with a girdle of leather or linen—the former being confined to the poorer classes. The women were similarly clad, with garments usually dyed in blues or reds instead of the natural hue of the linen, common to the men. Here and there were also Roman soldiers, distinguished by their coats of scarlet.

Suddenly there was a hush in the assembly, and all eyes turned upon Christ and the twelve, descending the mountain side. reaching the people Christ seated himself upon one of the boulders of black basalt studding the plain, and began to teach. The first few sentences of his memorable sermon were sufficient to arrest the closest attention of every hearer. He spoke of blessings such as men have always and will always greatly desire, and the simple yet wonderful way of gaining them. His enemies held their breath, not knowing what would come of his increasing power over the people. Then their faces flamed with anger as he scathed the leaders of Israel, and as he taught new truths which outshone the reverenced laws of the Jews there were mutterings and low threatenings.

Then, again, the mysterious power of the Teacher held them spellbound, but a moment later his words cut them to the quick. And the people—the common people—a glance showed that they were carried away with the wondrous truths uttered, and increased fear smote his enemies. A few of the more hotblooded seized stones and clenched them in fists of iron. But no! It would not do now. They feared the people. And yet the man dare not go unchecked. His increasing influence would simply ruin the leaders of the nation. And what was he? A simple, untutored Galilean! Who had commissioned him to

teach new doctrines? The chief priests as Sanhedrim must be notified without dela The heresy of this intrepid fellow must be e posed to the highest and most powerful Israel. And yet the spies, with this determation and burning with anger, seeing the mittitude flock about the teacher, were scarce able to contain themselves.

Warrensburg, Mo.

( to be continued +

#### POOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE.

The right note was struck the other day the Baptist ministers' meeting when Re George H. Campbell condemned the majori of books now in use in the Sunday school throughout the country. He made bold tell his fellow-ministers that most of the nove were cheaply printed and poorly written; the they were thoroughly enervating and execised a demoralizing religious influence.

Great pains have been taken during the par few years with the literature given to childre in the day schools. Classics, fairy tales, in mances, fiction of the best type have been s lected with great discrimination, and by the use of good literature children are learning t ignore the poor. They see the difference b tween the wishy-washy stuff of the Sunda school and the artistic and truly moral chara ter of the books given to them during th week. They see the false views of life which the Sunday school book offers. They know that the bad boy does not always come to bad end and that the prig, whatever may b his good fate in Sunday-school literature, despised, and justly so, in real life.

Now that the eyes of Sunday-school author ties are opened it is hoped that the glaring defect mentioned by Mr. Campbell will be remedied. Nothing makes religion more odiouthan when it appears in namby-pamby guise and children are keen-sighted to detect the false from the true and should be given on the best forms of literature, especially when it comes to them in the name of religion.







## In the Front Room after Dinner





#### HEARSAY.

During the heated term, while Nookers e most too busy to write, we will do a little lking on our own responsibility. And there no subject that is commoner than hearsay. herefore we will talk a little about that in the ope that it will set people thinking. We o not expect to convert the world, to correct 's habits of thought and action. We are too ld in experience to attempt any such imposbility. But we can call the attention of a w of the better class of people to what is unoubtedly one of the commonest meannesses I which most of us are more or less guilty.

Most people when they get together for alf an hour, must, or at least they do, discuss ie absent. And often it is anything but faorable. Now and then some person who lays aim to some sort of decency, while indulgig in the evil feast, compromises with his onscience by giving the talk a hearsay twist. omebody said so, or they heard, or it is said, whatever the excuse is, and then they unch into the sewer along with the others nd it is to this class that we address ourelves.

Now the 'Nook is optimistic, that is, it preers the better side to the seamy one, and it elieves that here and there are people who re earnestly striving to do the right thing, ut they have so long associated with the own stairs; lot, or the back alley crowd, that ney have absorbed very bad habits. orst of them is the discussion of the absent om an unfavorable point of view. This is ad enough, but there is still a worse side to ie evil, and that is of prejudging the absent. Il people who do it would probably resent te imputation of being prejudiced, but that what they are, and nothing else.

What would you think of a judge, who hearing but one side of a case, would proceed to pronounce judgment, or of a church that met in council and settled a case against you on hearing what somebody else heard said, and pronouncing a judgment against you, with the greatest care not to inform you of a single fact connected with the evidence, or rather, the lack of it? You would have reason for some pretty positive opinions about such people. And this is prejudging a case, that is, the parties are prejudiced, judging it beforehand on only half the evidence, and that most likely incorrect, if not, as is often the case, an out-and-out lie. Yes, every person passing a judgment in the absence of the accused is thoroughly prejudiced, no matter how he may deny it. Will some one please tell us how it can ever be otherwise as the conditions are stated?

Unfortunately there are some people in the world who are born with, and have developed in them, a taste for rotten apples. It is the first thing they offer a friend, and they revel in them. The pity of it is that those about them, having nothing else, sometimes fall into the habit. There is only one class that may legitimately be discussed, and that is a man in the service of the public. His very position carries with it his subjection to public criticism, as far as his public acts go, and he ought ever to be ready for constructive criticism, but it is not the official we are now considering. The private individual is dissected; while the parties may have no more right to talk about him than they have to enter his house and pry into his cupboard, or turn his pockets inside out. And the better class of people never do it,-never. They are not prejudicing people.

Hearsay is generally a liat. He is also notoriously unreliable even when attempting to tell the truth. The people he knows best constitute a crowd that it is a shame to acknowledge acquaintance with. Unfortunately we are so related to the world at large that we are compelled to meet them, and have to listen more or less to their ugly talk about the absent. But there is one thing that everyone so disposed can do in the matter. It may not be as easy as it reads, but no reader can hope to ever merit a standing with the best people who will not heed and follow. Here it is.

If there can be nothing good said about the absent then say nothing at all. There is no half way business about it. Most readers of the 'Nook are Christians, or are trying to be, and they are alive to the Christian side of things. They may have forgotten it, so the 'Nook will reproduce it here for their benefit.

A man who knew Christ well, and who was interested in his teaching to the extent of making a book about it for us, said this about the matter. If our brother sin, not against us, but as the old copies of the book have it, sin, go and see about it between the two of you alone, mark you, alone. And there isn't a word about babbling it around for simple recreation. So it would be a very pertinent question to the one doing the talking in a crowd about the absent, if he were asked whether he had followed out the Christian method in his interest in the case.

The fact is that before we go into any derogation of people, present or absent, it is well

to ask whether we have passed the Christia test first, and then inquire of ourselves whether it will pass through the sieves of truth, jutice and kindness. And if this is honest gone through with we will have no more to a with hearsay than we would with a dead do down in the field.

What, then, may be the subjects of convesation? Strange question! But the lack practical application makes the query an ir portant one. So we will give it here. It from the words of a letter sent to the Philipians:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things a honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever thin are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoev things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and there be any praise, think on these things."

There you are. Do you see anything of the spider bite or the rat tooth in all that? What soever a man thinks so he is, and as he is the talks.

There is nothing so effective in shutting of a broken sewer of talk as silence. When people begin emptying out what "they say," at "I heard" and the rest of it, the best thing to let them run down and make no reply Some will be so shameless that they will so nothing, while others will take the hint and a least keep silence. The rule is given in the paragraph above, and if you and your friend with whom you associate, are so ill compose that there is nothing of the above in them then still keep silent, for there is nowhere an order to hang the garment of defamation of the peg of hearsay.



# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Aug. 24, 1901.

No. 34.

#### THE OLD SONGS.

THE grand old songs of long ago!
How clear their melodies;
They seemed to bear us to the skies

On flow'ry beds of ease.

Beneath their spell we fain would climb Where Moses stood before,

And view with eyes by faith unloosed The wondrous landscape o'er.

I want to hear the old time songs Sung with a Christian zest;

They fill the heart until we feel
We'll be forever blest.

And when their sound fills all the air
It seems that ev'ry soul

Is led to stand with rapturous joy Where Jordan's waters roll.

No surpliced choirs can sing for me Those songs of other days

Like they were sung by Christian lips That loved God's name to praise,

They seemed to bear the weary soul To mansions in the skies,

And angel hands came reaching down To wipe our weeping eyes.

The singing of the grand old songs—
How sweet it seems to me!

It brings sweet root to troubled brooms.

It brings sweet rest to troubled breast
On life's tempestous sea.

The grand old songs of other days
The best the world can know

He leadeth me, O blessed thought, Where tranquil waters flow.

The old time songs, the old time tunes!

They touched the hearts of men,

And wanderers from the fold away Came gladly back again.

When death shall come and I shall stand Where sullen breakers roar,

I want the songs that mother sang To waft me to the shore.

#### SEXTON FISHES FOR TIPS.

VISITORS to old English show places have een entertained by the shrewdness with which

the guides lead the minds to the main question. The sexton of a country church usually makes the most of an opportunity and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle int" to the sightseer.

Recently he had conducted a party around the church and despite the casual dropping of more than one "gentle 'int" it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded. In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely and wished him "good afternoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "an' it's a werry strange thing, as whenever I'm ashowing a party out o' the porch they allus asks me that question or (with emphasis) the other 'n!"

"Indeed," replied the visitor, "and what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question No. 2," replied the sexton calmly, "is jest this: 'Samiwell, is tips allowed?' And Samiwell allus answers, 'Tips is allowed!'"

"Samiwell" watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.

#### A TOWN BUILT OF OLD STREET CARS.

Just outside the city limits of San Francisco there is a settlement where most of the houses have been constructed partly or wholly from old street car bodies. About fifty of the dwellings are built in this manner, being laid out along streets in regular order. In some instances two or three cars have been joined end to end, and in other instances the platforms have been transformed into bay windows. The village is known by the appropriate name of "Car Town."

#### BEDFORD SPRINGS.

BY JENNIE C. BAKER

These famous springs are in a narrow valley which is about eleven hundred feet above sealevel. The grounds on which these springs are situated, and the land about them, which is wholly laid out for the pleasure of the guests, include about fifteen hundred acres.

On a warm summer's day in 1804, a poor mechanic of Bedford, who was afflicted with rheumatism and ulcerated sores on his legs, went to fish in a little creek, north of the town, called Schober's creek. Through the day, he frequently slaked his thirst at one of the mineral springs; and the day being especially warm and his sores painful, he slipped off his shoes and bathed his feet and legs in the creek just below the springs. Because he did this, he expected to suffer some rheumatic twinges during the following night, but, instead, he rested especially well, and rose the next morning, feeling better than he had for months. Being led to believe that the water was the cause of his partial cure, he every day procured it for drinking and bathing, and was soon entirely restored to health. Others similarly afflicted, hearing of his cure, tried the same remedy and received the same benefit. So says well-authenticated tradition.

Of course, such a find could not long be kept secret. There being so great a variety of medicinal waters, with large bath-houses in which all kinds of baths may be taken, it would be strange indeed, if some cures would not be made each year.

The magnesia water is in great demand as a table beverage; it being both diuretic and cathartic and withal pleasant to drink. There is a large bottling establishment in connection with the springs and much water is shipped each year. You will find the Bedford Mineral Water advertised in the Century Magazine. The Sulphur Spring is possibly as health-giving as the Magnesia, but its unpleasant odor makes it unpalatable. For bathing it is much used, and is especially valuable in skin diseases. The Magnesia Iron Spring has much the same value as the Magnesia. The limestone springs and soft water spring are not

medicinal only as pure water anywhere healthful.

The scenery about the springs is wild, p turesque, beautiful. Only enough has be done to the surrounding woods to make the delightful retreats where one can forget th ever man was made to mourn. Many varieti of wild flowers are found within easy reac for valley and hillside, meadow and woodlan are so intermingled that each fair flower clind its own loved haunt.

The large Springs Hotel, a roomy, five-sto structure, with porches to each floor, running the whole length of the building, is a delighfully old-fashioned house with all the mode conveniences. The Arandale, a beautiff modern building and in every way a first-cla hotel, is situated about one-fourth mile from the springs and is a rival to the Springs Hotel Both houses are equally good and both as well patronized.

If you travel south from Huntingdon during the summer season, on certain trains the comes abroad at a small station near to Be ford, a uniformed man who calls out: "A baggage checked for the Springs, and delivere free of charge." If you are not very old, an this same uniformed personage accosts yo with, "Going to the springs, madam," you feel very important. In your pocket, you purse begins to swell; your head is held more erect, and you pride yourself on your gov. having the hang and your hat the set of a cit belle's. But just then comes the thought, ". may take me for one of the many country girls who go to the Springs to do service. Your pride has a fall, your pocket-box shrinks to its usual proportions.

If you are one of the fortunate ones, who really on his way to the Springs, once at Bed ford, you will have no trouble in reaching th desired haven, either in your own handsom carriage which may have been sent from you home, or in one of the many hacks that frequent the station during "Spring season Fifty cents to the Springs, or if you walk ow into town, which is but a step, the trip will cosyou but twenty-five. Of course the drividoes not tell you this; but you may be one those with whom "a penny saved is a penny earned," and so care for the information.

You can have your choice of expenses, if a think of visiting the Springs. You can up at one of the hotels and pay two or three clars per day with other charges beside. Or ou can ride out in a very comfortable hack the your lunch done up in a pasteboard box your lap, study nature and human nature, ink of all kinds of water as you will, and go ome tired in the evening with pleasant memies of a day well-spent.

Who visit these Springs? All sorts of peoe, from the city millionaire to the country by and girl who drive there on Sunday in a and new buggy to look at the city folks and ake love. Some go for health, some for easure, and many for political reasons. Our overnor nearly always spends a part of his immer there.

The Springs are the pride of the county, and e a benefit financially, making better markets or the farmers during the summer, and givg employment to numbers of country girls.

If you are within easy reach of the Springs, isit them. It will do you good. No matter ow many summer resorts you may have visited, each one has some distinctive features fits own and so has Bedford Springs.

Everett, Pa.

#### NIGHT EATING MAKES FAT.

It was formerly thought that food taken at edtime created indigestion and bad dreams. While undoubtedly rich and hearty food is inpropriate at the time chosen for repose, a ght, nourishing repast at night often conuces to sound sleep by drawing the blood way from the brain.

Physicians are now advising a bedtime lunch or weak, nervous and emaciated people. The ong hours of sleep consume about one-third four existence. Although the demand made pon the system is naturally much less than during the waking hours, there is a wasting away of tissues consequent upon the suspension of nutriment for many hours. The body feeds upon itself, for food taken at dinner is digested at bedtime. Often one is restless and wakeful at night because the stomach is empty.

Says a well-known physician: "Man is the only creature I know of who does not deem it proper to sleep on a good meal. The infant instinctively cries to be fed at night, showing that food is necessary during that time as well as through the day, and that left too long without it causes it discomfort, which it makes known by crying."

If you crave it eat a light, easily-digested lunch at bedtime, and the long hours of sleep will work out for you a problem in addition, instead of subtraction of adipose tissue.

#### BEHAVING LIKE A LADY.

A LITTLE girl from an East End slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions."



#### PAUL.

BY W. R. DEETER.

This remarkable man was a native of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia. Acts 22: 3. Religiously, he says of himself, "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee." Philpp. 3: 5. Early in life he was sent to Jerusalem to be educated for some important position in the Jewish church, perhaps a member of the Sanhedrin. While at Jerusalem he was under the care and teaching of Gamaliel, a noted doctor of the Jewish law. His ardent love for his people and the Jewish religion made him look with jealousy and suspicion upon everything that opposed them. He was called by two names -Saul and Paul. There has been much speculation and different reasons assigned for this plurality of names; the most reasonable, to us, is that Saul is the Hebrew and Paul is his Greek name. The Britannica says, "Whatever be its origin Paul is the only name, which he used of himself, or which is used of him by others, when once he enters the Roman world outside of Palestine." He learned a trade, as every boy ought to do, tent-making, which proved helpful to him in after life. Before his conversion to Christianity, he was a relentless persecutor of Christians. He "breathed out threatenings and slaughter against them." "And being exceedingly mad against them," he says, "I persecuted them even unto strange cities." Acts 26: 11.

While on his way to Damascus, which, probably, was one of the strange cities, he was apprehended by the Lord by means of a brilliant light above the brightness of the sun, and a voice speaking to him, and saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" I said "Who art thou Lord?" The answer came back from the upper deep, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Acts 26: 14, 15. The Lord said to him, "Arise, stand on thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this same purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." From this time, instead of being a persecutor of Christians, he became their strongest advocate. In speaking of Paul the Lord said to Analas, "He is a chosen vessel unto me to be my name before the Gentiles, and kings, at the children of Israel." After his baptis instead of persecuting Christians as he itended, when he started for Damascus, preached the same Christ that he had persecuted. He did not seek some obscure plain which to preach him; but Luke says, "Austraightway he preached Christ in the syngogues, that he is the Son of God."

As might have been expected the peop were amazed and said, " Is not this he that d stroyed them which call on this name in Jer salem, and came hither for that intent, that i might bring them bound unto the chi priests?" Acts 9: 21. Henceforth the pe secutor became the persecuted. Soon aft his conversion he went into Arabia ar preached Christ to the heathen, after which h returned to Damascus and, after three year work at these two points, he went to Jerus lem, to them who were apostles before hid Gal. 1: 16-18. The Jews of Damascus had be come very greatly incensed against him, be cause of the bold stand taken by him. says, "He confounded the Jews, which dwe at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ. Acts 9: 22. "And they took counsel to kill him." They watched the gates of the city da and night to kill him. His brethren knowin the danger to which he was exposed let hit down over the wall in a basket.

He then made his way to Jerusalem but when he came there, and would have joined himsel to the disciples, they were afraid of him, an believed not that he was a disciple; but Barns bas quelled their fears. When he had been a Jerusalem a time, because of the bold stand taken by him there in favor of Christianity the Grecians tried to kill him. To evade then the disciples took him to Cæsarea, thence t Tarsus. Soon after he and Barnabas were sen on a memorable missionary tour, being se apart to this important work by the imposition of the hands of the presbytery. Acts 13: In his three missionary tours he manifested every characteristic of a great man. The long distances traveled, being many thousands of miles, and much of the time as a pedestrian show a wonderful stock of endurance. The

position he met at almost every point, when preached, from the mob at Jerusalem, where ay tried to kill him; the stoning at Lystra; wild beasts at Ephesus; the rods and imisonment at Philippi; the philosophers of hens and the civil authorities at Rome, show a metal of true greatness and unwavering th of a true servant of God.

In a summary of what he endured for Chrisnity, he says, "Of the Jews five times reved I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I aten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I ffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have en in the deep; in journeyings often, in rils of waters, in perils of robbers, in rils by mine own countymen, in perils by the athen, in perils in the city, in perils in the Iderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among se brethren; in weariness and painfulness, watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in stings often, in cold and nakedness. les those things that are without, that which meth upon me daily the care of all the urches." 2 Cor. 11: 24-28. After surveyg all he had to endure for Christ and humanhe says, "None of these things move ., neither count I my life dear unto myf, so that I might finish my course with y, and the ministry which I received of the and lesus, to testify the gospel of the grace God."

Milford, Ind.

#### THE COST OF ROYAL KITCHENS.

Have you any idea how much it costs to lep up the kitchen expenses of a king's usehold? Bridget will probably hold up r hands in horror when you tell her the lures, and mamma will probably wonder what idget would do if she had so many fine eces at her command, remembering what she is done already with the few pretty things of household.

King Edward, who seems to be going in many reforms, now that he has at last beme king, is trying to make the expenses of English royal kitchens much less, and that it has brought to notice the cost of mainning other royal kitchens.

King Edward's kitchen is not the most exusive by far. As it is, however, it contains \$10,000 worth of copper and \$35,000 worth of solid silver and silver plated utensils. When George III became king he spent \$30,000 in fitting up the kitchens at Windsor castle. He made the furnishings of black oak, and as the value of this wood has become much less since George III was king, the fittings are not valuable apart from their historical interest.

The present czar of Russia, shortly after he ascended the throne, spent \$400,000 in remodeling and refurnishing the kitchens of his palace at St. Petersburg. He bought cooking utensils of solid silver only, and in the lot were forty silver stewing pans, ranging in price from \$200 apiece up much higher. Then he bought spice boxes of solid gold and had the arms of the royal house engraved on each, and the ranges and ovens that were put in the royal kitchens were edged with silver. The purest black marble that could be found was used as a part of the building material and the decorations cost \$25,000. In all the cost of the building was \$120,000.

And this isn't all. Among the cooking utensils are 3,000 silver spoons and a gridiron of gold that once belonged to Catherine the Great. The chief cook's salary is \$40,000 a year, almost as much as the president of the United States receives, and he has several under cooks who draw from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a year, besides a lot of other helpers. Taken all in all it costs about \$600,000 each year to run the czar's kitchen.

Next in cost comes the kitchen of Spain's royal house. Here the cooking utensils alone are valued at nearly \$75,000 and are made more valuable because of their great age and history.

To the shah of Persia, however, belongs the honor of having the most valuable kitchen in the world. The shah's cooking pots are lined with gold and the dishes used on his table are of solid gold set with precious stones. His kitchen utensils are valued at more than \$5,-00,000.

When the cold weather comes on, and you are housed, the 'Nook will be a companion to you in the long winter evenings, there's a deal more in it than its cost represents.

#### "THE RHINE OF AMERICA."

BY JASON B. HOLLOPETER.

THE Hudson River, on account of its beautiful scenery has been called "The Rhine of America." Along the banks of the Rhine of the Old World are ruins and castles, around which cluster many legends. The Rhine of the New World has many beautiful villas and mansions along its shores, and because of its fame in history and song has become the classic stream of our country. It rises in the Adirondack Mountains, New York, nearly 4,000 feet above sea-level. By one branch its source is a lake, -- "The Tear of the Clouds." Above Troy it is broken by falls and rapids. From this point to the mouth it is a tidal stream, varying from a third of a mile to two miles in width and navigable for steamboats and sailing craft, a distance of 151 miles.

Some sixty miles from its mouth, the river enters the Highlands, which rise to a height of from 1,200 to 1,600 feet. Here the scenery is very beautiful, several of the heights being crowned with ruins of fortifications, built to prevent the passage of the British ships in the war for independence. Here was the scene of Arnold's treason, and the sad fate of Andre. Below the Highlands the river widens into a broad channel called the Tappan Zee. farther down on the west side on the New Jersey shore rises an almost straight and perpendicular wall of traprock from 30 to 500 feet in height, called the Palisades, and extending for fifteen miles to a point opposite the upper portion of the city of New York. The top of the Palisades is a long and narrow table-land with a scant growth of trees. Here the river flows into New York Bay. Its entire course is nearly 300 miles. The current is deep and broad and the shores are grand and bold. Its winding course brings to view a succession of broad expanses and narrow passes that give to this river a peculiar charm and surpassing beauty.

Up this river in 1807 steamed the Clermont, the first successful steamboat, built by Robert Fulton. For many years the Hudson boasted the only steamboat in the world. By this river and the Eric Canal New York is con-

nected with the Great Lakes and the with The river was named from the English navietor who discovered it in 1600.

Pentz, Pa.

#### WESTERN LETTER.

BY I. J. ROSENBERGER.

We left Denver, Colo., on the eve of the 3 Cheyenne was our next principal stop. To city has a population of 15,000; is the cap of Wyoming, and is noted for its fine was works, supplied by pure mountain water chas an elevation of 6,050 feet. Wyoming been considered for most part worthless agriculture, in view of her hills and mountain but the Wyoming Irrigation Co. has broug 60,000 acres of her soil into good cultivation Grazing is the principal interest. The Dese Live Stock company expect this year to 675,000 sheep.

When a boy I read of a lone pine tree staing by the railroad 1,000 miles west of Omal I had a desire to see the historical tree; but tree died two years ago and nothing was but the stump. "The Devil's Slide" looked if it had been rudely constructed by the ha of art, extending far up the mountain side. deep canyons constituted a continued imp ing scene. At 3 P. M., Saturday, we reach Salt Lake City. We found this a busy, stirr city; her streets are eight rods wide, with to graph and street car poles planted in the cen of the streets and a pure stream of mount water running in the gutters. On either s are to be seen mountains covered with sn-The sight was beautiful. About forty per ca of the inhabitants are the avowed followers Brigham Young. On the day of our arri they were celebrating the hundredth anniv sary of his birth. It was a busy day in th city. His monument stands at the street cro ing, adjacent to their temple and publish house, built in 1897. While we were there conference of the Young People's Improment Association was in session in their table nacle. They had three sessions on Sun-The seating capacity of the tabernacle is 000, and it was filled. Their pipe organ is so not to have its equal. They spent recently & 000 in some late improvements on their orga

heir choir numbers 500. In the afternoon we eard most eloquent addresses from Elder B. . Roberts (deposed from Congress) and Mrs. ates, the oldest daughter of Brigham Young's th wife. Her words were clear, and she rew her voice out over that vast assembly ith a pathetic ring. It was all avery interestexercise, but when I read on page 40, Mormon Doctrine," "that the manifestation of the truth came from Elijah in the temple. On the 3d day of April, 1836, that he ho was caught up to heaven without death speared to Joseph Smith and committed the eys of the power to him that the earth might e saved from a curse," and that his successors, righam Young, Joel Taylor, Wilfred Woodaff and their present leader, Lorenzo Snow, e inspired, and that these men, influenced by ispiration, were led to take to themselves an idefinite number of wives. I here pen my conictions as not being willing to receive the octrine. I am comforted in remembering nat in the Gospel, "the man of God is thorughly furnished unto every good work,"

Covington, Ohio.

#### PERSONAL VIOLENCE.

ence no need of these modern revelations.

BY D. P. SHOWALTER.

CONTRARY to some of the opinions expressed answer to the question whether a resort to tersonal violence is ever justifiable. I cannot ut say that a resort to personal violence is ever justifiable. In the Garden of Gethsemhe Christ said to Peter, " Put up thy sword 1 its place; he that taketh the sword shall 'erish with the sword." Again, another place, He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he nat loseth his life for my sake shall find it." and again the Scripture saith, "Do violence to o man,"" Resist not evil." These are final, no xceptions are mentioned. In the first cleansng of the temple Christ used the scourge only n the sheep and oxen, to drive them out, not n the people. "And he made a scourge of ords and cast all out of the temple, both the heep and the oxen." John 2: 15 (R. V.). In ie second cleansing of the temple, mentioned y Matthew, Mark and Luke, no scourge was sed.

"And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; although he had done no violence . . ." Isa. 53: 9. Who then dares deny the instruction of John the Baptist, or to say that Jesus ever resorted to personal violence? Like the apostle Peter we may make mistakes on the spur of the moment, or in the blindness of passion, but in teaching the doctrine, it must be right that we may be perfect in spirit. To say that personal violence is ever justifiable seems to me to savor of presumption, for who can decide as to the proper occasion or foresee the end of such procedure? It either is not justifiable at all, or is justifiable in all cases that we may so Which? Hold fast to "the faithful word." Titus 1: 9.

Troutville, Va.

#### AN ELDER BROTHER.

Bellenden Ker was wont to say that it was astonishing how far back two long lives set end to end could take you; and, as a case in point, used to relate the following incident, which had occurred in a will case in which he had been engaged. A witness, a very old man, was asked if he had any brother or sisters.

He gave the amazing reply that he had had one brother who had died "a hundred and fifty years ago." A murmur of incredulity traversed the whole court, from the bench downward which was changed to something like stupefaction when documentary evidence was brought in proof of the old man's words. His father had married at the age of 19 and had had a son, who died the same year. He married again at the age of 73, and had another son, the witness, who was 94 when he gave his evidence.

#### THEY PRAY FOR HIGH WINDS.

In Sumatra if a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside weeds and accept the first offer she has.

#### ODD THINGS ABOUT INDIANS.

NORTH CAROLINA'S CROATANS, who claim that they are descendants of Raleigh's lost colony, are not the only peculiar people among the red inhabitants of these United States. The claim is not new. It has been more or less exploited these thirty years, along with that of the still more curious Melungeons of east Tennessee. Their name, said to come from the French melange, a mixture, must be preeminently fit, since they show racial characteristics of the Cherokees, the negroes, the Portuguese and the plain, ordinary poor white. Their language is as mixed as their civilization is in somewhat the same condition.

Over against them set their neighbors, the eastern Cherokees, who live in Qualla boundary, in western North Carolina and are so up to date they have formed themselves into a regular corporation, so as to share in the government benefits, which were in danger of monopoly by the rich and outreaching western Cherokee nation. Right here it may be proper to say that after the outcry against Indian management cold figures show that the Indian population of to-day is not so very much less than that which Columbus found here, and that the so-called Five Civilized Nations of the Indian territory have quintupled in numbers since crossing the Mississippi.

Roughly speaking, Columbus found some 500,000 red folk withing the limits of what are now the United States. Their latest estimated number is between 300,000 and 400,000. And wherever a tribe becomes self-sustaining, as in the case of the Navajoes, it very quickly attains to the normal rate of human increase. Still it must be admitted that of the fifty-three separate parent stocks, once extant, but thirty-two now have a living representation. Admixture with the whites has proved poison to some tribes, yet to others has meant new life. This is notably the case with the Cherokees and Choctaws, many of whose leaders are Indian in name only. Not a few of their chiefs can trace to the best blood of Scotland and England. The way that happens is one of the romances of history.

After the '45, the flower of the young Jacobites who had been "out with the Young Chevalier," fled for asylum to western North Caro-

lina. Not so long after, when the revolution came, they thought they had had enough rebellion, so espoused the side of the crop against the colonies. When again they foul themselves losers, visions of hanging for hill treason sent them scuttering away still deed in the wilderness. They brought up at Cherokee head village, in the southern Appa chians, or the Creek town not so far off, or the Choctaw lodges. Tarrying there, the married Indian wives, took Indian names a became to all intents and purposes India But many of their children have reverted the Scotch patronymics. The famons Chi John Ross is a case in point.

It was in those same mountain villages the Cherokee alphabet was invented. Its is ventor taught it first to his daughter. He cletters out of bark and with them spellwords. Both he and his pupil came near thing burned as sorcerers, because those about them feared those who could in their of phrase "make chips talk."

The Pumunkey and the Chickahomini no number a scant 200. The woods were full them in Captain John Smith's time. They listill in Virginia and keep very much to the selves, neither voting, bearing arms nor wor ing if they can help it. But every Christin they send his excellency, the governor of the state, a tribute of furs, game and fish, fruit their bows and spears. They live upon rivers of their own name, which were man familiar to all the people by certain events the civil war.

The Chippewas believe that every huma being was either a bird or beast or fish just fore it was born. They put rude effigies of t supposed antecedent animal upon the stak they drive at the head of a grave. If t death seems untimely or in any way myst rious they watch the grave for nine nights, su that whatever witch has worked bad medici against the dead will come to gloat over t grave in shape of that which was formerly t dead. Thus a maiden who had been an owl a sparrow hawk would have a sparrow hawk owl shriek delight over her grave; a brave w had been a big wolf would find a brother wo howling joy at his destruction. Killing the d guised witch does not, of course, bring

dead to life, but may be in a degree soothing to the feelings of the mourners.

#### GAGGLE GOO'S TROUBLES.

I have troubles of my own. I can't make these people around me understand what I want, and when I get vexed and become insistent they threaten me with what they call "a good smacking." The only person in my end of town that understands me is the 'Nookman. And I want to tell you something illustrating it. The other day they took me a visiting. In the afternoon I felt sleepy and when I had dropped off they laid me on a quilt on the floor of the darkened dining room and left me there. That was all right. Then they went into the front room and talked and talked.

In an hour or so I woke up, and after a minute or so I smelled something in the kitchen. I can walk nowadays, not very much, but I can get around pretty well. So I got up and went to the kitchen. They were still gabbling away in the front room, and when I got out in the lighted kitchen I saw the whole business at once. They had baked a couple of blackberry pies, and had set them just where I could get at them. It was a picnic. They were warm yet, but not hot, so I stood up beside the box they were on, and took the lid off one of the pies and I ate most of the berries out of it. Now and then one slipped out of my fingers, and down in my clothes, and some went on the floor, but I got the most of them where they belonged.

There was juice in that pie, so I took it up in both hands to lick it out, and a good deal of the juice ran down my dress, and some of it must have got on the floor from what they said, for when I sat down I got into some of it. The flies were bad, and in trying to get

rid of them some of the insides of the pie got in my hair and down my back. But I had a real good time of it, and I would have had a better one if I had time to tackle the other pie, but they came out on me, and then there was the usual fuss there is every time I am enjoying myself.

They raised an uproar and all talked at once. The woman of the house said that it made no difference, but my Ma seemed worried about the pies and promised to get others, and really did. I wondered what pies are made for if not to eat. At the table they give me a lot of weak stuff to fill up on, and I believe if it wasn't for what I help myself to I would lose flesh. Well, they scrubbed me down, and got soap in my eyes, and made me cry and carried me off home. And there was some scolding and talk about medicine.

When the 'NOOKMAN came in shortly afterward from the office he said, after looking at the clothes they took off me: "Well, young one, if you will just explain how you did it, and where you stood, so that you got it all over you, in your stockings, down your back, and in your next-to-you I'll buy you any kind of a pie you want." I was too sleepy to more than look at him and laugh a little. If I had looked sober about it they would have gone to making catnip tea or some such stuff. All the same I had a good time. What worries me is the fuss they make over things I like best to do.

#### MIXED METAPHOR.

HERE is a sentence from a novel recently issued: "This cloud that tried to stand in the way of their youthful joy was only a false report whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance of their happiness."



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### POLLYWOGS FOR AQUARIUM PETS.

DID you ever hear of pollywogs? Did you ever own a pollywog?

They are the cunningest of pets and the easiest to get, if one knows when and where to look for them.

It may be there are children who cannot go fishing and who cannot find a pond or even a puddle within miles of where they live If there are such and they cannot go to the country they can never fish for pollywogs.

The muddier and quieter the water the better the pollywogs like it, but you will never find them in the clear, running water. Still, if you search along the edges of the brooks, in the quiet corners and under the stones there will certainly be pollywogs in hiding.

They look like fishes, with a beautiful tail fin and two smaller fins like arms at either side of the body. The body is round and clear, like jelly, so that when they are very young you can see the food as it passes down their throats and into their stomachs.

About the head they look like baby cat-fishes, with the same long, black whiskers and big, round eyes and mouths. From the very first they are friendly and will soon come up to the surface of the water in the aquarium to eat from your hand. Their big mouths open and in drops the crumb or bit of meat. They are particularly fond of green stuff and will devour a stalk of river weed in short order.

Now, the interesting thing about pollywogs is the way they grow. When you get them from the marsh in the early spring they are the tiniest of fishes, but within two weeks they have grown to a comfortable size. When you will have had them about three weeks the strangest change will take place. One day you will notice tiny bunches beneath their side fins, and after a day these bunches grow, until in a week's time they will have become a very fair pair of legs. Then down near the tail two more

appear. The little fish gradually changes it skin. Its body lengthens and the head and the body become more clearly defined. A speckled skin takes the place of the old transparen skin, and instead of being a faded gray it is green. The pollywog's eyes grow large untithey seem to pop out of his head.

One day the strangest of things happens. Pollywog's fins drop off and there he is, swimming about with four little legs and a tail fin The tail he will cling to for a number of weeks for he is very much afraid of using his legs and until he can paddle with them the tail, like a life preserver, keeps him off the bottom of the aquarium. If you arrange a rock so that it juts out of the water and persuade the pollywog to crawl up on it he will have the greatest kind of a time learning to walk. At first he will be afraid, but after a time he begins to trust his new appendages, and then he will hop about and enjoy the gayest of larks.

Now for days to come he will sit on the rock and blink and seem to wonder about his new legs. It is apparently hard for him to tell which he is—beast, bird or fish—and he will wander from water to rock in a hopelessly undecided fashion. Not until his tail drops off and leaves him a plain green frog will he know what to think of himself. Then, satisfied—for a frog is always contented—he will begin to sing and to grow, and he will keep this up until he is so big and noisy he can no longer call the aquarium home.

When your pet reaches this stage in his career it is best to carry him carefully back to his marshy home, where he can live and die a good-natured, overgrown frog.

#### BOLIVAR THE GIANT.

BOLIVAR is an elephant which has lived at the Philadelphia zoo for thirty years and who, during that time, has never left his narrow quarters n one corner of the big animal-house. He has been chained to the very same ring and has tood in the same place during all that time, ating peanuts by day and sleeping the sleep of the just by night. All day long he rocks timself back and forth just as he has rocked for hirty years. If you stopped before his cage o-day you would find him just as he was yeserday, and if you asked him and he could talk it is doubtful if he could tell you the day of the week, or the month, or even the year, for Boivar has no apparent interest in the flight of ime.

Bolivar's bath, which is a daily occurrence, is in affair of interest at the zoo and many visitors gather every morning for the performance which is certain to be forthcoming. The old elephant likes to bathe; he grunts with pleasure n such mighty tones that the children scream to hear him and hunt safe corners in the farther and of the house. Being the largest elephant n this country, he seems to feel it his right to make more noise than all the other animals in the park put together, nor does he ever fail to do so.

The elephant was given to the Philadelphia zoo thirty years ago, when he was 10 years old and had the meanest reputation in the country. Adam Forepaugh, his former owner, came to the conclusion that he was no longer safe as a circus performer. As a result of this conclusion Bolivar was put behind bars and began life as one of the zoo. That he is a rare and valuable member of the zoo there is no doubt. He has a world-wide reputation and no one visits Philadelphia without paying his respects to Bolivar.

In pounds Bolivar registers 12,000 and in height ten feet. This is not quite so tall as was the famous Jumbo, but Bolivar's deficiency, which is in length of leg, is more than made up in general proportions.

In his time Bolivar has killed his man, but he never harmed Johnston, his first keeper, whom he feared, and with an elephant fear is akin to love. On one occasion, when traveling with the circus, he broke through a clergyman's garden, blew flour all over the preacher and terrorized the neighborhood.

How to get the brute back was a problem. Among the show people was a friend of Johnston, who was taken with a brilliant idea. Hastily the circus band was summoned and began to play the tune to which Bolivar used to do his "turn" in the ring. Bolivar recognized the piece and in some way came to the conclusion that the dreaded Johnston was around. Back to quarters he went, meek as a lamb.

#### THE ALLIGATOR'S NAME.

WHEN the Spanish discoverers first saw an American crocodile, now known as the alligator, they were so astounded and impressed by its size that they called it "el lagarto." "Lagarto" means lizard and "el" means the. The Spaniards laid great stress on the first word, to signify that it was the king of its kind -"the" lizard. When Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco river the natives still called the reptile "lagarto," and he used the word in his book, "Discovery of New Guiana." His French sailors caught the name and, never having seen it written, they soon began to transform it by mispronunciation. "El" became "al," and when Ben Jonson had occasion to write of the creature he used "aligarta." "Gator" is a much readier word for English tongues, and it was not long before the transforming process worked out "alligator." Then the dictionary makers pounced upon the word and put it away in their books. where, it is likely to keep a permanent place, even though "el lagarto" itself became extinct.

#### BIRDS TRAINED TO GUARD SHEEP.

The yakamik, a species of crane, is said to be one of the most intelligent birds known. The bird is used by the natives of Venezuela, South America, in the place of shepherd dogs for guarding and herding their flocks of sheep. It is said that however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks it never falls to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

A Belgian pigeon has won the great race from Burgos, in Spain, to Brussels. The distance is 700 miles, and the time taken was just fourteen hours, which is at the rate of fifty

miles an hour.

## 個INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MACAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE FINAL TEST OF WRITING.

It would puzzle any man to define what really good writing actually is. No single definition has ever come under the writer's notice. Now what is the test of good writing? In answer to the question let us go around it a little. The world is full of people who write for publication. They are as common as English sparrows. Most of what is written is not worth publication. Some of it is like measuring off an endless roll of white tape, it all looks alike, feels alike, tastes alike, and is alike. Then there are a few others, and here is something about them that makes, in the 'Nook's opinion, the final test.

You see an article, one in which you are not greatly interested, but you read the first sentence, and then you never take your eyes off the printed page till you have finished it. Then if you go back and read here and there, that is the final test. The work is well done.

It doesn't make a particle af difference what Dry-as-dust or Old-granny thinks about it, none whatever. It gets there and that is the test. And what makes the subtle attraction and the charm of the thing no living creature can define. If, added to the rest of it, is the

feeling on the part of the reader that he would like more of it along the same lines there is no question about it.

#### COOK BOOK QUERY.

Do old subscribers get the INGLENOOK Cook Book, of is it only given to new subscribers?

EVERY paying subscriber for next year wil receive the Cook Book free. It makes no dif ference whether they are new or old subscrib ers, or of what race, creed, nationality or con Those who subscribe for the INGLE NOOK will get the Cook Book as a premium The excellence of the magazine is not lessened in the Cook Book, and it is a collection of practical recipes by people who know, in a way easily understood, and as hundreds and hundreds of sisters, scattered all over the country, know more than any one sister, or woman anywhere, those who get it and master it, having the material that is readily accessible in any ordinary home, will be fixed for life, as far as something new and good to eat is concerned. Tell your neighbors about it and get them interested to the point of subscribing. No special argument, and nd apology at all is necessary, for what we give for the dollar asked is worth more than we get!

#### THE NOISY MAN.

Don't let him worry you. The noisy man is soon through with, and he depends on sound to win out. Noise may disturb one but it never hurts fatally. The crow cawing from a treetop makes more noise than a hornet, but the latter gets in some very effective work for all his quietness. The man of noise is never the man of thought. People who think are quiet.

It is the quiet man you want to look out for. He does not say much but he acts a great deal more. The quiet man tells you what he is going to do after he has done it. The noisy man tells what he is going to do but never does it. That's the difference.

\* \*

Now is the time to sell chickens and hide eggs anent the coming of the INGLENOOK agent. It and the Cook Book will be worth a good deal more than the dollar they cost.

#### Now we've Got YOU.

WHAT are truffles?

What bird mates for life?

What's glucose made out of?

What language did Christ talk?

What's shoe blacking made of?

What is meant by a fifth gospel?

Are there any fables in the Bible?

What is the color of a crow's egg?

What do the words Porto Rico mean?

What is a sure sign of an arsenic eater?

How did the Philippines get their name?

Do you know that nobody "knows it all"?

What people invented figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.?

With what is the word "Croatan" associ-

What crazy man wrote a wonderful Bible nelp?

What's the difference between a weed and a plant?

Ounces and pounds not considered, what is weight?

Why is there no rainfall in the so-called arid sections?

Does the air brake on a car work by pushing or pulling?

What was the maiden name of the deceased Queen Victoria?

What is the order in which Gaggle Goo's teeth will come?

Why does the cook use baking powder? What does it do?

As a rule has a woman more hairs on her head than a man?

Out of what song are these words: "What's this dull town to me"?

When can a minor contract a debt that he must pay at his majority?

Lots of people wear what they call "sabbos." What's a "sabbo"?

A newly-built chimney does not "draw" as well at first as later. Why?

Can a man forty years of age have fewer than a dozen birthdays? How?

Do you know there is not a single question here that is out of the common?

Who wrote these words: "They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray," etc.?

A boy said on a hot day, "Oh how I transpire!" Was he right? Take care now.

Do you know that the Inglenook goes around the world, and is read by royalty?

What makes you stop just before bumping into something or somebody in the dark?

After a rain multitudes of little toads are sometimes seen. Where do they come from?

In case of continued deaths what is the succession of the presidency of the United States?

And do you know that what we know and what we don't know, put together, would make a great big book?

"The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore." One boy said Bulwer wrote it, another said Bulmer did. Now who really did?

A boy dug up in the garden a brown larva, with a sort of jug handle on one side. What particular thing did it come from and what will come from it?

#### EMBLEM OF ENGLAND.

THE pathway to the Victoria cross lies along the edge of the grave.

No wealth can purchase it; no prince of the most imperial purple can, with all his pride of place, procure the privilege of wearing it suspended among the insignia of the orders which blaze upon the breast. It must be won as it is worn-worthily-and it marks the wearer as a king among his fellows, though he be only a private in the army, a bluejacket in the navy, or the least-considered of the noncombatants in the world. "For valor!" That is its motto. That is the inspiration of its award. It can only be won by him who is not merely not afraid to look on the face of death but is willing to dare the king of terrors and try a fall with him, with the odds in favor of the grim conqueror coming off victorious.

The Victoria cross is not yet fifty years old, for it was instituted by a royal warrant, dated Jan. 29, 1856, at the end of the Crimean war, and its design is understood to have been made by no less a personage than the artist hand of the lamented prince consort.

Its object was, as every one knows, "to place all persons on a perfectly equal footing in relation to eligibility for the decoration, that neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds nor any other circumstance or condition whatever save the merit of conspicuous bravery shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the honor"—qualifications which were on April 23, 1881, more clearly defined as "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy"—the condition which makes the youngest private the equal of the commander-in-chief himself and binds them in the brother-hood of blood bravery when the bronze cross hangs upon their breast.

Whenever occasion calls for the bestowal of the cross the war office sends a written order to Messrs. Hancocks & Co. of New Bond street, London, silversmiths to the crown, for the number required. The order invariably states that they are to be made the "same as before," an almost superfluous instruction, one would think, for it is hardly within the region of speculative politics that any jeweler would be found bold enough to vary the pattern, least of all the firm which has always made the crosses and

preserves all the traditions of the manufactur' as carefully and as worthily as they deserve.

With the order for making crosses, there i sent a supply of bronze, which once forme part of some Russian guns taken in the Crimea

The process of the manufacture of the Victoria cross is entirely different from that of all other war medals and decorations. Although therefore, their intrinsic worth is practically nothing, for the worth of the bronze would no exceed a few pence at the most, yet the cost of production is relatively considerable. Indeed it has often happened that in the auction room to which necessity or some circumstance of an other character has brought the bronze "badge of courage," the collector has willingly paid for the emblem which he is not privileged to wear, a sum a hundred times greater than a originally cost to produce.

In the case of the ordinary medals, steel dies are made and the articles are stamped ut complete with one blow of the press, so that they can be turned out by the hundreds and thousands with little or no trouble at all on ac count of the numbers of them in common use For the Victoria cross, however, no dies are in existence to produce them by the score, much less in large numbers Each one is, in fact made separately, and goes through a certain number of manual processes, which culminate in the production of what is really a work of art. This is as it should be to mark out its pos sesssor as different from his companions, who without undervaluing in any way their services or their danger and devotion, have merely shared with all their other comrades the brunt of the campaign.

The bronze used is of a very hard quality and as a record is kept by the government of the quantity supplied and the number of crosses which are made, it has all to be accounted for, allowance being naturally made for the waste, which is inevitable. For this reason the bronze is weighed out to the workmen with as much care as if it were one of the precious metals like gold or platinum.

The first operation in connection with the manufacture takes place in the foundry where the cross is cast. The first cross was modeled by the artist in a hard wax, from which a model pattern was cast. This was preserved with

reat care, and from this pattern molds are nade in specially-prepared sand, which is capble of retaining a good impression. These nolds, which, it need hardly be said, are made 1 two parts, are allowed to become thoroughly ry and hard, and the surfaces are prepared the plumbago to give them additional smoothers.

The sand is packed in a little iron case made a two halves interlocking very closely and acturately, and at the upper part of each half of he case is a semicircular hollow which, when he two halves are joined, forms a complete ircle. When the mold is got ready a piece of wood is placed in the sand and when the two nds of the case are brought together and joined the wood is removed, thus leaving a tube onnecting directly with the mold of the medal o that the liquid metal may be poured into it.

Thus prepared, the mold is placed in a large ron bath, so that in case any of the metal is pilt in pouring it may be readily recovered. The bronze is melted in crucibles of clay or plumbago placed in a powerful draught furnace.

The temperature of this is somewhere about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, a heat almost intolerable for the ordinary individual even to come tear. In spite of this, however, the operator watches carefully for the melting of the bronze. When it becomes liquid he withdraws the white-hot pot by means of a pair of long tongs and pours the molten liquid into the molds with as much dexterity and with, as a rule, as ittle loss as a lady pours out a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Although to the untrained individual it may seem quite easy, it nevertheless requires great udgment to get the metal at exactly the right emperature and only practice does that. the bronze is too hot it burns and the zinc and tin evaporate, giving off noxious and dangerous fumes, at the same time altering the composition of the alloy. If, on the other hand, the bronze is not hot enough it does not flow readily, and so fails to fill up the interstices of the mold accurately. Even with the employment of workmen who have made the cross for many years, it often happens that when the metal is cooled and the molds are broken, many of the medals are found to be imperfect, and have to be remelted and cast a second time over. The same is true with regard to the bar decorated with laurel leaves, to which the letter "V" is attached, and which is made in exactly the same way as the cross, but separately from it.

On taking the cross from the mold it is quite easy to see a thin, rough line along the edges where the two halves of the mold have joined. This is always intensified in places where the metal has run, and gives the medal a distinctly rough appearance at the edges. The design, too, is dull and flat, and is anything but sharp, while the color is like that of a dirty penny. Each of these defects has to be remedied in turn. For this they are sent from the foundry to the factory, where they are examined carefully and all the faulty places are repaired.

The first thing is to make the edges true and smooth. This is done by hand and with a file, but it is not easy work on account of the hardness of the metal. After the edges are smooth the workman drills a hole at the top of the cross for the ring which connects it with the bar.

While now perfect as to shape, the surface still remains rough and entirely lacking in the detail of the finished cross. To produce this the medal is sent to the chaser, who imbeds it in a ball of pitch on an iron bullet in order to keep it steady. With variously shaped punches and a small hammer he goes carefully over the whole surface, back and front, until all the detail is brought up and the design appears in bold relief from the matted groundwork.

In this process, too, the letters are brought into sharp relief, the tufts of hair on the mane and tail of the lion are engraved, and the effect of the different portions of the crown is heightened. By the time the cross leaves the chaser's hands it looks quite different from what it did when he received it.

This chasing process, insignificant though it may appear, is a matter of several hours' hard work to a good man, who dare not, even if he would, neglect his task, for each cross, when it is finished, has to be submitted to the war office for its inspection. The same processes are gone through with the making of the bar, and when the chasing of both is entirely satisfactory they are sent to be bronzed by treat-

ment with various acids, until the uniformly dark tone so well known, is given to them.

Then the top bar with its steel pins and connecting ring are put together; the ribbon, which is red for the army and noncombatants and blue for the navy, is attached, and the cross is ready for delivery to the war office.

#### THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS.

"Nowadays," said an undertaker of long experience, "not more than 25 per cent of those who die in cities are buried in the old-fashioned coffin; the rest are buried in the modern burial casket. The percentage of caskets used is still steadily increasing, and the only thing that prevents its supplanting the coffin entirely is its greater cost. Up to within a very few years the cheapest casket made was one cloth-covered, selling at about \$50 to \$60. There is now produced a casket of wood stained in imitation of rosewood that is sold for \$35. But coffins, of course, are made much cheaper than that. There are still made some fine coffins of oak. costing considerably more, but the great bulk of the coffins now used cost considerably less and are used by poorer people. Still I look to see the day when caskets can be sold at a price so low that the coffin will practically disappear.

"In the old times when a coffin was just a coffin, and that was all there was to it, and the undertaker, who was perhaps a cabinet-maker as well, made the coffins that he sold, he kept on hand, or he made to order, coffins of any size or quality that might be needed to meet any requirement. He made coffins of various materials and grades, but he could supply them all. Of course, he couldn't begin to do that with the modern burial casket, though he can supply a large majority of the demands made upon him, because, while the modern casket is made in such very great variety, yet the greater number of those sold are comprised within fifty or fewer varieties that are virtually standard styles, and commonly sold. The undertaker can easily keep on hand a dozen or twenty or more styles of caskets, and among these there is likely to be found one suitable.

"But if there should not be, then, in these days, the undertaker might sell a casket from the casket manufacturer's catalogue, nowadays a large and costly book, with a great number of elaborate illustrations; or, in any large cit he might send or take his customer to the war rooms of the casket manufacturer, to make selection there. The sale of the casket woul be, of course, not to the ultimate purchase but to the undertaker.

"In old times a coffin was to be seen in a undertaker's shop only upon occasions; now is not an uncommon thing to see a burial caske displayed there in a suitable showcase. For long time now, though it is since the introduc tion of burial caskets, it has been a custon followed by many undertakers in the mor densely-peopled parts of the city, to put in the: show window a child's burial casket: the would never think of putting a little coffi there, but the little casket is something ver different. Sometimes, if there is room in window, there is shown there a full-sized casket but more often such display as that is made a show-case inside; and such displays might b seen nowadays in undertakers' establishment in any part of the city, the casket thus show being one costing perhaps \$500, but more likel \$1,000 or more. Commonly such display would be of a single casket; but in some estab lishments nowadays there might be seen mor than one, and you might see a considerable number thus displayed.

"Some of this modern display is due, not doubt, to modern, progressive ways of doing things, which have entered into the undertaking business just as they have into every other. But the possibility of it all is due, like the other changes I have mentioned, to the casket itsels so far removed from 'that veritable symbol of death, the old-time coffin."

#### KILLING A MAN.

HERE is a brigade of us in battle line acros an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the raifence, gathered logs and brush and sociand erected a breastwork. It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away and comes marching down upon us.

They are going to charge us. Orders rul along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with hi eyes shut, must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the order comes to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame-a billow of smoke-a fierce crash-and 4,000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another, and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I

feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.

#### THROWING AN OLD SHOE.

A young man who has a penchant for the folklore of all countries has been delving into the archives of the past, and this is the result of his research: "The custom of throwing an old shoe after the wedded couple for luck is a remarkably widespread one, but it is not always as pleasant a feature of the ceremony as one has come to imagine. The other day I ran across a curious custom which is said to prevail to some extent even yet in villages of southern France. It's this way: After the ceremony the bride is escorted to her new home by her girl friends and left alone; the young husband, also in the hands of his friends, is next led to a point a couple of hundred feet from the dwelling, where a halt is made. There the girl's rejected suitor, if there be such a one, arms himself with an old sabot, or wooden shoe, while the groom, ducking his head, makes a dash for the house. The disgruntled suitor throws as hard and as true as possible, and the crowd cheers or derides according to the success of the shot. A wooden shoe is a formidable missile in the hands of an angry swain, and a husband is justified in having some misgivings as he sees his defeated rival practicing up in anticipation of the wedding day. Just think, though, how great a relief it would be even in this country to take a crack at the fellow who had done you out of your best girl, without having the police step in. Over there the custom has a wider meaning. It signifies that the last ill feeling is thus thrown away, and it is the depth of disgrace for the man who has thrown the shoe to harbor any further malice against the young couple."



#### SOME RAILROAD FACTS.

INVENTORS of all classes most truly illustrate the truth of the old saw that men rise on the stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things. These men are at once the delight and the dread of great railroad systems. No sooner does one magnificent locomotive place a railroad at the front of civilization's line of advance than a better engine comes along and proudly plows it into the waste pile. Admired and advertised to-day, the new locomotive is sold tomorrow to a logging road, and thereafter groans out its time on steep grades under loads that make its round feet slip on the rusty rails. What is true of the engine is true of the rails, of the ties under the rails and of the fastenings that hold them together.

The statement of Allan Bourn, purchasing agent for the New York Central, makes this fact of railroad wastage most graphic. Mr. Bourn buys and sells materials for the main line and its immediate branches—some 3,000 miles of road. He also buys supplies for employes numbering from 10,000 to 20,000. Said Mr. Bourn:

"We receive over \$1,000,000 a year for the waste material of our 3,000 miles of track."

He got out his book, and after going over it carefully, added: "Yes, we get an average of \$100,000 a month."

On this basis, all the railroads of the United States would dispose of about \$60,000,000 of wastage every year. The theory and practice of ecomony, therefore, are an important part of a railroad man's education.

"We could save more than we do," continued Mr. Bourn, in an interview with him on this interesting matter, "but often it would cost more than a dollar to save a dollar's worth of material. To one not familiar with railroading it might look like pure waste to let the dollar's worth of material be lost, but nothing is worth saving unless it will sell for more than it costs to save it. It is on this theory that we pay no attention to stubs of pencils and to empty ink bottles, short lampwicks and trifles of that class, although I have heard that some systems do save them.

"As we get most of our ink from one concern we could, perhaps, get some rebate by returning the bottles, but the saving would not justify itself. Broken lamp chimneys, however, are another proposition. Many of these are of flint glass and we save the pieces. It is surprising how many glass globes and articles of good glass are broken among our thousands of employes. Every month we gather up the fragments and sell the mass to the glass menfor one-fourth of a cent a pound.

"Every scrap of iron that falls by the wayside, every bit of iron bored out in drilling
holes, every broken bolt, old rail and old hinge
is saved and sold when there is bulk enough.
This material amounts to hundreds of thousands of pounds monthly. The iron waste is
gathered easily and practically without cost.
The borings are swept up in the repair houses
and factories in the mere operation of keeping
the places in order. As for the iron that drops
from trains on the road, the section hands pick
that up as they chance to see it, toss it on their
handcars, and let it accumulate at their section
house. When there is enough to make it worth
while a train takes it to market.

"Empty barrels, carboys, pieces of rope, scraps of gold leaf used for lettering, sections of rubber hose, rubber cloth and such things have a market value that makes them worth saving. Once we tried to save stubs of pencils We furnished holders for the short ends, but it was not worth while, so we abandoned it long ago.

"The chief items of saving are in the heavy articles. We get about \$25,000 a year for discarded ties. These ties are of yellow pine and when cut into short blocks make a splendid fire. Some of the best people of this city use them in their old-fashioned fireplaces. We sell the ties for a dime each and they are cheap fuel at that. We cannot afford to haul them to market from the distant places on the line and what the farmers and section men there do not want to take free we burn up to get them out of the way. Thefts of material from the roadside are so trifling as to be not worth considering.

"Rails come next to ties in value. The best and heaviest rails must be used on the main lines all the time. Many rails are retired from the main line while still good for lighter service. These are often placed on side tracks. Often a rail that is of no value to us at all is good enough for some road using lighter locomotives or on some backwoods logging road. So it goes to another master, serving until finally worn out, when it finds its way to the melting pot, to begin life again, perhaps as a rail, but more likely in some other form

"The greatest loss in operation is in the locomotives and cars. There are so many new types of engines and cars that it is impossible to tell fairly what they cost. But for the purpose of showing waste we will strike an average. A new engine costs from \$12,000 to \$15,ooo and will last about fifteen years by being shifted from the main line to side lines and switches In the end it is sold for about \$2,000 or \$4,000, according to condition. It may be utterly unfit for our work and yet be of value to some smaller road, or to some factory for shunting cars among warehouses. Often, however, an engine actually wears out in our service and then it goes directly into the melting pot. On every engine there will be certain parts that are not worn and the old machine is carefully dismantled of all valuable material before it is sold as scrap.

"Old cars are passed along the line in much the same way. A new passenger coach costs about \$2,000, and after twenty-five years of service will bring about \$800. A new freight car will cost from \$650 to \$700, and will sell after fifteen or twenty years' service for about \$150. New cars are always of the latest patterns. They are used at first on the best trains, and as they become antiquated are retired to humbler service until their final use with us is in construction trains. Many we sell to smaller roads in out-of-the-way places, and many are bought by theatrical companies and circuses. When we decide to put a car into the scrap-pile, we sell to one man the privilege of ripping out the wood, to another the pipes, and so on, until each class of material is distributed to the trade from which it came originally."

Mr. Bourn is of the opinion that there are fewer private cars in use now than there were several years ago. Circuses and theatrical companies own them, because they are thus in command of enough cars to move speedily at any time they wish. They can also fit up the cars for their peculiar purposes. But there is no economy in the way of mileage in the own-

ership of cars, for the railroads fix the rates for hauling at such a figure that, unless one must have a car of a peculiar type or must have a certain number of cars always ready, it will pay him to use the regular cars of the lines over which he travels. Private cars for traveling are one of the most expensive luxuries known to modern civilization. They are to the land what private yachts are to the sea.

#### HOW WILLIAM IS PAID.

The statutes of the United States fix the salary of the President as of all other public officials. Mr. McKinley is entitled to \$50,000 yer year. Once every month Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, David J. Hill, who has charge of the payment of salaries, sends to the division of accounts a document addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, in these words: "Please cause a warrant to be issued in favor of William McKinley, President of the United States, for the sum of \$4,166.67, with which, he is to be charged and held accountable under the following head of appropriations." Then follows a quotation from this section of the statute.

The warrant is then issued and recorded in the proper books. On its receipt by the Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, he draws his draft on the United States Treasury in favor of the President. A special messenger conveys it to the White House and delivers it to the President, or to his private secretary.

After the President has endorsed the draft it becomes negotiable paper, like any ordinary check, and is deposited by him to his account in the Columbia Bank. There is no monthly accounting kept with the President or Vice-President, as with the other officials, but at the close of his term a final settlement is made be tween the Treasury Department and the Executive.

#### A FERRET AND AN EAGLE.

A MOUNTAIN eagle pounced upon a ferret near Gunnison, Colo., and with it flew high in the air. The ferret's jaws closed upon the throat of the eagle and in a few minutes the latter dropped to the earth stone dead. The ferret was still clinging to the bird's throat.

#### MYSTERIES OF FISH.

FISHING, for sport or profit, is practiced throughout the world wherever suitable waters are found. Seas, lakes and streams aid in furnishing food to the dwellers on their shores. At the present time few industries rival the fisheries in importance, either in the amount of capital invested or the value of the product, vet it is only within the last few decades that human knowledge and skill have been applied to aiding nature in maintaining the supply of fishes. When we consider the thought that has been given to increasing the yield of grain or number of cattle, it seems remarkable that such should have been the case, for fish enter as generally into the food of human beings as any vegetable or meat item. Were our wheat crops dependent on natural methods of sowing, the world would fare badly for bread, and the fate of the American bison shows what would happen were nature our only herdsman. It was the rapid decline of the fisheries throughout the world which drew the attention of scientific men to the preservation of our fishes, with the result that the extermination of certain species has already been checked, and that many fisheries are more productive than at any time in the past.

In many respects our knowledge of even the commoner fishes is incomplete. Some of them would be of value to commercial fishermen if they were fully known. One of these subjects for investigation is the habits of the migratory fishes, such as the herring. It has been long known that certain fishes migrate in great schools, but aside from the knowledge that they go in quest of food, or of a place to spawn, little has been discovered in regard to the laws governing this migration. The fishermen have a number of rules that at times are more or less true, but their lore is so mixed with superstitions, or based on such faulty observations, as to be of little real value. The fishing fleets often lose much time in searching for the school when fares could be obtained much more quickly and surely were the movements more thoroughly understood. Sometimes the fish leave a certain shore for several years, and the industry seems to have perished; but they return as unaccountably as they departed, and

in equal or greater numbers. Such occurrences make it difficult to collect data in regard to fisheries, because an apparent decline or increase may be due to unknown causes that do not enter our calculations, and so vitiate our reasonings. It is, therefore, almost impossible to determine the effect of changes in fishing methods or implements, or any other steps that may be taken, because the changes that may follow are not necessarily produced by the innovation.

#### INGLENOOK QUERY.

SOMETIME ago a little daughter came to our home and we named her Vivien: but now are not quite sure whether the name should be spelled with an e or a. For this reason it has not gone upon the family record. Since you are interested in "Gaggle Goos," we thought you might give us the desired information. Please give us of a certainty the feminine form. Also the significance of the name.

[Vivian, masculine, meaning lively; feminine, Vivienne.—ED.]

Our in Washington they have discovered a new fuel which is believed to be commercially valuable and which cannot as yet be classified by the scientists. This peculiar deposit has been discovered near Asotin and Lewiston. The product has a woody fiber and burns with a bright flame like dry wood. There is on occasions a sputtering as if there were oil in the substance, but there is no book on bitumens that treats of it in any manner. Assayer Fassett says that he has never seen or heard of a similar substance. He says that it appears to him like dried fungus, but that if the reports sent him are correct his theory must be wrong. In a letter sent from Asotin the writer states that he has a four-foot ledge uncovered and has sunk on it a distance of six feet, the ledge lying between rock walls. There was a decayed worm found in a piece of the product sent to the assay office, and that is taken to show a vegetable formation. The samples can be split into sections with a knife without encountering any grit. If there is a ledge as described and it is within well defined walls the substance will be of great commerical value. Mr. Fassett expects to visit the ledge shortly and see the formation himself.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY DANIEL VANIMAN.

THE Sermon on the Mount is in reality the platform of the new dispensation instituted by he Master. He had been preaching, talking, and working wonders hitherto, and now he assembled the multitude for the purpose of setting forth the truths in regular order. The scene must have been a remarkable one, and it has come down to us through the inspired writers in a way that does not lend a touch of he dramatic or at all attempt to show it as anything out of the ordinary. In fact this is a characteristic of all the sacred writers,—they have strive after effect. They have a story to sell, a message to deliver, and they tell it and are done with it.

It is likely that a large number of people was present, and that more than ordinary interest attached to the occasion and the subject, for it was out of the ordinary at the time and age. Of course the hearers could not foresee, nor did they understand the tremendous import of what nappened, for it meant to them the disruption of their system of religion and the establishment of a code of ethics that would girdle the world and draw all men to it in the fullness of time.

In order to fully understand the Sermon on the Mount, and its importance it is necessary to understand something of the prevailing forms bf belief and practice then in vogue. The Jews had been a people chosen of God; why, we are not able to understand, and in the course of time their religion had become encrusted with formalism, and the outside counted for more than the inside. What they came to believe and practice as religion was to be changed by the teachings of Christ. The Messiah was expected by them, but not as came the real King of kings. They looked for a manifestation of power and force, physical and visible to all men. What they really saw was a lowly man, and what they heard was the exact opposite of what they had been taught to believe and prac-

Instead of war they heard of infinite peace and love to all mankind. In place of formal-

ism they heard the gospel of plainness and directness. There was, perhaps, not a single truth enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount that did not run counter to and teach something else than the popularly-accepted faith on the subject. It must have been listened to with the deepest interest, by an audience, or as we would say in these latter days, a congregation of varied and many-sided people. The place of delivery was in line with one of the deepest currents of travel and commerce of the age, and beside the Jew there may have been in the audience representatives of every faith that would be found in the hosts that traded and trafficked by the waterside. It is probable that only the Jew was greatly interested. The Great Preacher, himself, was one of them, and doubtless he had stirred up the depths of their religion most profoundly. His assumption of kinship with God was, in and of itself, a remarkable thing, for blasphemy according to the Jewish law, was punishable by the death penalty. Everything that Christ said was in opposition to what the Jewish nation had been taught, and what most of them really believed. The wonder is not that he was apprehended, tried and crucified, at the end of three years of his ministry, but that he was not at once haled before the authorities and then and there put to death.

The Sermon is differently reported, and the chances are that it is anything but a verbatim record. It is also altogether likely that, in the entirety of the reports, no salient feature or truth has remained unrecorded. This is true of the entire scriptures, and it has been distinctly asserted by the revisers of the Testament that while there may be minor differences, in no place is there a conflict of doctrine, and it is not at all likely that in the preservation of the substance of so important a thing as the discourse of the Master there has been a single truth omitted in the several accounts. It is inspiration that is at the bottom of it.

The remarkable feature about the Sermon on the Mount is its ethical side. The world was in the twilight of civilization at the time of its delivery. The rude hand of the alien was at the throat of God's chosen people. All the growths and concomitants of the latter-day advancement were conspicuously wanting. One

would naturally think that in the presentation of so important a thing as a code of morals the day, the age and the people would be considered. But this does not at all seem to enter into the composition of the wonderful Sermon. It is not an address to a few under a distant sky, at a remote age, but a code of action unlimited in its excellence and application to all the widespread earth, and to all peoples.

Times change. Men come and go. Nations rise, prosper, and then decay. Cities swarm with life, and then in the course of time the archæologist delves in the midst of their ruins to determine what manner of people trod the streets. All this has happened, and will happen again. But serene and clear, over it all, is the system of morals laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. It stands and will stand to the end of time. To my mind that is one of the irrefutable proofs of the divinity of Christ, and there is no other place in the Book of books in which it is so clearly mirrored as in the account of this most wonderful of all the discourses that ever fell on human ears, or was ever recorded by the hand of man. Mere men have written for their immediate surrounding and then have perished with their works that survived them but a short time. But the word of the King of heaven and earth stands forever.

There is no phase of human conduct that may not be regulated by the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. Time does not change it, age does not alter it, nor is the necessity for it ever at an ebb, or at all wanting. It is not literature. It is not philosophy. It is something greater, for it is the word of God to men, ever needed and never failing.

McPherson, Kansas.

( to be continued)

#### THEY ARE HARD SLEEPERS.

A RECENT traveler in Central Africa gives several instances of the capacity for sleep developed by his Arab servants. He mentions one of these men as being undisturbed by the discharge of firearms within two feet of his head. Another is described as follows:

"Salam, our Arab boy, sleeps more soundly than anyone else I have ever come across. It is a task of no ordinary magnitude to wake him.

"He tells a story in regard to himself to the effect that one night when he was traveling with an Arabin North Africa he had to sleep with their donkey tethered to his leg to keep it from running away. When he woke in the morning he found that the donkey had wandered away to a considerable distance and had dragged him along. Judging from our own experience of his sleeping powers, we do not think the story incredible."

#### MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

THE monuments of the famous Mason and Dixon boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland have suffered severely from the attacks of vandals, and they will soon be replaced with cast iron markers. Rapid progress is now being made on the relocation of the line. The eastern portion of the line was originally marked by stone monuments at equal distances of one mile. Twenty per cent of these stones have been removed or destroyed.

THE small boy who politely refuses a piece of pie at dinner when he sees the supply is running short is a true hero.







## In the Front Room after Dinner





#### RESPECT FOR THE CHURCH.

EVERY member will admit the necessity and nerit of respect for the church, especially for he branch to which he belongs. There is no need of going into any argument concerning t. Everybody understands it, but some have

queer ways of showing it. We want to have a ittle talk with this queer class to-day.

It is an odd thing that people should ever se ashamed of the faith that is in them, or any easonable manifestation of it. Yet it is a fact that it is sometimes the case. To a certain extent it is explicable in young folks and to a degree excusable. One does not grow into all chings with equal facility, and often the coward at the thought of the enemy becomes the nero in the face of danger. One can never ell what he or anybody else is going to do till ne is tried.

And there is another class to whom the Nook wishes to pay its regards. It may be stated as follows: There is a family of Williams, we will say, because the writer knows none of that name. For over a hundred years they have been consistent members of the church. As the old ones died off, the younger ones took their place, and things went well, as far as human things usually do. Then in these latter days affairs changed with the younger element. They lost a good deal of the boldness of the faith. Had they lived in the early age of the Roman circus and the lions, they would never have stained the sands of the arena with their life blood. They are so weak as to apologize for the findings and practices of the church. They become milk and water apologists to laughing outsiders who have no certain knowledge whereof they criticise and ridicule. This is weakness and cowardice.

But while these weaklings have a chance to develop into heroes and martyrs in the years to come, what chance is there for the grownups with a hundred years of Dunkard ancestry back of them when they show by speech and act and manifestation that while they are willing to wear the badge of respectability won by two hundred years of church history they are also willing to so relate themselves to it that none may know it unless it is told concerning them that they are members? If the church were an army, and I a member of it, and I wished to betray it to an enemy, I would put such on guard. I refer to the anomalous characters who keep step with the church and so represent it in the garb and in their defense of the faith that the wayfarer who admires virile manhood and Christian womanhood must ask of one standing by, "Are these people, too, Dunkards?" And when assured affirmatively, unconsciously pays tribute to true Christian soldiers by remarking of the maladroits, "They don't look

Women, some of them, are worse than men in this respect, and some men are as bad as any women. How can this contradiction be reconciled? Well, let us take the photographs of a pair of them. Here is a man, a member, and there is not a single mark about him to distinguish him from the rest of the misfits that walk the pavement. If King Edward saw fit to wear a green coat our man would specially instruct the tailor regarding the color and the shape — "a little greenish, ye know." Then with a high collar, a white cravat and gold eve-glasses he would do anywhere, even at a picnic of the Ancient and Honorable Fool Sons. Dancing and music. Tickets \$1.

And the woman! Now the poverty of the English language shows up. No verbal chemicals will reproduce the picture of the thing she invented to clear the rocks of the visit and the council. The Ladies' Home Journal is suggested in general, but the hybrid headgear would make an inventor turn green with envy at the skill shown in representing one thing with another, mostly another. Now suppose these two were got "together," and could you tell which deserved the medal for reaching out the farthest and yet holding on? No, you couldn't.

Now are these people and their kind a bad lot? No, they are not. They are really good people which you can prove by always finding them ready to do a good deed or to help one along. All that ails them is like this. Some clean-skinned people, of good blood and correct habits have the idiosyncrasy of not being able to go near poison ivy without getting a dose of it. Our people got too near fashion plates and got a dose of foolness, that is, for plain people they did.

Now William Henri and Mae Kathryn, that being the way you call yourselves, every member of the church by relationship, if he goes back far enough, leads to Pennsylvania. And you and I will go there on paper. Here is the old church by the rippling, gurgling stream. Overhead, sentinel-like, the eternal mountains, verdure clad to the summit, keep watch and ward over the silent and often neglected God's Acre, in which lies what was once the Dunkard church of old. The people who have

passed were even such as you and I. • They had the same passions, the same weaknesses, and the same merits. Unconsciously, perhaps to them, they represented, in all its primitive simplicity and earnestness, the teachings of the Redeemer. Then they died. Now the moral value of their lives is what the world assigns them as having been factors of good. And that value is the highest known. The church has had a run of nearly two centuries, and that is long enough to determine its worth or its worthlessness. And its high merit is recognized by all who know.

But it does not end here. Their lamp has been handed down with the Word that came before them, to keep it trimmed, burning and shining. Now, you two, honestly, do you think you have done your share as best you might, to that end? Silence.

Now see here, the spirit and genius of the Master, the honor of the church and the respect of the sainted dead, all silently but forcibly assert that you do not do the best that is in you when you hold on to the church with one hand and throw dice with the devil with the other for the stake of worldly approval. It is better to come out strong for Christ and the church, and what will be the greatest marvel of all to you will be that the very fool by the wayside will be crediting you with only worthy things of earth,—honor, integrity, and a consistent, cleanly life.



## 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Aúg. 31, 1901.

No. 35.

#### FALLEN FLOWERS.

One of the workers of the world,
Living, toiled and, telling, died,
But others worked, and the world went on
And was not changed when he was gone:
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled,
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fail
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they slept;
His cause was lost and his banner furled,
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart,
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave,
And now of bis fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away.
Ah me! Are these gone to the God above?
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall.
This is the song and the end of them all.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

#### DUST.

Scientific men seem to agree that without particles of dust in the atmosphere for moisure to deposit itself upon we should have no aindrops and no rain, all precipitation being after the manner of dew. The abundance of lust particles is therefore useful. At the loyal Institution it was recently stated that in London suburb 20,000 dust particles had been ound in every cubic centimeter of air, and in he heart of the city 500,000 particles in every subic centimeter. In the open air of the city was found an average of one micro-organism of every 38,300,000 dust particles, and in the sir of a room one micro-organism to every

184,000,000 particles. These facts show that the air has very few microbes, even when it is very dusty. They do not live long because they can not withstand the influence of dessication and sunlight. Dessication, or drying up, is one of nature's favorite methods of getting rid of bacteria.

#### POST OFFICE A KEG.

The smallest, simplest and best-protected post office in the world, an English newspaper says, is in the Straits of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small, painted keg, or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in a manner so that it floats free opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. This curious post office is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world. Never in the history of the unique "office" have its privileges been abused.

#### "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN ESQUIMAU.

The British and Foreign Tract Society have translated Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" into no less than ninety-five different languages and dialects. Some of these, as might have been anticipated, are of a jaw-breaking character. So much so, indeed, have the compositors of the Oxford University Press found the Esquimau language to be that they have demanded a higher rate of payment in regard to it. The following samples of this beautiful tongue show that their action is reasonable: "Kujalidlarpogut ovanetsungnarlaurapta." "Rauvengitisarmaritsainarnngnangigalloaruptalonet." "Kujalijutiksaksakatsainaralloarpoguelle."

### HOW RAILROADS HANDLE THE COAL AND COKE BUSINESS.

BY J. H. MURRAY.

The manner in which the coal and coke traffic is handled by railroal companies may be of interest to some of the Inglenook readers. Take, for example, the Norfolk & Western R'y; one of the large carriers of coal and coke, on whose lines is located the coal fields containing the celebrated "Pocahontas Steam Coal." This company transports 800 to 1,000 cars daily, which are shipped to nearly all parts of the world, all of which have to be weighed and the transportation charges arranged for. To do this and keep this number of cars moving requires some system.

The company has two weighing stations located one on the east of the coal districts for east-bound business, and one on the west for west-bound traffic. These weighing stations are in charge of weighmasters, and are supplied with automatic weighing machines that weigh and stamp the weight of the car on a strip of paper as it passes over the scales.

These machines have a wheel on which the weights from 30,000 to 200,000 are placed in raised figures. This wheel is so arranged that it will revolve, and as soon as a car is on the scales, it will turn the figures showing the weight of the car directly under the strip of paper, which is supplied with a carbon paper, and at the same time a hammer arrangement strikes the paper tape directly over the figures and the weight is recorded. When a train arrives from the mines one of the clerks takes the entry record and goes out to the yard, and takes the number and light weight of each car in order as they arrive. He then returns to the scale house, where instructions are given by the representatives of the coal companies as to whom and where the coal is to be consigned.

The waybills are now prepared and all of the information entered thereon except the weight and freight charges. Brakemen are now placed, one on each car, who cut them loose from each other and let them down by gravity over the scales, one at a time, in succession until the whole train is weighed. The cars do not stop on the scales. They are weighed as they pass over and the weight recorded. As soon as the car is weighed the light weight is subtracted from the gross, and the net weight entered on the way bill, the freight charges calculated and inserted, and the manifest forwarded to destination by pas senger train.

A large percentage of this coal is shipped to Lambert Pt., Va., where the company have large coaling piers for loading ocean going The waybills covering coal shipped to Lambert Pt., only show the weight of the car, no freight charges being shown. When vessel reports for loading, the yardmaster places enough cars on the pier to load her Here is located another automatic weighing machine and the coal is reweighed before it is dumped in the vessel. The latter weight used in calculating the transportation charges The agent at Lambert Pt. takes a list of the cars loaded on each vessel, showing all the waybill information as well as the Lamber Pt. weight. This list is forwarded to the Au ditor who takes record of same and render. bill for the company's transportation revenue against the agents of the coal companies Thèse agents sell the coal for so much per tol delivered, and they are responsible to the Rail road Co. for its freight charges.

This coal is shipped from Lambert Pt. to South 'America, Europe, Asia and Africa and to nearly all Atlantic coast points reached by water. Some of these coal vessels carry at enormous amount of tonnage. Recently the Norfolk & Western R'y loaded a vessel bound for Manila, P. I., which carried 252 cars a coal, each car averaging about 42 tons, making a total of over 10,000 gross tons. This discourse was an exceptionally large vessel. It is however, almost a daily occurrence to load vessels carrying 100 cars and over.

In computing the company's transportation revenue only one calculation is necessary after the weights are totalized, even if the vesse carries one to two hundred cars. Under the arrangement eighteen to twenty thousand cars are handled each month, and a car is rare yever lost. I do not remember but two cars that could not be accounted for in the past twelve years.

Roanoke, Va.

#### NEW USE FOR OLD STRAW HATS.

OFTEN we find that old straw hats are subcts of grave consideration. Many of them, e hear it said, are too good to be thrown vay; too fanciful to be given to the poor, and it not quite modish enough to tempt their vners into trimming them up for another seaon. This, then, is the time when it is best to ansform them into lamp shades. Most parming as lamp shades they become, esecially for summer houses and verandas.

To carry out the scheme is a simple matter. irst should the top of the crown be cut out, hen already, as can be imagined, the hat will sume somewhat the shape of a lamp shade. nderneath it should then be wired up and own as well as about the top and bottom, that may be held in shape and bent gracefully, or above all else these shades must have a free oppy appearance. They do not look well if all stiff. The trimming consists mostly of rtificial flowers and grasses which many womh have on hand from hats of preceding immers. Long, deep, green grasses are sually hung about the lower edge as a fringe. however, the edges are not in good conition, it looks very well to put about them a iff of pinked out taffeta ribbon, either to atch or contrast with the color of the straw. leghorn, for instance, would be most effecte with a grass green ruff about the edges and few large red poppies scattered over its surce. Sometimes flowers that one has in the ouse are faded, but even then their colors can e intensified by painting them afresh with ther tapestry dies or water colors. Many old raws can also be helped by touching them p judiciously.

On the other hand, so pretty are these straw imp shades that it is quite worth while to buy he hats, should they not be forthcoming in any ther way. Late in the season many decorate ones are sold at remarkably low prices. The objective they should always be large, beep yellow ones of rough straw trimmed with uttercups and grasses are unusually pretty and cast a golden glow when the lamp under them is lighted. The wholly green ones are estful and attractive.

When a particular style or color of straw is esired, it were best to buy it by the yard, and

then sew it together over a wire frame. It is also in this way that the similar and very small shades for candlesticks are made, and which are quite enchanting, as they decorate the four corners of a table or cast a glimmer from some dim corner of the veranda.

#### FROM THE OZARK REGION.

THE following letter from a good friend of the 'Nook tells about the mineral water in the Missouri region where most wells and springs are impregnated with iron and other minerals:

"There is another subject which I want to give to the Inglenook readers by your permission, and that is the havoc which mineral water makes with the skill of the housewife. Talk about good coffee! Why you could not drink the coffee made with our well water, if I had not slipped in a little white of egg, when the teakettle was filled, to throw off the iron. After that the coffee is excellent. This I learned from necessity when I came here thirty-four years ago. But something else I didn't learn for sixteen years,—that it was the cause of all my trouble with yeast. It will kill yeast every time, in two or three weeks.

"I lived in Maryland, where we know nothing of any but limestone and freestone water. Beef will never get quite tender, green peas taste slightly bitter, sweet corn loses its sweetness, and a white cloth with soap suds in it, will turn a rich yellow if put in this water. Yet we get to like it, and it is called wholesome. When I first came south I thought strange that the people made no use of light bread, but after living here, I don't wonder at it."

#### A CONSCIENCE PENNY.

An Ohio man who has an erratic conscience recently sent I cent to the United States treasurer! With the penny was a letter stating that while in Buffalo the man had purchased a pencil from a Canadian, paying for it 2 cents. Later he had learned that the pencil had been smuggled across the line from Canada. He sent the penny to pay the duty.

The man, who did not sign his name to his letter of explanation, lives in Toledo.

#### MAJOR ANDRE'S LAST POEM.

 $DY/D, \quad R=GWN_{\bullet}$ 

Every schoolboy remembers the account of the capture of the British spy, Major Andre, who was a young man of talent and promise. Washington himself wrote and caused the same to be engraved on the stone that marks the resting place of the executed officer, "He was more unfortunate than criminal; an accomplished man and gallant officer."

Just a few days before the execution and after condemnation had been pronounced the Major wrote in his cell these very beautiful lines. They have not been published for a number of years and will be new to most readers. They also give some light upon the character of the condemned man's heart, despite the part he was taking in a cruel war.

Hail, sovereign love, which first began The scheme to rescue tallen man! Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, Which gave my soul a Hiding Place.

Against the God who built the sky, I fought with bands uplifted high, Despised the mention of His grace, Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

Enrapt in thick Egyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Madly I ran the sinful race, Secure, without a Hiding Place.

And thus the eternal counsel ran, Almighty love, arrest that man! I felt the arrows of distress, And found I had no Hiding Place.

Indignant justice stood in view; To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But justice cried, with frowning face, This mountain is no Hiding Place.

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard, And Mercy's angel soon appeared; He led me in a placid pace, To Jesus as a Hiding Place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell! Which must have sunk a world to hell. He bore it for a sinful race, And thus became their Hiding Place.

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll, And shake this globe from pole to pole, No thunderbolt shall daunt my face, For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

A few more rolling suns at most, Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast, When I shall sing the songs of grace, And see my glorious Hiding Place. Chicago, Ill. LEARNING TO SEW.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

THE old-fashioned girl was usually inducted into the mysteries of housewifely arts at al early age. Especially in needlework was thil the case. The old-fashioned mother would in troduce the subject by cutting a lot of carpe rags and teaching the small daughter how ti sew them together. Sitting in her little rock ing chair the wee girl plied her needle most industriously. Her initiation into the thread needle and thimble business, was attended with many trials and difficulties. The needle ofttimes jabbed her fingers unmercifully. The thimble persisted in falling off, and the hardes of all was to learn to knot the thread after the dexterous manner of her teacher. She worked on, however, stimulated by the flattering induce ment held out that if she learned to sew right well, she could then begin to piece a quilt fol herself. The first quilt was invariably either "nine patch" or a "four patch", but statistic, go to show that the latter predominated considerably over the former. To the unenlight ened in quilt parlance, it should be explained that either nine or four small squares are pu' together to form a larger square.

The small girl's zeal and interest in quilt frequently flagged before the first quilt was finished. As time rolled on however and she became older and more experienced, she started other and more intricate patterns. There were Log Cabin, Irish Chain, Oregon Star and various others with equally high-sounding names. Pieced out of bright-colored goods and quilted in diamond and feather patterns they were models of patience and expert needlework. When, as usually happened some man came along and took the old-fashioned girl to a new home, her supply of quilts was a useful as well as an ornamental part of her housekeeping outfit.

Newburg, Pa.

#### "THE QUEEREST ISLAND IN THE WORLD."

It is proposed to make the attempt to cover Sable Island, off the Nova Scotian coast, which is now little more than a bare sand-bar, with vegetation, the object being to make the land more conspicuous on account of its green olor and so to prevent wrecks. The island is alled by a writer in the London (Canada) baily Advertiser "the queerest island in the rorld," and he goes on to give the following articulars of the attempt to cover it with rees:

"Away out on the blue bosom of the Atlanc. 100 miles from Halifax, and 50 miles from ne nearest point of the Nova Scotian coast, ies a long, low strip of bare sand. For cenuries it lay thus, enveloped in fogs and beaten pon by the long North Atlantic swell, its only habitants the wild fowl and the dead seamen ho from time to time are washed up to bleach n its shores. Three hundred years ago it was n island forty miles in length; now, so indeatigable a worker is the sea, it is a mere strip f white sand, twenty miles long and wo miles wide. On every side of it, far s the eye can reach, is the dead level of he ocean, overhead is the sky, and for the reater part of the year the ghastly, impenerable fogs that are born of the struggle for upremacy between the Gulf Stream and the ev water that comes sweeping down from Bafn's Straits. A more dismal place than Sable sland was never imagined. Yet here, through og and sunshine, winter and summer, storm nd calm, dwells a diminutive colony of brave nen, who comprise an important part of the anadian life-saving service. . . .

"It is to this dreary speck of land that Mr. aunders intends to accompany his father, rofessor Saunders, of Ottawa, with the object f making an experiment which, if successful, vill be a remarkable achievement, and one that vill cause the stormtossed mariner to bless the Dominion Government which authorized it. Dwing to its color the island is almost indisinguishable at a short distance, more especially in heavy weather; and although the Government naintains a lighthouse and a wrecking station t either end of it, many a good ship, has gone o pieces in the yeasty surf that surrounds it. 'rofessor Saunders's plan is to completely over the island with vegetation, so that it will tand out sharp and clear to approaching vesels. To this end a large shipment of hardy vergreen trees is now at Halifax awaiting his rrival. The work of planting will, it is expected, occupy two or three weeks, during which period Mr. Saunders, of this city, hopes to be able to make some valuable notes on the bird life of the island.

"To ornithologists the island is remarkable for being the nesting ground of the Ipswich sparrow, the most conservative bird in existence, probably. The Ipswich sparrow migrates in the fall to certain sections of the Southern States, but confines its housekeeping operations exclusively to Sable Island. Indeed, it has never been known to nest in any other spot in the world. By what mysterious power this tiny atom of feathers is guided each year through wind and storm to one narrow ribbon of sand in the broad ocean, students of bird life have not explained."

"The history of the mammal life of Sable Island well illustrates the survival of the fittest. The walrus, which, we are told, was once plentiful, has disappeared, although seals still frequent the long reaches of sand. Some time ago, rats from a ship that went down off the island succeeded in reaching the shore, and soon multiplied to such an extent as to become dangerous to the settlers. When they had wellnigh destroyed the food supplies on the island, imported some energetic the settlers Nova Scotian cats, which kept the pest in check until a passing ship left a pair of foxes on the island. That was fatal to both rats and cats. Soon foxes overran the island in every direction. They killed not only all the rats but the cats as well, and at the present time the Government is considering the advisability of an active crusade against them."

#### BINDING AN AGREEMENT IN CHINA.

When you engage a servant or make a bargain in China it is not considered binding until "the fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet to do him justice, when once this coin has been paid by you the Chinaman, coolie or shopman will generally stick to his bargain, even if the result to him be loss.

FIFTY years ago 1,000,000 people in Wales could talk no other language than Welsh. Now only 500,000 speak the language.

#### THE PASSING OF ZOARISM.

The subjoined article is taken from a Chicago paper, and is reproduced as a matter of information for the 'Nook readers. It also contains a moral, and it shows what happens a primitive people when, as the writer of the article says, they begin to "ape" the fashions. There is nothing truer than that the world and primitive Christianity do not mix. Other people beside the Zoarites have tried it and failed, and still others are trying it now.

Read the article, as it is full of interest and teaches a lesson:

Zoarism is dead and the communistic theory has received a severe blow. The Zoarites, the first organization of the kind to be established in the United States, have abandoned the city they founded in Ohio and with it the theories they held and have joined the world's people in the struggle for existence. It is two years since the formal dissolution of the organization; during the interval the division of property has been slowly going on. The 136 members in good standing have received their share, amounting in cash or property to about \$5,000 each. Only seventy of the 136 have gone to Minnesota, where the leaders have purchased 6,000 acres of land; the new movement includes only those who are past middle age, the younger men and women having refused to take the oath of communism.

Zoar received its death blow in 1884, when it was made a station on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad. This first encounter with the modern world forced it to assume municipal form. Then came the public schools and the summer boarder. Women began to ape the fashions of the visitors. Families fell to doing chores, sewing, laundering for the stranger, receiving pay which they gradually forgot to turn into the common treasury. Boys built boats and rented them, putting the money in their pockets. Young Zoar tasted the world and its opportunities, Restlessness and discontent set in. It was stimulated by Levi Bimeler, the village school-master. He is the one Zoarite educated outside the community. He openly advocated the right of members to withdraw if they desired and to receive their distributive share. To promulgate his views he published in 1895 a four-page sheet of which he was the editor, publisher, and pressman, doing the printing on a hand press. It was the only publication ever attempted at Zoar. accomplished its purpose—it disrupted the society. Never perhaps has communism halonger trial under more favorable condition than at Zoar. Yet a decline in membershiftom 500 vigorous young persons to sevent middle-aged, and in property from \$1,500,00 to 6,000 acres of unimproved land, is the numerical and financial story, while as spiritual force they are practically dead.

The community was governed solely by thre trustees, who had unlimited power. They pro vided board, clothing and dwelling for eac member, irrespective of person. They mai aged all the industries and affairs of the society They appointed each member to his special work, but never without consulting his personal inclination and peculiar ability. Aside from the trustees, there was an agent general, wh controlled the society's dealings with the oil side world. This office was held by Joseph Bimeler, founder of the Zoarites and bor leader of men, until his death in 1853, after which it remained vacant. Bimeler was prain tically king, and his house is known to the day as the "king's palace."

For some 'years the "king's palace" has bee the repository for goods to be distribute among the community. Thither came ea. family twice a week to receive food, clothing and housekeeping goods. No account of the distribution was kept. Each person was pe mitted two suits of clothes a year. Each lected his or her material. There were the vi lage tailor, dressmaker and shoemaker, and all followed the same mode rivalry had no place in their fashioning. Until recent date the spun and wove their own materials, tanne leather for their shoes and supplied not only the needs of the community, but controlled large outside market in stoves, tiles and other productions. They had no literary or artist taste and little social life. Ability to mal music of a commonplace order was the onl talent apparent. Their religion forbade dan ing. A concert, lecture or public enterta ment was unknown to them. Their morals was unimpeachable. Asked why so mora

ommunity maintained a prison, they replied: For the accommodation of visitors."

Celibacy was advocated by the Zoarites unil Joseph Bimeler succumbed to the charms of village maid. Then marriage became honorble in the community.

#### SHOW SKILL OF ANCIENTS.

THE middle-aged man who has explored life o weariness and whom novels will no longer tir may find his sense of mystery and wonder xcited anew by the account of discoveries in uried Egypt. Professor Flinders Petrie, who as devoted his life to exploration of the soil, nd research into the history of that ancient and, completed last week a series of highly nstructive and suggestive lectures at the Royal nstitution. Long-buried tombs of ancient tings have been discovered and explored, and, Ithough in nearly all cases these had been previously pillaged in the Roman age, enough of heir contents remains unbroken or overlooked ill now to afford ground for reconstructing, in outline at least, a wonderful and unsuspected civilization. When we are shown, for example, pecimens of goldsmith's work dating from 1,750 years before the Christian era, which have never been surpassed since in technical skill, vorking of designs, variety of form and perection of soldering, we are sobered somewhat n our belief that the process of time means progress and that the present is the best and noblest era of civilization. We are proud, for ustance, of the products of modern steam pinning and weaving. Yet the linen woven 0,000 years ago was finer in thread and closer n web than our finest cambric.

#### RESULT OF A JOKE.

It is not always wise to "scare" people "just or fun." In the small town of Bolivar, N. Y., here is a boy who is suffering from such a right, the result of a practical joke played upon him by school friends. These friends umped at him from behind a stone wall one evening and their success at frightening him was more than they had anticipated. However, it was soon over and they thought no more about it. Not long afterward Paul Cowles—that is the boy's name—began to lose his

hair. Not only his generous supply of curls failed him, but he lost his eyebrows and eyewinkers as well. His parents were much concerned and took him to a well-known specialist, who determined that the loss of hair was due to fright. Then began a trying time for Paul. His head became as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball and the boys, even they who were the cause of it, laughed at him. The physician says it will be a year at least before a cure can be effected, and that even so it is doubtful. The one thing in favor of Paul is his youth and physical strength.

He suffers no discomfort except in the bright sun, when absence of eyebrows and eyelashes makes him blink. He is growing very sensitive owing to the fact that rough boys of his own age try to pull off the close-fitting cap he wears to see his bald head, and he doesn't like that.

The specialist says that the first sign of the return of hair to his head will be a fuzzy growth not unlike lawn grass, which will soon disappear, leaving the head bald again. Then will come a second growth of bristles as stiff as those in a toothbrush and frequently of a reddish color, though the natural color of the hair may be black. After a short time the bristles will disappear and the hair will come of natural color and fineness. The first show of fuzz is now becoming visible and the parents of the boy are delighted.

#### REGULATING A CLOCK.

It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or a twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich Observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is going either too fast or too slow a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only retards or accelerates the motion by an unfinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up, and in a few thousand swings the tenth or the twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making clocks "keep step" at the proper instant of time.

#### SENATOR'S SALARY IS SMALL.

To two-thirds of the United States senators the annual salary of \$5,000 is a consideration not to be despised, says a writer in the Forum. There are few perquisites to eke out this comparatively meager compensation—none, in fact, worth mentioning. The government provides one or two clerks to attend to the senator's correspondence, which is always heavy; it allows a minimum of free stationery; and it returns some of his traveling expenses.

There is opportunity, of course, to make monev through speculation; and some senators avail themselves of it. One senator, who was a large holder of Washington real estate, increased its value very materially by steering legislation for street improvements in its direction; while every manipulation of tariff schedules and of internal-revenue taxation, affecting steel and iron, tobacco, whisky and sugar, reveals the close connection between the senate of the United States and Wall street. But this acquisitiveness, to call it by no harsher name, is, after all, confined to the few senators who are noted for their commercial instincts. The majority of senators do not speculate. They content themselves with their modest salary; and how they manage to live upon it is a daily

The demands upon the senatorial purse are incessant. Every senator is persistently approached by stranded constituents, who expect, and generally receive, financial assistance. Unless he elects to live in absolute retirement, it is also incumbent upon him to maintain some social position. Occasionally a senator will come to Washington with the idea that he can be something or somebody upon \$5,000 a year. It does not take many months to show him the futility of the effort. In fact, it is impossible for a senator to save anything from his salary, unless he hides in a back street, burying himself like a hermit, neither entertaining nor being entertained.

In the diplomatic service the leading ambassadorial positions are bestowed upon men whose entourage can be maintained by their private fortunes; and the time does not seem to be far distant when the senate of the United States will be composed in a large degree of rich men, simply because a poor man cannot afford to accept the position.

It is to the credit of the senate that wealth is not yet the standard by which its members judge each other. There are millionaries in the senate who occupy insignificant places, who are never consulted by their colleagues, and who simply follow where other lead. On the other hand, men who possess brains are consequential factors in determining legislation, although in material wealth they may be as poor as church mice.

A man cannot rise to eminence in the senate by wealth alone. Herein is much basis for felicitation. Until this condition changes the senate will continue to be what it is to-day, the greatest legislative body in the world. Of course the time may come when the sordid influences which measure a man by the size of his bank account may control the senate. Let us, at least, be thankful that this time has not yet arrived and let us hope, for the sake of the republic, that it will never come.

#### WHERE BUTTERFLIES ARE SHOT.

In the forests of northern Australia lives a butterfly which is always hunted with powder and shot. This is a brilliant-hued creature, highly valued by collectors. It is very shy and hovers about the upper branches of the trees, seldom approaching within twenty feet of the ground, says the Youth's Companion.

For a long time the only specimens in collections were the frayed and bedraggled individuals which, because of injuries to their wings. had dropped below their zone of flight.

A traveling American naturalist went to Australia determined to get some perfect specimens of this rare insect. For several days he strove with long nets and short nets to entrap some of the beautiful creatures of the upper air. He raised ladders and climbed trees at the peril of life and limb, but the wary butter flies kept beyond range of his swooping net Yankee ingenuity was not to be beaten see easily, however. The entomologist hit upon the brilliant idea of a decoy.

Loading his gun with the smallest shot he had, he brought down one of the high-flyers It was badly battered, but he patched and fur bished it up to an appearance of respectability, and spread it on a bush-top in a conspicuous spot ten feet above the ground, arranging the wings with as close a resemblance to life as possible.

Curiosity is a besetting failing of butterflies. Presently two of them noticed their departed comrade and began to circle lower and lower above the bush. Others joined the investigation, and finally the patient collector was able to capture one of them by a swift movement. This sent the others soaring away in alarm, but in a few moments they were back again, and before the day was over the naturalist's ingenuity was rewarded by the capture of half a dozen perfect specimens, which afterward became the property of various scientific museums. Since then this has been the recognized method of taking that species of insect.

Somewhat similar was the capture of some rare South American butterflies several years ago. An entomologist traveling on the Orinoco failed, after many attempts, to take a single specimen of a swallowtail butterfly, which haunted the upper foliage of the forest. One day his party came across a band of half-savage natives, armed with blowguns, bows and spears, one of whom offered to supply the collector with a number of the desired insects at a price.

An offer of 25 cents a specimen represented opulence to the native, who returned on the following evening with six of the butterflies—all perfect or nearly so. How the Indian could catch the shy delicate insect, which he himself with all the implements of the chase could not capture, was a problem to the traveler.

Not until he was about to leave would the native explain. His method was very simple, he said, and pointed to his blowgun, a weapon with which these people are marvelously accurate and deadly marksmen, even killing big

game with darts blown from them. He had "marked down" his butterfly, waited for it to alight and then shot a pellet to the leaf upon which it was poising. The impact was sufficient to stun the prey and bring it to the ground without injuring its fragile wings.

#### DEVELOPMENT OF THE HAMMER.

Tracing the development of the hammer, the International Monthly says: "Man's first tool was the uplifted hand grasping a stone, and from this came, after many years, the hammer. As heavier blows became necessary the hammer grew in size, until it was operated by machinery in the form of the tilt or helve hammer. When steam succeeded water as a motive power, a steam cylinder replaced the tripping cam, but the first half of the past century had nearly expired before the original form of this tool was at all changed by James Nasmyth's invention of the upright steam hammer. Since then the falling weight of this design of tool has gradually been increased from a few hundred pounds up to 100 and even 125 tons; but excepting the smaller sizes, up to twenty-five tons, it has since 1800 been superseded by the hydraulic press, which by its slow motion produces a more thorough working of the metal. Presses have grown until the capacity of 14.-000 tons was reached in 1803, requiring a 15,000 horse-power engine to drive it. Such a tool, with its accompaniment of 200-ton electric cranes for handling the work underneath, is capable of forging ingots over seventy-five inches in diameter and weighing more than 250,-000 pounds. This whole plant, costing over \$250,000, was not projected without an adequate understanding that it was to meet the commerical demands of many years to come, and industrial developments, great as these have been, have not as yet called for anything that has taxed its full capacity."



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### HOW COLD IS ICE?

Is ICE any colder in winter than in summer? Most people suppose not. They understand that ice is ice and cannot be any colder or warmer.

If a thermometer is buried in ice in summer it will indicate 32 degrees. If you throw a piece of ice into boiling water and leave it there till it is almost gone what is left will still be at 32 degrees. Ice can never be gotten above that temperature.

But while ice can never be warmed above 32 degrees, it will go as much below that as the weather does. An iceman delivering ice one zero day in January was asked whether his ice was any colder than in July. He thought not. But as a matter of fact a piece of summer ice, if he had had it, would have been something of a foot warmer for him, as it would have been thirty degrees warmer than the air of the bottom of his wagon.

Mixing salt with ice makes it much cooler. The ice in an ice cream freezer goes down to about zero. This is why the point zero on our common thermometers was fixed where it is. It is supposed to be the lowest point which could be reached by artificial means. Since then we have reached about 383 degrees below zero by chemical processes.

Ice will cool down with everything else on a cold night to zero or below. What should prevent it? On a day when it is just freezing a block of iron and a block of ice outdoors will stand at 32 degrees. If the weather grows warmer the iron will warm up with the weather, but the ice will stay at 32 degrees and melt away. But if the weather grows colder the iron and the ice will cool off too, and one just as much as the other.

As ice grows colder it gets harder and more brittle. There can be no "hickory bend" on the skating pond on a zero day, for the ice is then too brittle. Slivers of ice dipped in liquid air become so hard that they will cut glass. Water thrown on ice in the arctic regions will shiver it like pouring boiling water upon cold glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

#### WHAT FISH EAT.

THERE are many thousand species of fishes. and naturally there is a great diversity in their food. Nevertheless, it is possible to divide it into seven distinct classes. Now, all the animal life rests on a foundation of vegetables. Plants store up the vital forces in the air and sunshine and pass them on to the great army of vegetarians, who in their turn yield them up to the animals which live on flesh. One or two additional steps may sometimes be interposed, but the result is the same. A caterpillar eats a cabbage, an ichneumon fly quarters her brood on the caterpillar, an insect-eating bird snaps up the fly, and a bird of prey pounces upon the fly catcher and finishes the story. The inevitable order is plant, vegetarian, flesh eater.

The vast majority of fishes feed on fishes or other animals found in the sea. Probably, however, the vegetarians are more numerous than are generally supposed. For instance, all the text books declare that a gray mullet feeds on the living matter obtained by straining sand or mud in its mouth, which doubtless is true, but they ought to explain that owing to the peculiar construction of its throat larger bodies are prevented from passing into the stomach, which is not true. No amount of letterpress will persuade a Land's End fisherman that a gray mullet cannot or does not eat seaweed. He is convinced from a lifelong observation of its habits that it does, and the fact that the fish's stomach is often found full of seaweed proves that the fisherman is right. Fishes which undoubtedly catch and swallow living prey are wont on occasion to treat

themselves to a dish of vegetables. I assisted at the post mortem examination of a bream which contained, in addition to a crab, large helpings of two kinds of seaweed in different stages of digestion.

But doubtless it is a fact that fishes live for the most part on animal diet, and it is obvious that this must consist largely of some other class than their own. If fishes ate fishes only, the race would soon become extinct. Fortunately the sea is full of life, and for those which cannot or will not eat seaweed there are worms innumerable, jellyfishes and sea urchins, the great host living in shells, from the oyster to the periwinkle and the limpet, crabs and all other kindred, and lastly other fishes. The appetite must be capricious indeed which cannot find something to tempt it among all this vast array.

### PLANT THAT DEVOURS MEAT AND DIGESTS IT.

WE all know that certain plants absorb and live on insects, but it has only recently been discovered that there are some curious species of plants that actually devour animal food when given to them in small morsels.

The leaves of these queer plants appear in doublets, like oyster valves. This double leaf is closed up from its base to within about three-quarters of its entire length. In the front part it is detatched, the two pointed tops forming, as it were, a pair of lips, or a mouth, which the plant can open at will.

Inside this mouth is a kind of passage or throat which extends toward the body of the plant. The passage has a number of hairy bits about it, which are very fuzzy, and at the end of each bit there is a sticky substance.

When the plant opens its mouth, it is evident that the trap is then set, for upon any insect entering it the lips close upon it at once forcing it to the gummy substance of the throat. This substance has properties similar to those contained in the gastric juices of the human stomach, which help to decompose and digest the food. When so digested the food resolves itself into a liquid which is carried all over the plant to nourish and revive it.

The most marvelous thing about this newly discovered species is that it can digest such

food as small morsels of beef, fish and egg gelatin, some of which, dropped into the open leaf, were retained and apparently digested. At the same time anything of a starchy or fatty substance the leaf or plant is not able to retain. It does not therefore close its lips upon it, and if allowed to remain in the mouth the plant will decay.

#### TRAPS A CONDOR IN TYROL.

Last summer, according to the *Taegliche Rundschau*, a Tyrolese shepherd repeatedly saw two large birds of unknown species hovering over his flock. Then he missed a sheep, then another, and in a little while four had been killed by the birds of prey. The shepherd constructed a trap, baited it with the half-eaten body of one of the slaughtered sheep, and soon captured one of the marauders.

He took it to the museum at Innsbruck, where it was pronounced to be a young female condor. It measured eight feet from tip to tip of the wings. Though some of the naturalists were inclined to believe the bird had flown to Europe from the Andes, one professor stoutly maintained that such a flight was impossible except for such a bird as the albatross, which had a spread of wing of thirteen feet and is a fish catcher, and that the condor must have escaped from some European menagerie.

#### PLANT SENSITIVENESS.

A French investigator finds that plants are sensitive to certain poisons in quantities so minute that they completely baffle chemical analysis. For instance, a plant showed the effects of sulphate of copper dissolved in 700,000,000,000 times its weight in water—a state of dilution scarcely imaginable, much less detectible by ordinary methods. This raises the presumption that the character of the vegetation of a country may depend on minute quantities of toxic substances present in the soil.

A FINE tree bough swept in the face of a baby is considered an emblem of good luck in Spain. In this country a hickory switch swept on the other side is considered an emblem of good luck.



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...PUBLISHED BY ...

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

It is not the easiest thing to determine the amount of credit that should attach to the so-called good people, or the amount of discredit that belongs to the ones rated as bad people. One may have been born colorless, and is good because he is a negation all the way through. He is good simply because he hasn't life enough in him to be what is called bad. The other is full of the slumbering fires of Tophet. He inherited a sound physical frame, and a disposition to run amuck among all the conventions usually recognized as desirable.

Some people are drunkards, fighters, liars or thieves because of no fault of their own, but because they had a certain kind of grandfather. The people about them hold them personally responsible without a single thought of the inheritance they can not shake off. And very often these selfsame people are really entitled to a vast deal more credit for what they do with and for themselves, more than is accomplished by the cabbage-head, wooden-clock man, so made that he couldn't set the world on fire if he was told off for the purpose by authority.

Before condemning the life of a man who seems given over to bad it is well to know all the facts in the case, and these are usually so concealed that they are practically undiscoverable. True it is that if he is a thief or a murderer he must be caged all the same, but in the ordinary, moral count, it is well to make an allowance for him, a good big one, at that. It is a further fact that all the world's great victories have been won by the bad man turned good. Remember St. Paul.

#### RUNNING AFTER THE NEW.

THERE is a streak in the make-up of the most of humanity that makes them want to follow after the new things that come along their way. The city clerk comes to the country for his annual week's outing, and half the girls in the neighborhood run after him, leaving the honest neighbor boy, they know all about, standing around in neglect.

A preacher, a stranger, comes to the church, and he is listened to with an attention never accorded the regular ministry. He is sought out, and made much of. This is all right, in and of itself, but when it involves leaving the man who founded the church, forty years ago, and his fellow coworkers, sitting about in silence, while people run after the new man, it is all wrong. The chances are that these newcomers, if they were to stay and become fixtures, would not wash any better than the present incumbents, and more than likely, not as well.

It is all right to show the stranger all the courtesies going, but not at the expense of the tried and true people whose places they take temporarily. Old friends are best, after all. They occupy a place we are sure of, and we always know where to find them. They are, to use an often misdirected word, homely, and all that, but they are to be relied on, and that may be the stranger's way of it, but it is not well to take too much for granted, when it is set off against what we know.

PARTIES who have contributed recipes for the INGLENOOK Cook Book, sending them too late for insertion, will find them printed in an appropriate department in the magazine, to be opened in a short time.

## ?????????????

When does a girl become of legal age?

It varies in different States. In yours it is twenty-one, in others eighteen.

Does it make much difference in stating a truth, say preaching, whether it is done in proper style and with elocutionary effect?

Theoretically it should not, but everywhere it actually does make all the difference in the world.

Is it in good form to correct an error of speech or pronunciation in others?

Our practice is not to do it unless we are sure it will be well received. Some people cannot stand it.

Is it an affectation to pronounce the proper names of a foreign country as the natives do?

No. It is the right thing, always, unless one is likely to be misunderstood. Names of world-wide use should be pronounced according to the custom of immediate surroundings. Others, not so common, should be pronounced correctly. Thus Paris, not Paree, and Shewaw-waw for Chihuahua.

Should a single person be elected to the office of deacan or the ministry? I believe not.

The querist misreads Paul's letter to Timothy where he says that deacons and bishops should be the husbands of one wife. It means that they should not be bigamists or have concubines. A literal reading would bar all who were not parents. There is no absolute certainty that Paul, himself, was married.

What is an etching?

A picture from a plate on which the lines and drawing in general are dug out. When this is inked the depressions are filled up and under the press the paper is forced into these depressions, taking up the ink and assuming the form of tiny, invisible ridges. In a good specimen the shadows cast by these ridges give a peculiar softness of effect not attainable in any other form of picture making. Good etchings are high priced, as after a comparatively few impressions the plates wear smooth.

Is a knowledge of grammar necessary to good writing?

Of the common forms of correct expression it is necessary, of the subtle niceties, no. Good writing makes grammar, not the reverse.

When and where was the battle of Marathon fought?

' About five hundred years before Christ, some twenty miles from Athens, in Greece, between the native Greeks and the invading Persians.

"What's the reason you didn't print my piece? It's as good as any you got in."

Confidentially it's so much more original and better in every way that we did not want to eternally discourage every-day folks and keep them from writing, after reading yours. Moreover, we are personally jealous.

What is a lime?

A yellowish green tropical fruit on the lemon order, about the size and shape of a black walnut, but excessively sour. It is used for all purposes in which lemons are employed, but is harsher in taste and fragrance. The juice is much used for a cooling, medicinal drink.

If I learned proofreading so that I could turn off an absolutely correct job, would I be able to find employment?

If you do all that in the time accorded proofreading you can name your own price at any city daily office. But we opine that you will come across a good many banana skins between the thought and the accomplished fact. When you get there good and sure send us your photograph.

What is printer's ink made of and what does it cost?

It is made of as many things as there are endless colors, and costs from a few cents to ten dollars a pound. There is a wonderful difference in the quality and price of black ink. Notice the black letters of your county paper and then those of a high-priced book or magazine, and you will see the difference in the quality. The paper also has much to do with it. Ink and paper have little meaning to the ordinary reader, but it means thousands of dollars to a big printing establishment.

#### THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT LAWRENCE, KANS., KNOWN AS "HASKELL INSTITUTE."

BY J. S. MOHLER.

The above school was established by the United States government in 1884, for the education of the various tribes of Indians within the territorial limits of the United States. The buildings pertaining to the school number about twenty. Some of them are very large, and built of solid rock. The entire cost of improvements approximates half a million dollars.

In addition to the improvements and campus there is a large tract of land adjoining the school, and owned by the Government, which is utilized for dairying purposes in the interest of the school.

The officers, teachers, and employees of the school number forty-five. The average attendance is six hundred, from fifty tribes, ranging from Alaska to Florida and from New England to the Pacific coast.

The aptness of the Indian boys and girls to learn mechanics is equal to the whites in the estimation of their teachers. In general intelligence they approximate the whites. In behavior their grade is good and they take discipline more kindly than do the white people. Barring their desire for whisky their behavior is commendable. About forty per cent of the pupils belong to the church.

The effect of the school upon the rising generation of Indians will be a genuine "uplift" for the whole race. We had an opportunity of examining the work of the pupils in the various departments of the school and were agreeably surprised at their proficiency. In addition to literary work, they are taught the arts, such as drawing and mechanics. Some are learning shoemaking, others harnessmaking, blacksmithing, wagonmaking, carpentering, some tailoring, painting and others the printer's trade, etc., just as they elect for themselves.

No doubt some of the pupils, when they return to their homes after graduating, will don the Indian costume again, and resort to Indian life, but the majority of them will wear citizens' clothes and continue a civilized life, and become useful, intelligent and honorable mem-

bers of society. The United States is doing a most noble work in teaching, training, and developing the latent faculties of the Indian mind,—making them capable of self-government and self-maintenance. The faculty and teachers are efficient, and the discipline of the school is excellent.

Morrill, Kans.

#### MISSOURI MINERAL SPRINGS.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

Across the ravine here bubbles a spring that is of no mean renown. It is said that before the white man came this spring was resorted to by the Indians. And only a year or so ago there might have been seen near this spring a portion of one of the remaining walls of what tradition says was the abode of Daniel Boone, Whatever credence may be given these legends of earlier days, concerning the secluded valley and the spring, the immediate locality is known far and wide in these days. But the approach is no longer made with the soft crunch of moccasined feet as in the days of the red brother Serpents of steel gird the hills and wind the valleys, and the whistle of a baby engine pull ing brightly-painted cars drowns the laughing of the waters. A boulevard alongside the little railroad carries flitting carriages and glimmer ing cycles on a summer evening. Then the music of the waves that first gave life and enchantment to the spot is drowned by orches tras, whose melodies are wafted above the hills and across the glens into our own cottage and that of others near.

It has changed greatly from the days of yore all—except the water. This fountain of naturatill ministers to the health of humanity in un measured generosity. It pays no attention to the rise or fall in the price of minerals, and is scarcity or plenty, summer and winter, it offer the same cup charged with the same healing virtues to all mankind. People from the coast of the Atlantic and the Pacific have met under the oaks and elms at Pertle Springs and have quaffed the waters together, and to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West, have these same waters been sent to the sick who craved Nature's remedies.

But Pertle is only one of Missouri's many

nineral springs There are numerous others ust as good and the people know it and he only reason they are not all famous is because they are so plentiful. A half-hour's lrive around Warrensburg will cross the path o many a spring each of which in some other state would be a health resort of renown. The ountry roads are favored here and there with hem and the old tin can by the fence makes he situation plain. Now multiply Johnson ounty by a hundred others in the State and you begin at an idea of Missouri's mineral prings.

And yet people die in Missouri? Sometimes hey do, yes. And yet one might die in a worse place, or be resurrected to a worse one, too. But they die, unmistakably, in spite of the mineral waters they drink. Remember it is not beause of the mineral waters they drink, for there s'nothing to kill in them, unless it be an alum pring once in awhile and Missourians have too nuch sense to drink alum. But there are ome things for which the Creator seems not o have especially intended mineral waters, and might name among these smallpox, measles, and mumps. Outside of contagions, fevers, etc., the right kind of mineral waters such as tre found in Missouri, are undoubtedly of the greatest benefit to health, although their efficaw often depends upon the strength of the vater. For instance, if several grains of iron are needed to cure la grippe and it takes five gallons of mineral water drunk to get them, nd this has to be repeated several times a day, t is evident that to cure la grippe with mineral water is a formidable undertaking. But if the ame amount of iron be in a half glass of minral water the undertaking is considerably implified.

One thing I have noticed especially, and hat is, that of all the medicines floated in the market for people to buy, there is hardly a prepration but that has some form of alcohol, pium, or nicotine; but it seems when the Great 'hysician punctured the hills and mountains of dissouri with remedial agencies, to be poured out for ages through mineral springs, he left that every one of those stupefying drugs. Perpaps it is a lesson to man that the best remedies may be had without them. At any rate, without underrating the medicinal value of

herbs and roots, whose virtues have to be extracted by alcohol, there is a great deal to be learned about the value of mineral waters, which constitute the only form of medicine thoroughly and completely prepared for the human system, by an all-wise providence, and not many regions are more highly favored in this respect than Missouri.

Warrensburg, Mo.

#### NEGRO BELIEVES IN SIGNS.

THERE are among the negroes of the south many superstitions which have been kept alive by the transmission from one generation to another of the stories of witchcraft, which have a peculiar fascination for the people of their race. Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher says with great gravity: "If you want peppers to grow you must git mad. My old 'oman an' me had a spat an' I went right out an' planted my peppers an' they came up." Still another saying is that peppers, to prosper, must be planted by a red-headed or by a high-tempered person. The negro also says that one never sees a jaybird on Friday, for the bird visits his satanic majesty to "pack kindling" on that day. The three signs in which the negroes place implicit trust are the well-known ones of the ground hog appearing above ground on the 2d of February, that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow, and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon, as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground, and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon.

Feed gunpowder to dogs and it will make them fierce.

A negro will not burn the wood of a tree that has been struck by lightning, for fear that his house will burn or be struck by lightning.

If a bird flies into a house it brings bad luck. If a crawfish or a turtle catches your toes it will hold on till it thunders.

When a child I was told by a black nurse that if a bat alights on one's head it would stay there till it thundered. This was so terrifying that even now I have an unnecessary fear of being clutched by a bat.

To make soap stir it with a sassafras stick in the dark of the moon.

#### ANENT DR. DOWIE.

A GREAT deal has been written and said about Dr. Dowie, of Chicago, and with all of it few people know much about his personality. The 'Nook reproduces an article from an exchange, which reads impartially, and will be of interest to our readers, who are seekers after facts.

"To see the prophet himself it is best to visit the Tabernacle at an afternoon Sunday service. At three o'clock punctually the lady organist begins to play on the modest instrument, driven by hand, both she and her assistant being clad in white surplices. main aisle marches a long procession of surpliced forms, wearing college trenchers and singing a well-known Church of England processional. At the head are two little tots, and the size of the choristers gradually increases until the last of the two hundred are well-grown young men and women. They are followed by deacons and deaconesses, by elders and by overseers, the tassels of their trenchers being significant of the differences in their rank. There are many colored folks to be seen among them, children and adults. Last of all, following four blue-tasseled overseers, comes the chief overseer in a silk gown lined with blue, puffed lawn sleeves like a bishop, a college hood lined with a combination of blue, white, and vellow silk, and a trencher with a tassel having the same triple combination of colors.

"Dr. Dowie is a short man, of five feet or thereabouts, broad-shouldered and portly. To many he gives the idea of height, but the impression is deceptive. When seated, however, owing to the shortness of his legs, he appears like a large man. His features are very Scotch, and Celtic Scotch at that - as his name would lead one to expect. But he has not the soft Highland tongue; his intonation is pure Edinburgh, the Saxon city where he was born and received his education. He was a student under Blackie and Calderwood, and attended the theological lectures of that saintly and highly-gifted divine, Lindsay Alexander. a Congregationalist he was brought up and a Congregational minister he remained for nearly twenty years, until his views on the matter of healing the sick made it impossible for him to remain longer with them.

"This record of his is thoroughly in harmony with his whole conduct and bearing. not unctuous or emotionally persuasive Those who expect to hear from his lips any outbursts of the Celtic hywl will be sadly disappointed. He is intense, argumentative fiercely logical; a good Biblical exegete, a hard-headed Scotch thinker; fond of sarcasm. fond of inveighing against sin and sinners, priding himself in his outspoken fearlessness. He is the embodiment of physical vigor, Some one has suggested that his claim to be the prophet Elijah is a symptom of incipient paresis; but this is a mistake. Exuberant health and extraordinary power over his fellow-men, which increase as he gets older, a growing sense of his ability as an organizer and a love of exercising these gifts, with possibly strange powers of affecting the physical condition of weaker natures,-these things have led him to consider that his own old personality has given place to a greater, and that the power and nature of Elijah have come upon him. He does not meet inquirers into his assertions with wild rhetoric or mystical rhapsodies. He tells them plainly that, twentyfive years ago, when a Jewish gentleman witnessed a wonderful case of his healing powers and insisted that he was none other than Elijah 'who must first come,' he scoffed at the idea. But now he can no longer resist the conviction that after all he is Elijah. ful student of the New Testament finds no difficulty in understanding the peculiar position of Dr. Dowie, who is steeped in the atmosphere of gospel times. Neither from him nor from his followers did I listen to any interpretation of the New Testament that was flimsy or ridiculous. On the other hand, I missed in him any indications of a lofty spirit uality such as might tempt one to think that Elijah had really come again in the flesh.

"He is a man of signs and wonders, and a born leader and organizer; but hardly more It is but just to state that he does not magnify himself in his teaching. He promises healing only where the heart is really given to the Savior and a sincere prayer is offered to the Lord of all. Unless this condition of mind exits, he declares himself helpless. And the horality he insists upon is strict and pure, orthy of his old teacher in Augustine Chapel, idinburgh. I left the Tabernacle with a repect for the prophet and his followers, as hen sincerely desirous to act and live according to the teachings of the Scriptures."

#### ESKIMOS HAVE NO OATHS.

Just where oaths came from history does ot record. At first glance and without a moent for sober reflection it would seem comaratively safe to say that all languages con-. ained some word or words with which to exress extreme displeasure, disappointment or ain. The old Romans swore when they were leased as well as displeased. Latter-day olk swear mostly when they are disgruntled r angry. The English language contains reat, round, broad oaths for all occasions. The Latin tongues, such as the French, Spansh and Italian, are rich in expletives to be used as the event requires. But a language ithout an oath surely can be no such thing. Human nature is the same always.

Pain, joy, despair or pleasure entail the same motions in the breast of the Eskimo as it toes in the fiery bosom of the Latin. But that is just where the exception is. There is so oath in the Eskimo language. Upik, "the

man with the broken hand," stood in front of the make-believe icebergs of the Eskimo village on the north Midway at Buffalo. Upik was trying to snap up dimes with the lash of his long walrus hide whip. Upik missed several times. "Unguavinaluk," he grunted in savage tones.

"That is about the worst sounding oath I ever heard," said a near-by visitor.

"On the contrary," said Commissioner Taber, "the worst construction you can put on that is 'a bad old thing.'" Cursing is essentially a product of civilization. The lack of curses in the Eskimo tongue is merely characteristic of the entire simplicity of this primitive of all human races.

#### THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

Few of those who talk of the "marriage knot" realize that the knot was ever anything more than a mere figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. There the priest took a thread of the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.



#### BADGERS FIND RICH GEMS.

THE discovery of the ledge of precious stones on Yogo creek, Fergus county, Montana, was made by the finding of true blue sapphires in the earth thrown out by the badgers in digging their holes. The ledge was traced across the country for a distance of several miles by means of these badger holes. These animals were numerous in that section of the country, and, as the limestone came very near the surface of the ground, the only place where the badgers could dig holes deep enough for their dens was in the soft yellow clay which filled the lead at the surface. The gems are pronounced by experts to be equal to the true blue oriental sapphires, and command as good if not better prices from the leading jewelers of London, Paris and New York. The stones are found at the surface of the ledge in soft, vellow clay. When depth is attained on the vein it is found to be hard clay or shale, the result of volcanic eruption and identical in appearance with the diamond deposits of Kimberley, in south Africa.

True blue sapphires are found in India in the glacial gravels, but never before have they been found in the original matrix in which they were placed by the volcano which created them.

The new gem fields are located about 100 miles northeast of Helena, on a tributary of the Judith river, in Fergus county. The geological survey took note of the deposits in its late report. The first shipment of these stones was a cigar box full, which was shipped to a New York jeweler, who bought them for \$3,750. He pronounced them equal in every respect to the true oriental sapphires. Jewelry concerns in London have asked for all that can be obtained, offering prices ranging from \$6 to as high as \$100 per carat.

There are two companies mining sapphires. One, a London concern, has all of its stones cut in London, while the American company has a plant in Helena, where the stones are cut. The American cut stones, with the characteristic skill of American workmen, command a better price, because of the superior fire and luster due to the more skillful cutting. The American company has in addition to its claims in Fergus county acquired a large

amount of ground on Rock creek, in Missouli county, from which there are washed every month several thousand carats of sapphires all colors and tints, ranging from greenisl blue, pinks, straw colors and whites.

The Rock creek field also produces among the sapphires a number of rubies, some o them of the true pigeon-blood tint, which exceed many times over the value of the fin-These stones in Missoula est diamonds. county are found in the gravel and not in the matrix like the ones in Fergus county. have evidently been washed by glacial action from some vein, the locality of which has never been discovered. These off-colored san phires are found in nearly all of the places mines in Montana, but until the Yogo fields were discovered in 1895, very few of the true blue sapphires were found. Many of these offcolored stones, as they are called, are of great beauty, the pinks and straw colors being exceptionally beautiful, and, while they have not the stamp of fashion the finer ones are purchased at high prices by the lovers of fine gems. Both of these companies are prepar ing to mine these stones on a large scale.

#### SOME RARE SOUNDS.

"Once or twice in a lifetime," says The Pilot (London), "the sensitive ear is rewarded by a private and exclusive delight never to be forgotten. One stands breathless, listening whilst the wonder lasts. The beautiful thing is then put by in the choicest cabinet of recollection to be a joy forever. Of such is the sound, so rarely heard, of falling snow. It must be night, dark night, that no other sense may be disturbed, and the air must be absolutely still. Then you may hear the heavy flakes falling to earth with a tiny sound like the faintest rustle of gold-foil.

"At a later season of the year, after heavy snow and February rains, the subconscious sleep may be gently parted by another delicate sound—the musical 'lipper' of a slow-rising flood as the river spreads inland, gains upon the lawn, and lifts its rippling wavelets to the very walls of the house. . After the great February flood, and after the iron frost which made its latter weeks so bitter to

the poor, there might be heard in the still hours before the dawn a curious distant tinkling like the spontaneous breaking of glasses. As the waters gently subsided, thin sheets of ice, formed late in the day, broke as they rested on the hedgerows, and the broken sheets slid over each other into the ditches below. The sound was quite musical, thin and pure, eerie and ghostlike. After a long and breathless tropical day, toward sunset the sound of a mighty wind may be heard coming nearer from the distance.

"If one is in the forest, the roar of this great crescendo is sharpened by the cracking of boughs and the occasional crash of a falling tree. The sky is darkened as suddenly as when Elijah waited on Mount Carmel, and the rain follows with the same soothing hush. Then, when the roar has passed, when the fantastic waving of tree-tops and branches has ceased, or passed on over the hills into the next thirsty valley, you may hear a strange and beautiful sound. It is the murmur of myriads of large drops falling in rapid succession, so regularly and so heavily that a chaos of soft musical notes is produced like a wind-borne waft from some far-distant orchestra.

"These are the voices of air and water; the voice of earth and fire is more terrible, and more difficult to recall. It was to be heard 400 miles off one thundery noonday in 1884, in the heart of the Malay Peninsula, too deepthroated for the voice of the heaviest guns, whilst the earth tremor that came with it was far beyond the power of any explosive yet known to man. We learned weeks afterward of the terrible catastrophe of Krakatoa in the Sunda Strait, with all its sad and shocking details."

#### CHANGE-MAKING MACHINES.

Machines that handle coins in a wonderful way, counting them and actually giving change automatically, are now coming on the market. They are new inventions, and have just been

patented. One of them has pieces of money arranged in separate compartments in trays, and on top is a series of keys. A purchase of thirty-five cents, say, being made, the key numbered thirty-five is struck, and instantly the apparatus throws out sixty-five cents in change (supposing that a dollar has been received from the buyer), a tablet with the number thirty-five being uplifted at the same instant, and thirty-five cents added on the register inside.

A cashier is in charge of the machine, but the latter does all the thinking. In another contrivance of the kind there is a separate receptacle for each denomination of coin up to a dollar. The placing of a coin in its proper place sets the mechanism, so that, when a key is pressed corresponding to the amount of the purchase, the difference is thrown out. There is no bother about counting the change, which is always right.

Other machines, which are much more simple, are for the sorting of coins, and are intended to be used where a stream of small change is continually flowing in. The pieces of money are thrown indiscriminately into a kind of hopper and sort themselves—a performance that saves the cashier an immense deal of trouble. In one or two cases the mechanism for automatically giving change is combined with the sorting device, reducing the labor of the person in charge very materially, and at the same time doing away with all possibility of mistakes in reckoning.

#### PROFIT IN PENNIES.

Pennies do not consist of copper alone, there being in them two per cent of tin and three per cent of zinc to ninety-five per cent of copper. They cost the government about forty-two cents a pound exclusive of stamping and there are 148 in a pound, so that the government makes a fair profit on every pound minted, since, while they are redeemable in gold, but few are ever presented.



#### BOYS AS ESSAYISTS.

Some boys write very funny essays, not because they want to be funny, but because they know very little about the subjects on which they are instructed to write. It is very likely that these boys have played pranks instead of studying their lessons as they should. However, it is the case with an occasional boy that he has learned his lesson, but cannot tell it straight. It is like a great waste pile of information which can never benefit him until he has rearranged it, putting each bit of information in its proper place.

The boy who wrote the following essay about Tennyson was in this state of mind. He had recited well in class and the teacher thought he understood, but his essay showed that he did not. He wrote:

"Tennyson wrote buteifull poims with long hair and studid so much that he sed mother will you call me airly dear? his most gratist poim is called the idle king. he was made a lord but he was a good man and wrote many hoads. he luvd our dear Queen so much that he made a poim to her called the fairy Queen."

There is still another boy, who is 10 years old and a stanch defender of the English, who, when asked by his school-teacher to prepare an essay on the causes of the Transvaal war, wrote as follows:

"Krugger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blud. Mr. Chamberling has wrote to him sayin' come out and fite or else give up the blud of the English you have took. he is a boardutchman and a wickid heethin. lord Kithener has sent for his goary blud and to bring back his scanderlus hed ded or alive."

Gladstone, the famous English statesman, was the subject for another paper. It was during the examinations of last June, and when the school-teacher read over the papers came across this one from a boy of II years:

"Mr. Gladstone lovd everybody. he lovd publicans and cinners and irishmen. he wanted the irish to come to England and have home rool, but Mr. Chamberlin says, no, no. so alars he got his blud up and killd Mr. Parnel. Mr. Gladstone died with great rispect and is burrid in Westminster with prieceful ashees."

#### POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE Electrical World & Engineer contains an article, descriptive of the work done by the United States Weather Bureau with wireless telegraphy, by Professor Reginald H. Fessenden. In speaking of the work of Messrs, Marconi and Flemming, Professor Fessenden says:

"The future of wireless telegraphy in their hands is certainly assured, and it cannot be many years before Mr. Marconi will see the great system which he was the first to see the points of, and to put into practical form, in as universal use as our present methods of telegraphy."

Commenting upon a paper read by Signor Marconi before the Society of Arts in London last May, Professor Ayrton is quoted as saying that we were gradually coming within thinkable distance of the realization of a prophecy he had ventured to make four years before, of a time when if a person wanted to call to a friend he knew not where, he would call in a very loud, electro-magnetic voice, heard by him who had the electro-magnetic ear, silent to him who had it not, "Where are you?" he would say. A small reply would come: "I am at the bottom of a coal mine, or crossing the Andes, or in the middle of the Pacific." Or, perhaps in spite of all the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know that his friend was dead. Think of what this would mean, of the calling which goes on every day from room to room of a house, and then think of that calling extending from pole to pole, not a noisy babble, but a call audible to him who wants to hear and absolutely silent to all others. It would be almost like dreamland and ghostland, not the ghostland cultivated by a heated imagination, but a real communication from a distance based on true physical laws.

These remarks call to mind statements published by Nicoli Tesla several months ago to the effect that in his experimental work he had found positive proof, that, with proper apparatus, a wireless transmission of signals to any part of the globe, is practicable, and it is only a step from transmitting signals, to transmitting speech, which, in its ultimate analysis, is merely a system of signals that may be easily converted from sound into electric waves.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

HE PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BB ALBERT C. WIEAND.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with ll thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as hyself," said Jesus, summing up the comnandments of the Decalogue, "and upon these wo commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

These ten commandments, the substance and he sum of the Old Testament, were written by the very finger of God. And so also the sermon on the Mount, the essence and epitome of the New Testament was uttered by the very voice of God manifest in the flesh; and the would be very difficult,—impossible, I believe,—to point out any doctrine of the New Testament that is not in essential, fundamenal principle, involved in this discourse of our pavior.

Here Jesus spoke of,-

- I. The Essential Traits of Christian Character (5: 1-16).
- 2. The Relation of the Gospel to the Law 5: 17-48).
- 3. Sincerity in Distinctively Religious Duies (6: 1-18).
- 4. Single-hearted Consecration to God (6: 19 34).
- 5. Great Care in Our Estimates of Others 7: 1 6).
- 6. The Certainty of God's Care for His Chil-Iren (7: 7-12).
- 7. Difficulties and Dangers Attending Such life Conduct (7: 13-27).

Many, if not most of Christ's teachings on these subjects were very radically different rom the popular teachings of the day. A number of his sayings were directly antagonistic to the traditions of the Jewish teachers; ome of them seemed, at least, to contradict the aw of Moses itself. Early in his discourse, lowever, he had explained, "Think not that I m come to destroy the law or the prophets: come not to destroy but to fulfill." And yet in this fulfilling of the law it was done away not a new covenant was substituted. What he effect of all this strange and radically dif-

ferent teaching was upon the people depended upon the kind of people.

I think we may safely suppose at least several classes of persons in those multitudes who thronged the Master. Next to him, we are told, were his disciples, and among these, no doubt, were a number of "devout Jews," "righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless," "serving God with fastings and prayers, night and day," full of the Holy Spirit, "waiting for the consolation of Israel," and "looking for redemption in Jerusalem,"men and women like those spoken of and characterized in Acts 2: 5; Luke 1: 6; 42: 25, 36-38. To these people of God, so open to truth, so expectant of the promised Messiah, so in touch with the Holy Spirit, these wonderful words of him they call Jesus, must have been as the very manna from heaven for their hungry souls, the realization of their fondest hopes, the vitalest fulfillment of the predictions, ordinances, ritual and commandments of "the law and the prophets."

One could easily imagine them breaking out blessing God, as did Simeon when he took the child Jesus in his arms, and saying, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (cf. Luke 2: 27-32). I can imagine no greater earthly blessedness than to have been of that number nearest the gentle Master, hanging enrapt on his loving, matchless words; realizing, entranced, not only the devout hope of a lifetime of the service of God, but the great national glory, the hope of all the world, in one brief hour, and then to yield up the spirit to God who gave it, and go home to live in his presence forever.

But there is a sadder picture than this. There must have been present also some of the envious scribes, Pharisees, elders, rulers, and their zealous adherents, jealously watching the multitudes thronging this young Galilean rabbi, and hanging upon his words. These were the men having the form of godliness but none of the power, the husk but not the kernel, white-washed sepulchres full of dead men's bones; beautiful without, foul within; hating truth and real piety, yet hypocritically desiring to be thought righteous, self-deceived

blind leaders of the blind; of whom Jesus here said, "Except your righteousness exceed the the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

To such men with such hearts, such words from such a teacher could do nothing but embitter and harden yet more their virulent and stony, viper hearts.

One can almost imagine them standing at some distance and a little aside with folded arms, scornful, firmly-closed lips and set teeth, leering at the up-start rabbi, this would-be prophet from Galilee (!), vowing and plotting in their hearts already those horrible deeds and imprecations portrayed to us in the scenes of the trials, mockings and crucifying of Jesus.

For was he not, thought they, overturning and stirring up the whole nation? Was he not contradicting all the teaching of the learned rabbis and the traditions of the elders, yea,—the climax of presumption and blasphemy? Did he not disannul the very law of Moses and the prophets, claiming that he was the fulfillment of them all and that he had come from God with better laws, pretending even to be the promised Messiah of the prophets? How they must have writhed and gnashed their teeth as they heard his words! How they must have wrangled among themselves and cursed him when they hastened to their own set to tell of his doings!

And then we know that there was the curious, fickle multitude of common people out to see the sights; in the crowd just because there was a crowd there; staring and gaping as they listened, because others gaped and stared; crowding up as close as possible in their curiosity, hoping to hear or see some strange thing. They had followed him before as he healed, they thronged him as he went up into the mountain, and when he came down from the mount they pressed upon his heels. Such a crowd, perhaps, it was which at the close of his life shouted and chanted his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Sunday, and on Thursday, stirred up by the chief priests, elders and Pharisees, shrieked themselves hoarse, "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify! Crucify him!"

And so we read (Matt. 7: 28, 29), "And it

came to pass when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teachings: for he taught them as one having authority; and not as the scribes."

Chicago, Ill.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.

VEGETARIANS, particularly, will be interested in a "vegetable substitute for meat" which has been newly patented. The mere fact that is is declared by the inventor to have the flavor and nutritive properties of meat, while actually of purely vegetable ingredients, would amount to little were it not that the chemistry section of the Patent Office has indorsed the claim as truthful. As a matter of fact, the compound appears to contain protein and other elements, utilizable in the body for making flesh and blood and for fuel, in about the same proportions as in beef or mutton.

In a word, as claimed by the patentee, the compound is a vegetable substitute for meat; containing the same nutrients in the same proportions, and easy of digestion and assimilation. The stuff of which it is made is wheat-gluten, water and peanut meal. Of course, peanut meal is exceedingly rich in protein (the flesh and blood making substance of foods) while its oil is a capital fuel for the body. Wheat-gluten furnishes the balance of the elements required to imitate meat.

In preparing the mixture, the gluten is first washed, to free it from starch, and is then mixed thoroughly with the water and peanut meal. Finally, the mixture is cooked in sealed cans for from one to three hours at a temperature of from 212 to 230 degrees Fahrenheit, the result being a total change in the consistency and flavor of the contents. It is the cooking, indeed, that seems to give a peculiar quality to the product.

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THE most remarkable book in the world, so far as its appearance is concerned, is neither written nor printed. It is in the imperial library of Paris and the letters are cut out of tissue paper with a pair of scissors. A sheet of blue tissue, in which the letters are cut, is placed between two pages of white and so the matter is read.





## In the Front Room after Dinner





#### ABOUT OUR HABITS.

What a thing habit is! Did you ever stop o think of it? Did you ever analyze it or try o? Let us have a talk about it. It is a diffiult thing to define, but it is doing the same hing over again about the same time and place. Most people attach a moral value to he act of a habit, but it is often something lse. It is as frequently as not merely mechancal, without any moral aspect at all. This is proven by the fact that animals get habits and ertainly they do not consider the right and wrong of a thing. The old horse of the milknan learns to stop at certain places, and hitch sim up as you will and he goes through the ame maneuvers. It is not that he has learned nything about the places. He simply repeats going so far and stopping. He would do t blindfolded as well.

This thing is in our bones, so to speak. Evbry reader has fallen out of bed when little. But nobody does it after a few successful trials It keeping on it, and it becomes not a matter of thinking, but an involuntary muscular act, effective when the brain is dead in sleep. It is simply a habit the body gets into. his is true, and it is, the lesson it teaches is to be very careful how we start in doing things. find that if I make a mistake in typewriting his copy and reset the machine I am very iable to hit the same wrong letter a second ime. And if a learner were allowed to begin on the machine without suggestion and heed on his part he would acquire habits in a month hat he would never unlearn.

All the above is mechanical and what is true of our bodies is also true of our minds. Menally and morally we get into ruts. The misry of it is that we never, of ourselves, know

Who has not heard the preacher who never reads or replenishes in any way, who has a given story to tell, and sooner or later, in his discourse, he gets around to it. He is like an animal that breaks into a forty-acre field, where there is only one way of getting out at one place on the other side. One might as well go around to the gap and sit down for an hour and a half or two hours, till he comes around to it. In practice that is what the congregation does without knowing it. They settle in their places till it is over, and then the people go home and never give the matter a second thought. The preacher has got around the course at the same gait, and has come out of the same hole he has done for the last thirty years. And he can help it no more than you can help your repetitions.

Funny that every last one of us has certain things we do unconsciously. How we get them, or where they are fastened on us is a mystery. It would seem that very early in life, in infancy, some quib or quirk of body or mind comes to us, and we keep on repeating it unconsciously as long as we live. If it isn't biting the back of the hand, it is wiggling the nose or some trick of speech or phrase that is fixed on us. It is not possible to completely prevent it in later life, because it can not be accomplished without continued watchfulness, and one cannot be all the time thinking of his ears to keep from working

Take the stingy habit How it becomes second nature to save and skimp! As a boy or girl they begin hoarding. They get rich as a matter of course, not by intelligence but by simply rooting, keeping everlastingly at it, piling up what they get and never giving up a cent without having a pain. Such people get so "saving" that if they were taking a drink out of Lake Michigan they would only take from half to a third of what they wanted in order that they "might have something when they got old." The older they get the worse the habit. They have their uses, however, as they pile up a goodly amount for better people to do some good with when they have gone over. The writer knew a millionaire and his wife, childless, who cooked their Christmas dinner on the back of the stove in a tin cup, turkeys being too high. Piggy, piggy, piggies!

The generous habit can be cultivated, and if it is a bad habit to give everything away it is still a better one than keeping everything. St. Paul said that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The cultivation of the giving habit must be begun in infancy. Little children are little animals, and they must be taught to divide with the less favored. Bite and bite about or you'll lose the whole of it, should be the rule. They'll get stingy and mean fast enough when they grow up.

The man and woman with money who are generous in life do not leave everything behind when they die. I know that it is so said, but it is not true. It is true on the other hand, that only what they have given do they take along over when they pass. How do we make that out? Read the account of the judgment and see whether there is not something said about clothing people and therefore clothing Christ. People who make a habit of doing this sort of thing may not "cut up" so well financially at the end, but they die a good deal richer for all that and all that. What a man or woman is worth is not the amount of money they have hid.

Good habits, regular, and all that sort of thing, conduce to long life and personal happiness. Remember that good habits are referred to, and there is nothing in the world in which so-called "good raising" counts so for so much. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of it. If the spring is impure the stream that comes from it will be sullied too. Let us watch carefully the rounds

we are continually falling into, so that ther may be necessary flexibility of action to et sure success when something out of the ordnary of action is required.

We often hear about the advantage of regu lar habits, and to a certain extent they are ad vantageous and tend to prolong life. Nobod who knows will deny that regular habits ¢ eating and resting are advantageous, but it i a further fact that when applied mentally the man or woman who has a regular habit d thought easily becomes lopsided, and see everything around at a slant. It is deadening stunting. Here is something that really hap pened illustrating it. A man worked in a pow der factory. At the end of each day's world he took his dinner bucket and started home You could have set your clock by him. half a lifetime he did this, and one evening when he was plodding homeward, the mills ex ploded, killing a lot of people, tearing thing to pieces, and shaking the earth for mile around. Old Regular Habits was about half mile away, on the road home, when it hap pened. He heard, of course, and knew al about what happened, but he never quickened or lost a step and he did not even look around It was nothing to him. He had done his stud of work, and was going home, and on he went

Now let every reader consider what manne of Old Man of the Sea astride of him he has in the way of a habit, that better be dislodged And when found how hard it will be to chang it. It will be impossible, or almost so. Un consciously we get geared to a certain move ment and only when our minds are riveted of the thing will it work normally. The man who has a habit of pulling his nose when he is thinking will be doing the same thing when he is a ghost—his "harnt" might be known by its having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that having hold of its nose. It doesn't do that have not have to you. He can tell you if he will.

#### FREE BATHS TO LEADWORKERS.

Paris supplies free of cost sulphurous baths to all persons engaged in handling lead.

# 触MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

SEPT. 7, 1901.

No. 36.

#### MEMORY.

When evening shadows cool and deep
Across the pathway fall;
When evening stars begin to peep
Like sentinels a watch to keep
In silence over all,
I sit and hear a sweet refrain
Come floating full and free
A song that takes me back again
Through years of sunshine and of rain—
"Then you'll remember me."

The singer's tones are strong and sweet,
Her heart is in the song;
And far adown the city's street
There waits the singer's song to greet
A motley, surging throng.
And as the voice floats on the air
On vice-stained face we see
A mem'ry of a mother's prayer
That follows loved one everywhere—
"Then you'll remember me."

"When other lips and other hearts"
Call us afar from home;
When land and sea a family parts,
A tear of mem'ry often starts
As far the wand'rer roams.
And while that memory shall last
No waste of land or sea
Can drive away the spell that's cast
By home thoughts of a happy past—
"Then you'll remember me."

#### BUTTERFLIES FOR THE PARKS.

We called attention some time ago to an exeriment that was to be tried in the London arks. This was the stocking of the flowereds with beautiful butterflies raised for the urpose from caterpillars. The plan has been ested in Battersea Park and promises to be a tarked success. Some 8,200 caterpillars were laced in a small building, fourteen feet by ten eet, like a greenhouse. They were reared on reshout nettles, and recently the winged inects have been turned loose at the rate of 400

a day. The greatest trouble that has been found with the success of the plan is caused by the rascally English sparrow, who was quick to take advantage of this source of food supply. At first the windows of the hatchingshed were left open so that the butterflies would get out as soon as they were able to fly. The sparrows soon learned this and waited for them just outside of the window. But, even in spite of these bird nuisances, the experiment is announced as being entirely satisfactory, and next season the hatching will be tried again. Here is a suggestion for some of our park officials, for no one will question that a large number of beautiful butterflies would do much to add to the beauty of our public flower-beds.

## POPE'S DAILY MAIL IS 20,000 PIECES OR MORE.

According to a statistician the pope receives more letters and newspapers each day than any other ruler, the average number being from 20,000 to 22,000. Of these only a few are ever seen by his holiness, most of them being taken at once to the chancellor's office, where they are distributed among thirty-five secretaries, who duly read them.

Next to the pope comes President McKinley, who receives daily about 1,400 letters, and between 3,000 and 4,000 newspapers, pamphlets and books.

The King of England's mail is not as large as this, 1,000 letters and from 2,000 to 3,000 newspapers being the daily average. The czar receives 650 letters daily, the King of Italy 500 and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland between 100 and 150, all of which she reads herself.

If the surface of the globe were perfectly level water would cover it to the depth of two miles.

## HISTORY OF CHURCHES IN MORRISON'S COVE, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JAS. A. SELL.

THE early settlers of the valleys of Pennsylvania, in pressing their way through the unexplored forests, followed for the most part the water courses. The Blue Juniata river with its tributaries led the daring pioneer home-seeker into the fertile valleys between the mountains. Morrison's Cove formed in the original political geography of the State, part of Bedford and Huntingdon counties, now Blair and Bedford. It is perhaps the largest valley west of the Cumberland. It is so' completely hemmed about with mountains that it has but three outlets. On the south is Loy's Gap, on the west McKee's and on the northeast it narrows down along Clover Creek. The settlers entered the valley at all those points at nearly the same time, even as far back as 1750. Among the number were a considerable percentage of Dunkers. Attracted by the large springs of pure water, and the fine appearance of the valley, they set about forming settlements to make the place their home.

The Indians at this time roamed over the country, danced around their fires and sang their songs of war, and proved to be very troublesome neighbors. They were gradually driven back by the coming of the white man. And when they, at length, retired west of the Alleghany mountains, they would make frequent raids for plunder on the unsuspecting Our people were opposed to war, and so firmly did they stand by their principles that they would not defend themselves against their merciless enemies. On this account they perhaps suffered more from the cruelty of the red man than others. Those raids were kept up by the Indians till 1777 when they drove all the white settlers from the valley and massacred about thirty of our people who had entered by McKee's Gap and were located from Roaring Spring to Martinsburg.

Those were terrible days to the infant church of the Brethren. The bloodthirsty savages pounced upon the humble homes like hungry wolves and spared neither young nor old. With the whites it was simply a flight for life, and the wonder is that any escaped. Many tales

of suffering and sorrow have never been told Mothers looked for the last time upon the factof their darling child as its scalp was torn of with the murderous knife of the brutal savage. What little improvement had been mad was all destroyed. But the way was opened From the ruins of their homes a voice seement to call them back. There lay bleaching in the sun the unburied bones of those they love and from whom they had been separated in heart anguish that words can never express the place had too many sacred associations to be given up.

In 1782 the settlers returned. Our peoplcame to their despoiled homes. Their Bible were as indispensable as the axe and ploy They cleared the forests and tilled the soil On Sundays they worshiped from home home. Simple in their faith, frugal in their habits, devotional in their heart, contented i their lot they prospered financially amd spirit ually. Their acts as a church were not put i writing and were preserved only traditionally We have no account of the churches bein formally organized as is now done. seemed to work together in the settlement where they entered the valley. In course of time the church on the Loy's Gap end wa called Yellow Creek (now New Enterprise) an on the McKee Gap side, Clover Creek.

The first, or among the first, ministers, a Yellow Creek was an elder by the name—Ulrich. Of the extent of his labors or useful ness we have no record. We must be content to know that he was a pioneer confronted wit the obstacles that all who leave the beate track and go into the unblazed forests will it evitably meet. If we judge from the result of succeeding years he laid a good foundatio and built better than perhaps he was aware and did not even dream of the growth of the seeds of his early planting.

He was followed by Elder John Holsinger And it is worthy of notice in this connection that there is an unbroken line of succession of Holsinger ministers of this family to this datall by the name of John.

Beyond the fact that the elder John was descendant of the Alexander Mack family and a man of considerable ability for his day and a useful man, to the writer nothing town. John Jr., or father of John L. of the resent, became the elder of the church and as noted for his ability as a statesman (coundor) in church matters. There were comned in him more excellent qualities than are ven to the average man. He had excellent dgment and self-reliance, without conceit, ncompromising firmness and fatherly kindess were harmoniously blended together his make-up. There was no guile in his touth or malice in his heart. While he was a an of business and prospered, he was also a cood church man. It is perhaps safe to say that during his pastorate the church enjoyed ne most peaceful period of its history.

It was at his house that James Quinter aranged and prepared for the second discussion e held in defense of the doctrines of the hurch. The contest was held near Claysburg, ith a Lutheran minister by the name Joseph ichtner. Associated with Holsinger in the ninistry were Jacob Miller, Daniel Snowberer and Leonard Furry. They were all good nd useful men and left the priceless legacy posterity of stainless characters.

Jacob Miller was succeeded in the eldership f the New Enterprise church by Joseph Replogle. He was the youngest elder who dministered the government of the church up 5 this time. He was mild and kind and had ne respect of his people.

He was succeeded by Elder C. L. Buck, the resent incumbent, who is loved by all the eople and the work of the Lord is prospering his hands. Feeling that the burden was too such for him, he called upon the church for ssistance and without a dissenting voice Geo. Myers, Levi Holsinger, David Detwiler and Levi Stucky were ordained to the eldership in he day.

About the time, or shortly after the close of older Holsinger's, Jr., labors on earth, there as a new organization formed from parts of he Yellow and Clover Creek congregations, alled Woodbury. The name is fitting, as the rincipal town and several townships in both ounties have the same name. Jacob Miller as the first elder. He was succeeded by J. 3. Replogle, and since Replogle's death the vork is now in the hands of John L. Holsinger, on of John, Jr., alluded to above, and grand-

son of the elder John who succeeded Ulrich. John L's. work is only begun and is left for the future historian to chronicle. It may not be out of place, however, to say that some of the distinguished traits of the father's character are showing themselves in the son.

The most prominent trait in Jacob Miller's character was his goodness. Self-sacrificing labors he bore brayely, but troubles weighed heavily upon him. There was not an hour of the day or night, during his long and useful life, that did not find him on errands of charity in ministering to the poor, or the sick or dying. Full of years and honors he closed his labors and went to rest. His body rests on the hillside near the church, with many of his associates on either side. John B. Replogle was noted as a man of action. Possessing means and health he was always willing and ready for duty. He was rather formal in his work, yet his upright life impressed others with his sincerity and he was respected and esteemed as a useful man.

The Woodbury church has grown strong in membership, and has in its communion many of the most influential and intelligent people of this great valley.

The writer has no data to refer to in the ministry of the Clover Creek church. The Brumbaugh family are largely represented and have a very honorable connection with the ministry. About the half of the last century there was associated with them D. M. Holsinger, who for many years assisted in presiding over the church. He was a brother to Elder John, Jr., of Yellow Creek. He was mighty in the Scriptures as a minister. Some perhaps, thought him somewhat deficient in executive ability in church affairs. He was the father of H. R. Holsinger, who started the first weekly paper in the church that has now developed into the Gospel Messenger. Through him the offshoot of the church was organized in 1882, called the Progressives.

The care of this church passed into the hands of J. W. Brumbaugh. As a minister, his power was in his exhortations. As a counselor, his power was in his mildness, and as a pastor he excelled in kindness. The work of the church prospered in his hands. He died

lamented, and left a vacancy that is hard to fill. He was succeeded by his brother G. W., who is now the oldest minister in the valley. With him is associated Thomas Maddocks. The church has a strong hold in this part of the Cove and the future must tell how well the present advantages will be improved.

The Clover Creek church extended over considerable territory and about 1880 it was decided to cut off that part embraced in the extreme lower end of the valley. named Fairview. J. S. Snowberger being the only minister it fell into his hands. last twenty years he preached for and watched over the interests of this church. He was not considered a man of great ability as some men count it; but being a diligent Bible student, and living a life above reproach, heaven smiled upon his labors and the church prospered. As the century was drawing to a close the summons came and he was gathered to the fathers and his mantle has not yet been taken up.

In 1899 the part of the Clover Creek church adjacent to Roaring Spring, near McKee Gap, the western and main entrance into the valley, was organized. John R. Stayer was the only minister and he soon after moved away. ers were elected. Elder Thomas Maddocks has the care of this church at present. church with its ministry are yet in their infancy. Its prospects are fair, but their history is behind that mysterious veil that is only drawn aside as time goes by on the wings of light and shadow. In the extreme southern end of the Cove there is a body of members belonging to an organization beyond the mountains. Just why this is so, the writer can not explain. They have a good home, two ministers, plenty of territory and a respectable membership.

All told, Morrison's Cove contains about twelve hundred members. Public meetings, Sunday schools, singing classes, young people's meetings and Bible work are all in a flourishing condition. By some this is regarded as the garden spot of our Brotherhood.

McKee Gap, Pa.

THE newest and largest school in St. Louis has been named after Eugene Field.

#### THE VALLEY CHURCH.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

THE eastern part of Pennsylvania is compa atively level. The central and western par are mountainous. These parallel ranges mountains frequently enclose pockets or of long valleys of unexampled fertility. The are numberless and each bears a name its own. Usually they are of limestone for mation and frequently outcrop with coa The streams that run through them are mad of mountain springs, clear, cold, and ofte filled with the speckled brook trout. A lime stone country is always a good country. wood and the coal of these valleys simplif the fuel question. Protected by the moul tains, cyclones are unknown. The rolling fields, the limestone soil, the living sprin near every house, the rippling meadow brod through the fields with a symmetrical mapl here and there make it an ideal home for the farmer.

Years and years ago, the Amish, the Menne nites and the Dunkards overflowed these valeys. They and their descendants are ther to-day. These garden spots are led in the procession by Morrison's Cove. Look whet you will, there are circling mountains, gungling streams and limestone fields, with whit houses and red barns and herds of lowing cattle. Here and there is a mill. The sleepin village by the brookside tells where the farmers have huddled together for peace an quiet. Now the farms are in the hands of the sons, who will repeat the cycle when the maple in the meadow has reddened and yellowed often enough

Somewhat back of the town is the larges church building in Pennsylvania, wooden white, where five hundred brethren and sisters members and visitors have met in communion At a funeral twelve hundred persons have been seated in this building. Picture the scene! Staring walls, a sea of faces, the lil and drift of the song service, the intom prayer and the settling in place of three generations while the chosen of the church speak to the living of their duties and responsibilities Without, the encampment of horses and carriages has drained the farmyards for miles

here is not a scene like it, as measurement oes, in all the length and breadth of the Francisty. The scream of the locomotive has ever echoed up and down the valley, guarded the mountains, and the world has been ewed from aloof. And so, if you have never een in the Cove and seen it with your own res, you have the sketchy line-drawing better you.

Elgin, Ill.

#### FAREWELL TO WATERFALLS.

ELECTRICAL experts and some common peole are already reconciling themselves to the rospect of the total loss of Niagara Falls as scenic spectacle. Each power tunnel bored ad returning opulent dividends to its proctors is an irresistible argument in favor of e construction of another. The cataract is ke a gold mine with two million tons of ore sight. Is it reasonable to suppose that the iners will stop when ten thousand tons have een taken out, or fifty thousand, or a hundred lousand, or any amount short of the entire ontents of the lode? As reasonable as it is suppose that the exploiters of Niagara will op with ten thousand horse-power, or fifty lousand, or a hundred thousand, or any other mount short of the entire capacity of the

But while the probability that Niagara Falls ay soon give place to a bare wall of rock is recing itself upon thoughtful minds, the full applications of this tremendous fact do not em as yet to have attracted attention. The evitable corollary of the loss of Niagara is othing less than the total disappearance of a waterfalls as an element of natural scenery, iagara represents the extreme limit of the esistance of nature to science in that directon. Long before the last drop of its mighty bod is tamed and made to flow through a turne by way of a tunnel or a canal every minor staract and cascade will be at work turning ynamos.

In most cases the problem is elementary ompared with that of harnessing Niagara. A ttle dam across Yosemite Creek before it kes its half-mile plunge over the cliff will ansform one of the world's wonders into an dustrious substitute for a steam engine. It

will be easy to persuade the Merced River not to take the dazzling leap of six hundred feet that we call the Nevada Fall. The Shoshone Falls, Minnehaha, the Genesee, the Passaic are either gone or rapidly going.

Every little cascade in a woodland glen is a potential source of wealth. Every one may be expected to disappear, unless it be preserved in a public or private park like the surviving specimens of the buffalo. We do not yet fully realize what this means-how much the loss of the laughter of falling brooks and the surge of falling rivers will subtract from the enjoyment of life. Perhaps sentiment may be sufficiently powerful to gain for us at rare intervals a taste of the old pleasures. On a centennial anniversary or the visit of a President the masters of the dynamos may shut down most of their plants and turn on Niagara for a day. It will be a spectacle that will draw excursionists from the whole continent.

A stream that starts in the Sierras ten thousand feet above the sea may run through a hundred power plants before it meets the tide. In time all its possibilities will be utilized. Every mile of vagrant travel in its bed will be a waste of energy, and ultimately we may expect to find it running the entire distance through pipes. Hydraulic engineers will explore the remotest recesses of the Andes, the Himalayas and the mountains of Africa for sources of power, and no waterfall will be too inaccessible to be caught and tamed.

What will the poets do then? Perhaps they may find poetry in a turbine, but if they do, its quality can hardly match that inspired by a cataract. And even if the poets manage to adapt themselves to the new conditions what will become of the artists? How are they going to idealize the inside of an iron pipe? Yet that is where all the flowing water will be, unless science discovers some still cheaper source of power.

#### FIRST AMERICAN BOOK PRINTED.

THE first book printed in the limits of the United States was the "Bay Psalms Book," which was issued in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. Specimens of this publication are extremely rare and command very high prices.

#### GOLD MINING.

BY S. M. EBY.

WHY we do not always find gold in the vein or pocket as silver is found I leave others to tell; but the fact is, it is frequently found diffused in most cases in auriferous gravel or sand. This leads to finding it in pockets or in the quartz vein. As placer or surface mining precedes all others I will deal with that.

The simplest method of separation is what they call panning, which is done by taking a pan of the earth, dipping it in the water and with skill according to practice, washing the dirt from the gold. This is the method of testing, yet the different steps that have been taken in placer mining such as the use of the rocker, etc., I need not mention. When this camp was new they panned as high as six hundred dollars per pan. There was then no urgent demand for improved methods of separation, but under present conditions mining has mostly to be done by different methods and I will give a brief description of it as I have observed it.

I hitched up recently and drove three miles over the foothills to Bro. Pierce's mine and took some note of the method of extracting gold by the hydraulic process. In the first place there must be a good supply of water. We read of some headway being made in separating the gold from the earth without water; but the material among which it is found here is far too heavy and compact to move except by abundance of water exerting a powerful force. Our Bro Pierce has gone to much expense to prepare for the extracting of gold and when he has a sufficient supply of water certainly does make not only the dirt fly, but stone as well, some weighing many hundreds of pounds.

The miner's interest seems to be the opposite to some extent to that of the farmer. In the winter season when the farmer is hoping the rain will cease, the miner rejoices in a heavy rainfall with much snow in the mountains.

There must be quite a descent in the land over which the pipe is laid, that the force may be acquired which the distance and fall must determine. Several hundred feet of pipe being used, as Bro. Pierce starts with a pipe som thing near two feet in diameter admitting wh is called six hundred miner's inches of wat coursing down until it comes to what is term! the giant which is so arranged to turn on pivot. This enables the operator to sweep arc of many degrees. This water is di charged through a six inch nozzle. It is qui interesting to see a solid bank of dirt all stone, perhaps a hundred feet away, crumblif before this concentrated rush of water. large stone are removed by a large derric The dirt, then, and the smaller stone a scoured off to bed rock and sent bounding at boiling down through a flume or sluicewal that being a box made of wood with clea across the bottom. Now what becomes of the gold? As they did not fear my taking the gold I examined pretty closely. It seems the gold here is found in such a state that the seldom need quicksilver for the purpose amalgamation. They continue to wash dow to bed rock, which is quite an uneven surfac requiring much washing and sweeping in tl final clean up, which is not generally until the end of the season. As the gold is continual deposited at the head of the flume it natural follows there is some richness there. W asked the brother to pan out some from the bed rock that had been mostly scoured of which he did. The result, we thought, w small, as the gold had been mostly washe down. He said the washing of that pan repr sented \$2 50.

Pierce, Oregon.

#### RAISING THE ANGORA GOAT.

THERE are those in this section of counting who think that if the Angora goat continues is secure increasing foothold in the west are southwest the goat industry may ere long take precedence over cattle and sheep culture. Since 1849, when the first Angora goats were brought to this country by Dr. J. B. Davis, a South Carolina, who received them as a present from the sultan of Turkey, the goat has slowl but surely gained a standing among the industries of the west, until there are now more that 1,000,000 goats in Arizona, New Mexico, Texa California, Idaho, Utah and Oregon. Stock men are awakening to the great possibilities in

he Angora and this at a time when the profits f raising sheep and cattle are on the decline.

Almost every region of the west possesses he peculiar requisites for attaining the best esults in raising Angora goats, and experts eclare that the conditions in the mountainous egions of Arizona are almost identical with hose of the province of Angora, Turkey. The ummers are warm and dry and the winters old and wet, conditions which are conducive the highest developments of the goat in flesh and fleece.

So great is the confidence in the future of the oat industry that a large amount of capital is eing put into goats by northern sheep growers. several companies have been formed for the stablishment of immense herds on the mounain ranges and in several instances in which heep have been excluded by the department of the interior from the forest reserves goats vill be put in to graze. One company, headed by James F. Perrin, formely one of the largest heep owners in the west, has secured the Cook ange of 150,000 acres in the Mongollon mounains and will put in 50,000 goats next winter. As rapidly as he can secure the pure Angora stock he will add to the herds, and he intends o increase the company's land holdings until t has 200,000 or more acres and a herd of more han 100,000 goats, by far the largest goat ranch n the world. Perrin has made extensive experiments with the goats in the last five years and is confident of better results than he has ever gained from the sheep business.

The mohair or wool, is worth twice as much as sheep wool and the flesh is sweet, cleanly and healthful. The goats can browse and secure food in the rocky hills where sheep will not venture and they are more hardy than sheep or cattle, being better able to stand the extremes of heat and cold. The flesh of the young Angora is in many respects superior to lamb and is in demand in Kansas City, Chicago and New York.

#### QUITE AN EVENT.

BY GAGGLE GOO.

THE other day there was a happening at our house. It came around this way. I was a year old, and we had what the 'NOOKMAN called

"doins" at our place. Ma said that we ought to celebrate, and it was so agreed. This is the way we did it. Ma baked a birthday cake, one of the big kind, with a hole in the middle. Then my Uncle Howard brought out from town a little red wax candle. They wrapped paper around the candle, put it in the hole in the cake, and set it on the table. Then after dark, when we were all gathered about in the evening, they lit the little candle, and cut the cake. Ma said that it was an English custom, and that if I stayed here another and another year, when the day came around there would be as many candles as years, all lit and burning.

There was something else. I had a lot of presents. Some one down in Florida, sent me a dress, and from Kansas I got a picture book, and the people who sent these never saw me, but reading what I wrote they sent them in the care of the *Inglenook*, and the 'Nookman brought them out, and we used them as birthday presents.

I am having trouble with my teeth. I have four now, and more coming. Wow, wow, wow, how they hurt! Their sharp edges are pushing and cutting their way up through the gums. The 'Nookman said that when I had as many birthday candles as were coming to him my teeth wouldn't be in it. But they are in it now, all right enough. You just think what you would do if somebody were to press slowly against your gums with the dull edge of a knife till it cut through to the bone. And if it took a week or two to get through,—well, that's what is going on with me now.

Anyhow, I'm a year old The 'NOOKMAN said I was like a little bear with all my troubles ahead of me. Then he said something about an old man who lived long ago who wrote about a beautiful city, the streets of which were full of children playing therein. He said it is in the Bible, in nearly those words. Have you a child playing in those streets of gold? I don't know anything about it, though the 'NOOKMAN said I had journeyed one revolution toward the new Holy City.

THE heels of soldiers' shoes will be tipped with rubber, it having been demonstrated that soldiers can march farther with less discomfort if they have rubber shoe heels.

#### NUT CRACKING BY ELECTRICITY.

An industry but little known, which has grown from small proportions in the last three years until now hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in it, and it gives employment to several thousand persons, is that of cracking nuts for confectioners and fancy cake bakers. Three plants have been established in St. Louis. The output of the largest is some 1,500 tons annually, representing 125 carloads of nuts.

The work is done by machinery principally, electricity being the motive power. The process is slow, each nut having to be fed to the crusher by hand lengthwise. After the shell is cracked, the nut falls into a receptacle, from which it is taken and winnowed by an air blast. The meat is picked from the crushed shells by hand, women and girls being employed in this work.

The meats are assorted, wholes and pieces being sold separately. The latter go largely to confectioners, who use them in the manufacture of nut candy. The wholes go to fancy cake bakers for use in nut cakes.

Domestic nuts are the only kind broken here. They include the pecan, hickory, butternut, walnut, and hazel nut. The foreign nuts are cracked before importation, a saving of 50 per cent in freightage being thus made.

The machinery employed in cracking nuts is expensive and covered by patents. It is closely watched to prevent any invasion of the rights of the inventor, and access to the workroom is jealously guarded.

When the kernel of the nut is extracted, it is placed in cold storage to prevent it from becoming rancid. The meat is so rich that when packed the oil is slowly but surely squeezed out of the kernel, rendering it unfit for market.

In addition to the machinery employed, large quantities of nuts are cracked by hand in a press-like arrangement worked with a lever. Here, too, only one nut is cracked at a time. The daily output of an electric machine is about seventy-five pounds. Five-eighths of the people employed in nut cracking are girls, their delicacy of touch being found well suited to the business.

St. Louis is the center of the distribution of the products of the Southwest, Texas, Tennessee, and Louisiana. Many million pounds of pecans are distributed through this market annually. The kernels are sold largely in the East, New York, Philadelphia and Boston being heaving consumers.

The pecan is the principal nut used for the trade by the plants here, and most of the pecans are purchased in Texas. The Louisiana product is preferred by them because the shell is not so hard as that of the Texas nut, and consequently the work of extracting the kernel is comparatively easy.

There is no waste in the nut-cracking industry. Such of the meat as would be unfit for the trade for any reason is utilized, the oil being extracted and sold to manufacturing chemists. Even the hull is utilized, being used as fuel. The shells of the pecan, walnut, and hickory make a specially bright fire.

## FLOWERS GIVE LIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO PARK.

To a woman belongs the honor of having first discovered flowers that emit light. This woman was the daughter of Linnaeus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist. One evening, when the aged man and his daughter were walking in their gardens, she called his attention to some nasturtiums glowing with a faint phosphorescent light. They removed these to a perfectly dark room and there viewed the ghostly illuminated flowers for hours, trying to solve the mystery.

Since that time a number of different flowers have been found to give forth a light, among them being the corolla of the common sunflower; also a species of tagetes, called by the French botanists the "rose d'Inde," and the large and beautiful compound called in this country the dahlia.

"Luminous nasturtiums," writes Professor A. Frederick Collins, "have been frequently observed in Golden Gate Park. San Francisco. I observed one evening a number of persons bending over an iron pot full of nasturtiums. Curious to know what the attraction was, I fell into line until it became my turn to inspect the flowers at closer range.

"I was surprised to see a flash of light darrepeatedly from the yellow petals. The next day I photographed it "A strange fact, regarding the phosphoresent light emitted by certain flowers, it has seen observed, is that those in which the yelow and orange predominate exhibit the greatst amount of light. Professor Haggern, the aturalist, pronounces the light of electrical rigin, declaring that when the pollen bursts electricity is produced, and light follows."

#### A HORSE UNDRESSED.

A LITTLE girl who has never been to the country and who has had small acquaintance with animals saw her first unharnessed horse the other day. She was riding downtown on the street car when she spied him. The horse was just a plain workaday horse that for some eason was having a holiday. When the little girl saw him he was being led by a halter at the back of a delivery wagon.

The little girl's eyes opened wide with surprise and she stood up to get a better view.
'Oh, mamma! mamma!" she shouted, pulling at her mother's skirt, "look at the horse undressed!"

#### ODD CORONATION PERQUISITE.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with the coronation is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the heir apparent on the night preceding the coronation. In olden times this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly embroidered coverlids of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold.

#### VESSELS OLDER THAN NOAH'S ARK.

NOAH's ark is generally supposed to be the earliest ship of which we have record, but there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date, 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about 33 feet long, 7 or 8 feet wide and 2½ to 3 feet deép. They were discovered six years ago by the French Egyptologist, J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo.

#### ALUMINIUM TUBES FOR TORPEDOES.

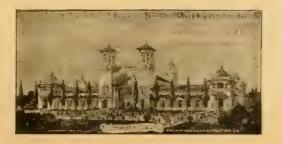
TORPEDO tubes made of aluminium instead of steel have been placed on board of two destroyers at Portsmouth. The use of these tubes at present is experimental, but so considerable will be the saving in weight—an important matter in connection with light craft-like destroyers—that, if successful, aluminium tubes will be generally used in place of steel tubes.

#### ECONOMY.

UNCLE HIRAM (just back from the big city)
—"I don't think that nephew of our'n is got as
much money as he makes out he has."

Aunt Emily—"Why, I thought you said he had such a nice home in the city."

Uncle Hiram—" But I didn't tell ye nothin' about him havin' both them little girls o' his'n playin' on the same pianner at once. I tell ye he's a-gittin' hard up."



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### TO DEHORN CALVES.

BY G. B. REPLOGLE.

TAKE the calf at from three to six days old and with a pair of sharp scissors cut the hair away clean, over and around the button (rudimentary horn) and apply nitric acid with a small stick of soft wood until the hair and skin are well singed. One application is sufficient if carefully done.

Yesterday in conversation with a practical farmer and stock raiser he informed me that he had quit the use of chemicals. His treatment, which he says is a complete success, he gave as follows: As soon as the button forms he cuts away the rudimentary horn with a sharp knife, to the full depth of the skin and the work is done.

Udell, Iowa.

#### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Editor Inglenook :-

Enclosed find the leaves of a plant. The seed from which it came was a tiny bean picked from rice. The peculiarity of the plant is the folding of its leaves in the evening, and seemingly going to sleep, waking again in the morning.

I would like to know the name of the plant, how to care for it and whether it will ever be of any value.

E. A. D.

ENCLOSED with the above letter was a spray of the sensitive plant, a weed common in the rice-producing sections, and a roadside weed in many parts of this and other countries. It is no special good, and is not often cultivated. As to the "going to sleep" proclivities of the plant such action of the leaves is very common among other plants. Note the position of the leaves of the common white clover in the afternoon, and then at dusk, and see how they fold themselves in "sleep." It is also a characteristic of many other plants, especially of the vining sort, to shift the position of the

leaves at nightfall, turning half way around or edgewise, or some other different position which is assumed at night. A close observer will be able to see all these things for himself

#### MORE ABOUT SNAKES.

BY ANNA M. DIEHL.

I THINK I can please the Editor with a snake story similar to one in a recent 'Nook.

Having noticed the chicks making such a "scarecrow" over something I went to see the cause and discovered a large "spreadhead," which, after being killed, was found to contain in its stomach, forty-eight young snakes no less than twelve inches in length.

Ionesboro, Tenn.

#### FED THE LIONS CATNIP.

OUT at the Central park zoo in New York the other day they tried an odd experiment. As a result of this experiment the lions leaped wildly about their cages and turned somersaults on the floor. The pumas played leapfrog and the leopards threw themselves upon their backs and kicked their legs in the air.

A professor of natural history from Columbia or Yale who was looking over the collection of animals stood transfixed with wonder. An old lady from the country who carried a reticule with peppermints and lozenges in it suddenly sniffed the air and exclaimed:

"Oh, I know what ails 'em - catnip! That big lion there acts just like my old cat Tabbie does when I give her catnip."

And sure enough she was right. Director John W. Smith had tried an experiment. A bundle of fresh catnip was thrown into each cage occupied by members of the cat family and the effect was electrical. The Siberian tiger was the only one who took no interest in the catnip.

#### TOY OF A KANSAS WIND.

Does it seem possible that the wind should lift four cars out of a freight train without derailing the entire train? Indeed, it does not, even when one knows that it was a Kansas wind. Yet this is just what did happen. An east-bound freight train on the Rock Island road was caught in a small cyclone just outside a town called Bucklin. The train was running at a fair rate of speed when the wind came. Quick as a wink the second and third cars from the engine and the last two cars on the end of the train were lifted into the air and carried across the prairie in the whirlwind. The rest of the train came to a standstill with nothing gone but the cars. The remaining cars were backed together, coupled and the run to the next station made.

When a search was made later the four runaway cars were discovered standing upright on the prairie, some hundred yards from the track.

#### LIONS FEAR WATER.

THERE are three baby lions at the Philadelphia zoo and like most babies they dislike to go to bed. They have a playground outside the bars and once free they are wary of being caught and caged again.

A novel method has to be resorted to in order to get these big babies into their cage without hurting them, for gentleness is one of the rules at the Philadelphia zoo and no animal is punished where a more kindly treatment will answer.

Now, when the animals are called to their quarters the three baby lions poke their wrinkled noses close to the bars and settle themselves down as if to protest against going to bed. Then a watchman approaches with a hose and shoots a stream of water close to their small, snarling faces. Back go the kittens by the great rocks to the cavern-like door of the inner cage, followed every step of the way by the man with the hose.

Finally the three small heads disappear and the sliding door hides three pairs of eyes from glaring out into the darkness. Baby lions do not like water—at least not on their smooth coats—and the animal keeper, who has noticed a kitten stop and shake a protesting foot on a wet pavement, has turned his observation to good account in getting these giant pussies to bed.

#### DRIFTWOOD ON ALASKA'S SHORES.

No trees grow anywhere on the coast of western or northern Alaska, and yet these shores for thousands of miles and the islands of Behring sea are strewn with immense quantities of driftwood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing testimony to the work of the rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel and material for houses, boats and sleds. The entire northwestern half or Behring sea is very shoal, less than 500 feet in depth, while the southwestern half is mostly about 12,000 feet deep.

#### IMPROVING ON NATURE.

The eminent French chemist Armand Gauter has reported a discovery to the French Academy of Sciences which is likely to prove of great hygienic value. He has found that finely-powdered volcanic stones, treated by boiling in water at a temperature of 250 to 300 degrees Celsius, yield a liquid identical in composition with the ordinary sulphur water of mineral springs, except that it is stronger than the latter.

### A PEST'S TRAVELS.

THE Hessian fly was brought to this country in straw or hay imported by the Hessian troops during the Revolutionary war. It first made its appearance in 1776 on Staten Island, whence it spread to Long Island, over New England, then came west. The Hessian fly has traveled from New England west at the rate of about twenty miles a year.

#### ELEPHANTS NEED LITTLE SLEEP.

In spite of its capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or occasionally five hours.

TRUE love never dodges poverty.

# 態INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interear, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### A LITTLE HARD.

BEFORE us lies a whimpering letter, bearing in every line the marks of earnestness. Here is the story. A girl had the 'Nook sent her, and the time is about run out. She is fretting over the fact that it will stop soon, and that she has no means of renewal. That is bad enough, and, unfortunately, it is common enough. But there is another phase of her letter that is not too common. She says that she cannot think of asking that it be sent her, and that the pay will follow sometime, for she does not see how that will happen. There's honesty for you.

Now when the 'Nookman was "assembled" as they say in the bicycle works when they put a machine together, they were out of hardheaded business stinginess and in place of it they put in a liberal amount of sap-headed soft-heartedness, and it is probably due to this that the girl will get her 'Nook right along. When that traveling dollar comes around her way, and happens to stop with her, she can order the magazine to some other person and so square accounts. And there are so many such people! The penitentiary people who get the 'Nook, and who read it in their lonely cells,

and the poor here and there, and the little boy and girl who would remember you kindly when others forgot you, are all in the same fix.

There have been whole-souled people who came secretly, but grandly to the fore, and paid the way of the publication for the past year to some friend in need of just such a thing. They have not missed the money if cost them, and the good that was done in a quiet way is incalculable. The time will soon be here for renewals, and the Editor calls the attention of the people, who have been blessed with a little money, to the fact that if they give to the poor they lend to the Lord, and that if they like the security they can come forward with the subscription for their friends. and if they know none we can brighten as many homes as we have dollars to disburse, and it is something that will repeat its blessing every week in the year.

#### REVERENCE DUE RESPECTABILITY.

For my part, while my regard for the hypocrisy of society, which observes the letter of respectability and disregards the soul of it, is slight indeed, I still decline to admit that there is no such thing as true respectability, or that it does not merit reverence. We are most of us sinners, no doubt; perhaps all of us are. Nevertheless there does exist the principle of purity, chastity and fidelity. There is such a thing, or such a possibility, as the ideal marriage; there is such a law as the foregoing of one's own good for the sake of others. Actual society is false and corrupt, but it is compelled by the instinct of self-preservation to maintain an appearance of being pure and true. It practices evil, but it preaches good; because if it preached what it practices human society would dissolve. If there were not always growing up amidst us a fresh generation of ignorant and innocent persons, capable of good, our virtuous pretenses would be vain, since no one could be either deceived or benefited by them. Children are the essential prerequisite of any form of human community or civilization; whether or not we recognize the truth, all we do that is not exactly evil is done for them .- Julian Hawthorne in Philadelphia North American.

An inquiry has reached the Editor together with a request that the making of pins, needles and thread be written up. A funny thing bout this is that while these things are small apparently inconsequential in themselves, we machinery by which they are made is so omplicated as to defy an easy description. It is easier to tell how a locomotive is made, han to describe the processes through which foot of thread passes before it becomes what is from the raw cotton. However, in a short ime each copy of the 'Nook will contain articles describing the manufacture of common hings, and it will be most interesting.

\* \*

Does anybody know a good dyspepsia precription for No. ICOI of the Cook Book? The people who undertake to "eat their way hrough it" as some have threatened, will be rateful to the sender of it.

## ???????????

To what country does Lower California belong? To Mexico.

Is there any record of the hymns of the early Chris-

None that we know of.

What does an automobile look like? I have never een one.

It resembles nothing so much as a carriage r wagon without shafts.

Is there any way to preserve milk a long time, preervatives being used, is meant?

Yes, but the 'Nook isn't telling. It is not dvertising ways to cheat or poison people.

Is it a good plan to ask an editor whether he wants a ertain article?

Yes. He knows better than you what he vants and can advise you how he would prefer he subject handled.

Can all fruits be candied as the pineapple is often een in stores?

Yes, all of them. The writer has seen potaoes and large pumpkins, candied whole, as well as fruits. It takes time and skill. Did the early Christians worship as we do?

Yes, as plainer people do. They sang, prayed and preached.

How is paper made of wood?

The wood is chopped up fine, and then turned to a pulp by treatment, and paper made therefrom.

Where can I get a corn-husk doll, described in the 'Nook?

We don't know the maker's address. We wrote the little girl asking, and the letter was returned, unclaimed.

What does Manila hemp come from?

From a plant like the banana, and it is the fiber that makes the hemp. It is used for a multitude of purposes.

Is the country about Elgin a gardening neighborhood?

No, not specially so. It is a dairy country. It is good soil for garden vegetables and produces all such in variety.

What is the bottom cause of the coloring of flowers?

There is a theory too lengthy and uncertain to reproduce here. The coloration of some flowers may be changed by the skilled floriculturist.

Is there any difference between a cyclone and a hurricane?

A cyclone is a storm traveling in a destructive whirl of small diameter. A hurricane is a sweeping storm of wider dimensions. Either one is bad enough when you are in its way.

Are the so-called health foods as nourishing as the ordinary foods in use?

The manufacturers and others say they are. Healthy people who work hard say not. The 'Nook does not think that a health food layout would delight a lumber camp in the woods.

Should an officer of the law treat all alike without reference to persons?

Theoretically, yes. But if you were a policeman and arrested the Mayor when he was coming home at two o'clock in the morning, you would probably soon be looking for another job.

#### OUR FRIENDS, THE SNAKES.

The grievances of the snake are a recent phase of humane offices in behalf of a mute creation. Some years ago an English physician who had lived among the countless serpents of India was prompted to write a book about them, not for the purposes of scientific education nor yet in order to create popular interest in snakes, but purely as a friendly exposition of the insults heaped upon these "the most beautiful and harmless of God's creatures," as he termed them, for the illumination of man, their superstitious enemy.

Of late the Rev. Gregory Bates, a fellow-countryman of the doctor, whose career unites spiritual instruction for the edification of the highest of the vertebrates with studies in the carnal life of the lowest, has continued that gentleman's benign work of dispelling delusions which invest the human conception of the best known yet least understood animal.

The snake is familiar from China to Peru. He appears on every sacred ancient carving of the world. The pagans worship him. Every one either is fascinated by him or hates him. Yet no animal is so misjudged. And the distance at which the common ignorance places him from people, far from lending enchantment to the object of their contemplation, clothes the real serpent with fallacious unsightliness. People are quite wrong, says Mr. Bates, when they imagine that a snake's tongue is poisonous, or its skin slimy; that it enjoys basking in the sun or sucking the eggs of fowls; that it can charm or be charmed; that it is inimical to man or any other creature; that it can give chase to a human being for any length of time, and that it is or does a half score of other things popularly supposed. Nearly every common notion of the serpent, he says, is an

Almost every one thinks that a snake is slimy, cold, and clammy to the touch and cannot be prevailed upon to place a finger upon its skin, which feels as firm and smooth and dry as ivory, and is warm or cold according to the temperature in which it is placed. Set a snake in a warm vivarium and it will soon feel hot. As to the tongue, in the reptile house of a zoo one can always hear such remarks as this: "Do you see the thing the snake is putting out

of its mouth? That is its sting. You wouldn't think that one touch of that little thing coul kill a man. But it would, you know, and quick ly, too." Once, when Mr. Bates ventured to prove his assertion that the tongue was hard less by placing his finger upon the frail men ber his interlocutor looked at him in petrifie horror, as if awaiting his instant demise. tongue of the serpent is a useful acquisitio and as innocent of evil as a baby. Most snake will die if it is removed, while if nicotine applied the entire body is said to stiffen of straight, a suggestive fact when correlated wit the tricks of the Egyptians. It is so sensitiv that without coming quite into direct contact with an object it can convey to the serper some notion of its character, just like the win. of a bat, and when not in use is withdrawn for protection into a pocket at the bottom of the snake's mouth. It is also thought by some that the tongue is an organ of sound, but this is no so; every hiss comes from the serpent's lungs.

The snake, anyway, is not ordinarily pol sonous. There are 1,800 or more species of snake and less than a quarter of that number which are poisonous. Even of the poisonous serpents only a relatively small proportion call administer a fatal dose to man. In India, the home of the venomous reptile, where 450 varieties are commonly known, only one in tear dangerous and not a single instance has been heard of a European having been killed by the bite of a snake. The superstitions of the natives, combined with imprudence, has mad them more or less frequent victims of the objects of their veneration. An infuriated serpent may inflict a fatal bite just like a mad dog.

That a snake is not particularly fond of silting in the sun is easily proved in a vivarium where the serpents always, without exception seek relief from the hot rays of the afternoon's sun when they reach their favorite retreats of the branches of trees, betaking themselves to the coolness of hidden rocky nooks. Every snake needs warmth and if feeling too cod will sit in the sunshine to get warm, provided no other way is open. If obliged to remain in the sun for a number of hours they generally die from the effects.

The sucking of eggs or the milking of cowl

any other animal becomes monstrously paurd so soon as one examines the construction of the mouth of the serpent. He could be to pierce the shell nor do sucking of any priety.

Another delusion pertains to the reptile's chievements in the chase. People listen agerly to the wonderful yarns of the advenirer home from the wilderness or mountain nd, who is almost certain to have had some lood-stirring escape from a furious snake, the scape being effected solely by means of the peedy charger on which he was mounted. ometimes the pursuing serpent is the hoop nake, which is supposed to take his tail in his touth, twirl himself into a hoop, and so bowl long through brush and brake at lightning elerity. Any one who knows snakes can unerstand that not one of them does or can do ach a thing. For while serpents move with xtraordinary rapidity, they do so only for a hort distance. To prove this, place one of nem on a smooth lawn, then give it chase by uietly heading it several times in different irections. It soon tires and ceases to move.

That any snake can pursue a man for a long istance is extremely absurd. An important act is that people do not know how the snake loves. Many naturalists have published inccurate illustrations on the propelling power f this animal, which has no feet, yet seems all eet, and which can outclimb the monkey, outwim the fish, outleap the jerbora, and outvrestle the athlete. The wisest of men admited that one of the three things which were too vonderful for him was the way of the serpent n the rock. The snake's feet are the tips of is hundred ribs. In beginning to move he eeks some projection on the ground which can erve as a support. Then the ribs are drawn nore closely together on alternate sides of his ody. The hinder portion being drawn after ow finds another support and the anterior ends are stretched in a straight line, hence the ront part is propelled forward. The broad hields or scales on his belly enable him to rapple them at the slightest thing and utilize t as a support.

Aside from his specific means of bringing estruction to man the serpent is credited with earing an aggressively hostile attitude toward

mankind. This is pure scandal. He never trespasses beyond the lawful limits of self-defense, while many snakes cannot be made to bite under any circumstances. They will never hurt anyone if unmolested, and if gently treated even the rattlesnake of nameless horror may be handled with impunity and will frequently show great unwillingness to strike, although approached with inimical intent. In powers of fascination the serpent comes far short of a pussy cat's attainments of that description. A mouse is seen fleeing from a viper with apparent difficulty. Presently it staggers becomes almost motionless, droops, is at last seized and swallowed. Then the observer declares that it has been fascinated by the reptile! But that is not so; before the chase was begun it had been struck by the serpent's fangs and was all along the way gradually dying from the wound. Or, a bird which has been similarly bitten is perceived as it flies brokenly to the bough of a tree, whence it presently drops helplessly to the side of the waiting foe beneath and a like conclusion is drawn. Birds sometimes find entertainment in watching the movements of a snake's tongue, but they are no more hypnotized than is the little open-mouthed boy spectator of the circus.

If the notion that the serpent exercises charms upon others is misleading, equally so is the idea that he can himself be hypnotized by the discoursing of sweet sounds. Cobras have been seen to dance to music, but that can better be explained by the phenomena of fear, excitement, or anger. The Indians and Egyptians, who are supposed to allure the snakes into the mazes of the dance through music, are expert jugglers, and probably work spells upon their spectators rather than upon the reptiles.

Sportsmen like to speak sometimes of weird encounters with thirty-foot or forty-foot serpents who crossed their path and were manfully slain. Once a man offered in a magazine a premium of \$5,000 for a snake of the first dimensions and \$50,000 for a snake forty feet long. Neither reward was ever claimed. Another favorite story of the chase relates the long leaps of serpents which render them fearful adversaries when in pursuit of the enemy. Not the most active of their kind can manage to jump exceeding two-thirds of its length.

#### IN NORWAY.

A MOST interesting series of letters from the pen of William E. Curtis is now running in the Record-Herald, of Chicago. We make up a part of one of them for the 'Nook, knowing that it will be of interest to every reader. We have no system of excursions that will compare in interest and enjoyment with the carriage rides through the Norwegian valleys. Norway is not suitable for long walking excursions, as the distances are too great and the points of interest are too far apart, but the government, by providing a system of post horses, accommodates the traveler in a comfortable and convenient way and allows him to pass to his destination without unnecessary delay. He can go as rapidly as he pleases, and can stop as often as he likes, for the posting stations are seldom more than fifteen and often less than seven or eight miles apart.

From ancient times there has been a law in Norway requiring the land owners to furnish free transportation for the king and all who travel on his business. Private travelers can take advantage of the same privileges in return for a reasonable payment, the rates having been fixed as far back as the sixteenth century and seldom changed. The ordinary charge for one person is only about 7 cents a mile, but where the roads are very hilly an additional fee is required. There are nearly 1,000 "skydsstations," which are usually inns, although sometimes farmhouses, throughout the country. At some of them, called "fastestations," a traveler can obtain fresh horses within fifteen minutes after his arrival, but at the ordinary stations a proper time must be allowed for the "skydsskaffer," as the manager is called, to bring his horses in from the pasture. At every station there is a "skydsbog," a book in which travelers are required to enter their names and addresses, their orders and any complaints they may have to make concerning their treatment. These books are examined frequently by inspectors from the department of roads, who discipline the "skydsstationers" whenever it is necessary to do so.

On all of the great thoroughfares the traveler may have an ordinary open or closed carriage, similar to the landaus of our country, but for one or two persons the most comfortable and rapid conveyance is a two-wheele karriol, which one drives himself, or a "stoll joerre," which has seats for two persons an is driven by a tiger or "skydsgut," who has seat behind as in the rumble of a park phaton. If the traveler drives himself he is responsible for any accidents that may happe and will be compelled to indemnify the own if the horse should be injured. If he is a companied by a "skydsgut" the latter is hel responsible. In every "skydsstation" in conspicuous place is posted an inscription:

" Voer god mod hesten."

This means "be good to the horse," and is exemplified in every stage of the journey You never see a "skydsgut" whipping the an mal he is driving. The most he ever does to crack his whip at one side or touch hi horse lightly with the lash upon the haunche and, what is not so agreeable to fat men, the passengers have to walk up all the steep hills

The Norwegian horse is a small, sturdy stocky little fellow, about sixty inches high hardy, gentle, enduring and a great climber He looks like a percheron pony because of hi heavy body and neck. He is not fast, but witake a heavy load along the road all day a the rate of six miles an hour up hill and down

There are several breeds of cattle in Noi way, and most of them are good foragers and equally good milk producers. The sheep at comparatively few, although it seems strang to the traveler that the vast ranges upon th mountain sides are not more utilized for flocks. I suppose there is a good reason for it but I have have not yet found out what it is Up in the snow country reindeers are used for transportation purposes, and are kept in a do mesticated condition. They live upon mosthat grows upon the rocks, and paw it ou with their hoofs from under the snow during the winter. By the last census there were 170,000 reindeers in Norway and only 150,000 horses The cattle numbered 1,006,000 and the sheep 1,417,000.

The first cost of a road is usually abou \$3,000 a mile. They first dig an excavation about three feet deep, as if they were going to make a canal. On the bottom are thrown heavy blocks of stone, through which the water car filter, and occasionally there is a little drain to

arry it off. Upon this is a layer of smaller ones, and then still smaller until the surfacing is reached, which is macadam of pounded ate, mixed with gravel and stone.

During the winter the farmers have to keep teir several sections free from snow, but in order to do this it is necessary for them to coperate and help each other, for it would be npossible for one family to handle the heavy now plows that are necessary. Six, eight and in horses are often hitched to them—all the orses in the neighborhood—and it is often ne work of weeks instead of days to get a bad open for travel, but when it is once pened it is as clear and smooth for the sleighs a city boulevard.

There are various sights of interest along ne journey, in addition to the scenery, which varied and beautiful. By the roadside this forning we passed a tombstone, a rude slab ith a painted inscription showing that it was ore than a hundred and fifty years old. The river said it was the grave of "A Strong Ian," and from his story we gathered that a entury and a half ago a drunken, worthless, uarrelsome fellow made a nuisance of himelf in that neighborhood. He was of powerful trength, and a great fighter; he could whip nybody for miles around, and when he got a ttle liquor in him he wanted to be always doig it, but finally death threw him and laid im out forever. The parson would not perhit him to be buried in the churchyard, so ney planted him by the roadside, and a stone as put up to mark the spot and commemoate his vices.

There are all kinds of houses, large and mall and medium sized. Those in the vilages are usually built of lumber; those in the ountry of logs, some with only three sides quared, and the bark remaining on the fourth ide, which gives them the appearance of the rdinary log house. Others have the outside, s well as the inside, planed down, polished nd oiled a rich chocolate color. Several were undreds of years old, the driver told us, and hey looked it, quaint in the architectural feares and weatherworn. Others are quite up date, and look as fresh and modern as any ou will find upon the western prairies.

It is customary in Norway, as in New Eng-

land, to connect the house with the barn, so that during the stormy weather of winter the farmer may take care of the horses and milk the cows without going outside. Because of the severity of the weather all kinds of domestic animals must have warm shelter, and the hav and grain must be kept under cover. This accounts for the size of the Norwegian barns and the number of small buildings, each fitted for a special use, that are seen around the farm houses. Frequently the stables are several times the size of the dwelling-house, and that means a large number of cattle and the necessary supply of hay to feed them through the long winter months. Under the house is usually a large cellar for the storage of potatoes and other root crops, made so warm that they will not be frozen, and connected with the house also, is usually a shed snugly walled in to accommodate the winter's store of fuel. There should also be another building for the machinery and implements, and even the manure must be housed in order that it may not lose its strength from exposure to the weather. This is commonly done by arranging a cellar under the stable, according to a plan often adopted in New England, where it can be dropped through the floor from the stalls and then hauled out in the spring.

A peculiarity of the Norwegian farm, however, is the "stabbur," a sort of storehouse set upon posts, with either tin pan or a large sheet of slate on the top of each post to prevent the rats and mice and other depredators from obtaining admission. The "stabbur" is intended for the storage of the winter's supply of provisions for the family, such as flour, dried meat, fish, cured pork, "flatbrod," the bread which is baked only once or twice a year; butter and cheese, and the extra clothing and bedding that are not in daily use. An orthodox "stabbur" is usually built with two stories, one projecting over the other and it is generally of artistic design, with an ornamental balcony. Although the "stabbur" is peculiar to Norway, and is often used as typical of that country, the Japanese have a similar institution, a storehouse connected with the family residence, in which the extra clothing and ornaments of the household are preserved.

#### IMPELLED TO SEEK DEATH.

Those who have climbed mountain precipices or viewed the surrounding country from the summit of a lofty observatory or building need no reminder of the sensations that overcame them on such occasions. The desire to leap to the earth below has been well nigh irresistible, and after their return to the level of the earth a shudder at their escape from an awful death has passed over them. Somewhat akin to this impulse is that which seems absolutely to force people to touch a dangerous object. In many cigar stores there are little automatic cutters provided for taking the tip off of the cigar by simply pressing the end into a small round opening about the size of one's finger. It is surprising how many men will poke their fingers deliberately into these cutters, although they are perfectly aware that they will have a piece of the flesh nipped off. Any cigar man who has one of these cutters on his case will tell you stories of such people that will surprise you. There seems to be a strong tendency in the human race to "monkey with the buzz saw."

A phase of this subconscious idiosyncrasy—as it might be called for want of a better name—has been developed by the use of electricity as a mechanical force. Many people have a desire which they hardly can control to touch electric machinery or wires, even when they know that the wires are charged with a deadly current and that to touch the machine means instant death.

An electrician, in speaking of this strange impulse, says: "I have known instances where electricians actually had to turn and run from a machine to prevent giving way to this peculiar influence. Not long ago a man who was employed to sit and watch the switchboard in one of the London dynamo shops fell a victim to the influence. As he felt the desire growing stronger he moved his chair back from the board. Instead of getting used to the work he became more afraid of it. Each day the desire to walk up and touch one of those switchboards grew stronger. At the end of two weeks the young man resigned his place. He could not stand the strain. It required all his will power to restrain him while on duty, and at night his nervous system was so upset that he could not sleep. He realized that to touch any one of the switches before him meant instant death and his only safet lay in getting away from the board altogether.

"I have no doubt that many deaths fror electric shock are brought about in this way. In an idle moment a person will catch sight do a switch, a wire or some other heavily charge bit of apparatus and a strange desire to touch it will come over him. In a moment of weak ness he gives way to it and the result is in stant death. We frequently read of accidenta deaths from electric shocks when there is n apparent reason why the victim should have touched a live wire. I believe that such case are attributable directly to this influence."

#### HOW GLOBES ARE MADE.

HAVE you ever wondered how the big pape globes, used during the geography recitation are made? It is an interesting process be cause it is largely one of hand work. Here is a description of the work as it is carried on:

First, the model is covered with a thicl layer of pasteboard in a moist state. When it is dry a sharp knife is passed around it so as to separate the pasteboard coat into two hemispherical shells, which are then taken of the model and united at the cut edges with glue. The hollow sphere thus formed is the skeleton of the globe that is to be.

The next thing is to cover it with a coating of white enamel, about one-eighth of an inclin thickness. When this is done the ball iturned into a perfect roundness by a machine. The iron roderunning through the center of the original model and projecting at both ends through the surface has left holes in the new globe, which serve for the north and south poles, and through these a metal axis is run to represent the axis of the earth.

Then the surface is marked off with pencil lines into mathematical segments corresponding precisely in shape with the sections of mag that are to be pasted on. These map sections are printed from copper plates in just the size and shape required to fit the globe that they are intended for, one set, of course, covering the entire spherical surface. They are printed many of them, like dress patterns, on sheets of

he finest linen paper, and are cut out carefully with a sharp-pointed knife.

When they have been pasted on, the different countries are tinted by hand with water colors. There is no special rule for this except that contrasts are aimed at as a help to he eye of the user. Finally the whole is overlaid with a brilliant white varnish, which s of almost metallic hardness and will wear ndefinitely without scratching or losing its orightness.

#### PUSSIE CATS AT SEA.

EVERY ocean liner carries with her from six to ten cats, which are apportioned to different parts of the vessel, and which appear in the rations book of the vessel.

Not only is proper food provided for the cats, but in nearly all the big liners an employee is especially charged to feed the pussies belonging to his part of the ship. For cats as well as for crew promotion is to be had, and though there are some excellent and much-appreciated ones who devote themselves entirely to the pleasure (or duty) of the chase in unfashionable parts of the ship, there are others which earn social distinction as the pets of the first, second and third-class saloon.

On the long voyage ships the first-class saloon cat sometimes becomes quite a celebrity, and the various stewards will often push their feline favorites into notice.

#### NEW YORK'S FAST EATERS.

"HAVE you any idea," remarked the cashier of one of the largest lunch restaurants "how many minutes the average downtown business man devotes to his midday meal?"

"At a venture," answered the reporter, watching the hurried play of knives and forks about him, "I should say about fifteen minutes."

"You set about the time usually estimated," returned the cashier, "but in reality half of that time would be nearer right. The average time consumed for lunch by the patrons of this establishment is just eight minutes. The fact is," continued the cashier, after the reporter had ventured a foreboding for digestion," peo-

ple find it such a trifling and unobtrusive matter just to get 'a bite of lunch' that few realize what a gigantic business it is merely to supply hungry people downtown at noon, because few bring their lunches with them, and from the formation of the city none can go home.

"This establishment feeds 3,000 people a day and the amount of food required to care for that patronage is enormous. For example, when we put hash on the 'specials' enough is made up actually to fill a wagon. We are not the largest lunchroom, however."

#### RENOVATING OLD CARS.

A CAR-REFITTING company in New York city buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out and refits them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, handsomely carpeted, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, sleeping compartments, smoking-rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect, according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from \$1,500 to \$15,000. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own.

#### DEAD SEA OF THIBET.

SVEN HEDIN has discovered a second Dead sea in the highlands of Thibet—a vast lake so impregnated with salt that indigenous life is out of the question. It was impossible for him to get his boat close to the shore, so that he and his companions had to wade out two boat lengths before she would float, and this was sufficient to coat their legs and clothes thickly with salt. The entire bed of the lake appeared to consist of salt, and the density of the lifeless water was, of course, very high.

GREAT Salt Lake's level is rapidly lowering, owing to the drain made upon it by irrigation canals that tap its feeders. It is proposed that a canal be cut from Snake river to the lake for the sole purpose of keeping the lake from going dry.

#### LORD'S PRAYER BAKED IN CLAY.

A COPY of the Lord's Prayer has been found written upon a clay tablet in uncial Greek letters. It dates possibly from the second century, and certainly no later than the fourth century.

It was discovered at Megara by a boy and purchased from him for a trifle for the museum at Athens, where it is now carefully preserved as a unique Christian document.

This is the very first clay tablet ever found with a Christian inscription upon it.

The custom of writing upon clay tablets dates back thousands of years to the very beginning of human civilization in Assyria, the oldest of these clay documents being probably seven or eight thousand years old. But no clay tablet written in Greek and of a Christian character has ever been discovered before the finding of this one at Megara.

This fragment is only four and one-half inches high, four inches wide and two-thirds of an inch thick. It is reddish brown in color and it is evident that the Greek characters were engraved upon the clay while still soft and that then the tablet was baked to give it permanence. The letters are in eight lines, evidently of the Lord's Prayer, for they follow closely the Greek text of Matthew, 6: 9-13. Professor Rudolph Knopf, a famous German archæologist, has restored the entire inscription, showing how it appeared when first written.

When it is remembered that the most ancient of the manuscripts of the New Testament is that in the Vatican, and that it dates from the fourth century, it is evident that in this tablet we have a Christian relic at least as old as, if not older than, that venerable manuscript.

The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that so early as the third or fourth century, or possibly the second century, Christianity was so popular in Greece that one of the followers of the faith engraved the chief prayer of that faith upon a tablet and hung it on the wall of his home as a guardian against all evil.

The proof of how well the apostles did their work lies in this fragment of a clay tablet written more than 1,500 years ago, and proba-

bly the center of some Christian household if idolatrous Greece at a time when Christianity was just beginning to make its way in the world.

#### FIND BOOUS SODA FLAVORS.

THE chemist and the prevention of sale of adulterated and impure food have put their rejected brand on another favorite beverage Patrons of the soda fountain who have been taught to ask for lemon or vanilla flavoring for the alleged reason that those sirups were less liable than others to adulteration, will be surprised at the assertion that there is no extract for which substitutes are more often used than vanilla. This is said on the authority of the Massachusetts board of health. The true vanilla bean costs from \$12 to \$16 per pound. and were there no substitute it could not be used so freely and so extensively as at press ent. Vanillin, the active property of the extract, can be made from other substances at a cost of about \$2 per gallon. The artificial compound is chemically identical with the vanillin found in the true vanilla extract and therefore has come to be used extensively by manufacturers and dealers. It has been made for commercial purposes from turpentine, but more satisfactory results are obtained from oil of cloves or benzoic acid, and it is now extracted chiefly from these. It is considered harmless when taken in small quantities and has been found to possess certain medicinal properties. Experiments on frogs with large quantities have, however, caused spinal con-There is some comfort for confirmed soda water drinkers, and a general warning for others, in the further statement by the Massachusetts authorities, that the metallic contamination of the water used in a glass of soda is far more detrimental to health than any adulteration of the flavoring sirup.

In Sweden the state cares for and owns over 18,000,000 acres of forest lands. Schools of forestry are maintained, and as a result of wise foresight the proceeds from the sale of the lumber product pay all the cost of the schools and the caretakers, and the net profits are four times greater than the expenditures.

## The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

CHRIST'S RELATION TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY ANNA M. ROYER.

THE Lord himself passed through childood, and all through His life He seems never have forgotten the experiences of that peod. As a child He lived, met all the anovances and trials peculiar to that age, withgood the temptations incident thereto, and ruggled with life's battles just as severely as very child must do. It is true that He was iven more than ordinary wisdom, that He waxed strong "and showed learning when no ne knew of any school which He attended. r heard of a teacher who taught Him. Yet le was taught. The words of His mother, ne Virgin, on that memorable occasion when he visited Elizabeth, even before Christ was orn, shows that she was well versed in the criptures and that her life was filled with that oly thought and high level of living which is ear to God. And as she watched her renarkable son grow, heard him lisp the first vords of home and its surroundings, and noted is development, she eagerly poured into that nowing little life the truths of God's precious

He was ideal in His child-life, it is true. It hay be said that He was so by nature. And et that "nature" did not exclude Him from eing tempted and tried as children and ouths are to-day. Paul, in assuring believers of Christ's sympathy under all circumstances, ays that "He (Christ) was tempted in all joints" as they are, and it would not do to cut ut His child-life from this series of temptaions and trials. Sometimes it is thought beause of the three great temptations at the berinning of His public ministry, that this was he only time He was tempted. Not so. There was no day passed over His sacred lead that He was not proffered the ways of sin, et he refused them all.

He also knew a fond mother's tender love nd what it was to a struggling boy. He nevr forgot the encouragement and help it was o Him at times. In fact Christ never forgot lis mother, and she, mother-like, always lung to her son.

With such an experience need one wonder that He was tender to little children! Is it any surprise that He should gather the little ones about him and bless them? Ah, He knew better than their own mothers knew, that unless they had a heavenly Father's care life would be far more bitter and the road much more rough than it is for their tender feet. He had "come unto his own" to find purity and loyalty and a sincere seeking after the Father. He found it not. On every hand was formalism and hypocrisy until His great heart vearned for that which was true and noble. With such feelings it is readily seen why He should turn to the simple, trusting, loving, unpretentious, sincere children of His day, and say to their elders, "unless you become as one of these ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

Isaiah, catching a glimpse of the wonderful dispensation when Christ shall reign on earth, speaks of this time saying, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Not those who are mighty and are leaders in the world,—not those who boast of their cunning and strength, but the little child shall be the leader in those days. And to go back to the Savior's own words again, "unless ye become as a little child," no part in the leading, or in the pleasures of that wonderful time, will be accorded to anyone.

He was kind to children and they loved to linger near Him and follow after Him. On one occasion an uncouth fisher boy was near when a great crowd of hungry folk were about. The Master took the fish and the few loaves which the lad had, blessed them, and the multitude were richly fed.

Blessed are the children of this world, for He has blessed them. But thrice blessed are the grown people, who forget not their childhood, and who do not live away from the children about them. Such a one wields an influence that is mighty. And should he under this influence in any way harm or lead astray a little one, "it were better," the Master says, "that a millstone were hung about his neck and he be cast into the midst of the sea."

Elgin, Ill.

#### TEACHES INDIANS TO WORK.

Indians are not easily persuaded to abandon old customs, and the work of the government agents when they try to teach them the white man's way is often arduous and the results discouraging. An experiment of much value was attempted among the Cheyennes in Oklahoma not long ago. An Indian agent wished the schoolboys to milk cows for him and agreed to give to each one who milked for three months a nice calf. Fifteen boys started, but they were so ridiculed by the older men of the tribe that twelve of them gave it up. Three won the calves and the pride of being owners of cattle served as quite an assistance in getting other Indian children to try. After a year twelve boys had won calves and the agent asked them to plow corn for him, agreeing to give them all the corn they could grow. Ten boys volunteered to grow corn and they actually raised 3,000 bushels, which was sold and afterward converted into thirty-five head of steers.

Each steer was branded with an individual brand chosen by the boy owner. This made them, prouder than ever and more industrious. Every boy at the agency wanted to go to work at once and as a result of that experiment the Cheyennes are the most industrious farmers of any tribe so recently on the warpath.

#### BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a versified list of the Books of the Bible, in the order in which they occur. We have substituted for those of the Old Testament a list in verse which was printed years ago, and add the lines of our correspondent on the New. If children will commit these lines to memory, and repeat them occasionally, it will enable them during all their lives to keep in mind the order of the Books of the Bible. It is difficult to keep the order without some help of this kind:

#### OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us In Genesis and Exodus: Leviticus and Numbers see Followed by Deuteronomy. Joshua and Judges sway the land, Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand; Samuel and numerous Kings appear, Whose Chronicles we wondering hear; Ezra and Nehemiah now Esther the beauteous mourner show: Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms, The Proverbs teach to scatter alms. Ecclesiastes then comes on, And the sweet Song of Solomon. Isaiab, Jeremiah then With Lamentations takes his pen. Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's. Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come. And lofty Habakkuk finds room. While Zephaniah, Haggai calls, Rapt Zechariah builds his walls; And Malachi, with garments rent, Concludes the ancient Testament.

#### NEW TESTAMENT.

We love the Books of Matthew,
Of Mark, and Luke, and John;
The life of God our Savior
Is what they dwell upon.
The Acts, and then the Romans;
Two Corinthians you see;
Galatians and Ephesians,
Bring Christ to you and me.

Philippians and Colossians,
Are next in order here:
Thessalonians and Timothy,
In twain they both appear;
Then Titus, and Philemon,
And Hebrews rich in truth,
With James, and two of Peter,
Instruct all age and youth.

John writes to little children,
And gives epistles three:
While Jude discourses plainly
Of what we all should be;
The last is Revelation,
To all the nations sent;
And thus we have completed
The whole New Testament.







## In the Front Room after Dinner





#### THE ERRORS OF OTHERS.

ONE of the difficulties many of us experice is in our interest in the mistakes of thers. It is perfectly correct and entirely roper that we become interested in the permal and moral welfare of our friends and acuaintances, but that is not what is meant in its presentation of the subject. What it is itended to bring out is the common practice f judging a cause by its weakest exponents. We are all apt to do this and it is no credit to s that we do so. It is a confession of weakers on our own part, and unconsciously we arther weaken the common interest by showing to the world our own lack of solidity.

Here is a man or a woman who is prominent a society. They may be model people in neir homes, and they may be first in the councils of the church, and the most active memers of the denomination to which they being. If there is a place of honor it seems to eak them. If there is a project on foot their operation is first assured and that practically means its success. Whatever they propose oes through. Judged by externals they are nost influential and respectable. No social unction is considered complete without them. To project bears the hall mark of success uness they appear among the leaders, if not ctually in the lead. So far, so good.

Then some bright day there is a crash. The ank teller has been missed from his post, and n investigation shows a shortage of \$50,000. Detectives take it up and find our Sunday-chool superintendent in Montreal, in Mexico, r neatly trapped as he steps on the shore at southampton. There is no doubt about it, nd to make conviction on our part an abso-

lute certainty he confesses to the embezzlement. All that he had been doing, in the church and in society, was offset by what the papers call an irregularity in business. The man who steals a piece of bacon is a thief. The man who takes \$10,000 is an embezzler, but if it is \$100,000 or over, it is an irregularity which will be fully explained on the trial and investigation, which, as often as not, never comes off. Of course the bank robber is nothing but an uncommonly big thief, calling a spade a spade, and he should be behind the bars with a striped suit and a number, the same as any other thief.

But as a common thing he does not go to jail He hires a couple of men called lawyers to 'defend" him. They know he stole the money. He is paying them out of it and they know it. The case drags along and is finally compromised. The bank takes half rather than lose all. The lawyers take the other half, and the other thief takes himself off to pastures new. It is a sad commentary on civilization, but it is too common to excite more than an affirmative comment on the truthfulness of the presentation.

Then society takes it up. It matters little what the well-dressed rabble, called society, may or may not think of the affair, but when it comes to the church, that's a different affair, and one which we started out to consider.

As a rule a good many people say that they "suspicioned it all along," and they are either nottelling the truth, or advertising their general lack of confidence in their associates. Then there is another class of people, the ones we are talking to, who find their faith all gone to pieces.

Now let us have a little square talk with this chicken-hearted crowd. Let us say that the name of the bank thief was Jones. When they joined the church did they join Jones? When they entered into a compact with God to live a life more consistent with the teachings of the Bible did they make it contingent on the action of Jones? Did they pin their faith on Jones? Did all the "experience" they ever had in a church way begin and end with Jones? Unfortunately there are numbers of just such weak-kneed Christians who find themselves all at sea when Jones goes to jail.

What the bottom facts about Jones may be none may never know. He was a great deal worse than we thought, and he was also a great deal better than we give him credit for being. But whether good or bad it is really only a matter to be sincerely regretted, not to be talked about, and if anything it should be the occasion of a realignment in church affairs. A devil is not discovered and cast out. Only a poor, weak, erring mortal has gone to the wall, and while it is bad enough there is not the ghost of a reason why we should lose either our faith or our grip on church affairs.

There is nothing new about it. It has happened a thousand times, and will happen a thousand times again. When the people who gathered about Christ and stood with him wanted a man to hold the funds they pitched on Judas as being the proper one to take care of the money. Yet this man found it within him to sell out Christ for the thirty pieces of silver the priests paid him. Whatever his motive was he repented and died. And the history of every denomination in all ages and under all skies shows but a repetition of this thing. It is as old as the hills and will continue to happen as long as people are weak to

the breaking point. That's not the questice. The misery of it lies in the fact that there a so many people who think a whole system nearly 2,000 years old, tried in millions of case has failed and that they have no further fail in it, because some weakling in the faith well down. What absurd folly.

Nor should these cases make us suspicious others. The real thing to be deplored is the fact of our own jaundiced eyes, that make a things look yellow, and the personal lack the faith that led the martyrs to go singing t the stake. There is an incomplete record those who died, and a very limited account d those who flinched or fell down. In no it stance is there any commendation of the weakness that makes its possessor think th whole fabric a fraud because of one pretende Tears of sorrow there may be, but giving up never. The whole system of salvation based on faith, and he who builds and the falls to idle waiting because of the defection of his fellow-man, needs support himself. cause of a Judas should the disciples have fle to their old callings,-Matthew to the custon house, Peter to the seaside, and so on? fact that they did not shows to us what w should do when similarly assailed. stood closer together. And so should we.

Just as long as human nature is weak, and opportunity offers, so long will people laps from the strict line of duty. The fact of th bad man and the weak woman is an old story much older than the housetop of David, and it will crop out to the end of time. What i due everyone is respect,—affection if fact justify, but this thing of "looking up" to people is all wrong. Looking up belongs to God Then when our next neighbor shows that ou idol has feet of clay we need not feel our selves toppling over into the dust.



# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

SEPT. 14, 1901.

No. 37.

#### THE GRAPEVINE AND THE GOURD.

THE by side they flourished in a corner dun, alone, By a grim old wall with its lichen pall and with creeping things o'ergrown.

one was watched and tended by the hand of love and care.

And one was left of friends bereft, the homely gourd vine there.

And so they grew together by the gray old garden wall, And God's bright sun shone on each one; on each the rain did fall:

And each one's curling tendrils round the other tightly clung.

n each blossom free the honeybee his drowsy vesper sung.

owect summer time had vanished, and the autumn, as of old.

Jame o'er the land, with Mida's hand, and turned all things to gold.

The green fruit of the gourd vine had turned a russet brown,

And crimson there in the hazy air the luscious grapes hung down.

Then one by one the bunches were cut and borne away, And sparkling wine did gayly shine in a banquet hall one day.

There, by a maiden tempted, a lad first touched the cup;

In a drunken fight he fell one night and gave his young life up.

But the fruit of the gourd vine humble was plucked by a lab'rer poor,

Who a dipper made in the quiet shade by his lowly cottage door,

And when 'twas done he hung it by a crystal, wayside spring,

That all who'd pass could stop and quaff and Gods great mercy sing.

#### PLATINUM IS BECOMING SCARCE.

THE scarcity of platinum is beginning to cause some concern among the electrical manufacturers of the country. For about five years the price of this valuable metal has steadily risen until to-day it is listed at a

higher price than ever since its discovery and every indication points to still higher prices. Platinum is now quoted at about \$36 an ounce, about twice the quotation of gold, while five years ago it sold as low as \$5 an ounce. Since the flooding of the platinum mines in the Transvaal, which occurred after the breaking out of the Boer war, manufacturers have had to rely on Siberia for their supply of the valuable metal.

#### MECHANICS IN MIDOCEAN.

The captain of a Norwegian tramp steamer recently replaced a broken propeller in midocean in a very ingenious way. He had a nine-ton extra propeller on board, in accordance with a recently made rule of the marine insurance companies, and, having shifted his cargo forward until his vessel actually stood on her head in the water, with the propeller bearings exposed, he rigged up a timber raft and his crew removed the broken propeller and adjusted the new one without a great deal of difficulty.

#### LONG OIL PIPE LINE IN RUSSIA.

The Russian government has sanctioned the laying of a pipe line for oil from Baku to Batum, on the Black sea, a distance of 561 miles. The project has been discussed by successive ministers for fifteen years. The government, however, insists that the piping and hydraulic machinery shall all be manufactured in Russia, which will delay the work until 1903 or 1904.

French syndicates in Normandy and Britanny use the parcels post for sending table butter and cheese to customers. Parcels weighing twenty pounds can be mailed for 30 cents.

#### IN A LAUNDRY.

Most of the soiled clothing, table and bed linen, comes into the laundry on Monday and Tuesday. The big bundles are untied on a long bench worn smooth by the friction of numberless packages. Here a number of girls separate the clothing, throwing all that has not been marked to a girl who deftly pens the name of the owner on the garment in indelible ink. Each variety of clothing goes into a different bin—the socks here, the collars and cuffs there, the underclothing all together, and so on through the list. The wash bills which come with the bundles are preserved on a hook, to be sent upstairs later.

The wash now goes down into the laundry, a great, dingy, misty room full of the odor of soapsuds. Nearly all of the employes are girls or women, and they wear their skirts quite short and their sleeves rolled up. Their hair is usually moist and stringy and their hands have every appearance of being parboiled, as in reality they are. At one side of the room stands a big vat with a pump at one corner. Here is where the soap is mixed. The laundry has its own soap-manufacturing establishment in the basement, and as fast as it is needed the tank is filled with water and soap in the right proportions, a charge being 1,000 gallons. It takes 2,500 gallons every week to supply the washing machines, the suds being pumped out and carried to them as needed.

When all the machines are at work the rumble of the wheels and the swish of water fill the room with animated sounds. Each of the washers consists of a double cylinder, the outer one of wood or brass and about six feet long by three feet in diameter. The outer cylinder has a door opening to the inner one, which is always of brass and is full of small, round holes, the inside being ribbed like a washboard. clothing is placed inside of the inner cylinder, the door is closed, hot water is poured over it from a faucet and the proper amount of soap is put in. Then the workman starts the machinery and the inner cylinder makes one revolution in one direction and then an automatic belt-shifting arrangement turns and makes a revolution in the opposite direction. This

prevents the clothing from being tied up it hard knots, as it would if the machines wend always in the same direction. The dirty sud are let out from time to time from the bottom of the lower cylinder and the clothes are a last rinsed and taken out.

Then they go to the dryer. This ingenious machine consists merely of an orange-shaped copper receptacle open at the top and full of holes. It can be made to revolve at great speed by means of a shaft which connect with it from below. When the clothing is in side the water is thrown off by centrifugationice, flying through the holes in the receptaticle. If it was not for this machine a laundry could never undertake to get out its wash in two days.

After leaving the dryer the clothing is merely moist, and it is separated, the napking sheets, tablecloths, pillowslips and towels going directly to the mangle, or ironing machine, and the other articles passing upstairs for starching or hand ironing.

The mangle is an immense machine which somewhat resembles a modern printing press. It consists of one huge steel roller and a small one, each heated to a high temperature by means of steam, and five other rolls padded with cloth to absorb moisture. From a little shelf on one side of this great machine girls feed in the napkins, towels, sheets and other articles, and they pass between the rolls until they are all dried and ironed smooth. When they come out they are ready for folding. The rolls are large enough to iron a tablecloth of any size.

Now follow the other washed articles of clothing—the collars, cuffs, and shirts, the underwear and the "lady clothes," as the laundryman calls them—to the second floor, where the starching and ironing is done. It is a big, bright room, bustling with girls and whirring with machinery. It has a comfortable ironingday odor and everything from floor to ceiling is polished as clean and white as soap and water can make it. The room is hot all the time, for otherwise it would be impossible to do the ironing, and sometimes during the sunmer it grows almost unbearable in the building. For the windows cannot be left open, because soot is sure to blow in and spot the

othes. But cheese cloth screens are fitted to the windows and they help a little.

The collars and cuffs go first to a real turn, just such as buttermakers ordinarily e in creameries. Here the proper proportial to starch is put in and the churn revolves till the collars and cuffs are thoroughly taked. The starch is mixed in a tank not far way, and a great deal more is used than ordiary household washerwomen think of using, and for this reason laundered collars and cuffs the much stiffer and firmer than those washed and ironed at home.

When churned, the collars and cuffs are then to a zinc-covered table, where the surlus starch is deftly wiped off by a number of irls, and then other girls carefully smooth ut every wrinkle with a little celluloid instrutent resembling a paper-knife. This is one f the most important parts of the whole work, and if it is thoroughly done there is no excuse pr wrinkles. Each collar and cuff is hung by self on a hook, a double row of which is fasmed to a long, slim stick. As fast as the ticks are full a girl carries them carefully into ne drying-room. This is a hot, close room, with an avenue down the center.

On each side there is what resembles a great ureau tipped on one side so that the drawers un in perpendicularly. On drawing one of the rawers out a large number of racks are disposed and on two of these the stick is sustended. Then the drawer is pushed back in lace and the heat from steam pipes below tries it out in about three-quarters of an hour. Acce curtains are dried here by pinning them in quilting frames, great care being taken to the them perfectly straight. This tedious process is what makes it cost so much to have acce curtains laundered.

Shirts are starched and dried in other draw-rs of the dry-room.

When one sees the number of processes hrough which a shirt must go from the time tenters the laundry until it goes out clean he price for the work seems small enough. By actual count it passes through sixteen diferent machines and is handled by more than orty girls. After it comes from the dry-room tis dampened by passing between two rollers, one of which is padded and the other is of

plain iron, marked with fine corrugations, which carry up the water from a little basin below. Then it is placed with dozens of other shirts in a screw press, not unlike an office letter press, only much larger, and the dampness is distributed during the half-hour in which it is left between the jaws of the machine. It now goes to a wonderful ironing device. This consists of a brass frame, over which the bosom is slid. Then a motion of the girl operator's foot brings the frame up under an iron cylinder, heated inside by natural gas mixed with air. The girl rolls the frame back and forth under the iron, great pressure being given by an automatic device set in motion by her foot. When the shirt comes out it is as smooth and shiny as the most fastidious young man could desire. Then it goes to another girl who irons the neckband on a little machine made solely for that purpose. Next the yokes, the sleeves and the bodies are ironed separately, each on a machine peculiarly adapted to the purpose. Then each shirt is inspected, and if there is a particle of dirt anywhere it is rubbed off and the shirt is repolished. The fine gloss is given to starched goods by reason of the great amount of starch used and the immense pressure of the ironing machines. No wax or anything of that sort is used, as country people often imagine. Any washerwoman could produce the same results if she used enough of what the laundryman calls "elbow grease."

Collars and cuffs are run through a machine much like the mangle, only smaller, and every one of them is inspected, then given a curved shape in a curious little machine.

Some shirts, underclothing, plain articles, "lady clothes" and waiters' jackets are ironed by hand in the old-fashioned way.

When the clothes come from the ironing table they are heaped before the girls at the sorting boxes, which are arranged along each side of the room like pigeon holes. Each box is given a letter of the alphabet, and all the wash lists from persons whose names begin with A are fastened in a clip above the A box, and so on through. When the wash has all been distributed by letters the bundle in the A box is taken down and Mr. Aaron's clothing is separated and checked up by his bill, then

Mr. Ames' clothing and so on down the list. Each bundle is then wrapped and placed in the basket which goes to the point of the city where the owner of the clothing lives.

There are some waifs and strays, usually collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs, which do not find a place, perhaps because the name has been rubbed off in washing. These go to a curiosity-shop, where they wait claimants. Here many a lonesome-looking cuff pines for its mate, and here many a worn shirt lies neglected, its owner having probably received a better one in his bundle. All good laundries make it a rule either to replace or pay for lost articles.

Most of the large hotels, public institutions and railroads have their own laundries. Probably the establishment which has more laundry work to do than any other in the world is Pullman's Palace Car company. A downtown laundry, which did the company's work during the great strike of 1894, washed 200,000 pieces every week for it.

Girls and women are almost the only persons employed in steam laundries. They work ten hours a day.

#### MUSIC IN THE CHURCH.

The association of music with religious worship is recorded from earliest periods of human history. The pagan rites of Persia, India, Greece and Rome all found expression in some kind of religious music, though the form was barbaric and crude. It remained for the Christian church, however, to develop ecclesiastical music of any real dignity or beauty. "From its very beginning," observes Louis C. Elson, the Boston musical critic, "the Christian church made music its handmaid." He continues (in The International Monthly):

"The earliest music that can be traced in its worship was a free improvisation, borrowed from the Greek skolion. This latter was always in evidence at ancient Athenian banquets, and was a spontaneous outburst in praise of love, or wine, or the host, or any subject connected with the feasting and merrymaking. In their gatherings in Rome, even in the first century, the Christian converts employed a

similar music; but, as they were far less educated in art than the older Greek banqueters they often borrowed from the pagan Roman the tunes to which they set their roughly enthusiastic poems; only melodies that had been contaminated by use in the theaters or in the temples were excluded.

"The singing above described generally tool place at the evening meal, which was there by elevated into a religious service, and these 'agapæ,' as they were called, find their modern counterpart in the 'love feasts' of the Methodist church of the present. The music was in direct touch with the Scriptures, for Clemens Romanus, contemporary of St. Paul, states that the Twenty-third Psalm was most frequently chanted. Exodus 15 and Daniel were favorite themes among the different Scriptural subjects selected. Extemporaneous praise of the new religion, of martyrdom, or of sanctity was sometimes added to the excerpts from the holy writings."

Martin Luther stands out as the religious teacher who, above all others, recognized the possibilities of popular church music, and many ascribe the real beginning of congregational singing to his influence. It was his custom to take the folk-songs of the day and adapt them to religious purposes. Says Mr. Elson:

"As he wished all of his congregation to sing, he chose many a popular song to lead them into the fields of music. He is known to have answered the objectors to this method with, 'I do not see why the devil should be allowed to have all the good tunes! ' A pregnant lessson can be drawn by some of the latter-day 'popular' hymn composers from the title of one of the hymn collections approved by the great reformer. It runs, 'Soldiers Sailors', and Miners' Songs, and other Street songs Altered to the Service of God.' It is in the 'altered to the service of God' that the true point of Luther's music must be sought The 'altering' consisted in fitting the most dignified counterpoint to the folk-melodies.

#### CARVE NAMES ON TERRAPIN.

Southwestern Missouri has a terrapio which has been utilized for twenty years as an

jutograph album by those citizens across vhose path it chanced to creep. It is also concluded by late investigators that this slowgoing animal with the protected back is given o revisiting the same places at stated interals of several years. That these animals survive for an indefinite period and sometimes reisit their former haunts is equally well established by a curious find made by Sheriff L. Copeland, of Maries county, near Vienna. The sheriff chanced to pick up a small land errapin or land tortoise, such as are common n the Ozark country, by the roadside. On examination the animal proved to be a living, walking autograph album, bearing the monograms of a number of prominent citizens of Maries county and dating back over twenty

The shell was covered with initials carved with a knife. Among them were: "W. R. E." -William Ellis, of Rolla, Mo., 1881; "B. H."--Bill Hoops, 1888, a well-known citizen, now dead; " J. P. A."- J. P. Anderson, 1897; " J. B."-John Bade, 1897, ex-county official. Other initials were those of T. J. Ellis and J. T. Hoops and one "P. O.," whose owner is unknown. Some of the monograms were well worn and barely legible. Sheriff Copeland inscribed his name with the rest and started the terrapin out on another journey.

#### MANY USES FOR LEATHER.

"ONE of the most chrious of the many things made nowadays of rawhide," said a man who handles such articles in his business, "is the rawhide pinion, or cogwheel. You might think that the teeth of such a wheel would break down and wear off quicker than those of an iron wheel, but as a matter of fact they do not break, and a rawhide pinion will wear as long as an iron pinion, if not longer.

"Such pinions are made of many layers of rawhide pressed solidly together and bolted through and through to metal plates placed on the sides. The teeth cut across the face of the wheel thus formed are, of course, each composed of many layers of the thoroughly compacted rawhide standing edgewise.

"Rawhide pinions are used for many purposes. One of their great advantages is found in their noiselessness. They are used in machine shops against iron gear, so as to make less noise; they are used for motor pinions on street railway cars, and so on.

"Another rather curious though now somewhat common use for rawhide is in the making of mauls and mallets having heads of rawhide, and hide-faced hammers. These are put to a great variety of uses, as for pounding on dies and punches and on polished metal sur-

"Rawhide is used for bell cord in street cars. for all manner of straps and for shoe and boot laces. It is used in the manufacture of artificial limbs, and for trunk handles and for trunk binding, for washers, for many sorts of harness and saddlery goods, and for whips and lariats, and not the least of its uses is in the manufacture of various kinds and all sizes of belting."

#### WAS GOOD IN ITS DAY.

WHILE the head servant of Clyde Fitch, the playwright, was superintending the spring cleaning in his master's new, home a short time ago, he noticed that the old Irishman who was beating the carpets was not treating with proper respect an extremely antique Cashmere rug which Mr. Fitch had come across while traveling in Europe. So he warned the man to be careful, "For," he added, "it's a very old rug." "Never mind," said the Irishman consolingly, "Oi'll trate it careful. Oi don't doubt it's been a good one in its day."

#### SAGACIOUS DOGS.

THE dogs in central Borneo, it seems, when wishing to cross a river, have considerable difficulty in doing so, owing to the fact that alligators find them very toothsome morsels. They, therefore, collect on the banks and make a terrific noise by barking and velping as loudly as they can. The alligators are attracted to the spot by the noise, and the dogs, as soon as they see that their bait is successful, set off up the bank at top speed and cross higher up. A Borneo traveler states that he has watched this maneuver times without number.

#### OUR FRONT ROOM HEREAFTER.

COMMENCING with next week we propose changing the character of the contents of the two pages hitherto devoted to Front Room Talks. There are several reasons for this.

The original intent of these talks was to allow an expression of opinion on living topics by those deèmed best qualified for the purpose. But while there was no lack of subjects, and no apparent lack of interest, the scheme was found to be impracticable for a reason that not one in a hundred readers and well wishers of the 'Nook seem to understand, nor can it be adequately impressed on them We will again explain here and consider the project dropped.

The main reason for the change lies in the apparent impossibility of getting returns from those written to in time for publication. This condition is not due to any inborn defect of the average contributor, but because he does not understand the method, necessary under the circumstances, we use in getting out the magazine. The ordinary layman receiving his 'Nook on a Saturday, bearing date of the first of the month, and then one again bearing date of the seventh, and again a third bearing date of the fourteenth of the month comes to think that the magazines are made from week to week, that on the receipt of the one bearing date of the seventh of the month work is then begun on the number reaching the reader a week later. Nothing is further afield than this idea.

Now the facts are that the issue bearing date of the fifteenth of the month has been printed, wrapped, addressed and put in the mail sacks, on the seventh of the month and it was in course of preparation from the first of the month. In other words the conditions all around are such that the work is anticipated from two to three weeks ahead of date. The average man or woman from whom is desired a certain communication by the first of the month, to appear in the issue of the fifteenth, almost invariably puts it off till the magazine for which it is intended is printed, sacked, and part of the issue on its way. He can not be made to understand the situation. To keep up the Front Room Talks it would be necessary to request contributions from six weeks to two months ahead, a condition almost inexplicable to the lay reader, and they would no come in time.

So we wrote them with much interest an pleasure to ourselves, but always with the feeling that they would be of more general interest if the contents of these two pages were subdivided among a dozen contributor. Therefore we make the change.

We know that thousands of women first turned to the Cooking School page, and the were sorry when it was discontinued and sai so. None, or very few, readers appeared to care at all for the Talks, or at least they never said so. Now there are equally living questions, homely they may be, but of vital interest to all homes, and we intend taking up thes questions. In brief we expect to present things for the Home, not only cookery, but everything that may seem to be of use to the readers, and we are going to get these things from all over the widespread earth, from members and those who are not, and we will begin the next issue. Look for it.

The question may arise: Will the 'Nook far any better in this than in the Talks? In repli we say that there are already over four hur dred such communications in the pigeon-hole of the 'Nook sanctum. And we personall believe that when an old woman of eighty sit down and writes us a letter, as some of tha age have done, telling what she has prove for the past fifty years to be a good thing whether for sugar curing meat or curing croupy child, that screed is of more interest t our readers than an armful of disquisitions of the whichness of the what. If some man woman has known a good thing, tried it an found it not wanting in merit, that is the thin to tell the 'Nookers. The Editor has seen child fighting for its life, struggling, strangling choking to death in mid night. In comes a old woman and strips for battle with dea-And when the morning sun creeps over th hill the child is sleeping soundly, wan be well. Now, dear reader, if you know tha tell it to the 'Nookers' family. And there are a thousand other things from mush to measle from whitewash to wickedness, and this is t be the run of the Home Talks in the future.

One thing more! Don't imagine because

you are only a worker, an humble toiler in gray, that you are to hold back from the pages of this magazine. You may teach the young woman in silks. And the woman in velvet may tell the woman in calico something. Tell it! Tell it! A man raises prize hogs. Tell how. Another has learned how to cure a sick puppy covered with mange. Tell it. And another has known to a certainty what will foil death when the baby is burned to a scald. Tell it. These pages are for real knowledge and real worth.

#### THE BLIND BOY ORATOR.

BY S. F. S.

THOMAS P. GORE, commonly called Governor Gore, became blind at the age of eleven years. His great aspiration was to become a lawyer, and with this in view, he attended school at Walthal, Miss., and took a law course at Lebanon, Tenn. He graduated in the scientific course at the age of eighteen and in the law course before he was twenty-one.

He is now thirty-one years old and is practicing law at Corsicana, Texas. He is an eloquent speaker and an able lawyer. Blind preachers are not so uncommon, but this is the only blind lawyer I know of in this country. Are there others?

South Bend, Ind.

#### ONE OF NATURE'S TRICKS.

It is well known that many insects bear a close resemblance to leaves, twigs and other things, and there is no doubt that this is for their protection against, or their concealment from their enemies. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind was recently made known to the Entomological society of London. It is that of a spider that lives in the rocks near Cannes. A certain kind of moths inhabit the rocks also and their cases are to be found all about. It was noticed that the spider, when at rest, looked exactly like one of the moth cases.

RECENTLY a certain professor out west was lecturing on "Nature Studies in the Schools" and was endeavoring to impress the pleasure and importance of a close observance of nature. Speaking of flowers he was exhibiting a daisy to the class, pointing out its beauties and reminding them that the flower and mankind were creatures of the Supreme Being. He added by way of emphasis: "The Lord that made me made a daisy." "Yes, he did," spoke up some one in the back-ground, and it was not until the audience was on the verge of convulsions that the professor saw the point and yielded the platform to the next man on the programme.

You may live in Gladville,
Where nothing counts but fun;
No tearful eye e'er sees the place,
And only right is done.
But none may stay in Gladville
Unless they sing and smile;
It pays you well to live there,
It is ever worth your while.

#### THE HOTEL KITCHEN.

In the last issue of Ainslee's Magazine is an article descriptive of the hotel business, a thoroughly interesting presentation of a little understood subject. What follows is an extract showing the methods in the kitchen:

The heart of one of these big hotels, that is, the supply rooms and kitchens, is usually below the main office floor, though in one or two of them the kitchens are on the top floors. Perhaps no feature of a hotel is invested by the guests with more mystery than the kitchen. The spectacle of a big dining-room at the dinner hour when the orders, calling for everything that the best markets of the entire world produce, are served rapidly, cooked to a turn, suggests a prodigious amount of energy in the kitchen and the possibility of endless confusion, though the accuracy of service contradicts the latter suggestion. Not only are all the people around you dining as if their orders were receiving the exclusive attention of the cooks, but there are several other big dining-rooms filled, and there are banquets in the private dining-rooms at one of which a dinner of many courses is being served to 700 or 800 men, without delay or friction, each course appearing as if by magic at just the proper time. Possibly it may happen to be an evening when, for special reasons, there is more than the usual demand on the kitchens. and 5,000 or 6,000 dinners must be prepared. Not only does the preparation of so many dishes challenge the imagination, but it suggests a great quantity of waste supplies, perishable things, which are on the bill, and of which the hotel cannot afford to permit the supply to give out, but for which there may happen to be no demand. It is the chef's duty to attend to the preparation of the dishes and the steward's to furnish the supplies.

For his service the chef may receive \$10,000 a year, a big salary for cooking, but by no means out of proportion to his value to the hotel. He is supreme in his workshop, the kitchens, which are large, brilliantly lighted and scrupulously clean rooms with hardly a suggestion in the air of broiling and baking and roasting and frying that is going on all around. The chef, with sub-chefs over the butcher shops, the soups, the entrees, the roasts,

the vegetables, the bakeshops and the pastries and a hundred cooks are calling out orders in French, for they are nearly all French on Swiss, and French is the language of the kitchen as well as of the court wherever a good cuisine is attempted, and bustling around in their white caps and aprons, so intent on their work that the intrusion of a stranger is not noticed. The waiters in their black coats with their order cards and their trays thread their way in and out among the cooks, each hurrying to fill his order in the shortest possible time. It is a finely specialized kitchen, however, and all the skurrying back and forth and shrill calls in French for portions of many dishes seem confusing only for a moment. Then follows an appreciation of the wonderful system of the place that insures the highest art in cooking, of the men who do nothing but roast all day with a knowledge of the exact number of minutes and even seconds required to produce the best results, of others who juggle copper skillets, and of others who fry and bake and carve and garnish, and of the garde-manger where the portions of meat and raw foods are prepared and dressed in readiness for the range.

Each cook attends only to the preparation of his own dishes, and as for the chef, he seldom cooks at all. He has an office of his own where he keeps his memoranda, his books and his special menus, and the secrets of his business. During the rush hours his place is in the center of the kitchen directing, watching and when necessary, admonishing. If severa big banquets are in progress, making it neces sary to send hundreds of portions of each dish to them at once, it is the chef's duty to see that these courses are sent up promptly and to check off each one on the bulletin board at the time it is sent. When he goes off duty one of his assistants takes his place. Besides the cooks there are a dozen men and women who do nothing but pare potatoes, others who make toast, and still others who attend to the big dish-washing machines. The butcher and his assistants have charge of the supplies of meats, some of which, for instance, beef, are kept in the big refrigerators, where the tem perature never varies a degree for three months before serving. In strong contras

with the dishes they have been preparing is the comparatively simple dinner of the cooks themselves. As they sit at the long table in their white aprons and caps, before each one is placed a bottle of claret. They are the only employees to whom the hotel serves wine. This is a right jealously guarded by the cooks, and, they allege, made necessary by their work over hot ranges.

#### AGATE TREES OF ARIZONA.

Among the most interesting natural phenomena of the continent the petrified forests of Arizona hold a high place. Giant trees lie there imbedded in the earth, their wood transformed to stone of a flinty hardness, but still revealing the texture of the wood in a remarkable degree. It is said that a bill will probably be brought before congress at its next session, providing for the maintenance of a government reservation of the most celebrated of these petrified forests, that at Holbrook. Prof. Lester F. Ward, of the National museum, recommended in his report to the director of the geological survey, some time ago, that prompt measures be taken to withdraw the land from entry. His report and recommendations are included in a pamphlet about to be issued by the geological survey and containing much other matter on the same subject.

The forest has recently been brought within easy access for tourists by the establishment of a new railroad station named Adamanda, whence it can be reached by a drive of six miles, although its most remarkable parts lie several miles farther southward.

At the first deposit, so-called, several sections of land are strewn with fallen and broken trunks washed out by erosion from the fine, grayish, sandy material in which they are embedded. Here is the noted Chalcedony bridge. One of the finest logs, nearly four feet in diameter, spans the deep gully, its end resting on the banks and still partly covered up. Much of the wood in this part of the forest is broken up and scattered over the ground in small fragments.

The second deposit, four miles to the southeast, covers several hundred acres, and consists of large logs, many of them three and four feet in diameter, and the greater number broken into cylindrical sections five or six feet long, on which the bark, although petrified and having the hardness of stone, appears as natural as if the trees had been felled but a short time before.

The third deposit, the largest of all, consists of thousands upon thousands of fossilized logs. Some of them are entire trees, with limbs and branches still intact. All the logs, both great and small, and even the fragments, are of great beauty and variety of color. These tracts contain the largest deposits, but vestiges of the petrified forests are found over a wide extent of country.

The forest is regarded as belonging to the triassic age and is therefore more ancient than the petrified forests of California and of the Yellowstone park, which are largely tertiary.

Nowhere are the fossil trunks in their place of growth. The original beds must have been a great deal higher in the strata which were eroded to form the sandstone into which the trunks were carried and which was probably covered up by mesozoic seas.

#### BEARS EVE'S TOOTH MARK.

A FRUIT supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it.

This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

MEN are like wagons—they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

It is easier to approach luxuries than it is to back away from them again.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### THE X-RAYS.

An interesting experiment showing that insects are sensitive to Roentgen rays is thus described in The American X-Ray Journal: "A box was made half of wood and half of sheet lead. In the wooden half a number of larvæ of flies, bees, beetles, and other insects was placed, and the box was then put in the field of the X-rays. The insect colony at once became greatly excited, and after crawling to and fro finally emigrated, to a worm, to the leaden half of the box, where the rays could not penetrate. The experiment was repeated many times, and always with the same result. A similar experiment was tried with the blind larvæ of a certain species of beetle. A number of them were placed in an open cigar-box, which also contained a metal box with an opening. No sooner were the rays turned on than the insects showed signs of distress. Their uneasiness increased, and in a little while they all sought refuge in the metal box. As the larvæ in the second experiment were entirely sightless, their perception of the rays must take place through the nerves of the skin."

#### LITERARY CODFISH.

A FISHERMAN at Lamona cove, England, a few weeks ago caught a codfish weighing eighteen pounds. On being opened and cleaned a copy of the burial service was found in the stomach of the fish in perfect preservation. "So far as I can surmise," says the fisherman, "the book must have been quite recently thrown away as accumulated rubbish and have tempted the appetite of the voracious cod. From its state of preservation and the fact that the print and writing were perfectly legible it could not long have been exposed to the action of sea water."

In Chambers' "Book of Days," volume 1,

there is a record of a codfish being brought (in 1626) to Cambridge market. When opened it was found to contain a book in its stomach. The volume was much soiled, though it had been wrapped in a piece of sailcloth. The droll feature of that story was that the book happened to be a volume of treatises written by a man who had been long confined in a fish cellar at Oxford, where many of his fellow prisoners died from the impure exhalations of unsound salt fish.

#### SILK-SPINNING SPIDERS.

In Rhodesia there have been discovered spiders which are silk spinners, and, like Dr. Johnson's Scotchman, when caught young may be made something of. These little creatures are now to be made spin silk in match-boxes and the silk will be carried to manufacturing centers, where it will be fashioned into ladies' dresses and gentlemen's ties and umbrellas.

#### BIG ELK HORNS.

GEN. CHARLES W. DARLING, of Utica, N. Y., is the possessor of a pair of elk horns that measure 9 feet and 3 inches from tip to tip across the skull, and they have a spread of 53¾ inches. The beam lengths are 55 and 56½ inches, and of the ten prongs the longest are 16 and 17 inches. The only larger pair known are 12 feet from tip to tip. They are in Germany.

QUITE a number of garden vegetables, other than those common in the United States, are cultivated and used for food in other countries. The number of unknown fruits is legion. Doubtless many of these could be introduced into this country if the proper effort were made. A large number of our present fruits are importations from other countries, and are decided acquisitions.

#### HERE'S FOR THE CLASS IN NATURE STUDY.

What is instinct?

What is a sport in plants?

How does a pineapple grow?

Does a housefly grow after birth?

Does a rabbit ever climb a tree?

Where do the fleas on a dog breed?

Where did the potato bug start from?

Why will blood, properly used, clarify sugar?

How does the bee go about making a new queen?

What is the difference between a hare and a rabbit?

How is the white of an egg laid on around the yolk?

What becomes of the bumble bees during the winter?

Of what specific use is a cat's whiskers to the animal?

Have wild birds ever been crossed with domestic fowls?

What insect can fly forward and backward with equal facility?

What is the color of the butterfly that makes the cabbage worm?

What part of creation breathe through holes in their sides?

How do you account for the red grain of corn in the yellow ear?

What is the real difference between the leaf and the bark of a tree?

What would happen if a man in Maine planted his corn field with seed grown for some years in Louisiana?

Where does the honey bee get her wax?

What is smut on an ear of corn, and how does it get where it is found?

When a dog becomes wild he loses his bark. What does this go to prove?

What does the black, hairy stuff, noticed in carriage cushions, come from?

What plant is it that produces its flowers the autumn before its yearly growth?

Why does the single cornstalk, standing alone, seldom produce a good ear?

What defect is always an accompaniment of a cat with blue eyes and white fur?

Does the squirrel find all the nuts it buries, or is it a hit or miss matter with it?

A white robin would be called an albino. What would a black one be called?

Could it be determined which of the eggs in a basket would hatch hen chickens?

A plate of mashed potatoes "spoils" in the cupboard. What has happened in detail?

When an old man was a boy the potato produced many balls of seed. Now they are rare, Why?

In a long line of ancestral portraits in what regular order are faces likely to be repeated in looks?

If fruits will not color well in the shade, why do growing potatoes color where there is no light at all?

A naturalist said of a spotted calf born of black parents that it was a case of avatism. What did he mean?

Why does a cultivated plant lose in its vitality for perpetuation of itself? Why has it so many added enemies when cultivated from a wild state?

# 低INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill ., asSecond-class Matter.

ONCE in Persia lived a king Who, upon his signet ring, 'Graved a maxim true and wise, Which, if placed before his eyes, Gave him counsel at a glance, Fit for every change and chance: Solemn words and these were they: "Even thou shalt pass away."

\* \*

WE have repeatedly said that unsigned communications are not considered at the 'Nook office. There is a considerable number of such articles here and they will all be destroyed. Hereafter no attention will be paid unsigned contributions. It is not essential that the name appear in print, but unless it accompanies the article it is so much time and trouble wasted on the part of the writer.

THE Cook Book is gradually assuming form and color. The one thousand recipes are all in, many in type, and the mysterious talk of electrotyping, making up, color of the cover design, etc., is in the air. One of these days the boxes of finished books will be wheeled into the mailing room and the work of distribution begun. Every home, no matter how humble or how far advanced, will profit by having the book in reach.

SEND in your household hints of how to do things for the Home Department of the 'Nook. Note the first of it next week, and you will see the drift of what we want. Don't copy out of books. Tell what you have tried.

Sample copies of this issue of the Inglenook will be sent out here and there to individuals who, we are informed, are interested in good literature. All such are invited to subscribe, either personally, or through agents. All new subscribers to the Inglenook will receive the magazine for the rest of this year and all of next year, and will be given a premium of the Inglenook Cook Book, a collection of one thousand recipes by the sisters of the church. This is specially intended for the information of those not acquainted with the magazine. Old subscribers renewing will get their Cook Book as soon as published, and it is under way now.

#### THE BOER WAR.

THE war in South Africa drags along with a remarkable persistence. The whole quarrel, originating in the greed of nations, developed a remarkable condition of things. First there was the unreadiness of England, and the preparedness of the Boers. It was supposed among nations that the war would be speedily terminated, once England got at it. Results have not justified the prediction. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, millions of money poured out, and while the Boers have been practically worn out, yet the struggle continues, and even when the native people are so harried and dispersed that their opposition is without practical result the outlook is not a smooth one for England.

One thing has been confirmed in this war, and that is nobody knows the result of a fight once it is entered upon. No person can predict where it will end, or in what way. The whole world has been amazed at the tenacity of the Boers, and their tenacious opposition, as Oom Paul put it, has "staggered humanity." Additionally the methods of warfare in the future will all have to be remodeled to suit modern improvements in the art of killing. All wars are a disgrace to civilization.

Ox the Nature Study pages are a lot of lestions without answers The idea is to call ir thought and home solution, as far as may . There are few, perhaps, who could anver these questions throughout, and get them prrect. Yet they are all common questions out common things. They should be seted without referring the matter back to the NOOK. Here is another, the answer to which utterly surprising. Suppose a single specnen of each created, animate thing, were to e placed in line, one after another, thus, a at, a dog, a cow, etc., from the smallest to ie greatest, in the order of their size, what ell-known thing would be found near the niddle of the length of the line? As there is ut little chance to get hold of the correct nswer to this the 'Nook will tell it next week. feantime you think it over.

## ????????????

Is it in good form to give one's country home a name, uch as Brookside, the Cedars, etc?

Yes. We see nothing wrong about it.

What is the Nook's opinion of a salaried ministry in he Brethren church?

Personally, the Editor does not believe in it.

Why do intelligent followers of false religions reject

Because they think they are right in their pelief.

Will you insert a matrimonial advertisement in the Nook?

No. We will not help you make a tool of ourself.

What ideas of speech have deaf and dumb people?

None at all. Absolutely none, right or wrong. How can you have knowledge of a hing you know absolutely nothing whatever about?

Is the .- cancer cure reliable?

In cases the end of cancer may be retarded and life prolonged. But the end is death. No young person ever gets cancer. It is invariably a disease of middle and old age.

Is it possible to pass through life without a certain amount of deception?

Theoretically it is. In practice each reader may answer for himself.

In seating a company at table, is it the right thing to separate members of a family?

When there are a number of people, at a state dinner, it is always so done. The hostess quietly pairs them off and much tact is requisite in the matter. No objection should be offered by any guest.

What is a truffle?

Truffles are underground mushroom growths supposed to be parasitic on tree roots. They are hunted for with trained hogs. They are very expensive, coming in small cans, and resemble a soft, small, black walnut. The taste resembles that of an onion. They are used in high-class cookery.

When will the INGLENOOK Cook Book be ready?

In October. It is being set up now on the linotype. Its main value will lie in its being practical. Knowing its worth every family of Brethren should have a copy. It will be interesting in recalling names and families. Some of the contributors have passed away already.

What is the ethical side of life insurance?

Probably the word "insurance" has had much to do with objections. It is simply a system of saving. Out of a multitude of people the number who will die in a year is well known. There is no gambling on the part of the companies. They know. It is mainly a matter of one's belief in the operation of chances.

I am backward and ignorant of social customs. I am afraid of blundering. What is the best way of overcoming this?

Go into society, and quietly ask some sensible man or, better yet, some woman who knows, to post you. Watch others and with your coaching you should get through all right. Don't be flustered at any fool's smiling at you. Sensible people don't do that. Good form is an elusive, changing thing. Don't be awkward or intrusive and it will all come out right.

#### COMPETITION IN LIVING.

A BULLETIN recently issued from Washington by the bureau of labor gives an interesting account of the co-operative communities of the United States. The author is Rev. Alexander Kent, who has devoted much time to a study of the subject of co-operation in living and to the investigation of its workings in communities where it has received a faithful, practical test.

Among the various co-operative and semisocialistic communities that deserve attention because of the measure of success they have attained and the sincerity of those connected with them in furthering the aims sought, the Shakers lead with seventeen communities-Mount Vernon and Watervliet, in New York; Hancock, Harvard and Shirley; in Massachusetts; Enfield, in Connecticut; Canterbury and Enfield, in New Hampshire; Alfred and New Gloucester, in Maine; Union Village, Watervliet and Whitewater, in Ohio; Pleasant Hill and South Union, in Kentucky: Whiteoak, in Georgia, and Narcoossee in Florida. Each society contains from two to four "families," the subdivisions being made for the purpose of simplifying government.

Mr. Kent traces the rise and decline of the Shaker societies from the foundation of the original society by Ann Lee, in 1774, to the present time. "Mother" Ann preached the life of perfect purity and marriage is forbidden to her followers. To the general disbelief in the theory that marriage is an insurmountable obstacle to the highest living Mr. Kent ascribes the failure of the Shaker doctrines to spread, for, in many respects, their practices are most commendable. Perfect equality of sex is recognized in the work and in the government, although the employment is designated to suit the sex of the member of the community.

At one time the Shakers had 6,000 members, although now probably they number less than 1,500. Their homes are hygienically constructed and the routine of the life is that considered most conducive to health, consisting of good food, light and pleasant labor, recreation, education and regularity. They have religious and social advisers of both sexes, and, while the sexes are separated as much as pos-

sible, they commingle at proper times. Th are averse to war and so do not vote, believing to be wrong to take part in a government which supports an army and navy. For the sar reason they do not like to pay taxes for mi tary purposes, although they promptly pay civil taxes. Shakers are generous, believi it to be wrong to accumulate excessive wealt But the children they educate nearly all lear the community to enter the world, and the s cieties receive few novitiates from the outsid so that their ranks are being depleted. is necessary for them to hire aliens to wo their farms they are becoming dissatisfin with existing conditions. They hold about 100,000 acres of land, most of it in a high sta of cultivation.

"The Community of True Inspiration," of erwise known as the "Amana society," w originated in Germany in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was founded on the belief that God was willing and ready to veal his word and will to men and women wh are ready to hear and to do it. A desire f liberty of conscience drove them to America 1843, first to Erie county, New York, and the to Iowa, where they have 26,000 acres ar have seven villages, with 1,800 populatio Each village has manufacturing industries well as farming, and the society also conducits own stores. They have sawmills, gri mills, tanneries, soap and starch factories. well as shoemakers, tailors and carpenter shops. From 7 to 14 years of age each chi is compelled to attend school the year roun From 14 to 20 they attend in the winter se son. Children are studied and their natur. trend of mind is assisted. The society b lieves in the unity of God, opposes war an ostentatious display and the members hold property in common. The latter feature was adopted to bind the members to their religio and the society has steadily increased in nun bers and wealth.

Mr. Kent treats the Separatist Society of Zoar, which passed out of existence in 1898, to an obituary notice. This was a German society, founded on religious differences, rejective baptism, confirmation and other ordinances, refusing to bear arms or take oaths and in other ways conducting themselves so they were

mpelled to seek refuge in America in 1804 pm persecution at the hands of the authorises. About 600 of them settled in Beaver unty, Pennsylvania, forming the Harmony ciety, and in 1817 the Zoar society was med by others in Tuscarawas county, Ohio. first they had no thought of communism, at in 1819 adopted its principles.

In 1832 it was incorporated. No American known to have joined this society in its earyears, but it received accessions from iends and relatives of the members. age was not prohibited, but it was not reirded with favor. Strange to say, Levi imeler, a descendant of Joseph Bimeler, who as the original leader of this colony, was the ading spirit in urging its dissolution after venty years of existence. For some years se society had had no leading spirit and it as declining. By a general vote it was disganized and the members received \$1,500 per ipita, \$500 more than the average in the nited States, although at the height of its rosperity the per capita is estimated to have een \$3,000.

The Harmony society, of which mention as made, has been reduced to a membership f nine persons, who, however, must be doing uite well, for they manage to pay out yearly 125,000 for the support of their village, which situated on the Ohio river near Pittsburg nd is called Economy. Most of the residents re outsiders who conduct the business of the ommunity, but the nine members are the overning body. The reduction from the riginal 1,000 members to nine is due to the ractice of celibacy. The society was oranized in 1805 by Frederick Rapp, who landd in Baltimore and settled at Economy. ew years later, in 1815, thinking to better heir condition, the members removed to osey county, Indiana, where they purchased 0,000 acres. Ten years later it was found that he climate of Indiana and the attitude of the eighbors did not agree with the members, so hey disposed of their property to Robert Jwen for the New Lanark colony and reurned to Economy. After the civil war the nembers became infected with the spirit of unrest, due to the rapidity with which fortunes were made in petroleum and other industries in the vicinity, and many younger members deserted.

The Oneida community was once a flourishing society founded on communism of person as well as of goods. Twenty years ago it was disbanded and reorganized as a stock company.

The history of Brook farm and the Icarian community are briefly referred to, but the writer treats at some length of the Ruskin commonwealth. It was founded in Tennessee by people of all classes, entertaining socialistic and anarchistic tendencies. The colony lasted but a short time, when it was forced into the hands of receivers and the property swallowed up. About 250 of the members moved to Ware county, Georgia, where they are struggling to found a community and hope for good results. The original colony was founded in 1893. The Christian commonwealth was organized in Muscogee county, Georgia, in 1896, on the principles of Christianity. lieving and practicing the principles of brotherly love, they received all who came and would have starved in three months if it had not been for sympathetic outsiders. commonwealth was incorporated in 1899, but through poverty was forced into the hands of a receiver a year later.

Mr. Kent gives short sketches of a number of other communities of interest schemes, some of which have prospered, others failed. He finds that when conducted on rational ideas the communities have prospered, the members have lived comfortably and accumulated property without debts. The Amana society seems to disprove the celibacy theories of the Shakers and Separatists.

#### SOME PROSPECTIVE CHANGES.

During the summer months people read less than they do when the weather is cooler, and most of all, they read in winter. The reason of this is obvious. In the heated term people are working, and they have neither the time nor the disposition, such as they have later when the crops are gathered, to devote much time to reading and writing. Recognizing this fact the Editor has been gathering material for a most interesting series of cool weather articles, as we will call them here.

There is one thing that the Editor would like to speak of in this connection. When the Conference of the church owning the magazine decided on issuing a publication adapted to the class between the Young Disciple and the Messenger it recognized a want but missed connection entirely. Little Willie, who reads the Young Disciple, telling how his dear teacher is loved, is one class of humanity. The man or woman who reads the Messenger is another. The in-betweens are simply nowhere. They do not exist. True there is a mass of young folks, developing rapidly into men and women, but they are not satisfied with either the little Willie-boy talk, or the heavy articles of their parents. When this class undertakes to write, in nine cases out of ten, they make a mess that nobody on earth cares much for. We know this because it comes to us almost daily. To print it would be to kill the publication at once.

What the Conference really intended, though it was not so said, is the production of a publication that will be of interest to the whole family, something of an entertaining, literary character, that will do to read over and over again. This we think we have produced, and what makes us think so is the fact that when we started we had some hundreds of subscribers, while for every hundred we had when we began, there are now over a thousand paying readers. There is no person living who may not be informed through the 'Nook columns. In the issue bearing date of August 31, how many different people contributed, either directly or indirectly to the pages of the magazine? Well, there are just forty-four different people talking through its pages.

We would like to see the 'Nook in every home in the land, and while this is more than we will ever realize, it is certain that, with a reasonable exertion on the part of the readers and agents of the church's publications, the list can easily be doubled, and with what is ahead of the reader in the way of profitable reading we trust that this will be the outcome. Every new subscriber will get the magazine from the first of October through the rest of this year and all of next, for one dollar, with the INGLENOOK Cook Book thrown in. Of course all the old subscribers will want

to continue on the list, and we would be sort to part with any one of them. And now loo out for some exceptionally entertaining reacing in the immediate future.

#### THROUGH AN OIL DISTRICT.

BY S. S. BLOUGH.

PROMINENT among the many good thing with which nature supplies those who live i the "Keystone State" is petroleum rock oi Oil and oil products have become very important articles of commerce from the wester part of the State.

An oil refinery is not one of the least interesting places to which one may go, but a shar lookout must be kept for the oil and grease of every side. It is, to the one who visits for the first time, an especially interesting place above all others, it is an oily place.

When, in drilling a well, the drill has struc oil-producing rock, if the well is a "gusher, oil follows the withdrawn drill. Later al wells must be pumped in order to be made t produce. Their depth varies from 500 to 3,00 feet; and their production from one and one half to 800 or 1,000 barrels a day. Each wel has a pump by means of which the crude oi is conveyed into the pipe line. The wells ar often very thickly placed, the writer counting twenty-five in an area of one square mile. large pumping station propels the oil to the refineries, usually found in the immediat vicinity. Here some of the oil is used while the remainder is conveyed to refineries at greater distance.

And now we are at the refining plant. The first look around takes in three or four build ings and numerous tanks. One of these, a lit tle larger than the rest, is called the storage or receiving tank. Into this the oil flows as a comes from the pumping station, and is kep in storage. Afterwards it is pumped into the "still," and is subjected to heat for ten to eighteen hours. Coming from the still, it is passed through many coils of pipe in a large vat filled with cold water.

The benzines are taken off first, then the illuminating oils, paraffines and lubricating oils, in succession. A part of the process con-

ts of forcing the oil through artificially oled pipes where the heavier parts are crysllized. This is called the "Soft Press." The rt that remains is used for lubricating mainery. It has gone through the cold test d consequently does not harden when exsed to cold. The crystallized or hardened rts, when taken from the "soft press," look uch like the head of a barrel in shape and e. These cakes are broken up into pieces, ed placed into the "hard press." where still ore of the oil is separated. This makes the est engine oil. The solid part is then melted a vat and filtered through fuller's earth or parcoal. It comes out a hot fluid and is aced into barrels, and when cooled becomes e finest paraffine wax. The barrels are next osed up and sent to various manufactories, here it is used as the basis of chewing gum, ome candies and sweet meats, for making ax candles, wax flowers and other articles of ommerce. It is not infrequent that the visitor the refinery is given a mouthful of the ardening wax to chew. After the first taste foil has passed, it is not much unlike beesax or chewing gum without the sweetening nd flavor. It answers the purpose quite as ell and is likely just as healthy, and one has e satisfaction of knowing that he is chewing ne pure, filtered, unadulterated product.

Another product of petroleum is vaseline. This is made from that which has settled to ne bottom of tanks and vats, and when seen here does not have a strikingly pleasing apearance. It is used for making salves, and ou may be surprised to know that consumers ometimes unknowingly eat some of it in their ard.

At the refinery visited, the number of products are 143, but the whole number is said to xceed 900.

Another part of the building is used for the preparation of barrels. Here we see men pouring very hot glue into the barrels and noving them so that every part of the inside s covered. Now the remaining glue is allowed or un out and is used over again. The barrels are next taken to another room where they are painted, after which they are ready for use. When a shipment goes a long distance, new

barrels are used, but for shorter distances the old barrels answer the purpose.

The man who has charge of the refinery must thoroughly understand all the processes and products. While the men under him may be able to do the work, they need understand only a part of it.

Again I will say, A refining station is an interesting though dirty and ill-smelling place. When you visit one my advice is to dress accordingly, if you wish to thoroughly enjoy it. And do not miss that mouthful of paraffine wax.

Pittsburg, Pa.

#### HITCHING HORSES.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

In most towns one sees hitching posts or racks for hitching horses. Here in Malmo, Sweden, I have not seen any. In most cities one sees the drivers of horses with weights in their wagons to which is attached a strap. When they stop and leave their teams they attach the strap to the bridle and the weight being on the ground holds the horse to his place. Here they have a different custom. When a man leaves his team he throws a strap loosely around the horse's legs, about the knees. One end is attached to the harness so as to prevent it falling too low. Many have a strap upon the harness for this especial purpose. If a man has no such strap he uses the lines. The plan seems to be a perfect success.

Malmo, Sweden.

#### KING DAVID'S SOLDIERS.

The kingdom of Israel in the time of David embraced a territory about equal to the state of Massachusetts and had a population nearly the same as that of New York—6,000,000 or more. That it was able to dominate the territory between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates and from Damascus to the Gulf of Arabia, with powerful neighbors pressing upon it from all sides, was due to the military genius of David, and the admirable military system established by him. In it is found not only the germ but the full development of the modern system of universal military service as applied in Germany and France. Its fun-

damental principle was that recognized by our great modern States, that every able-bodied man owes military service to the State, which he must actually pay for a certain period in peace and in war.

David transformed the irregular fighting forces of Israel into an organized and effective army. This included what we should now call a landwehr of 288,000 men, divided into twelve corps of 24,000 men, each corps being in time of peace called into active service for one month in the year, so that there were always 24,000 men in camp. In war requisitions were made on this force as needed and the troops were placed under the command of a general of tried courage and ability, belonging to a specially trained military body peculiar to the kingdom of Israel. A bodyguard for the king's person known as "gibborim" or heroes, was organized from thoroughly instructed men of war, corresponding to the "Swiss guards" of France and, like them, largely recruited from foreigners. This bodyguard was formed into a brigade composed of three regiments, each having a colonel, or corresponding officer, a lieutenant-colonel, and ten companies commanded by captains. From this guard, mainly from its captains, twelve generals were selected to command the army corps when called out for war. This gave the trained captains of the bodyguard assigned to the command of a corps rank equivalent to that of a major-general.

When David was driven to such extremities by the unexpected rebellion of his son Absalom and had fled across Jordan, a wanderer in the wilderness of Judea, he secured his final triumph by means of his bodyguard, all thorough soldiers, trained for duty as officers. Through their instrumentality the new levies were rapidly organized into companies, regiments and brigades. It is interesting to note that the march of Absalom when he led his great army across Jordan against his royal father was through the "wood of Ephraim," a wild tract near the mountains of Gilead, resembling in its physical features the Virginia "Wilderness," where Grant and Lee tried conclusions. The position held by David was like that of Lee on the Rapidan, and Absalom in marching through the "wood of Ephraim"

anticipated by nearly 3,000 years Grant : movements of May 5 and 6, 1864. The strate : gy of Joab, who commanded the hosts of Day vid, was precisely that of Lee, he hurling threstrong columns on Absalom's line of march.

#### IVORY A RICH CARGO.

The largest shipment of ivory ever received in this country was recently discharged a Brooklyn. It consisted of 331 tusks, a consignment for one New York firm. The tusk varied in length from 4 to 6 feet and were carefully wrapped in canvas. Shipped from the coast of Africa to Naples, they had been there loaded upon the merchant vessel which brought them to this country.

Owing to the scarcity of ivory many of the factories of this country which handle nothing but ivory have been closed and, while thi consignment was a big one, it in no way me the demand. Every year during the past tel years the demand for ivory has increased while the supply has perceptibly diminished There are very few countries which supply the world's ivory and Africa is now the principal of these. Already the elephant has become a stranger to many parts of Africa and gradually he is being crowded toward the interior; where the hunter, laboring under many disadvan tages, must go to reach him. Elephant hunt ing is no longer an every-day pleasure it Africa, but one for which the people plan with much care and enthusiasm. It is a long march from the coast into the jungles where the ele phant hides and there are no railroads to shorten the travel.

During the last half century millions of dol lars have been made in tusks in Africa. Ivory has always been a valuable commodity, but at the elephant has become gradually less numerous the shipments of ivory have gradually become less and the price has increased in accordance, thus making it possible for the trade to continue in spite of the difficulty of the hunter. The ivory which is shipped out of Africa is obtained largely through the natives who trade it to the merchants in exchange for regular merchandise. Having very little idea of the market value of the stuff, the natives are often victimized by unscrupulous traders.

ho thus make enormous fortunes in a few ears.

During the past few years, however, the naves have come to realize the value of their ories and to even the most wary merchant ais fortune making has been a slower process. For is now worth \$3 a pound, and as the verage tusk weighs from twelve to twenty jounds the value of each tusk and of this cargo an easily be figured.

The amount of hunting this cargo represents annot be estimated, for nowadays a hunting arty may travel for days or weeks together ithout coming upon a single herd of elehants. And even when they sight a herd ar off if the wind is not in the right direction -that is, away from the elephants-there will be no hunting in that herd. The elephant, ilways a wary animal, has grown more cauious as his numbers have been decreased, and t is only after much clever maneuvering that he hunting party can come near enough to the herd for shooting. The natives have many a cunning trick for catching the elephants unawares, and it is they who conduct the hunting party, no matter by whom the actual shooting may be done.

## NOT DEXTEROUS AT FORTY.

Long after a man's hands have ceased to do the bidding of the mind that directs them his mind retains its full measure of vigor. Instances are numerous of men who have reached the allotted age of life continuing in the activities of the world as long as those activities 'are of the brain and not of the hand. But the mechanic's highest skill is shown when he is between the ages of 30 and 40. After the latter age his hand loses its cunning, but if his brain has been taught to work he can continue to labor and may even surpass the earning power of his hand. After 40 the muscles do not respond nearly as certainly and readily to the orders and the willingness of the brain.

A good instance of the early death of manual activity is seen in the button trade. A skillful button-maker in his prime, between 30 and 40 years of age, can make \$11 or \$12 a week, being in ivory an output each day on his lathe of 6,420 buttons. When he gets to be 45

years old he can make \$6 or \$7 a week if he is lucky, while 20 years later, even if he still enjoys sound health and faculties, all he can make is \$5 a week.

## TEARS THAT ONIONS BRING.

THE distressing flow of tears as well as the smarting of the eyes that afflict those preparing onions for cooking or for the table may be easily avoided by means at the command of everyone. The pungent odor which affects the delicate membrane surrounding the eyes is due to a sulphurous oil which volatilizes rapidly when the tissue of the vegetable is broken in any way. To avoid the effects of this vapor is easy if a small pared potato be stuck in the end of the knife with which the cutting is done. A chemical affinity attracts the fumes and their presence is not manifest to the operator till the potato has reached a certain degree of saturation, when it can readily be replaced by another.

Onions are among the finest nerve tonics we have, and if spring onions are chopped and spread between sliced bread and butter they form a sandwich which, if eaten at supper time, will do a great deal toward insuring a good night's sleep.

### MAKE LAWS DURING NIGHT.

THERE is a very marked difference in the working methods of the United States congress and the British parliament which strike the visitor from one country to the other. of the things that seem peculiar to the American is the absence of clerks in the British assembly and the practice of members wearing hats during the session. Some recent proposals that the hour of convening the British parliament be changed, call attention to the striking difference between the working methods of that body and our own congress. Parliamentary sessions begin late and last far into the night. The parliamentray hours, indeed, have undergone a good many changes and it is only twelve years since a radical change was made in them-the house meeting at 3 instead of 4; and adjourning, nominally, at 12, instead of at some hour in the morning.

## THE AMERICAN BIBLE.

THE American version of the Revised Bible has just been placed on sale.

When the American and English committees appointed to modernize the King James Bible finished their work it was seen that they differed greatly on important points of phraseology and the choice of words. For harmony's sake the Americans submitted to the preferences of their English brethren, with the understanding, though, that their ideas should be incorporated in an appendix to the revision, and that after fourteen years, they should be permitted to issue a revision of their own. The English revision companies insisted that fourteen years should elapse between publications for commercial reasons.

Since that time the American revisers have continued their work to some extent and the changes contained in the appendix to the ordinary revised version have been revised thoroughly themselves. Examination shows that the American renderings are more faithful to the original text and that cutting out many of the obsolete idioms of King James' time has clarified the meaning of passages hitherto obscure to the lay reader.

Professor Howard Osgood, of the American company of revisers, in explaining for the Sunday School Times some of the changes which appear in the new revision, says that so great has been the change in the meaning and usage of words that some translations, accurate in their day, now misrepresent the Hebrew and Greek, as well as the English, of 300 years ago. "Prevent" then meant to go before, meet; now it means to hinder. "Let" then signified to hinder; now it means to permit. "Lust" then, as in German now, meant pure pleasure, desire, joy; now it breathes vile passion.

Professor Osgood asks: "Why should we be compelled to read in the Bible the strange spellings 'bewray,' 'ciel,' 'grisled,' 'holpen,' 'hough,' 'lien,' 'marish,' 'minish,' 'pourtray,' 'shew,' 'sith,' 'strake,' 'strowed,' 'victual' and others? A special dictionary of strange Bible words is required to interpret such spelling to us."

One of the striking features of the American version is the restoration of the word Jehovah

to the text, this personal appellation of the Deity being used almost uniformly in place o "Lord and God." "Sheol" is the term substituted for "the pit," "the grave" and hell.

To illustrate the greater majesty and grace of diction in the American edition these excerpts from the Old Testament are given:

ENGLISH.

Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, which they sojourned in Egypt, was four hundred, etc. -Ex. 12: 40.

The Lord, the God of your fathers, make you a thousand times so many more as ye are.—Deut. 1: 11.

A great altar to see to. Josh. 22: 10.

They fought from heaven, The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Judges 5: 20.

The God of my rock, in Him will I trust.—2 Sam. 22: 3.

And when they were departed from him (for they left him in great diseases).—2 Chron. 24, 25.

Their young ones are in good liking.—Job 39: 4.

I shall be satisfied, when I am awake, with thy likeness. Ps. 17: 15.

I said in my haste, All men are a he. Ps.

But the way of the treacherous is rugged.
Prov. 13: 15.

AMERICAN

Now the time that the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years.—Ex 12: 40.

Jehovah, the God of your fathers, make you a thousand times as many as ye are. Deut. 1: 11.

A great altar to look upon.—Josh. 22: 10.

From heaven fought the stars,

From their courses they fought against Sisera.
Judges 5: 20.

God, my rock, in him will I take refuge.—2 Sam. 22: 3.

And when they were departed from him (for they left him very sick),—2 Chron. 24: 25.

Their young ones become strong.—Job 39: 4.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with beholding thy form Ps. 17: 15. I said in my haste, All men are hars,—Ps.

But the way of the transgressor is hard.

Prov. 13: 15.

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At a religious meeting an evangelist requested all to rise who wanted to go to heaven. All rose but one man. The evangelist then requested all to rise who wanted to go to the bad place, and the man still remained seated. The evangelist then remarked that there seemed to be one man in the audience who didn't want to go to either of the abovenamed places and he would like to know where he did want to go—to which the man replied that he didn't want to go anywhere—he wanted to stay right here.

## The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

## CHRIST'S RELATION TO WOMEN.

BY FLORA E. TEAGUE.

FROM the time God had a chosen people on arth, womanhood has been honored and eleited far beyond what it was by heathen naons. Who shall say that it may not be atibuted to the dignity, soul-culture, and puriof Jewish woman, brought about by a connual preparation and looking forward for the
oming of the Holy One who would do still
tore towards elevating her? Was she deived? Let us see as we note the Savior's
eatment of women under various condions.

Among the first instances on record of the avior's relation to women is his presence at ne wedding feast in Cana of Galilee. Here e not only sanctified the marriage relation ut set his stamp of approval and encouragement upon it. By so doing woman has been levated to a high and lofty sphere, and home as been made a miniature heaven, in which he wife and mother rules as queen.

At this place we have the Savior dealing with his mother. What Mary conceived in egard to her Son we know not. Many have peculated about it. We do know that she approached him in a seemingly confidential way expecting help in some form or other unler embarrassing circumstances. Her request doubtless, was presumptuous, for the Savior is compelled to make known to her that however nuch he had been subject to her as a child and son, he can not be when it comes to a manifestation of his divine power. Hence, in erms of dignity, reverence and honor he addresses her with these words: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" etc.

While to us the term "woman" may seem narsh, we must not forget that on the cross and while suffering the deepest anguish, he was so moved by the distress of his mother that he leels called upon to provide for her future comfort as well as to have her conveyed away from the scene of his suffering. He, under these conditions, calls her "woman" This throws around it a kind of endearing aspect then that we do not connect with the term. She, it is

evident, did not consider it harsh, nor did she seem to feel that he had denied her request. Her commands to the servants otherwise indicate. From this scene what a wonderful glimpse we get of the deep filial respect the Savior showed his mother. He truly loved her with all the devotion a so perfect being could love.

When the Savior met the sin-defiled woman of Samaria, his great heart of love and gentleness went out to her in such a manner that she was over-awed and changed her words from light and bantering ones to those of honor and respect. Her curiosity is aroused; so, too, is her self-respect, even though she be compelled to acknowledge her sins.

Then the Savior proceeds to instruct, to interest, and to enlighten until this woman of sin is changed into a character of purer, loftier and holier desires—was so changed and filled with happiness, that she forgets herself, her work, her property and hastens to bring others to the One whom she has found so precious to her soul.

In the sermon on the mountain the Saviorwoman's friend-elevates, uplifts and protects her from the shamelessness and the vileness man through his evil tendencies had brought her. No longer is she doomed to be but a simple instrument for his passions, but unto her was accorded protection by condemnation of even a lustful look or desire. Then, too, the looseness of the marriage vow was severely condemned by the Savior's ruling in regard to divorce. She no longer was subject to man's pleasure or displeasure. Her home was to be a settled, pure, and sacred one. How strange it is to-day that after the Savior has done so much in this respect for women that any of them would aid in destroying the very law that the Savior gave for their protection.

The weeping, widowed mother of Nain, when bereft of her only son, touched the heart of him who ever proved himself the friend of the widow and orphan. God has threatened the direst ends to those who take advantage of the unprotected. How fitting it was, then, that his own Son should be found even going out of his way willingly to reach this sorrowing mother.

The woman, probably a vile one, who was

led to anoint the Savior in the Pharisee's house intuitively read and correctly, too, that he was one who would not draw his mantle closer about him nor shrink from her touch at her approach. Tired of sin she sought purity. The contrast was great. She felt it and the fountain of tears gushed forth along with all the evils of her heart. The Savior permitted her adoration nor did he repel or frighten her by a stare, a cold shoulder, or a haughty attitude.

What a wonderful confidence did the Savior inspire in the breast of the woman with the bloody issue! Up to this time nothing had exceeded it. Contrary to the Jewish belief, Jesus did not consider himself defiled by her touch of his garments. Neither does he rebuke her for daring to test him. With the greatest gentleness he leads the poor, timid, shrinking one to confess him before men. Her humbleness is rewarded by a bestowal of favor in word and deed. Thus we see that the most humble and shrinking are made trustful in him and in themselves. "She is the only woman upon whom Jesus is recorded to have bestowed any epithet but a formal one. Her misery and her faith drew from his guarded lips the tender and yet lofty word, 'Daughter.'"

Again, his contact with the heathen woman of Syro-phœnicia reveals him as one who is able to draw out the best in one, let it be confidence, love, action, or, as in this case, skillful argument and perseverance. To many readers to-day the Savior's conduct in this instance seems contrary to his usual gentleness, but, doubtless, he had a wise purpose. It made the woman's faith in him all the stronger and her pleas the more earnest. The reward came and completely shadowed over the first heartaches. No wonder the fallen woman and the outcast when tired of sin are drawn to the One altogether lovely. The contrast is so great that he becomes especially attractive.

One of the greatest tests to the Savior was when the adulterous woman was brought before him. But he was equal to the occasion.

Very likely the Savior's tenderness shown to this guilty woman turned her completely over to a pure and holy life. Her lingering by the Savior's side after her accusers had so shamefully fled, rather gives the idea of penitence on her part, a desire for pardon, or what ever the merciful One had in store for her.

Jesus seemed to enjoy pleasant companion and home surroundings. How he loved to linger in the peaceful home at Bethany wher he must have been a very welcome gues How happy must have been the hours his spent here with these devout women. must have sprung up quite an intimacy, too, o the nervous, worrying, busy Martha would no have dared to address him in such a familia yet rebuking way as she did on one especia occasion. Jesus with his great soul does no grow angry at her but gently teaches her better way to live. One can almost imagin the Savior's sad vet gentle countenance as h gave Martha her instructions. The friendship and love shown Jesus by these devoted sister was well rewarded when later, touched by their sorrow, he restores to them safe and well their dead brother. So great a reward drew forth still deeper love from the gentle' hearted Mary. When the Savior next visited their home, she lavished her affection upol him by anointing him with a costly ointment Rebuked by the disciples for this lavish waste as they deemed it the Savior reproves then while accepting and justifying Mary's loving

No wonder there are found to-day more women in the churches than men! Why should there not be? Is it any wonder that his most faithful, brave and daring follower should be women—women for whom he did more than we shall ever be able to realize or fully appreciate. Is it any wonder that no women took part in his death, but on the other hand opposed it? Is it any wonder that women should first be found at the tomb? And is it any wonder he appeared first to Mary Magdalene who likely loved him most?

How cheerless, my dear sisters, would life be to us without the Savior? Through him we are made heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

To be continued.

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BE what nature intended you to be and you will be a success.





## In the Front Room after Dinner





## BEING REMEMBERED.

Is the play of Rip Van Winkle, when the d man comes down from his twenty years' eep and fails to recognize or be recognized by s friends he bows his head and says: "How oon we are forgotten!" And it is true. It is ily a question of time till every reader is forotten. A few may remember us when we e, and keep our memory green, but we will on pass away utterly. How many of us are here who can locate the graves of our great randparents? Even the burial place, the emetery in which thousands have been inarred, is often lost and the very location forotten. The burial place of the king passes, s well as that of the peasant, from mortal nowledge. Taken all in all it is a good thing. t is a blessing that we forget, or, if we do not holly forget, that we become blunted as time ouches us.

And how some poor mortals struggle against he inevitable. They strive for place and preerment as though it were to be a permanency. They forget, themselves, that in a short time fter they have passed from mortal vision hey will be no more remembered than the eaf that fell from the tree last autumn, as fortotten as the song of the wood bird summers igo. It is not worth while,—the fight for place and power. There is something better han wasting one's years in a hopeless struggle or recognition and supremacy. What it is et us consider here. We do not hope to change the drift of human thought and action. But here and there we know there are people who have chosen a better part in life and these we hope to strengthen. It is like a man plodding homeward through deepening snows. He is cheered by the hearty hail of the voice he hears in the distance.

What is life, anyway? Whence from and whither bound? These are questions the ages have asked and out of the dim past of questioning no answer has come to us. The true sphinx is human life and the riddle has never been guessed. But there is a light never seen on land or sea that comes to all who seek it, whether of the solemn academic groves, or the field's toiler who wonders as he plods homeward. It may be said to have been first to illumine the world from the hill on which the carpenter's son died ages agone. What is this story of the ages?

Each life is but a speck of color in the world scheme. What the picture is in its entirety none know. What we are to it is what the atom is in the herculean statue. It knows not nor need it know. Gifted with vision it might stand aloof and see the radiant angel the sculptor let loose from the block of Carrara marble, but it must be content to dwell, an atom among atoms, in the belief that all's well.

But the human atom is a sentient one. It knows within its limitations. Being finite logically it is impossible that it should comprehend the infinite. But it has something else in its place if it will but use it. 'It is the eye of faith that sees beyond the clouds and over the mountain. And thank God the gift is to all. It is not given to the learned and denied the unlettered. It is not to Cræsus more than to Hodge. It is not confided to the keeping of the queen more than to the maid. It lies in the open palm for all who will take and use it aright. With it life loses all of its complexity and as far as human insight goes we see and know, darkly, as St. Paul puts it, but we shall see and know in the fullness of time, even as we are seen and know.

And, after all, the whole story is told in that chapter from Paul's letter to the church at old Corinth. Faith, hope and love! And the greatest, yea, the greatest thing is love. It is greatest because when we pass faith is ended, hope is finished, but love lives. It is the greatest because it lasts. Love never dieth. And this brings us back to the subject of our talk. What is it we are remembered longest for? Why are we remembered at all? And that brings us to consider what sort of future recognition lives longest, what is best.

Is it that we have guided a host that has killed many people, and so hurt the other side that it lay in the dust and panted quits? Is it that when a man passed, others, standing by, pointed and whispered "That is he!" No, not by these things are men remembered among their fellows. What, then, does live after we are gone? It is the deed of love, the word of affection that survives. It, and they, are the only things that will live when we have passed from mortal vision. And it is all that will win in at the gate of the land of the leal.

The world has had the lesson long before it, and little the progress toward its full realization! At this writing, after nearly two thousand years of teaching, and millions of individual experiences to prove it, the so-called Christian nations, to preserve their place among others, must build ships, create armies, and war one with the other for very existence. Nor have many individuals, comparatively speaking, learned in full the lesson of love and good will to all mankind. And yet, that is the only way, the one and only. Will the time ever arrive when the world will come to it?

We can best arrive at our conclusion by refu ring to the lives of individuals who have passe and thank God that there are so many them, after all. These people lived for othe Their lives were spent in an unselfish servi of those nearest to them. It was often an a thanked service, but that was never thought They went through life with an extended, hel ing hand, to all about them. They did all t good they could, asked no questions and ma no fuss about it. And then, when these peop laid down their earthly garments and passed o of sight, people remembered. The child cu dled closer to its mother and associated the or who had gone with a red apple, the artist paused in his work and recalled the help the time of the strike, the rich man hesitated his pursuit of gain and remembered the tin when his child hovered between life and dear and the unselfish hand had wrought the price less service of love, and the now closed eyes ha watched by the bedside of the sufferer. men had something to say of the goodness the departed. Sometimes they raise the mo ument to the memory of the departed, but is not needed. Their works do live aft them.

And this form of being remembered is a that there is in this life worth striving afte And there are thousands who do it, and som times in a moment of weakness they may as themselves what good comes of it. Courag and continue! When the end has come, fro some high coigne of vantage the freed so may see the one who was helped, grown ole as years are counted, and as they mumble of the green fields of their youth and the day of childhood, the only glorified picture of the lot may be the deed of kindness and the helping hand, now passed forever, as this work sees, and at rest under the trees that never cast a leaf in a land of eternal spring morning.

FULL many a man who poses as
A cynic or a skeptic
Upon analysis will prove
To be a plain dyspeptic.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

SEPT. 21, 1901.

No. 38.

## NOT SELF, BUT OTHERS.

Gop's world is very large,
Ours is so small:
Our love is for our own,
His love for all.
The Father's light and love
No change can dim;
Why have his children grown
So unlike him?

Faces care-worn and hard,
Hearts of unrest,
Hand swift to snatch and hold
For self the best.
Insatiate greed of gold,
Luxury, ease
What do the sons of God,
Craving for these?

Oh! for the love of God, Keep love to man; Study the Father's will, Further his plan. Self-love is never joy, Never knows peace, Aye, in the God-like soul Self-love must cease.

Children of love divine, Learn larger ways; Cherish the nobler life Filled with God's praise. Sorrow will lose its power, Morning will break, If the heart lose itself For love's dear sake.

## MATCHES TOO NOISY.

Generally speaking foreign matches make less noise when igniting than American matches. The majority of the latter crack like a pistol shot when scratched. This effect results from the peculiar composition with which the American matches are tipped. Sweden, to which country the world is indebted for several other innovations in this line of business, originated what is called the

"safety match," which will light only when scratched upon its own box. This result is attained by putting one important ingredient of the friction compound, the phosphorous, on the box rather than on the match.

## AN OLD FISHING FLEET.

The great North sea fishing fleet, known as the short blue trawlers, which for a century had headquarters at Yarmouth, after having been withdrawn from sea for some time, has been finally dispersed, the last of the vessels, which formerly numbered 400 and employed 1,500 men and boys, being sold by auction. This fleet was unable to be profitably worked on account of the North sea being overfished by steam trawlers. The prices realized were remarkably low, the highest being \$690, while there were many vessels disposed of at \$120, \$150, \$175 and \$200 each. Some of the purchasers were Dutchmen.

## A LONG DESCENT.

A CURIOUS deed is on file in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania. It bears date of Oct. 9, 1793. In a series of whereases it traces the ownership of the land conveyed from the Creator of the earth, who, "by parole and livery of seizin did enfeoff the parents of mankind, to-wit, Adam and Eve, of all that certain tract of land called and known in the planetary system as the earth" down through the ages to the maker of the deed.

## PERFUMES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

THE oldest perfumes were those recovered from Egyptian tombs, 1,500 to 2,000 years before the Christian era.

## SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CHURCH.

BY P. H. BEERY.

A STUDY of the school idea in its development within the church, is both interesting and instructive. The leaders in the organization of the church and many of the pioneer workers of a century and a half ago were educated men; but they seem not to have been school men. The masses, too, seem to have been wholly absorbed in the reform of religion, and in the battle for bread, incident to pioneer life. Thus in the course of time they came to look with suspicion and contempt upon education, and likewise upon government and upon æsthetics-the other elements necessary to civilized life. To have attempted reform in everything would have resulted in nothing. However, then as now, thinking men could not escape the conviction that "knowledge is power."

That the church might have no lack of men of great minds, firm in the principles and practices of the church, it was seen that the church must have her own schools where these happy results could be wrought out. The idea thus born has required the lapse of many years for its development. The great mass of believers was very slow to give up the conviction that schools were worldly institutions, and that high schools especially, were an unmixed evil. Even as late as 1853 the church went on record in Annual Conference as follows: "We would deem colleges a very unsafe place for a simple follower of Christ, inasmuch as they are calculated to lead us astray from the faith and obedience to the Gospel." Again in 1857 when asked for an expression concerning the proposed establishment of a college at Bourbon, Ind., the church in Annual Conference gave its veto by saying: "It is conforming to the world "

The battle of ideas was now on, and for the next twenty-five years was waged with vigor. The first victory for schools came in 1858, when Annual Conference decided that the school movement at Bourbon, Ind., was an individual enterprise and as such the church could not interfere. Of course, that school failed, for no amount of ability and enthusiasm on the part of the school men could offset the

opposition of the church masses, and the consequent lack of patronage and financial support. Other efforts to found a church school were made in Pennsylvania and in Ohio, but failed for similar reasons. Not until 1876 was anything permanent accomplished.

By the genius and undying purpose of Prof. J. M. Zuck, a school was founded at Huntingdon, Pa., which, though it began with one teacher, in a rented hall, with three students. has lived and prospered until now it ranks as one of the best schools of its grade in that State. Its faculty of more than a score of instructors, its five magnificent modern buildings, its splendid libraries and laboratories, its beautiful campus and athletic park, and its annual roll of more than three hundred students .these make it an honor to the church and a lasting monument to the genius and the business ability of its founders and promoters. Since the year 1876 other schools have been founded and successfully maintained at Mount Morris, Ill., Bridgewater, Va., and McPherson, Kans. Many attempts have been made at other places, usually with a maximum of failure and a minimum of success.

Although much of our past experience has been unsatisfactory and at times almost ruinous, yet there is abundant evidence that the school idea has grown. And although much of this development is traceable to the failures of the past, we can not escape the conviction that we should have done better, had the church masses and the school men better understood one another. Fifteen years ago there were only a very few practical school men in the church,—but perhaps as many as we could tolerate. While they represented a class ranking very high in the educational world, yet of them our own people were distrustful, fearing to accept their theories and unwilling to follow their leadership. lamentable condition was due in part to the narrow view which the masses and many of the church leaders took of life. They were either unable or unwilling, to go on toward perfection, after having comprehended the "principles and doctrines of Christ." They failed to understand that a man to be "thoroughly furnished unto every good work," must "study." He must know. He must be

thoughtful, not only concerning correct religious forms and ceremonies, and concerning food, shelter, and clothing; but much more concerning the development and training of his own being,—both body and mind, and concerning the adjustment of himself to the outer world, as subdued and organized in harmony with the higher laws of life.

The situation was made still more hopeless by the teaching of both pulpit and press; first, that everything outside of our own closelydrawn church lines, was essentially worldly, and therefore to be avoided as evil: and second that the church is "all-sufficient," adequately serving every purpose of life. Therefore all other organizations and institutions are wholly superfluous. Against these superstitions the school battle was waged fierce and long. For more than a century prior to 1850 no school was attempted, none was possible. And in all the early failures this same influence was most pernicious. It impugned the motives, discredited the judgment, and frustrated every effort of the best scholarship in the church. It prevented student and endowment support to every school effort. In this, however, the laity were little to blame. They followed, in good faith, the leadership and teaching of the great mass of church officials. And unless the past failures are to be repeated in new forms in the future, these official leaders must be awakened and instructed. must be shown the better way. And through them it will not be difficult to give the masses a broader and more correct view of life, also a better understanding of the nature and purpose of education. This campaign of enlightenment must be waged until it is clear to all, that the liberal education of both sexes is a necessity, and that scholarship is essential to leadership.

We must be shown the absolute necessity of owning and controlling our own schools, also the baseness of that mercenary school sentiment found everywhere, that seeks to found and promote a school as a "money maker" or a "money saver" to the community where it is located. We must learn that no school can long live on talk and professional titles. Neither can any school be more than a mere experiment until it has. (1) a large paying

patronage of the better class of students, (2) ample tuition and endowment support, (3) commodious modern buildings with libraries and laboratories furnished with the latest books and the best apparatus, (4) a large and scholarly faculty. Each and all of these are necessary to secure for the school, in the educational world, that recognition and influence that alone can give it permanence.

There are some schools in the church that have passed the crisis and are no longer experiments. When disappointment and disaster came, these have served to control sentiment and to bring speedy recovery. Around them the strength and the intelligence of the church now rally, and within them are found many of the most aggressive and the most loyal church workers.

This achieved within the life of a single generation is almost without parallel, and enables us clearly to foresee future changes in the process of our development, equally marvelous. The movement is on already, for special schools, covering the various lines of university instruction, and that of technical and manual training.

For the enlightenment of the masses, and for the organization and direction of efforts along right lines, may God give us a few masters for leaders! Unfortunately we are, just now, victimized by scores and scores of professors(?) who with a half-finished education are forced upon us as leaders(?) by a following of friends more zealous than wise. The result is endless jealousy and contention within the schools, and hostile rivalry and division without. We shall deserve success only in proportion to our ability to overcome local interests and personal preferences, and as we proceed by organized co-operation. May the day speedily come when the school workers of the church shall be thoroughly organized for this purpose.

Indianapolis, Ind.

## ABOUT YOUR PEARL BUTTONS.

THE digging of the rough mussel shells is, of course, the initial act in button making This is done by many fishermen at the many different points where are found beds of the sluggish clam along the Mississippi.

The fishermen have sheetiron tanks at convenient places on shore, filled with boiling water, in which the mussels are boiled ten or fifteen minutes, in order to kill them and permit the extraction of the fleshy part. This accomplished, the shells are loaded into sacks and sent by steamer to the button factories. Sometimes large scows are loaded with shells at a camp and towed to the factory town by a tug. Shells are also sold on the shore to buyers for local button makers or for factories at the East.

One large boiling-out shed at Leclaire, Iowa, is forty feet square and has three furnaces, on which are placed large boiling pans, each holding twenty bushels of mussels.

The fishermen make no use of the mussels removed from the shells in cooking. In some places the meat is eagerly sought by farmers who feed it to their hogs and poultry. It seems probable that the fishermen might add materially to the proceeds of their fishing by finding a market for this waste. The quantity is, in the aggregate, large, the estimate for this year being 1,000 tons. From a ton of niggerhead mussels as taken from the water over 300 pounds of meat is obtained." Small quantities of it are used for bait in fishing.

The mussel shells, as purchased from the fishermen, are hauled to the factories and stored in sheds. Preparatory to being used, the shells ars sorted by sizes. Usually three sizes of "niggerheads" are recognized. Another preliminary step is the soaking of the sorted shells in barrels of fresh water from three to six days to render them less brittle. Even when only a few hours out of the water the shells become brittle and dry and it is necessary that they be used while wet, as otherwise they crumble or split under the saw.

The next step is the cutting or sawing of the "blanks." Each cutter has a pile of selected shells at hand. The shells are usually held with pliers while being cut, but some sawyers have the hand gloved or mittened and use no pliers or pincers. A fine jet of water plays upon the shell, as the saw revolves, in order to prevent the formation of dust and to keep the shell cool. The dust is very irritating to the respiratory passages and eyes of the cutters.

The saws are made of flat steel strips about two inches wide, and of various lengths, corresponding to the sizes of the buttons. These strips, after being provided with fine teeth, are accurately bent into a cylindrical form and fitted into heavy iron holders, the latter being adjusted to a lathe in which they revolve on a horizontal axis. As the "blanks" are cut they pass through the saw and holder and drop into a box beneath the saw.

From the cutting machines the blanks are taken to a weigher and recorder, who credits each man with the gross number he cuts. In all branches of the button industry a gross is considered as consisting of fourteen dozen instead of twelve, in order to make allowance for the imperfect or defective buttons that are likely to be produced at every stage, from the cutting of the blanks to the sewing of the finished buttons on cards.

When the larger buttons are cut from the shell it is passed along to a man who cuts a smaller size. In this way a shell is cut several times, not a particle of it being wasted. Most factories cut but seven sizes — 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26—" line" buttons ("line" being the technical term of measurement). Some, however, have machines for cutting 40, 50 and even 60-line buttons, but these are seldom used.

The buttons being cut, they are dried in sawdust, and are then put in the distributer and automatically sorted into piles according to their thickness. There are nine different thicknesses. The last chapter of the factory, which does not "finish" the buttons, is to place the blanks in large sacks and these in boxes, in which they are shipped to Eastern markets.

The next step in the making of the complete button is the dressing or grinding of the back of the "blank" to make an even surface. To accomplish this each blank must be held against a revolving emery wheel.

"Turning" or "facing" is the next step. This, also, is done by emery wheels, and gives to the front of the button its form, including the central depression. This is followed by drilling two or four holes for the thread. Improved machines have come into use of late which will do all this work without the aid of

the human hand six times as fast. All that is necessary to do is to drop the buttons by the pushel into a cylinder and the machine does he rest.

The button is now complete, with the exception of the polishing process; this brings but the natural luster, which has been lost in grinding. The buttons are placed in mass in arge wooden kegs, known as "tumblers," in which they are subjected to the action of chemcal fluid while the "tumblers" revolve rapidly. After being washed and dried the buttons go to rooms where they are sorted by sizes and grades of quality and then sewed on cards and backed in pasteboard boxes.

There is no waste; the remainder of the shell, after the buttons are sawed out, is ground into dust and sold as chicken feed. In earlier years the punctured mussel shell was acuted away and used in road making.

One of the fascinations of the shell business is pearl finding. Hundreds of the very best pearls and "slugs" are found in the clam shells along the Mississippi river. All sizes and shapes are found, many of which are perfectly spherical and worthy of a good price. Some shellers make pearl hunting a specialty. In boiling the shell to open it any pearl which may be within is ruined. The pearl finder, therefore, opens the shell by main force.

The Mississippi river pearl is regarded as being finer than that of the ocean because of its more brilliant luster. The round pearls are of more value than "slugs" or boroques, which are not of uniform shape.

## MANY VIRTUES IN APPLES.

Not alone are apples pleasing to the palate of the average mortal, but they possess medicinal properties of great value to mankind. German analysts say that the fruit contains a larger percentage of phosphorous than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorous is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal chord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves

to be growing old and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

A good, ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes. Gefraud found that the "pulpe of roasted apples mixed in a wine quart of faire water and labored together until it comes to be as apples and ale—which we call lambeswool—never faileth in certain diseases of the raines, which myself had often proved and gained thereby both crownes and credit." "The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning or running eyes at night, when the party goes to bed, and is tied or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily and contrary to exception-an excellent secret."

A poultice made of rotten apples is of very common use in Lincolnshire for the cure of weak or rheumatic eyes. Likewise in the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, an apple poultice is used commonly for inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and its pulp applied over the eyes without any intervening substance.

THE man who is looking for a fat office should visit the counting room of a lard factory.

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## WORLD'S BIGGEST HOP FARM.

Hops will not grow everywhere. They demand warm, dry valleys well in from the sea. In England, where more beer is consumed per capita than in any other country in the world, not excluding even Germany, but 55,000 acres are fit for hop culture. America has the same amount of hop land under cultivation, but America grows all her own hops and exports 65,000 bales to Great Britain. But even this is not enough to keep John Bull's throat wet and Great Britain imports an additional 50,000 bales annually from Europe.

Of the 55,000 acres which grow hops in this country 7,500 are in California—twice as many as are grown in any other State in the Union—and like the biggest squashes, the biggest trees, the biggest grapevines, California has the doubtful distinction of owning the biggest single hop field in the world, an area of 368 acres at Pleasanton, where half a million vines grow under one wire, covering the country as far as the eye can reach with a canopy of pale green vines and blossoms whose heavy odor is almost oppressive. It is one of the sights early in September, before the picking season begins, to walk in these fragrant forest aisles.

The entire product of the Pleasanton hop field, amounting last year to 2,800 bales, worth from \$35 to \$40 a bale, or about \$110,000 for the crop, is annually sent to London direct for a certain famous manufacturer of pale ale. So highly does he value these hops that he regularly pays from 2 to 4 cents a pound more for them than the market price for other hops from the same locality. Two big locomotives drawing a special train with the whole Pleasanton crop aboard take these hops across the continent to New York, whence they are carried in an Atlantic liner to England. Possibly the same Atlantic steamer and some of the same freight cars form the line of transportation by which the choice hops from Pleasanton come back to America as expensive imported English ale and beer. But so it is with various other products of American soil. The people of this country are slowly awakening to the situation, but it will take years for them to learn to save themselves the cost of that double freightage half way around the world.

The American hop fields employ about 240,-

000 men, women and children as pickers alone for there are 72,000,000 hop vines to be stripped and the crop in a good season as worth \$16,000,000.

The picking must all be done by hand within the short month of September when the blossoms are at their best. This means the sudden mustering of an army of people for the harvest. The mild climatic conditions that favor the development of the hot and the pleasant valleys where alone it will grow combine to make hop-picking some thing of an autumn delight, for the work neither difficult nor arduous and the pay fair.

The biggest hop field in the world is a mil across the level plain from the railroad sta tion where a conspicuous group of red build ings, their elevator turrets projecting hig, above the roofs of the drying kilns, forms landmark visible from all parts of the Plea anton valley. Stretching away for half mile in one direction, for three-quarters of mile in another are accurately aligned row of seeming telegraph poles, always forty-twi feet apart each way and connected on top wit heavy wire. Fastened at right angles acrothese larger wires are smaller ones nicely a ranged six feet apart in parallel rows, so the hundreds of acres are covered as by the man moth meshes of a coarse screen. Such is th view of that portion of the hop field which h. been denuded of its vines. There are bewa dering hundreds of these twenty-foot pole blending in the distance into dense mass and more than 1,000 miles of heavy wire that enormous network.

The up-to-date hop yard is a model of in proved methods of culture and curing. The hop roots are planted six feet apart in accurate rows, making a total of 1,210 plants to the acre. Every ten years the roots are grubbed out and renewed, though the old ones we produce fairly well for twelve or fifteen year and longer. In February men go through the field and grub off the spreading upper roots and then "hill up" the earth around the marroot.

About the first of April wagons with e vated platforms, somewhat resembling, l very much larger, than those used in repairing olley wires for street railway systems, go owly through the plantation and fasten rings at regular intervals of six feet along I the cross wires, leaving the other ends of e strings dangling over the little mounds om which the future hop vine is to spring, fterward the lower ends are fastened to little on pegs driven near the hop hills. Someting like 1,500,000 of these little iron pegs e used in the Pleasanton field and no less an 35,000 pounds of string. To complete e stringing requires the work of 160 men for the weeks. Then the field is a wonderful aze of perpendicular threads.

There are vistas and narrow avenues and ense forests of these strange white strings widing the field into narrow alleyways as far the eye can reach. They are the improved p poles that California has introduced. heir use instead of the primitive willow pole is resulted in the growth of a ton and a half hops to the acre, where but a ton could be stained by the old method. About the 10th May the vines begin to come up, so that ley can be started on the strings. Unlike all ther vines, the hop winds spirally from right left. If started the wrong way it will not ay on the string. Rough, with hundreds of inute, hooklike tendrils, the creeper clings to support and keeps growing upward until it ets a hold on the top wire.

From the 12th to the 15th of July the vine gins to blossom. During that period and to the end of July the male hop vine, one which is planted for every 100 female or roductive vines, scatters its almost imperpible, dustlike pollen, or bees carry it, to ie neighboring blossoms, which are fertilized ad strengthened. Instead of the cone-shaped twers, the male vine has little grapelike unches of small brown seeds, which burst ten and scatter the pollen in the air. In thrope male vines are not used and the hops te not so powerful.

The picking season commences between ie 5th and 10th of September, and lasts from tree to five weeks, according to the size of the crop. An average good crop is 1,800 ounds to the acre, and land producing such ops sells for between \$300 and \$500 an acre. Jeeks before the picking season the superin-

tendent engages his pickers. That they may not desert the field when they are most needed the companies generally have a rule by which promissory checks are issued to the pickers for forenoon work and negotiable slips for afternoon pickings. Then, if the picker deserts or is discharged for cause he forfeits the forenoon payments that would eventually have been made to him at the end of the season. Pay is by the pound and is based on the prevailing price of hops. Check slips are issued daily and the afternoon papers are readily converted into money or its equivalent.

The average pay is 85 cents for every 100 pounds of hop blossoms picked. A general average picking is 125 pounds a day, which means about \$1.05 in money. But the large number of children brings the individual average for the season down to 83 pounds or 70 cents a day. The biggest pick ever made on the ranch in one day was by a 19-year-old youth who picked 458 pounds of hops in a single day. His record pick brought him \$3.80, which is the most that an individual could hope to make in a day. Some families come to the hop fields and work as a unit and make \$10 a day right along.

Notable in many things, this Pleasanton hop plantation employs nothing but white labor and permits no intoxicating liquors on the premises. The result is that a superior class of pickers is attracted to the place, and not a few women and young girls of apparent refinement are to be seen among the 800 persons constituting the harvesting force, which in heavy seasons sometimes reaches a total of 1,500 or 2,000.

The picking force is divided into sections of about 200 persons each, with one weigher and one field boss for each section. Each picker pulls down a vine and plucks off its hundreds of little light blossoms into a large open basket. As the basket is filled it is emptied into a large sack. This in turn is carried to the scales, weighed and receipted for and tossed up on the wagon to be taken to the kilns. The bags look bulky and heavy, but the blossoms are very light. It is the duty of the field boss to see that no dirt or leaves are plucked with the flowers, and as a double precaution

each bag is tagged with the picker's number, so that any carelessness or attempted cheating in weight is quickly discovered at the kilns and the offender fined or discharged and deprived of the value of all his morning checks, no matter if it be his last day of the season. The system insures honest service.

There are but two drawbacks to hop picking. One is so-called hop poisoning, which is simply a sort of prickly heat or rash sometimes produced by contact of face and arms with the net-like fuzz on the stalks of the hop vine. It does not affect all pickers. The other is the dark staining of the hands resulting from the resin of the blossom. It may be removed by rubbing with the crushed green leaves of the hop.

From the field the sacks of hop blossoms are drawn to the kilns and loaded on a big open elevator and carried to a porous floor, where the hops are distributed to a depth of sixteen inches. Twenty feet below is a furnace, the heat from which rises and passes through the burlap and on up through the hops, the open and lofty ventilator acting as a chimney. On top of the furnace is placed about forty-five pounds of sulphur, which is lighted by thrusting into it a red-hot horseshoe. The sulphur fumes and the heat pass through the hops for three or four hours. Drying and bleaching lasts about twelve hours, the hops being turned over during the last hour to complete the tempering. After this treatment the side of the drying-room is raised and men with great push hoes of wood shove the dry hops out into an enormous car on an elevated track, along which the load is conveyed to one of the cooling houses. From three and a half pounds of green hops the blossoms dry down to one pound of marketable hops. In the dry state the blossoms are fluffy and light. Whole warehouses filled with them and awaiting the press are simply a mass of unstable, leathery stuff into which a man sinks and disappears as readily as though he had fallen into water. At the end of each of the cooling-houses is 'a press for forming the hops into solid bales securely sewed up for shipping. Each bale weighs about 196 pounds.

At Pleasanton 100,000 pounds of hops can

be handled at the kilns in a day. There are six elevators, two for each kiln building, and twelve kilns, each supplied with a furnace. The kilns are thirty feet square and each one is fitted with a system of sprinklers by which water may be turned upon the room in an in stant. As all the buildings are of corrugated iron and as hops are not inflammable there is no fear of fire.

So much for the culture of the hops, but what of the nomads that pluck the blossoms! They were busy that afternoon gathering from the disappearing vines. Young girls in great spreading straw hats such as Maud Muller might have worn; gentler women in sunbon nets and gloves that told their own story of a modest home life somewhere: families combining the efforts of father and mother and children of various sizes; old men with gray beards and trembling fingers; youths nimbly at work-all of them stripping the recumben vines of their loads of fluffy little blossoms, al eager and cheerful and spirited, with that joy of life that comes from activity in the fresh open air, and all breathing a gentle atmosphere scented with the agreeable aroma of thousand: of blooms.

Little tots were there, hardly higher than the big baskets into which their chubby handdropped the hops that they clumsily took from the leafy vines. Old, bent women were seated on upturned baskets, plucking away like spectacled grandmothers at their knitting And such costumes! Mother Hubbards, ol calicoes, out-of-date street dresses, waists, jerseys—any old thing for the women for the men a fitting variety of undress attire topped with a varied assortment of hats and To see them all at work along the beautiful little avenues of tropical-looking vines you would think them the survivors o some disastrous shipwreck. Hop pickers de not dress for effectiveness in the field.

Hops have a thousand uses besides the common ones of making malted drinks and light bread. When made into a compress an heated they form an efficacious hot application for the body. Mixed into a decoction with oatmeal and water they are beneficial for ulcers. Made into a bath, they relieve some internal diseases. Placed in a pillow, they

nduce sleep. Steeped and drunk as tea, they are good for the blood and for fever. The root of the hop is sometimes used as a substitute for sarsaparilla. The young shoots when rooked as asparagus or greens make a palaable bitter relish. Hop buds make good salad 'Green hop vines pressed into a solid mass and allowed to ferment make good cattle feed. From the fiber of the hop vine are made strong ropes and textile fabrics.

On the level area near the kilns is usually the tented town of the families and the women and children. Most companies provide the tents and rent them for \$1 each for the season. Here dwell the aristocrats of the hop settlement. Just beyond, in the bed of the broad irrigating canal, at Pleasanton, with its fringe of willow trees, are the plebeians, the wanderers. There are the "hobos" and tramps in a typical settlement of their own, a collection of curiously-constructed huts and wigwams and leantos and cabins made up of boughs of willow and of old burlap from the floors of the kilns.

## SCENTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

In ancient times the knowledge and use of perfumes was almost universal. The oldest literature of mankind contains frequent references to the fragrant oils and spices used to perfume the body and the home, and from far back of literature tradition brings tales of the lavish use of precious sweet-smelling extracts on every conceivable festive occasion. Greek tradition avers that perfume came direct from Venus' toilet, and recipes for essences were inscribed on marble tablets all about the temples of the goddess.

Egypt was a great mart for all kinds of perfumes. Women made themselves beautiful through the use of essences and guests were received in chambers strewn with flowers. Even the dead were not forgotten, for the embalmed mummy was saturated with perfumes and spices, and sweet scents were burned before their statues. Those who could not afford this painted scent bottles on their tombs.

The ancients thought certain perfumes had medicinal value. Pliny mentions eighty-five remedies derived from rue, thirty-two from rose, forty-one from mint, twenty-one from the lily and seventeen from the violet. Thyme has a tonic quality, and lavender is soothing. Patchouli is stimulating, jasmine is cheering, while heliotrope is an irritant unless used in small quantities. There are those in our day who think sandal a tonic, and its virtues were known to the Greeks, who anointed themselves with it for the Olympian games.

The Jews' love of perfume was so great that morning and night they burned sweet incense of myrrh, and beds were perfumed with aloes and cinnamon. So indispensable were scents considered for the bridal toilet that one-twelfth of the bridal dowry was set apart for their purchase.

The famous balm of Gilead was distilled from a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gilead, but this of late has become so scarce that only the sultan can be supplied.

The trade in perfumes was enormous in Greece. Like the Egyptians, they understood the fascination of flowers, and an Athenian not only perfumed his house, but scented his drinking vessels with myrrh, the gum of a tree which grows in Arabia.

To such an extent was the love of perfume carried that each part of the body had its peculiar unguent—the hair required sweet marjoram, the neck and knees wild thyme, the arms balsam, the cheeks and breast palm oil and the feet and legs sweet ointment. Indeed, the perfumers' shops in Athens were the rendezvous of the beaux to discuss politics and intrigue.

The love of perfumery among the Greeks spread into Rome and soon the Roman perfumers became so famous that a bunch of sage indicated their shops. A Roman lady frequently kept one slave to sprinkle her hair.

THE last clause of a will which was filed for probate in Washington, D. C., one day last week significantly says: "The net sum of \$186,000 left by the will is the financial result of a long life of industry and economy, and if used for good and useful purposes by those to whom it is now given is enough. And if not so used is too much."

## NATURE



## STUDY

## THE DOGTOOTH VIOLET.

BY TONY E. FISHER.

This is one of the most common of spring wild-flowers, blooming best in loose, damp soil, but often found growing profusely on clay hillsides.

Not far from my home is a steep hillside covered in springtime with a thick growth of the mottled leaves of the dogtooth violet.

While digging here last spring, I discovered how the roots become so deeply imbedded in the soil.

In the early springtime, the bulb sends out two or more shoots—one upward and the others downward. The upward shoot produces the leaf and when conditions favor, the flower.

The lower end of the bulb sends out one, two or even three shoots. If the present bulb is examined at this time, it will be found to consist of a slight husk surrounding the stalk.

About this time the downward shoot or shoots have reached a length of from two to four inches, and there appears on the lower end a small soft knob, which soon develops into a hard bulb with a brown husk and of a milk color inside.

Immediately after developing the seeds and bulbs the top withers and dies and by the first of June the only trace of the plant is the bulbs which do not grow until the following spring.

Mexico, Ind.

## DOG AND COON WERE CHUMS.

AT Derby, Conn., George Mechterscheimer has a raccoon which is about themost intelligent animal in that vicinity. He caught it while out hunting one day last spring and he brought it home to exhibit it to his friends. The raccoon was a little fellow, barely able to walk, and was put in a cage and placed at the back of the store.

The little fellow would stand no fooling however, and at the least attempt to approac him would snap and bite like a wild cat. H was well fed and everything done to make th animal comfortable. In time he became mor tame and at last he was allowed the liberty of the building. He became a favorite with every body who came in contact with him and sooi learned how to do a number of tricks. H eats a dozen bananas a day and will go through the pockets of anyone whom he knows, usual ly finding something. He and Rap, George' spaniel, are great chums and it is comical t watch the two together, the dog letting the coon get on his back and drive him around the place.

The other night two dogs entered the place and the minute they set eyes on Pete, the coon, they went for him. Pete backed into a corner and, standing on his hind feet, used his forepaws like a prize fighter, and go in so many cross-swings, upper cuts and straight blows that he had both the dogs licked in no time. They turned tail and rar out of the place for all they were worth, with Pete after them. He landed on the back of the larger dog and nearly drove that animal crazy by scratching and biting him.

It was a victory for Pete and he seemed to realize it, for he walked up to where the bananas were kept and would not go away until he had one.

## INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS.

In a circus in Paris a lion was given some meat shut up in a box with a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company.

Female deer, when brought up by hand, often show quite astonishing intelligence, as do the males until they become vicious, which

ey always do. The stag which used to climb e barrack stairs, go out on to the outside illery and knock at the doors of the married parters, which were the only place where lilk, of which he was particularly fond, was elivered in the morning, is only one instance many of their cleverness.

In the London "Zoo" a large African elelant restores to his would-be entertainers all e biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the urs and fall alike out of his reach and theirs the space between the barrier and his cage. e points his trunk straight at the biscuits and ows them hard along the floor to the feet of e persons who have thrown them. He early knows what he is doing, because if the scuit does not travel well he gives it a harder ow.

Many animals, either pursuing or pursued, chibit a knowledge of facts very little known the majority of mankind, such as of the aces where scent lies or is obliterated and of the effects of wind in carrying evidence of the pursuer. The hunted the or hare will make circles, double on its the vn tracks and take to water or fling itself for considerable distance through the air as everly as if it had read up all the theory of tent in a book. Nor are the pursuers less intensions. They have learned the art of "making a cast." This is the dodge by which a untsman alike saves time and picks up a lost tent.

## SOUND KEEPS FLIES AWAY.

"WHILE listening to an open-air concert the ther day," said a young man, "I was greatly moved by the flies, which were so persistent at I could hardly drive them away. I wonered how the musicians, with both hands usy, playing, stood them, and I drew near the sell in which they sat to see. To my surrise I found that there was not a fly in the nell, and then, to my greater surprise, I disovered why this was. The sound waves of the ausic, rolling with tremendous volume from ie shell, kept out the flies. The insects could ot fly against the waves, though they tried ard. Hundreds of them were struggling antically to reach the shell, but they might as ell have tried to fly against a tornado as against those sound waves. Thus protected, inclosed by a magic curtain made of their own music, the musicians played Wagner, unannoyed by the sticky and pestering flies."

## HERON BUILDS NESTS HIGH.

HERON colonies are rare enough to excite interest in their location and the peculiarities of the nest-building of these birds. They live and rear their young year after year at the same place unless some catastrophe in bird life or the intrusion of unwelcome residents cause them to move.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebec lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of those trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well-known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks. The nest is at least two feet across.

## NIGHTINGALE CONCERTS IN JAPAN.

An annual nightingale competitive concert is held in various cities of Japan. This curious exhibition takes place every year in April. The main feature of the quaint recreation is to bring together some tame nightingales of melodious voice, according to the accepted standard of the connoisseurs, and to let each of them sing in turn. By this singing the grade of the songster is determined.

## WHEAT GREW FIRST IN ARMENIA.

The earliest wheat grew on the plateau of Armenia, where the plant once existed as a native grass.

What did the chimney swallow do before the settlement of the country and the presence of chimneys to nest in?

THE loafer is a drone in the industrial hive.

## 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MACAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ..

## BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## THE COMING OF THE AUTUMN.

How the seasons come and go as we come nearer and nearer the end of life! Yesterday the brown fields were marked with the shooting corn. To-day the withered shocks stand serried in the field. Then the bluebird came to nest. To-day the clear, liquid note of good bye, is heard in the trees as young and old birds are gathering for flight. And there is a haze in the early morning, a clearness of atmosphere at noon, and a chill at evening that speaks of the death of the flowers, and the passing of the year. The thistledown floats in the air. The grasshopper shortens his leaps. The leaves flutter down to the ground, or are borne on the babbling brook. It is in the air that there is soon to be a change. And some night there will be a white frost and that is the beginning of the end.

Life is short at best, once one has passed the mid trip of the journey. Its passage is never clearer marked or more impressed on us than when we consider the passing of the years. It is not that they go faster in reality, but because we come to think of other things, and they come and go unmarked save by the Spring's greenery or the frozen Winter. We lose interest in worldly matters and begin look forward to the end. Is man of less a count than the roadside weed that withers at passes, and yet next Spring will come again all the bravery of a renovated life? Na not so. When time is no more we will ha taken on a new life in which there may progression but never a change will come sadden us.

And yet there is something about this A tumn sadness that we would not willing forego. The Springtime means labor ahea the Summer work, but brown and sere fiel means the end for the time, and retrospect in order. When shall we see our last Autum

## WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The other day the President of the Unite States was stricken down by an assassin in way peculiarly saddening and repulsive to a humanity. The head of the greatest nation earth, an honored guest at a great public demonstration, while in the act of shakir hands with his friends, as a stroke from of the blue came the dastardly work of the muderer. It was not that the murderer had augt against the President personally, but the macontent violently hurried the dignitary to the door of death because he represented law an order while the villain represented anarchy.

It seems that no protection avails with common murderer lurking in the shadow, (mingling with the crowd. He carries sudde death in his pocket, and being without hone or regard for human life he can be separate from the rest of mankind only after he has fired the shots that make mourning aroun the globe. There is absolutely no protection that can prevent his deadly purpose being can ried into effect. Three times this thing has happened in one short life, and there is not telling when it may happen again.

It would be a good idea to surround ever gathering of anarchists, net the whole crowd and as they are without government, and do sire none, deport them to some lonely ocea island, and dump the lot where they can do a they please among themselves, and never again see the faces of their fellow men and women who believe in orderly and protecte lives.

THE INGLENOOK Cook Book is falling out, line by line, from the linotype and is being electrotyped in Chicago. It will be ready for delivery in October, and, all things considered, will be one of the finest things of its kind ever put out. Its charm is its simplicity and practicability. The contributions are from among the best cooks in the world, and the home with the Cook Book in the kitchen is fixed for something to the Queen's taste. The question as to what to get for dinner is all answered in the book, and each subscriber is going to get one. It will have an illustrated title page that will set you to wondering, and will contain about two hundred and fifty printed pages.

HERE's the offer. To all who are not now subscribers, the INGLENOOK magazine, the rest of the year from Oct. I to the end of this year, and all of next year, for one dollar, and the Cook Book thrown in. To old subscribers renewing the Cook Book at once, or as soon as it is printed

## ????????????

Is there any flower that blooms outside every month in the year?

The dandelion will fill the bill in an open winter.

Do you think it wrong to be a member of an ordinary labor organization?

That depends on the character and methods of the order.

Is opium smoking a practice in this country?.

Yes, and in every large city where the Chinese have a foothold.

Is it wrong to use a milk preservative?

It is a legal offense, and bad for the health of the users of the milk.

If all living created things were placed in a line, what would come about the middle of it, the length of the line being considered?

The house fly. The reason is that there are so many microscopic specimens of creation.

Does melted zinc, or its fumes, injure the health of one much exposed to it?

All metals are injurious, more or less, under the conditions named.

Can I have my cook book premium sent to a lady friend, if I subscribe for the INGLENOOK?

Sure, and it will make a nice present, if you are a man boarding, as you say, and have no use for it.

Would it pay a country boy to raise fancy pigeons?

It would all depend on the intelligence of the boy, his business tact, and all that. He would have to advertise a good deal to make it pay.

Is there a certain class of foods that will make the fat lean or conversely?

It is so said, but the Editor hasn't personally found it yet. If one's health is all right otherwise it is best to let the waist measurement be what it is.

What are the Anarchists, now so frequently referred to in the press?

A set of men, and some women, who are opposed to all civil government. As a very general rule the public would be better off if the whole lot were in jail.

Why are some dyes less permanent than others?

The dye stuffs differ in their powers of penetration into the fabric, and in the facility with which they combine with other substances, their operation under strong light, heat, or some such conditions.

Is there any egg-producing food that will make a hen lay?

Yes, but the germs of all the eggs the hen will ever lay are in the chick when hatched. She will lay these out, if left alone during her life. The artificial food helps her to lay more of them in a given time.

Is there any really pure molasses sold in the markets?

Yes, you can buy it, if you pay the price. The ordinary article sold under the name is a syrup of glucose, colored and flavored with real molasses. The real thing is worth much more money, and is not a great deal better tasting or looking.

## DOCTOR WORKS A BLUFF.

"ALL this lovely prosperity which has been throwing itself at me in bunches," said the once struggling young physician, "is really a matter of such a very short while that I'm going around on tiptoe lest I shoot the luck bird off the nest before she's laid all the eggs that my success is entitled to. I don't mind it, not a little bit. Of course, it's my first experience with sculptured marble front, brass grill, hot water and janitor service, uniformed hall porter at all hours, but I'm making a gallant struggle to live up to the luck. And it's all been done since New Year.

"Last year this time I was working twentyfour hours a day, holding sponges at clinics
for the sake of the experience and looking
after a private practice that didn't net my
car fare. To be sure, I knew I had a brilliant
future before me, but for all practical purposes
I was having about as hard lines as fall to the
share of most physicians when they try to
back into New York practice. The change
has come to pass through one new drug—not
so much through the drug as through having
the necessary amount of bluff to make it do
the trick.

"The drug is a very recent one. It is not absolutely new, rather a new and much more satisfactory form of a thing that has been in use for the last five or ten years. fact, ever since I took up as my specialty in surgery, the passages of the head, I have been using this agent in its older form. Naturally I sent for some of the new stuff as soon as I heard of it in order to give it a trial. when I learned the price I was immediately impressed with the idea that my practice would have to worry along without it, for it costs \$1 a grain, and I can assure you that as much as a whole grain looks mighty cold and lonely in the smallest size vials they make. Still, as I had spent my good dollar it was incumbent on me to get some return.

"While I was just regretting my dollar, a patient happened, and that is the only word to describe it. He blew in right off the street, and between his gasps he managed to make the servant at the door understand he must see the doctor right away, and that he'd be willing to pay double fee if he could get to the

doctor without any delay in the waitingroom. That girl rose to the occasion like a bird. While he was worrying his overcoat off in the hall she walked over to the parlor and in a quiet and most matter-of-fact tone told the parlor that they would be subjected to some delay because of an urgent case that could not be neglected a moment. Then she closed the parlor doors. It's just as well she did, for there was nothing in the parlor besides the turniture.

"When I got the case in my office after this little byplay in the hall he told me that there was something the matter with his throat and he could hardly breathe and was afraid he would die, but would I give him some temporary relief until he could get a throat man to have the thing properly repaired? It wasn't exactly flattering, but I hadn't then begun to dream of a practice where it would be in the least essential to adopt a flattering tone with me. But he had come to me and I was a nose and throat man, even though he didn't know it, and there was no reason why I shouldn't have the job as well as anyone else.

"So I hunted through my table until I found a sample package of those sterilized wooden things to hold the tongue down with. I could see him watching me hard when I ripped open its hermetically sealed paraffin envelope with a pair of forceps, taken dripping from the bichloride bowl, and picked up the wooden affair with other forceps and passed it several times through a spirit flame. Then I used it to depress the tongue, the patient said 'Ah-h-!' and then it was easy to see what was the matter with him. The top of his throat was in bad shape, but there would be no further difficulty if he would consent to have his tonsils taken out.

"When I was selecting my instruments for the operation I told him that I was going to use in his case a drug that would render the work practically painless and entirely bloodless, but that it was much too expensive to use on all patients, for the lowest price it could be bought for was \$7,000 a pound. That is rather a staggerer on the face of it, and the impression was fully engraved upon his thought surfaces when I exhibited my dollar's worth at the bottom of its little bottle. The operation

was a complete success, the patient had no pain and not a drop of his blood was shed. asked me how much it was and I replied that owing to the character of the operation and the expense of the material employed I must charge \$100. You could have knocked me lown with a feather when he picked out one of the green and yellow century bills and handed it over. The only thing he wanted to know was whether I was of the opinion that it would be safe to make a little speech at dinper that night, and he seemed delighted when I told him it would be all right if he would promise to stop at the first sign of straining the hroat. As a further precaution I gave him about a teaspoonful of the solution of the expensive stuff and showed him how to apply a ew drops on cotton.

"This casual patient, it turned out, was the oresident of a big trust company in New Engand and the dinner at which he was to make his speech was attended by about all the big nen in banking and insurance. He prefaced ais remarks by telling how his throat had choked up on him in the morning and he expected to die before he could get relief. Then ne mentioned my skill and came out strong on the fact that he had been treated with stuff that cost \$7,000 a pound, while gold cost no nore than \$240 a pound. There was nothing contagious in his throat trouble, but I can assure you that within the next month I must have operated on at least a third of those who were at that dinner when he gave me my readng notice.

"At bottom it was all bluff. The stuff is perfectly good and probably better than anything in its line so far. The price is as I have stated. But you can see how small the real cost is when I tell you that a piece of it no arger than the head of a pin dissolved in a glassful of water would last over 100 patients. The rest was imagination, and imagination is only grudgingly recognized by the regular profession of medicine."

## READING IN HOSPITALS.

WHETHER Christian Science ever meets all he claims that are made for it or not, one hing is certain—that the emphasis which it has given to mind has led physicians to give increased attention to the mental condition of their patients and to resort to diversion and entertainment as well as drugs.

It is now recommended that readers shall be employed in hospitals who, under the direction of physicians, shall relieve the weary hours of the sufferers by the reading of newspapers, magazines and books of healthy tone.

One of the greatest aversions which patients have to hospitals is the tediousness of convalescence and the inability to receive information of the outside world. Great care, however, should be taken in the selection of a reader. A rasping voice, a harsh tone or a monotonous way of reading would irritate the nerves of the patient and do more harm than good. Any dramatic manner or attempt at oratory on the part of the reader should be avoided as exciting the patient.

With these precautions it will not be difficult to find those competent for the positions, and the effect on the patient will unquestionably be beneficial both to mind and body.

## BUTTERMILK AS A DRINK.

BUTTERMILK drinking cannot properly be called a "craze," which signifies a fashion transitory and irrational.

Milk is the natural diet of mammals. After the digestive powers attain maturity sweet milk, while always wholesome, enforces a slower process of assimilation than in infancy. Before it is completely ready to give human blood nutrition it must undergo changes which may be wrought in the laboratory of the stomach or can be performed in the churn. It is more economical to let the churn do the preliminary work.

In hot weather especially buttermilk is grateful on account of its cooling acid. But it ought not to be drank too cold at any time.

The promoters of temperance cannot do more practical or more enduring good than by making fresh buttermilk cheap and accessible. It ought not to be taken at meals.

\* \*

WHEN a girl weighing 180 pounds answers to the name of "Birdie" the eternal fitness of things gets an awful jolt.

## HOW BILLIARD BALLS ARE MADE.

EVERY ivory billiard ball in use in the world is said to have cost the life of a human being. Most of this heavy expense has been paid in the jungles of central Africa, where a man does not count for half as much as a humped ox or a trained ape. For nature has built an effectual barrier about her cultivators of billiard balls—the elephants—and he who would penetrate it must take his life in his hands.

In the first place she has provided an atmosphere of great heat, reeking half the year with moisture in which lurk the germs of a hundred unnamed diseases and rent for two seasons with sudden storms accompanied by heavy rains. Then there is the barrier of a rank and tangled vegetation through which no roads but those of the jungle-folk have yet pierced. The huge trees conceal fierce, wild animals, poisonous snakes and insects whose stings mean death at the end of days of suffering. Impassable morasses, lakes, broad rivers and mountain ranges are also numerous, and yet more dangerous are the jealous savages who have learned enough of civilization to distrust it and who know that a man never protests against robbery after he is dead.

So the elephant is given a chance to grow a little before the harvesters of the ivory crop can reach him. When he has trumpeted for a few score years and his tusks have made him a power in the herd, some native hunter spies him as he thrashes through the jungle or wades in a morass. Then a great number of the bravest warriors gather and build a huge inclosure of vines into which the elephant one day walks. From the surrounding trees come a shower of arrows and perhaps a bullet or two from an ancient gun obtained at a hundred times its value from some wandering trader. The elephant charges about trumpeting, but on every side the barrier holds him in. At last he falls, overcome by numbers. his great tusks are packed away and a row of naked natives carry them for days through the jungle until they are placed in the king's treasury as part of the wealth as well as the currency of a nation.

Sometimes the elephant is killed by means of a huge beam shod on its under side with a

stone or iron knife which is so arranged as to fall when the elephant steps under it.

Some tribes have enriched themselves by finds of "dead ivory," or the tusks from elephants which perished in years gone by. The smaller pieces are frequently used for uprooting stones, digging in the earth and for various implements of warfare.

After a time traders from England and from other countries appear and the tusks are bar tered for bright nothings—old-fashioned and shop-worn fabrics, food, whisky and firearms. Then there is another long period of transporting the precious ivory on the backs of natives with the constant danger of attack from hostile tribes and the treachery of friendly ones. At last it is aboard ship, and after weeks on the sea it arrives at the great ports, where it is sold to carvers and manufacturers.

The best ivory comes from Africa. of the tusks are from 8 to 10 feet long and often weigh 170 pounds. The Indian elephants' tusks are much shorter and of less weight and the great demand has reduced the supply to an extent that it is now rare to find a large tusk. Indian ivory is not so good it quality as that from Africa. Much of the ivory used in Russia and in other parts of Europe is found in northern Russia and Siberia in the remains of prehistoric mammoths. the skeletons have always been frozen in the earth the ivory is as good as the ordinary Indian product, but much of it has been injured by exposure to the weather. have been found which were more that 12 feet long and weighed upward of 200 pounds.

The value of ivory rests mainly in its tough ness, its elasticity and its quality of taking a high polish. It is filled with millions of minute holes which give it an elasticity which no solid object could ever have. In effect ivory is the same substance as the dentine of the teeth and it is unlike bone in having no channels for the passage of blood. The teeth or tusks of the narwhal, sperm whale, walrus and hippo potamus are also used as ivory, but the quality is usually poor.

Great skill is required in buying tusks, for the external appearance is often most deceptive. The inside may be full of abcesses and racks, and sometimes the core is filled with ieces of stones and chunks of iron by the ricky natives and no less tricky dealers.

When at last the tusk reaches the manufacurer of billiard balls it is again examined ery carefully for flaws, and if even the smallst crack is perceptible the ivory is used for ome other purpose. If the tusk is found to be perfect and of about the right size—a little arger in diameter than the ball is to be-it is ent out to the workroom. Here a number of proned workmen-and marvelously skilled hey are, too-measure the tusk into the propr distances to be cut into blocks. It is then awed into lengths of two and a half to three nches, according to the size of balls to be nade, and the turners take the blocks in hand. All the lathes used are of exquisitely delicate workmanship, for ivory is a precious material and a mistake is always expensive. In order o save the corners of the blocks the turner cuts a ring at each end and slowly deepens it intil a rough ring drops off. This is subsequently finished into a martingale ring like hose used on expensive harness. Two rings come from each billiard ball block. naining ivory is almost round, and after a few nore shavings are taken off it is laid aside to 'Iry for about six months, for "green" ivory is ather soft, and there is always a likelihood of some shrinkage.

When it has been seasoned it goes to the workman again, and with still more delicate thisels he pares it down smooth and exactly found, a task requiring much skill and care. Then the ball is roughly polished by means of an ingenious little machine, after which it is treated to a rubbing with chalk and chamois skin and finally with plain, soft leather. It is how bright, shiny, and to one who doesn't know about such things, perfectly smooth. But a workman spends much time rubbing it with the palms of his hands—the best of all bolishing devices.

Ivory is extremely sensitive to atmospheric and climatic changes, and some apparently perfect balls will begin to crack and chip almost at once, while others will remain in good condition for years. A superficial check, however, does not materially impair the value of a billiard ball.

The best grade of balls is from pure ivory, all the enamel on the outside of the tusk having been removed before turning. In the second grade some enamel has been left, which impairs the appearance of the ball, but does not seriously affect its usefulness. The third class includes the balls which show small surface cracks.

Ivory is extremely susceptible to color, probably on account of its porous quality, and the red and vari-colored balls are made by using aniline. Usually the part-enamel balls or the cracked balls are colored because their defects are thus concealed. In order to preserve a billiard ball it should be oiled a little from time to time.

Every particle of sawdust and shavings from an ivory shop is scrupulously saved. By a wonderful process these are treated with chemicals, submitted to enormous hydraulic pressure and molded into various small articles so perfect in every particular that only an expert can tell them from solid ivory.

Worn-out billiard balls are cut into various small articles.

## POTTERY OF OLDEN TIMES.

Among all the curious forms of pottery which have been recovered from the tombs of the ancients, none is more characteristic and interesting than that found in the graves of the Incas. Food and drink must be needed on the last long journey they thought and so they placed by the sides of their departed vases and bottles containing water and maize. These are curiously wrought and the art of the Indian potter shows itself in the picturing of the human form, while birds, beasts and fruits also have their place in the ornamentation.

Sir Spencer St. John collected some 400 pieces while British minister of Peru, and these are to be sold by auction at London during the autumn. No two are alike and many are exceedingly curious. One represents a tigress suckling her young, with the cubs in parallel lines, and another is supposed to represent the Buddhist trinity, which opens up a field of argument as to how Buddhism reached South America.

### ROBIN ADAIR.

### BY MARGUERITE BILLER.

UNDOUBTEDLY the "I've got You" queries were not intended to be answered through the columns of the 'Nook, yet I will trust to our Editor's indulgence and give a brief account of how the beautiful song "Robin Adair," was written:

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here;
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear!
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh, they 're all fled with thee
Robin Adair!"

This stanza is the first tender, trembling chord of one of the sweetest, sublimest heart harmonies ever given to the world by woman. Robin Adair was a young prosperous Irish surgeon. Lady Caroline Keppel loved Robin Adair and it was while he was "far at sea," that she put into poetry the prompting of her heart. This favorite little song is set to a plaintive Irish air.

"Lady Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, was born in 1735. She married Robin Adair, whose memory she has perpetuated in undying verse. He survived his loving wife many years, remaining constant to her image."

## SOME FACTS FOR STAMP AND COIN COL-LECTORS.

At least one sheet of the 2-cent Pan-American postage stamps has been found with inverted center—something that occurs occasionally when a stamp is printed in two colors.

The person who obtained the freak sheet made the rounds of local stamp dealers recently, offering to sell the stamps for the modest sum of fifteen dollars each. One dealer was told by him that thirty had been sold at that rate, but that the others would go at the rate of four for fifty dollars. Whatever sales were effected were to collectors, as the dealers refuse to buy such oddities until they have ascertained how many there are in existence. As one dealer said recently, there may be thousands, and the value naturally depends

on the relative scarcity. If only a half doze sheets were misprinted, the price demande would not be deemed excessive.

The last time such an inversion was founon United States stamps was in the case of th two-colored revenues issued about twenty-twyears ago; they were few in number and som are sold now at twenty-five dollars each.

Passengers on the surface cars have noted the care of conductors in examining coin received for fare, noting frequently that certain ones were put in a separate pocket, a though valuable. The old 3-cent nickel pieces a favorite with them, doubtless with the idea of commanding a large premium; the 2 cent coin and the small 5-cent silver piece are also held as valuable.

"There is a good deal of nonsense taken as fact in the matter of coins," said W. P. Brown a well-known Ann street coin expert. "Every time a newspaper tells a weird story of the sale of a coin for some fabulous sum we are over run with people who think they possess simi lar treasures. It's the same with continental bills. A man came to me yesterday with a big bundle of this currency (the denominations range from five dollars to sixty dollars), ex pecting to sell for face value. He went away disappointed when I told him I could sell him a bushel of stuff at twenty-five cents a bill, irrespective of face value. Another had an 1853 quarter, for which he expected three dollars he did not know that there were two dies, and that the one minus the arrow points was the only one worth over face.

"The 3-cent nickel coin commands a premium of exactly 10 per cent for most dates; those of 1877 are the only really valuable ones. The old 5-cent, with shield, is worth having, if bearing the same date, but those usually found in circulation are worth only face. It is the same with the 5-cent silver coin, and the obsolete 2-cent piece; the latter, in good condition, is at a 25 per cent premium. Of coursesome of the older coins—few relatively—are at a fair premium, but search for them among the many now in circulation is not a paying job."

Aside from the 1804 silver dollar, often quoted at two thousand dollars, but the existence of which few coin experts believe in, few

ins of this government are priced at more an two dollars. Even the half cents, which we not been coined for fifty years, are lowiced, many being obtainable for five cents ch. The immense copper cents coined early the century are common, as a rule, all but few dates bringing only a 10 per cent premin in lots of 100—and, at that, condition outs for much, as a coin in mint state is ald to be much more valuable than one which is been worn; if the date is illegible, face thue is obtainable, and no more. The first of ese big pennies, 1793, is worth from twenty ollars to fifty dollars.

Odd as it may seem, the stock market prinple of "cornering" is being utilized by one an, who sees a fortune in the nickel cents of 356. They have been sold at three dollars; has bought whenever he could, and bulled ne market until the price has jumped to eight ollars, but as there are about 5,000 in existance, and this speculator has thus far acquired as than 300, his chance of obtaining a monopoly of their sale would appear not much better than that of one who would try to corner ne silver dollar now in use.

This demand for coins of certain scarce ates has led to a lot of fraud. Many have een electrotyped from the genuine article; thers have been counterfeited so well that nly an expert can detect the imposition. hen, too, many genuine coins have had their ates altered, the work being done by means f an engraver's chisel. In some cases the ead, date and all, have been built up. To uy coins, one must go to the reliable dealers r act on the advice of experts; otherwise hany prospective gains will vanish when the surchases are put to the test.

## GIBRALTAR HAS ARMY LAW.

THERE is always a lively interest among ravelers on vessels stopping at Gibraltar as to he manner of life of the people who live on hat cannon-guarded spot. The incoming teamer anchors in the bay half a mile from hore, passengers are taken off in boats and refore entering the city they pass a rigid inpection by the police, who ask a number of pertinent, and impertinent questions. The

name, nationality, occupation and mission of the stranger in Gibraltar are entered in a book; he receives a card which entitles him to the hospitality of the rock for twenty-four hours. If he desires to stay longer a bond of \$50 for good behavior will secure him immunity from molestation for not more than thirty to sixty days. This permission, however, can, with the proper kind of influence, be renewed many times.

The town is quaint, picturesque and quiet, with its 19,000 people, mostly English and Spanish, though the number of different nationalities represented makes it one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world—Hebrews, Turks, Levantines, the natives of Gibraltar, called "rock scorpions," Africans and refugees from all nations jostling each other in the three badly built and irritatingly narrow streets of the town. The garrison numbers about 6,000 persons, making the population of the rock about 25,000. The soldiers are for the most part regulars brought home from foreign service for rest and recuperation.

The governor of the rock lives in the government house, formerly an old convent. Everything is done by military rule; the hours of the day are announced by gun fire, the morning gun followed by the bugle reveille wakens the inhabitants from their slumbers and the bugle blast that follows the evening gun, telling the soldiers to turn in, has become a signal for the civilians to go home and go to bed. The average daily number entering the garrison for the purpose of trading and bringing in supplies is 30,000, the great proportion of these daily visitors being Spaniards.

The town contains forty-two schools and three good libraries. The dwellings are small, ill-ventilated, badly drained and not overclean. They are very crowded, as 15,000 people live in one square mile of low houses. There are no springs of pure water, the great dependence being on rain water collected in cisterns or on water brought from the mainland and sold by peddlers. Prices are high, almost as high as the Sugar Loaf—the peak of the rock.

A woman can't see any farther than the end of her nose if it has a pimple on it.

## AILING GEMS MADE WELL.

A JEWEL box, perfectly air-tight and lined with wool, is the best possible receptacle for diamonds and pearls—far better than the silk-lined, velvet-covered cases in which their possessors usually keep them. But no matter where they are kept diamonds should be wrapped in silversmiths' tissue paper to keep them of exquisite brilliancy.

Diamonds, in spite of their hardness, must be treated with great care. Though they can hardly be scratched, they nevertheless chip, and when roughly used are easily loosened in their settings, and fall out at the most unexpected moment. When they are sent to be cleaned the expert first tests the settings, and then dips the ring or pin repeatedly into a little eau de cologne. A powerful magnifying glass is used to detect any "foreign bodies" in the setting, and an ornament that has an accumulation of dust, grease or soap on its under side. a blemish that is often noticeable in rings, is dipped alternately in soapsuds and eau de cologne, and a very fine, soft camelhair brush pointed like a pencil is employed to reach delicately between the claws of the setting. When the jewel is thoroughly clean it is buried in a jar of fine sawdust to dry.

If a turquoise has been carelessly treated and is turning green from the effects of water the cleaner sets it to soak in stale beer, which treatment will frequently restore the pure azure color. But old turquoises that are nearly green have a value all their own.

Pearls require a great deal of human companionship, and that is why they are so constantly worn by their owners. When they are "sick" (to use a technical term) they are given sun baths and sometimes are sunk in the sea in perforated caskets to be restored to health and luster.

## NAMES THAT ARE POPULAR.

PARENTS display some queer notions of propriety in naming their children. Those of a religious turn of mind more frequently in former times than now search the Scriptures before the baptismal ceremony. Parents in search of a fortune will label their luckless babes with the surname of the expected testa-

tor. But, nevertheless, the list of common English Christian names is a very small on W Out of every 100 fathers and mothers of machildren some eighty-four limit their choice the fifteen familiar names.

The favorite name is undoubtedly William In all ranks of society—in the peerage as it the workhouse—William is the commonest of male Christian names.

Stop the first 1,000 men you meet in th street. No fewer than 170 are Williams. . long way behind come the Johns, closely fo lowed by the Georges. Of every 1,000 me ninety-four are called John and ninety-tw George.

The next commonest name is Thomas which has seventy-four owners, while Jame claims seventy-two. Henry and Harry be tween them are seventy in number. Of thes about one in four have received the name of Harry at the baptismal font. Following the come Frederick with fifty-seven, Charles with forty-eight, Alfred with forty-five, and Albert some way behind with thirty-one. The popularity of Albert has risen entirely from the personal popularity of the late queen's beloved consort. It was practically unknown in England before Queen Victoria's marriage.

The good old Saxon appellation of Edwar is given to five and twenty out of every 1,00 citizens, Arthur and Robert having each twer ty-three, while of the remainder of thes 1,000 men you have accosted in the stres seventeen are called Joseph and fifteen Herbert. So we have accounted for no fewer that 856 out of every 1,000 Englishmen, and the divide between them only fifteen out of the many hundreds, nay thousands, of names from which parents are at liberty to choose.

Of the remaining 144 of our representative 1,000 a few, such as Richard, Percy, or Ernes are claimed severally by two or three men, but all the rest are the sole and exclusive property of "one in 1,000."

"Throw physic to the dogs," says Shakes peare. William evidently had no love for dogs.

THE politeness of a mean man is alway more or less disagreeable.

## The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

## CHRIST'S VIEW OF LITIGATION.

BY MARK D. EARLY.

THE spirit breathed throughout the teachgs of the Master are in some instances viontly opposed to the common instincts of huanity. The old Mosaic law carried with it e idea of reparation and restitution. An re for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was the le, and the feeling is strongly implanted in rery human heart. Narrowed to its elements is the spirit of revenge and retaliation that fluences the feeling.

But under the later law this is expressly fordden. The return is not to be in kind, but good for evil, love for hate. And so the ea of personal reprisal is forbidden throughit the entire New Testament. It also carries spirit still further than this. Where there a wrong, real or imaginary, committed in ther warm or cold blood, the justification id the righting of that wrong is relegated to court higher than any that ever sat on the ench on this earth. Shall the Great Judge all the earth not do right? And shall not I matter of personal difference beyond the ttlement of the individuals differing be left Him? Therefore no reference to any trianal of personal or legalized violence is alwed in the teachings of the Lord and Mas-

The laws of the land are supposed to be ased on the ethics of the Sermon on the fount. True they are never considered by ie legislatures enacting them, and only by a ipposedly so educated general sense of right id wrong do they conform in spirit. Often se express teaching is entirely ignored. hey are supposed to stand for the thing itelf. Oftener than not they are in direct oposition to Christ's view of compulsory vionce, legal, perhaps, but still violence. ie thing for the follower of the lowly Nazaene to do is to not accept a substitute, but to o to the original fountain head of all earthly ood and be governed thereby in our relations our fellowman.

The one who does this is right in his pracce, though he may sometimes suffer wrong as an immediate consequence. If he have a sin on the part of his fellowman that seems to demand a personally impossible righting the reparation does not lie through the courts but in the wisdom of God and in his good time and way of settlement. There is no other door open for action conformable to the express teaching of the Bible.

It is clear that when two who are brethren differ, their course is mapped out for them in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. First see the offender alone, then with not more than a couple of friends, and then the combined wisdom of the brethren who are not interested settles it as far as anything may or can be settled in this world.

But, says one, what about a wrong inflicted by him who is from without? What shall be the action of the wronged one then? there be no appeal to Cæsar? Not by the Christian who follows Christ. It is easy to take hypothetical cases in which iniquity would be wrought under this method, and this is freely granted. It is not a case of what immediately follows, but whether it is right to appeal from the wisdom of God to that of men. This the Christian can not consistently do. If he suffers wrong, if he is dispossessed of his home or the earnings of a life-time, reparation lies not with man, or men, but with God. And God has plenty of time at his disposal. He has all time and all eternity, and no wrong remains unrighted, no error unrectified in the settlement of the ages.

Litigation is a sort of refined violence, a legalized reference to the laws of man for the law of love and peace. It may not be invoked by man and no hurt done the spirit of the Master.

As human nature is now constituted some definite rules of human action have been found necessary in order that records and similar matters may be kept in a well-understood place. Thus it comes the going into court in the settlement of an estate, or the filing of documents is not litigation in the sense of reprisal. And as it is only referring matters of public interest to Cæsar's methods no wrong, morally considered, can come of this. Indeed it is eminently the correct and proper course of procedure. That is not litigation. It is a

recognition of the wisdom of the ages as a matter of prevention of misunderstanding.

But when a wrong, real or imaginary, is committed against the person or property of the Christian there should be no invoking the law of the land for restitution or righting. The reason is that it is in opposition to the law of love, and against the teachings of the Bible. At the time of Christ the courts were a cruel medium of rectification of wrongs. Under the Roman they were fairer than under the Jews themselves. The Roman meant fairness, but he was essentially rough and cruel with all his alleged equity. But the whole matter was disposed of under the law of love. He who took the Christian's coat was not to be followed. He who struck him was not to be smitten. The law of love forbade it. Sometimes it may seem hard, and it may often seem to work iniquity, but let it be remembered that to the Christian the law of love comes before the law of man, and vengeance and repayment are not for man or in man's methods.

Elgin, Ill.

THERE is a story of a mirror that come from the far east that has much of pathos it. A man bought as a gift to his wife a mi ror of silvered bronze. Then she, having see nothing of the kind before, asks in the inne cence of her heart whose was the pretty fad smiling back at her. And when, laughing, h tells her it is none other than her own, st wonders still more, but is ashamed to as further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter an gives her the treasure she has long kept hid den away as a sacred thing, telling her: "Af er I am dead you must look in this mirro morning and evening and you will see m Do not grieve." So when the mother is dea the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there tall face to face with the dead woman and never guessing it is but her own reflection she see And it is added by the old Japanese narrat( that when the girl's father learned the mean ing of this strange conduct of hers, "he, thin] ing it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes gre dim with tears."





CONTRIBUTIONS for these home pages are soited, the only qualifications being that they ould be timely and tried. Any reader of e magazine, no matter of what faith, is alwed to contribute. No contribution will be inted unless accompanied by the name of riter. If it is desired to have the contribuon appear anonymously the wish of the riter will be respected. If nothing is said te name will accompany the article in print. is respectfully suggested that the subscrib-'s do not mutilate their magazines by cutting at articles they may wish to preserve. A etter plan is to file the publication in regular rder as it is received. The class of articles ost sought in this department is How to Do hings, from curing meat to curing the sick, om making soap to making applebutter, and I other home knowledge, the exchange of hich makes us all the richer, and none poor-

## SALOME WATKINS' BAKING POWDER.

Make your own baking powder. Take one ound of cream tartar, two ounces of tartaric cid, ten ounces of bicarbonate of soda and five unces of flour. Have a druggist pulverize and mix. Use as you would any other good aking powder.

For mending broken china dissolve a little um-arabic in water so that it is rather thick nd add enough plaster of Paris to make a nick paste. A broken dish mended with this an not be broken in the same place an hour fter mending. Hot water does not seem to ffect this cement.

## WASHING FLUID.

Take one box of concentrated lye and five cents worth each of salts of dry ammonia and borax. Place the lye and ammonia in a stone jar and pour one quart of boiling water over it, taking care not to inhale the fumes. When this is dissolved add enough water to make two gallons. Put in a jug and cork tight. Use two-thirds of a tea cup to a boiler of water. Put the clothes in cold and boil twenty minutes, and then rinse thoroughly and hang out. It is better to soak the clothes over night. Be careful to keep this preparation from children. Fannie Stone.

To sugar cure meat take two quarts of salt, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one-fourth pound of ground pepper and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of pulverized saltpeter. Mix thoroughly and with the hand rub into all parts of each piece of meat, and then cover with about one-half inch of the mixture. Leave alone for a week then repeat and leave another week, when it will be ready for smoking. Rub thoroughly well into the meat each time. Used by the 'NOOKMAN's people and does its work well.

For a good perfume take all the sweetsmelling geranium leaves, all of one kind, that you can get. Press into a bottle or jar, and cover with glycerine. Hang in the sun for a week, then strain out. All the fragrance of the leaves will be in the glycerine. Any kind of fragrant flowers will give a good result.

## POTATO SOUP.

Take one quart of potatoes chopped fine, put in a kettle with two-thirds of a gallon of water to cook till tender. Take two table-spoonfuls of meat fryings, two-thirds of a pint of flour put in a frying pan, brown to a light brown, season with one-half cup of butter, add the browned flour, one pint of good rich cream, or more, if desired. REBECCA STONE.

Walnut, Kans.

To make cold tomato ketchup take a peck of ripe tomatoes and grate them. Rub through a wire sieve. Put the liquor in a bag and let it drip. Then take the pulp and thin it with a pint of vinegar. Season to taste with salt, pepper, garlic, allspice and cloves. Bottle and seal. This ketchup retains the taste of the fresh tomatoes and can be used to flavor soups.

FOR one of the best children's cough syrups made take a large carrot, and cutting across the top bore into the carrot with a table knife. Fill the hole with white sugar and set aside. In a short time this sugar will be changed into a clear, honey-like liquid. Give a spoonful at a time and repeat as often as deemed necessary. It will not keep.

To fry eggs palatably, and looking well, halve hard-boiled eggs, roll them in beaten egg and cracker or bread crumbs. Fry and garnish.

To sef any color in dyeing use a tablespoor ful of alum in two quarts of water and soathe fabric in it for an hour and it will neithe shrink nor fade. This may be used for an fabric bought at the store if the permanency of the color is in doubt.

To keep cheese from moulding and dryin out saturate a cloth with strong vinegar, wra the cheese in this and put all in a paper ball it is desired to only prevent the cut sic from cracking spread it lightly with butter.

Any odor, such as that of spices, will kee moth away from fabrics as well as the rank smelling moth balls. Any strong odor, ever that of mint or pennyroyal will answer a well.

PARSLEY, can be had during the winter months by planting the entire plant from the garden in a box of earth and placing it in the the cellar where it will receive some light.

To make a good celery salt, better than yo can buy, take equal parts of ripe celery see and salt and after mixing put through a coffe mill set for close grinding.

SOAK the spool of thread in hot water an when making a dress or other garment the seam will not shrink and rip in places who washed.



# 触MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

SEPT. 28, 1901.

No. 39.

## BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

More than a thousand years ago
Shadows of time, how the days go by
There was a man I used to know
May seem strange, but you'll see it's so
After I tell you the reason why
Worked in a brickyard, same as you
And all of us have to do;
Mixed in the trouble and worry and strife,
The mirth and the other things of life.
Stirred in the hopes and the pains and fears,
Kneaded the mid with his sweat and his tears,
Humanest mass that ever you saw.
"Poor brick' said the man, "but I have no stra

"Poor brick" said the man, "but I have no straw
Up to his knees in the miry pit.
A pygmy's way, but a giant's grit.
His back was a chain of throbbing acnes.
Lifting the mold with its earthen cakes;
Elbows rusty as hinges of steel.
Knees so lame he could hardly kneel;
Mud so stiff it would clog a plow
And couldn't be stirred with a wheel nohow;
Nights as short as the days were long.
Nothing seemed right, but everything wrong.
"Best I can do," said the man, "but, pshaw,
You can't make brick when you have no straw"

Taskmasters pitiless lashed the man.
"Gan't!" sobbed Weakness, but Courage cried, "Can!"
"Don't!" said Despair, but Duty cried, "Do"
"All right, said the man, "I'll worry her through!
Can't do much, and I reckon you'll see
Brick won't be just what they ought to be;
Am't nigh so good as I know I could make
If I just had straw; but you'll have to take
The best I can do for the work's own sake."

He finished his tale of brick and then Went home to rest, and the sons of met. Leoked on his perfect work and saw He'd have spoiled the brick had he put in straw.

## A SUGGESTION.

THE other day, in a very intelligent family, we saw and heard one of the number reading though from the 'NOOK while the others lisened. The plan is a most commendable one

and might be followed with profit in thousands of homes this winter. The cool evenings, and the long winter nights will soon be on us, and the family with the 'Nook a regular visitor, can keep an unbroken circle from "candle lighting" till bed time if they follow the method given below.

Let the 'Nook be taken in hand by a number of the circle and the subject announced, say, How Extract of Beef is Made. Then before reading the article let each one give an opinion on the matter. Then read the article aloud, stopping for comment now and then, and then after the reading discuss it farther, if there is anything to say. The magazine will have many of these How's during the winter and it will be a good part of an education to follow them up. Some very bright and successful teachers read the 'Nook articles to their scholars and make them the subjects of their talks, finding this course of the utmost interest to their pupils. Try it in the family at home this winter.

## A QUEER INSCRIPTION.

A QUEER sentence closes the inscription on a tombstone in a churchyard in Leigh, England. After announcing the name and other particulars of the lady there buried, these words follow: "A virtuous woman is 5s to her husband." The explanation is that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonecutter argued that a crown equals 5s.

x x

"AND you want to take my only child from me in my old age?" said the old man tearfully.

"Well," replied the young man, slowly, "I don't think I'd want to take her in her old age."

## ICE CREAM.

OF recent years the opening of the icecream season has become quite as much an evidence of the approach of spring's ethereal mildness as the Easter bonnet or drab trousers. It is true that some of the larger candy and drug stores keep ice cream on hand all winter long to supply young women whose appetites cannot be satisfied even in zero weather, but the business usually languishes from the middle of October until the 1st of May. But when the warm days come the soda fountain begins its fizzing with renewed activity, and chattering parties of shoppers listen with rapture to the merry click of the freezer cover. And the various ice-cream factories, the greater proportion of which flourish only in summer, begin to show signs of activity, and advertisements appear on the streets and in shop windows even before the ordinary young man would have the temerity to wear a straw hat. In the alley lounging places shriveled old Italian women are selling bits of the frozen sweetness to the newsboys at a penny a bite - with the bite on a bit of coarse wrapping paper.

Ice cream has now passed from the rank of luxuries and has assumed the full dignity of a food commodity, with a place next to pie, cake and plum pudding. It was but a few years ago that ice cream was known only in the homes of the rich or was served in little "parlors" in company with a ginger snap or a vanilla cookie. But at last some man, whose memory should be sacred to the modern girl, conceived the idea of putting ice cream into soda water, and then everybody wondered why no one had thought of the plan before. That was only about six years ago. To-day there are fully 5,000 places in Chicago alone where ice cream can be obtained in scores of different shades of deliciousness. During June, July and August more than 20,000 gallons of ice cream are consumed every day, six large factories and numberless smaller ones being engaged in the work of making it. The largest users in the city are two of the great department stores, although a number of drug stores in the down-town districts which are open all night are pressing them hard for the honors. In the winter only about 3,000 to 5,000 gallons are consumed daily and the proportional amount used at banquets and for desserts to private dinners is far greater. In six years the volume of ice cream manufactured has more than quadrupled and the prices, owing to competition, have been steadely going down. This year promises to exceed all others in the amount made and consumer Since the advent of the soda fountain the old fashioned ice-cream parlor has been forced of existence, there being hardly one left Chicago.

One of the largest ice-cream factories in th city is located on a busy down-town street an throngs of shoppers pass it day after day with out an intimation of its presence. The wor is all carried on in a damp basement, where the atmosphere is always as raw and chilly a that of a March morning. At one end of the room there is a long row of tanks half full i ice water, and in them, half submerged, stanrows of cream cans but recently brought from a creamery in Wisconsin. For ice cream really made of cream - at least by the large and better manufacturers. Indeed, the cread tests 18 per cent of butter fat, while the city of dinances require only 15 per cent. A taste of from a glass brought memories of a farm-house pantry, so rich and yellow it was. In a little room not far from the cream tanks the flavor ing compounds are kept. Vanilla, which more largely used than any other, is made there by distilling the beans. Fully 90 per cen of all the ice cream sent out is flavored with vanilla, including practically all the supplies u the soda fountains. Lemon flavoring, on the other hand, has almost wholly gone out of fashion and the small quantities used are fla vored with the juice of the raw fruits instead of the manufactured extracts. The manufacture refuses to employ any of the "made" essences such as pine apple and strawberry, none of which contains a particle of the real fruit. place of these he uses the crushed and pre served fruits themselves, which come from New York State in glass cans. The flavors include cherry, peach, apricot, pineapple, raspberry and Chocolate is one of the favorite flavors and is most extensively used of any next to vanilla.

In another corner of the room under the side walk there is a great storage-room full of block of ice. As packing is needed these are shoved one by one and run up on an endless chain, ch carries them to the top of a machine, cre they are dropped upon a cylinder 3 feet 2 by 2 feet in diameter and thickly set with rp prongs. In a jiffy the ice is torn into ces and carried along by another endless and dumped in a pile at the center of the ne floor. The salt used is coarse and brown the comes from New York.

Everything is now ready for beginning the loperation of making the ice-cream. The chines used are simple in their construction. ere is an iron base on which the ice cream ezer is placed. Above this an arm reaches and fastens to the dasher crank of the ezer, this being turned by means of a set of y wheels, one of which is attached to a powshaft. A high rotary speed can thus be en the ice-cream can inside of the freezer.

The workmen are big, brawny men who wear abber boots all the time to get out of the ice ter with which the floor is covered. The sam is put into the cans in proper proportions, en the flavor and then the sugar, always acrding to an exact formula, so that the product Il never vary. Then the packing of ice and it goes in and the machine is started. It kes just twenty-eight minutes to freeze a ten-Ilon charge. When the can comes out it is packed in a wooden pail or tub ready to be nt out. The factory has a capacity of 2,000 illons a day. The ice cream sells wholesale 190 cents a gallon.

Fruit ices are made of water, crushed or prerved fruits, whites of eggs and sugar, frozen we ice cream. The cost is the same as for e cream, owing to the fact that the fruits and are expensive. Frozen pudding is made by placing a large quantity of candied fruits in the cream before freezing. Vari-colored loaves of ice cream are formed by packing tin cases with layers of the cream, colored with chocolate and strawberries. Then the cases are placed in ice until the layers are thoroughly frozen together, after which the cake readily comes out and can be wrapped in oiled paper and packed in a pasteboard box, ready for the banquet.

Of late years ice cream has been extensively molded in unique and artistic designs. Some entertainers have an individual model for each guest. The mold is made of pewter in two parts, hinged together. By filling it with ice cream and pressing it together the necessary shape is obtained. Some of the flower castings can be made very beautiful by varying the colors inside A recent design is a mold in the shape of a human foot, supposed to resemble Trilby's foot. In vanilla cream it has a startlingly realistic appearance.

The history of ice cream is rather obscure. Prior to 1801 the best substitute for ices of the present day was a custard prepared in earthen dishes and set on blocks of ice to cool. It congealed but little, as the trick of ice and salt and motion was not then known. In 1801 a negro named Jackson reached Philadelphia from the West Indies. He was a confectioner, and, seeing the frozen puddings then in vogue, set about to improve them. He not only froze the custards hard by a secret process, but was able to mold them in various forms. first ice cream became very popular with the epicures of the day, and Jackson laid up quite a fortune. Until recently his descendants were still making ice cream in Philadelphia.



## THE MALARIA.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

PROBABLY you never had it. If so don't imagine that you are never going to get it. The writer laid that flattering unction to his soul, and the malaria laid him out all the same. You may spread your legs apart, thrust your thumbs in your armholes and assert, calmly and smilingly, that you are above such things, and then when the time comes the little microbe will stand up and remark from your interier, "Oh yes, old fellow but you will!" And you do, yes you do, really and truly you do, if it lays hold of you all right. The 'NOOKMAN does not profess- great learning in the premises, but he has "had it," and he thinks he knows.

Now malaria is simply a term for a condition begotten of breathing bad air loaded with germs. The first dose of it happened on this The writer was in the far south. Circumstances compelled him to sleep in the same bed with a native, in the one end of a country store. About four o'clock in the morning the resident gentleman arose, stumbled over to a barrel of whisky, drew a liberal jigger in a rusty tin, tilted in a little quinine. looked around sleepily for something to stir it with, couldn't find it and used his finger, bolted it and asked interrogatively "Have some?" Telling him No, he remarked that I better and stumbled into bed. Being naturally an early riser and not being able to stand the sleeping, snoring distillery, I arose, put on my clothes and walked out.

Out in the open air the first blink of rosy morning was in the east. The birds were singing and the broad, level reach of fat, black, ploughed-up soil was on all sides. Over it all hung a gossamer veil of the thinnest, haziest, fine as silk, light blue, about two feet from the earth and rising. Now the Editor man is sometimes supposed to know everything, and just to show that he can make a fool of himself betimes he walked out into this, breakfastless and admiring the beauties of nature—also he got his dose. You can get it other ways too, but mine is guaranteed.

Now what are the symptoms? There aren't any. You simply feel dull and headachy.

You are neither sick nor well. Food gags v on sight. You aren't well enough to be up as not sick enough to be abed. You think dying but you can't. The children annoy yo The excretions from the body are high-colors and horrible. The perspiration smells heaven and you can't get rid of the odd You are cold and fire does not warm vol You are hot and shade does not cool vo Your Aunt Mary Ann asks you whether y will have a nice little-and before she tells you roar out that you wish she would let vi alone. You walk away down the road dete mined to get rid of the whole lot and then ye hang over the fence and do your best to thro up your whole internal economy. Failing this you go back to the house when your dea little sister remarks consolingly that you loo as "yellow as a pumpkin." You are too wea to catch her and too ambitionless to pick up rock and let fly. You get a pillow and I down under a tree or on the porch and the some one asks you if you wouldn't-and yo pull yourself together and walk away from them, stopping at the garden and frying to ge up your very lowest "inwards."

Symptoms! Oh yes, now that I think of i there are several of them. The eyes are not so bright, the skin turns a dirty "yaller," you back aches, ditto your head, you are, well, yo are sick—lemme-alone-sick. Next day or sit all goes away, and the day after it all come back with several added attractions and additions it forgot to bring along before. Anothere you are with malaria. Don't be alarmed my dear brother or sister! You are not goin to die no matter how fervently and with approaching profanity you wish the whole family would get out of your sight. You've "gaint."

And the cure? Well, there are scores of remedies, old granny and otherwise, but if you want to get right down to business and gowell and be done with it, here it is. First when you are feeling pretty well take a basin of water, put in a half teacup of vinegar are get somebody to scrub you down most thoroughly. The scrubbing is on general principles, and I don't know what the vinegar does but it is a part of it. Now get a lot of two grain capsules of quinine and take them are

e's where many make a mistake. You can e quinine till you can't rest, and not get Here's what goes before. You get a of cathartic pills and if you are a grownup, on with one or so more than the dose. No lishness! Let me see you take them just er that vinegar scrub-down. Now then the son of that is to start to normal activity all internal secretions. You will not get well hout this. The same day begin your quie taking till you "hear your ears ring." ep it gently at that. There's no rule. wn with a capsule every hour till you hear buzzing, then keep 'it up gently. Now e's the reason for this. The quining acts poison to the millions and millions of mibes in you. ' It is a sort of rough on rats to ir insides, and if you act intelligently and ctually you'll succeed,—surely. You will bw you are getting the vermin by your feelbetter.

Now suppose you are feeling pretty well, ink you, remember this further. For a lile don't go out early in the morning wither a good breakfast. When you do go out up in the shade. Don't go out very early in the morning or evening. The haze is there wither you can see it or not. Sleep warm at the hit with the windows down.

And then, finally, move away from the inted region. You may think you can beine hardened but you can't. That's the newploughed soil that does it. Get out if you

All early settlers get it. Later its rotty grass roots, etc., will lose the poisonous
eet. It will take you a week or so to get
of the drug effect of the quinine, but that
the pills will surely set you up again.
I'd now after you have been through the
til, be careful, for if you get too bold the
arry little microbes will make you do it all
ar again.

## TAKE NO LETHEAN POTIONS.

THE use of drugs for the purpose of inducsleep is always attended with danger. Of trse, the degrees of danger vary with the son who uses the medicines, but such pons are not things to be trusted to the hands ignorance, especially where ignorance is sonally interested. Sleep-inducing drugs are often necessary to save from worse evils, but they need supervision— a doctor's supervision, that is.

Lastly, as to the economy of nervous energy. On this, too, much has been said, but the text is a fruitful and suggestive one and many sermons could be hammered out of it.

First, let it be repeated that whether the essential cause of nervousness can be reached and conquered or not, the less open manifestations of nervousness the patient permits herself the better it will be for her in every way.

Do not talk about your feelings or your fa tigue or your sleep, do not allow the word nerves to be uttered in your presence. talk about yourself is a form of bad manners, to say the least; to be sorry for yourself will not make anyone more sorry for you, and selfpity is a poor kind of an emotion. If once this kind of talk becomes a habit an unconscious exaggeration soon creeps into it; the victim begins to make the most of the feeling and pains which have occurred and to look for new ones in order to get all the sympathy possible, and from this to imagining symptoms is a short and sadly easy step. To cultivate and encourage genuine emotions to overgrowth is bad enough, to saw and till a crop of false emotions is a moral crime.

## OLD CLOCK KEEPS GOOD TIME.

An interesting exhibit at the Smithsonian institute is an old German clock that was ticking about fifteen years before the birth of the great American republic. It keeps good time and is 140 years old. It is made of hardwood and the work was all done by hand. Every piece of the mechanism is highly polished and it is put together with hand-wrought rivets of brass. The parts show very little wear and the timepiece is so carefully constructed that it does not vary a second in time during twenty-four hours.

## ROSEWOOD AND MAHOGANY COMMON.

ROSEWOOD and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

## NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE GIRLS.

In this age of college education for women the *New York Sun* has discovered an institution that is not widely known, which it describes as follows:

The quaintest college girls in the United States are at the normal and industrial institute at Asheville, N. C., which is intended for the benefit of the young women of the mountain districts. There are always three or four youthful widows and child-wives in the classes, early marriages being customary among the mountaineers, and the sudden disappearance of husbands, either because of social feuds or the vigilance of the revenue officers, being too common an occurrence to excite surprise.

The first thing the girls are taught on entering the institute is how to do without tobacco and be content. And the teachers have become expert in lecturing on this subject and explaining just why the use of the weed is inconsistent with polite behavior. It takes several weeks to bring the girls to the point of voluntarily resigning into the faculty's hands the little private stores of tobacco and snuff which they brought along in their home luggage, but once this milestone in the training is passed, the pupils show such ready interest in all that is taught that their progress is rapid.

"Few of these mountain girls when they come to the school have ever seen a lookingglass, or a clothes brush, or even the most ordinary of toilet or housekeeping implements," said a woman familiar with the school and its workings. "They have never held a pen in their fingers or taken hold of a book. set for a meal is a wonderful object, as is a twostory house. And most of them go up and down stairs for the first few weeks with all the awkwardness and caution of people undergoing a novel sensation. The only objects you could show them that would seem familiar would be guns and shooting and trapping apparatus or the heavy-lidded oven for cooking over an open fire.

"It is some time before the mountain girl's quaint dialect wears off through intercourse with her college associations.

"' Miss S., there's a power of hardness in our room,' a teacher will be told some morning, and later it develops that the girl means that the three or four girls in the room have quereled and authority is required to set matter straight.

"Two girls who, although they could I tween them raise only \$7 for their expens were admitted to the college, said afterward, describing how anxious they were to get that they had just been 'a-snortin'' to col for a long time.

"As a class these mountaineers are down all affectation and do not hesitate to spe their minds when any one of them falls short the standard. Once a girl being ill her cour carried some toast and coffee to her room her. In transit some of the coffee spilled the toast, and the sick girl said she could reat it on that account. The cousin delibitately took up her sewing and proceeded to a braid her on the subject.

"'Now, Sairy, yer kin eat thet good enough if you wants ter,' she said. 'We-uns was riz together. What I kin eat yer kin eat, and kin eat just anything. So yer needn't be platin' on and a puttin' on, jist 'cause ye've conhere to live. Yer nuther sumthin' nor sonuther. Yer jist the same old Sairy and I jist the same old Jane. So nary a jip of nutin' else will you get but that toast.'

"From the beginning of the institution of the discouragements met with was the elymarriages. Nearly all the girls approach on the subject of attending the school wanxious to come, but some, although only or 14, were already married and settled, a others who could not arrange to enter immeately became wives before the next schotterm opened.

"Many of the girls arrive at the school rickety ox carts drawn by one or two ox sometimes by a mule and an ox hitched gether. Some walk in company with the elders, a two or three days' journey leading an eventful end. It is noticeable that vertew of the girls after having got an insight to the world and a better order of living sha contempt for their parents or friends. The seems a strong tie of affection binding the to their kinfolk and old associations, and the are always ready to make excuses for a poverty and hardship at home. The teach who come in contact with the young mount.

men regard them as very promising, apt

#### DANGER IN CHILD DREAMS.

THERE is more danger in child dreams than would suppose," said a well-known physin, "and really but few persons understand w close to death the child is when passing rough one of these fearful frights of the ht. Nightmares frequently kill grown peras and these horrible dreams which come to child life are of the same kind. This is y I have always bitterly opposed telling ildren horrible tales. There is nothing to gained by it The average child cannot be ghtened into doing the right thing. ild is inclined to do the wrong thing a horile tale will not keep him from doing it. On e contrary, horrible results may follow the rrible impression which the child gathers om the story told. Bad dreams, a night of rvousness and tumbling and rolling and oken sleep will follow.

"But there is an even greater danger in the assible death of the child from shock. eaths on this account may not be common hong children, but a good per cent of the rsons who are found dead in bed after havg retired at night apparently in good health e from this cause. It is called heart failure. id this is what it really is. But the question what causes the heart to fail in its action is ven but little thought. Now, in many of ese cases shock - pure shock - caused by me horrible dream, is responsible for the eath of the person. He may have dreamed iat he was shot through the heart, or through ome other vital organ of the body, and may ie before he can arouse from his slumber. enerally the prompt awakening will save the erson, but under other circumstances the peron will die before he can come into posseson of his faculties.

"Children are very much shocked by bad reams. They sometimes find themselves ursued by a wild animal, and they dream that aey are unable to run, and wake up in a most orrible condition mentally and physically. at probably the most dangerous form of hild dream is the thought, very common mong sleeping children, that they are experiencing a long fall. They generally wake up before they strike the bottom of the place into which they are falling and the heart resumes its normal action. These dreams are very dangerous, and it is a wonder to me that more children are not killed. They get awfully close to death's door, and the awakening is generally a fortunate thing."

#### USE BILLIONS OF STAMPS.

According to the reports of the director of the bureau of engraving and printing it appears that the number of postage stamps sent out for use during the current fiscal year includes 1,300,000,000 1-cent stamps, 3,500,000-000 2-cent stamps and 309,236,000 of higher denominations. The total, including special delivery 10-cent stamps, is 5,116,236,000, against 4,377,727,000 for the previous fiscal year, an increase of over 1,500,000,000 stamps. It is not easy to grasp the full significance of these stupendous totals. A few calculations may help. According to these figures sufficient stamps will be issued this year to supply every man, woman and child in the United States with at least sixty stamps each. Distributed among the population of the entire globe they would supply each person with postage for not less than three letters.

Placed side by side in a continuous line the total issue would girdle the entire earth three times, forming a variegated ribbon around it nearly three inches in width If spread out in the same manner across the United States the stamps would form a paper sidewalk from New York to San Francisco over three feet wide. Pasted into a stamp collector's book of the conventional size, the issue for the year would fill 500,000 volumes, which, placed one upon another, would form a solid column over twenty-five miles high. If it is true, as Edward Everett Hale says, that the United States postal system is the greatest of popular educators, these figures will serve to show the extent of Uncle Sam's present service as a schoolteacher.

THE itinerant musician steals many a march on the composer.

#### THREE COLLECT FOR CHURCH.

A SUNDAY among the staid burghers of Holland gave Clifton Johnson an opportunity to see three church collections taken up in rapid succession: He had asked to be directed to a characteristic country church in an outlying village. As a result, he went by train from Leyden to a little place where there was a church as severe in its simplicity as the meetinghouses of colonial New England.

It resembles them, too, in its chilliness, for there was no attempt at warming it, and the people were dependent upon foot stoves of the old-fashioned type that was beginning to go out of vogue in America 100 years ago. Several scores of these little boxes stood in the church empty, neatly piled against the wall, ready to be filled with smoldering peat and supplied to the worshipers as they came in.

When the time for the collection arrived a man started out from the railed off space before the pulpit, which space was occupied by the elders, and with a black pocket at the end of an eight-foot pole proceeded to his task. With this accessory he could reach to the end of a pew, only he had to be careful not to hit some worshiper with the buttend while making his short reaches.

Everybody in the congregation put in something and the collector made a little bow every time a coin jingled in the pocket. He had gone about halfway round when another elder started out with another bag and pole. The writer wondered he had not started before. His purpose, however, was not to help his fellow collector finish his work. Indeed, he started just where the other had begun and passed the bag to the same people, and everyone dropped in a coin as faithfully as he had done the first time.

Nor was this the end, for the second collector had no sooner got a good start than a third stepped out from the pulpit front with bag and pole and went as industriously over the ground as the two others had done. He was just as successful as his predecessors.

Things were getting serious. The stranger had put silver in the first bag, but fearing that the collection might continue indefinitely he dropped copper coins in the second and third bags, and was not a little relieved when he saw that the rest of the men in the elders' seat kept their places.

Later he learned the secret of the proces. The first man collected for the minister, the second for the church and the third for the poor. As each member of the congregation contributed one Holland cent to each bag is seemed as if a little calculation might have saved much collecting. The sum of the thre deposits would, in our money, be about I incents for each person.

At the moment when the bags began to pas the minister gave out a hymn, but the congregation finished singing it long before the collection was over. There did not, however ensue one of those silences during which yo can hear pins drop and flies buzz, for the minister ignored the collectors, who were still making their halting progress through the aisles, and promptly began his sermon.

#### GAGGLE GOO AGAIN.

I AM over a year old now and I can wall everywhere and almost talk. If I could tall as well as I can write everything would go of better. There are so many things I can't tel off-hand. They called me Gaggle Goo be cause that was the first thing I said, or about the first. But I'm learning and it's a pretty rocky road at times I want to tell you one.

The other day I was walking along the board walk fronting the house where there are some flowers growing. There was a big, fat fussy looking fly going about from flower to flower buzzing to himself. He was almost as big as the end of my thumb, and had yellow rings about him and he wanted to drink out on every flower and acted as though he had lost something he wanted to find. I wanted to examine him to see where he kept his buz-z-z and so I reached out and took him off a flower right in my hand.

Then pretty soon, right away I think, something happened. It was just like it would be if somebody thrust a red-hot needle in the palm of my hand. I don't cry much these days, but just then I let out a yell that fetched the neighborhood. My Ma came first and grabbed me up, the Swede woman over the

av came running shouting "Hika, pika killa attoo," or something like that, and some en in a carriage going by slowed up as ough it was their business. One ran for the It, another for the camphor and a third said amonia was the thing. Then Ma pulled it it of the palm and the hand began to swell. here's no use in denying it. I howled and cked and yelled. It hurt. Then they began doctor me and I was being rocked when the lookman came home. "Hello! young lady, en studying natural history?" I held up e hand all swollen, and then he said "That's other matter." Then he took me up and ut cold water on it, rubbed my hand gently, id pretty soon I got drowsy and went to hat they call Winkeyeland, and I forgot erything.

But I learned something. One thing was not for its size a bumblebee has the sharpest ill and can raise the biggest yell of most any milar bird I've ever seen. The 'NOOKMAN ild whoever got a bumblebee down his back and could sing a hymn while it was getting in s work was ready to be made a saint. I on't think I'm ready for that yet if it is to old good with me. I sung out but it wasn't hymn. All the same I learned not to take old of some things. Everybody's got to earn that and I'm getting along, but it hurt to earn.

#### **OUEER THINGS IN CHINA.**

A CHINAMAN'S Christian name comes after ot before, "his honored family name."

He shakes his own hands instead of his iend's.

He puts on his hat in salutation when we take it off.

He feels it unmannerly to look a superior in the face, and takes off his spectacles in his presence.

He deems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income.

His long nails are not a sign of dirtiness, but respectability.

His left hand is the place of honor.

He does not consider it clumsy, but courteous, to take both hands to offer a cup of tea.

He rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups.

His visiting card is eight and sometimes thirty inches long.

He keeps out of step in walking with others. He carries a pig instead of driving him.

His compass points south, and he speaks of westnorth instead of northwest.

· He says sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

He whitens instead of blackens his shoes.

He carries a fan even if he is a soldier on active service, or if he is going to his execution.

His women folk are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

He prefers a wooden rather than a feather pillow.

He often throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs (to deceive evil spirits) on receiving bad news, and his daughters loudly lament on the eve of their weddings.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

His merits often bring a title not to himself but to his ancestors.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### SKIN OF THE PACHYDERM.

PROBABLY the most wonderful surgical achievement of the century was the grafting of nearly a square yard of skin upon a huge elephant, seriously injured by an accident at a circus in England. The animal, called Belle, was one of the largest of her species. While she was getting out of a railway car it received a sudden jolt, owing to the brake failing to act properly. The elephant was thrown down and struck her shoulder heavily on a small iron cage that was standing near. The skin was partly torn off and generally lacerated over a space of quite one square yard in extent. Inflammation set in and was followed by considerable fever, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a calf, was in grave danger of losing her life.

The specialists decided that a wholesale operation in skin grafting was the only thing that would do the elephant any good, but an elephant's skin is as thick as a plank, so it was not an easy undertaking.

The great operation was undertaken forthwith in the menagerie hospital and Belle's own son was the first elephant selected to supply new pieces of skin. The young animal's skin is peculiarly suitable for the purpose, as it is tender, yet healthy and vigorous. Moreover, as he is growing, he will have plenty of new skin and will not miss a little purloined at the present time.

Belle was placed on the ground in the operating theater and secured with heavy chains to immovable posts. The wound in her shoulder was carefully washed with the usual antiseptic fluids. At the same time an antiseptic spray was kept continually playing in the air. The new skin was taken from the young elephant in those places where he appears to have a great deal more than he needs. Cocaine was liberally applied where the cuts were to be made.

A heavy knife was used to cut off the coarse outer part of the skin. Then a razor was employed to slice off the tender part that was to be transferred to the wounded elephant. This was taken off in strips about six inches long and one inch wide. The strips were pressed upon the wounded surface and held down by great bands of plaster.

In exactly six days the new skin was found by the doctors to be firmly adhering to Belle's shoulder. Another elephant was then called in and some pieces of his skin were removed in the manner already described.

By this time the raw surface was so greatly reduced in size that Belle began to show sign-of relief from her worst symptoms. Certain hopes of her recovery were entertained from that time. Every week a new elephant will be called upon to yield up some of his skin for the sake of his suffering sister. This will be continued until the wound is entirely covered with skin. The elephants make the sacrifice in a cheerful spirit and it is calculated that fifteen will be required before matters are set right.

It is confidently expected that this operation will prove an epoch-making triumph in the history of pachydermatous dermatology.

#### ORANGES IN THE WASHTUB.

ORANGES fresh from the tree are not the clean, sweet-smelling fruit one sees on the market stands. They are very much alive, with the oil cells expanded and the mystery of growth not yet suspended. Cut off from the sap supply, a change takes place. The skin draws closer to the pulp and gives off moisture that would cause sweating if the fruit were packed at once. But first these dust-stained travelers must have a bath.

By the bushel—if only this were the land of the good old bushel basket—the newcomerare dumped into a long, narrow tank of water. at one end of which is a big wheel with a tire of soft bristles. The wheel revolves so that the lower edge works in connection with anbither set of brushes in a smaller tank below, and the oranges, after bobbing about in the big tank, pass between the wet brushes and come out bright and clean.

This washer is a neat machine and does away with the more primitive yet picturesque method of hand washing.

At some of the smaller packing-houses may still be seen groups of women, sometimes white, sometimes brown-skinned, each with a tub of water and brush, scrubbing busily away at the yellow piles that never seem to grow less till the last hour of the day.

After their bath the oranges are spread out in the sun to dry on long, slanting racks. At the lower end they roll off into boxes, to be carried away to the warehouse for their rest.

An orange needs a deal of grooming, it would seem, before it is ready for market. The washing is not enough. There must be a brushing too. And after the days of curing the oranges are fed into a hopper which drops them single file onto a belt that runs between revolving cylindrical brushes. This for a smooth, shiny finish.

#### SHARKS ARE ALL COWARDS.

ALTHOUGH sharks are esteemed the greatest terrors of the ocean, they are in reality the greatest cowards of the finny tribe. Many tales have been told how human beings have been devoured by the fish that is known as the man eater. Although many of these have been greatly exaggerated, they are to a certain extent true. It is also true that sharks have been known to follow a ship for days, picking up and eating that which had been thrown overboard as waste. Notwithstanding all of this the cowardliness of sharks is well known among the men who have been much to sea in southern waters. The fiercest shark will get out of the way of a swimmer if the latter sets up a noisy splashing.

A shark fears anything that splashes in the water. Among the South sea islands the natives never go bathing alone, but always in

parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they make a great hubbub in the water and thus frighten away the sharks. Once in a while a too venturesome swimmer among these natives foolishly detaches himself from his party and forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a swish and the man eater comes up from under him like a flash and he is gone.

#### YOUNG WRENS HAVE VORACIOUS APPETITES.

What's the hungriest thing in the world? Persons who have been wont to consider bruin in this light, by reason of the proverbial "hungry as a bear" theory, must now alter their judgment in favor of the wren.

A city man who has been spending the vacation time in Virginia, details the abnormal craving for food displayed by young wrens. He found a nest and took up a position where he could watch at his leisure. The mother wren made 110 trips to the nest within four hours and a half, and this was the bill of fare which the three baby birds consumed:

Twenty green caterpillars, sixteen May flies, twenty-nine unidentified insects, eleven worms, two bugs, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders and a chrysalis or two.

How is that for an appetite?

#### PLAGUE OF FLEAS IN WASHINGTON.

THERE has never been known such a scourge of fleas as is now afflicting Washington. The complaint comes not only from the householders, but from the thousands who are employed in departments, where it is claimed it is almost impossible for the clerks to work regularly.

Between the heat and fighting the persistent little tormentors life is made almost unbearable. People who live in the out-of-town resorts say that the pests are equally as bad. However, the suburbanites have the advantage. They place the aromatic herb known as pennyroyal in their shoes and stockings, and fleas do not bother those who take this means of ridding themselves of the pests.

36 3

A DOG speaks the deaf and dumb language with his tail.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

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22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE ANARCHISTS.

'Nook readers, as a rule, are not very familiar with anarchy and its adherents. They are a lot of men, and some women, who seem to be abnormally constituted and as far as the average man can find out they disbelieve in all government, and, denying the existence of God, would subvert all the usages of society that ages have proved to be good. The laws of order, the marriage tie and government of all kinds they set at naught. They are the class of people who meet on a Sunday in a saloon and make violent speeches against law and order.

Naturally this sort of thing leads to murder and all sorts of evil. The more ardent of anarchists come to believe, or they act as though they believed, that if they kill a ruler they kill a cause. The fool and assassin who fired the pistol shot, that was heard and felt around the world, at the Buffalo show the other day, probably thought that it was a blow at civil authority and that a cause would die with his victim. Killing settles nothing but the victim. The whole idea is baseless and makes for evil.

Under the laws of the United States any

man may believe as he pleases. There is no law to prevent anyone's making a fool of himself, but when a lot of fools band together to make criminals short shrift should be accorded them. If there is no law covering the cases of these blatant scalawags there should be one promptly enacted that would enable the proper authorities to catch the whole crowd wherever and whenever they meet and deport the whole lot. If there is no place for them in any civilized government all the better. Pass them along till they are beyond the reach of human society with which they find fault.

There is less of organized anarchy in this country than in Europe, but the 'Nook misses its guess if the next national legislature does not make it mightily uncomfortable for the offscourings of Europe who come here to plot death to representatives of the people duly set apart to administer law.

\* \*

THE Cook Book is nearing completion and it is a beauty from the cover design to No. 1000 of the recipes. Every subscriber wil get a copy and our readers will confer a favor on their friends by calling their attention to it. It can only be had with the INGLENOOK, and in a short time the edition will be exhausted and no more can be had. This does not mean that every timely subscriber will not get a copy, but that after the subscription period is over and the last one is sent out that will be the end of it.

There are no better cooks in the world than are found in the Dunker church, and the vast majority of them have about them all that is needed to get up a good meal supplemented with the knowledge of how to put it up. Most women are best at certain dishes, but in the Cook Book are a thousand ways of doing things and whoever masters them will never be at a loss to know what or how to cook. Of course the readers will get the book, but they can help others by calling their attention to it, and we hope they will do so.

\* \*

INSTEAD of crying over your spilt milk and annoying the whole neighborhood with your noise suppose you hustle around and get some more milk tickets.

## 

What moves the hands on a metallic thermometer?

A spring called a thermostat, influenced by eat and cold.

Are marriages of cousins to be condemned?

Yes. The records show it to be productive fevil results.

What is used to give a glow to articles such as door lates, etc., making them partially visible at night?

A phosphorescent paint not readily made y unskilled people.

What is the best chewing gum made of?

A Mexican gum called chicle (chick-le), weetened and flavored.

What is the difference between the oil paints used by rtists and house painters?

Finer material is used, and more care is aken in the manufacture.

What is paratine and is it poisonous?

It is a carbon oil product of distillation and sharmless to life or health.

I am forty years of age. Can I learn shorthand?

No, you can't unless you are a phenomenon. four fingers have lost their flexibility of ouch.

What is the difference between kerosene and coal oil? None. Kerosene, coal oil, carbon oil and purning oil mean the same thing in the groery store.

Is there a profit in pressing flowers for sale?

Yes, if artistically done. Better buy a samble or two before attempting it in order to see what you have ahead of you.

What becomes of paper money too ragged for use?

The government generally gets it and detroys it, giving clean, new money for the old, without charge.

How is tangle-foot flypaper made?

It is said to be a trade secret, but if you boil soin in castor oil and paint a paper you will lave it all the same.

Are there silk manufactories in this country?

Yes, a number of them.

How is the name of the man who shot President Mc-Kinley pronounced?

"Shawl-goth."

Where did the anarchists make their start?

There have always been anarchists, but the latter-day lot had their origin in Europe. Look at their names as a clue to their nationality.

Why must querists sign their names?

Because we want to know who is doing the questioning. We were never much on talking to people we hear but can not see and do not know.

What is curled hair made from?

It is the hard core of the long southern moss. The moss is gathered and the outside rotted off in water and what is left is put through machinery.

What is put in condensed milk to thicken it?

Nothing but sugar. Condensed milk is simply milk with the water evaporated therefrom and sweetened. It cannot be done well at home, requiring special machinery.

What is a linetype like?

It is a machine to set type, is complicated and costly. The operator sits in front and writes a line by touching typewriter keys. The type falls into place, and then the machine casts the line in one solid piece, takes the type used and redistributes them automatically. The Inglenook Cook Book is set on it. It is a wonderful machine, none too easy to learn how to successfully operate.

What is the method of disposing of mosquitoes recently discovered, and is it a success?

Yes. The plan is to put a little common kerosene oil on the water where they breed. The "wrigglers" in a rain barrel are mosquitoes to be, and they must come to the surface to breathe. The least film of oil on the top of the water does them up. Putting just enough oil to make the thinnest film over the surface of ponds, puddles, cesspools and rainbarrels or cisterns will do away with millions of them.

#### FATTENING OYSTERS.

In the eastern and southern cities which are near the seashore and where oysters are plentiful during a greater part of the year it is a custom of many families to buy a barrel of live oysters and establish them in the cellar to fatten. This fattening process takes from a week to a month, or longer, as the owner sees fit. At any time when fresh oysters are desired a member of the family has only to step down cellar and pick the best from his patch, much as he might pick radishes from his garden.

The fattening of oysters in this way is quite a trick and requires much patience and experience. Many people who undertake it are careless, and one day they wake up to the fact that their oysters are dead. However, if the oysters are well cared for, there is no reason why they should not prove both a good investment and a source of entertainment.

In setting the oysters in their cellar home a bed of sand is made inside a shallow box which will hold water. Upon this bed the oysters are laid very close together, but with their mouths up and free to move. When this work is done the oysters are in shape for the fattening to begin.

Every old hand has his own foods and his own time for feeding from which he obtains good results.

A bucket of salt water poured over the bed night and morning will keep the oysters in good condition, although water containing a weak dilution of meat juice is often used or water carrying a few well-soaked cracker crumbs. When the feeding time comes there will be an odd stirring in the cellar, which is caused by the opening of the oysters' shells as they get ready for their meal. When the water is poured over them they close their shells with a click which can be heard on the floor above.

A woman who was fattening her own oysters had callers one day. The callers stayed over the time of feeding the oysters and at the inattention the creatures became much disturbed and made their hunger known by opening and shutting their shells with great rapidity. This produced such a clatter that the woman, much embarrassed, was forced to ex-

plain the situation to her guests. Thereupol the guests made a trip to the cellar and some of the naughty oysters instead of eating were themselves eaten.

It is a source of no little interest to see the shells slowly open and as quickly close as the time for feeding approaches. Punctual them selves, the oysters cannot appreciate the tardiness of others and unless they are fed with great regularity their food does them little good. If, however, they are well cared for the rapidity with which they will fatten is surprising. An oyster which is little and thin to-day will be bursting its shell to-morrow and may be chosen for serving on the hallshell.

When one has seen such an ovster bed and watched its growth, to eat the little creatures seems a pity, particularly when the method of eating is that used for vegetables rather than animals. There is no killing of the ovster he is simply picked out of the shell and de voured. To be sure, the oyster has no heart. and it would be difficult to determine just how his execution should be effected, but as he is an animal and not a vegetable it does seem cruel to devour him alive. Pears are picked off trees and eaten without a thought as to the feelings of the pear. Indeed, the scientists have sufficiently proven that pears do not feel, and it is in this particular that the ovster differs so decidedly from its vegetab. relative. The oyster does feel and has the power of movement which is proof conclusive that it has some right to consideration.

It is understood that removal from the shell kills the oyster and there is no good reason to doubt it, but it is embarrassing to eat your pets at the point of a hatpin—or a fork, for that matter—and that is what the people who fatten oysters do.

#### TATTOOING IN WHITE.

Positively the newest fad of the seashore resorts this season is exceedingly popular with the summer girls—tattooing in white. How it originated no one has been able to tell, but it got here, as nearly all can testify. One of the charmers appeared on the beach at Atlantic City the other day with her favorite college design apparently tattooed in white on

er sun-browned arm. There was the flag of the University of Pennsylvania, with the letters "U. P.," and beneath this a little heart, the thing caused a deal of speculation and bromething of a sensation for a long time, but the fair schemer could not keep the secret and lot of her chums copied the idea, which now treatens to spread all along the coast.

I" How is it done?" asked the fair one in rely to a questioner. "That is easy. Before I xposed my arm to the fierce rays of the sun I ut out the design I wished from adhesive laster and stuck it fast to my arm. When he browning process was well along I took off the plaster and there was the flag in white last as nice as you please."

One of the fair devotees of fads was not conent to show her college preference on her rm, but worked out a design on her neck. It is not likely that many will follow her idea, owever, since they must don evening dress or the hops. Some of them have gone a step urther and allowed the sun to print upon heir fair arms the initials of their very best roung men, with a sentimental design accomanying them.

#### DESTROYS THE CITY TREES.

A DISTINGUISHED botanist in speaking of blant life in our cities and in local parks argues that it is under ever increasing peril constantly and is liable to finally become exinct.

In the first place, there is the matter of poise in all its forms and the vibratory rumblings which go with the various activities of in augmented population. Flowers need leep. Trees sleep. All forms of vegetable life, must, at regularly recurring intervals, be allowed to lapse into a condition of repose else some radical change will take place in the form of the plant.

But noise is not the only destroyer of plant ife in cities. There are many other things hat threaten to denude the cities of vegetation finally. Plants and flowers and all kinds of vegetation sleep best away from the glare. So the lights of the city, which blind all through the night, must contribute somewhat to this interference with vegetable sleep. Dust and smoke and other things that fill the

air unquestionably have considerable influence on vegetation in the cities. Electricity, independent of its uses for lighting purposes, has a bad effect on city vegetation. The overcharged condition of the earth because of the electrical currents that are constantly finding their way back to the point of generation cannot be healthy from a viewpoint of vegetation. The construction of large buildings interferes, too, with the natural flow of air currents and the plants of a city are in a measure smothered.

But the same electricity that the botanists tell us is gradually destroying tree life in the cities is transporting the people far out into the country cheaply and rapidly. There is compensation, after all, in the tendencies that make civilization a failure to pessimistic eyes.

#### NEW USE FOR EGG SHELLS.

Egg shells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done, without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of egg shells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

#### X-RAYS IN THE DETERMINATION OF DEATH.

Professor Ottolenghi of the University of Siena states that as the result of numerous experiments he has discovered that while it is easy to apply the X-rays to the lungs of a person who is alive or in a trance, it is practically impossible to apply them to those of a person actually dead, the reason being that some intervening object prevents their penetration. He suggests that whenever there is any doubt of death the physician should make this test.

HE who borrows money of his neighbor never hears the last of it.

#### INDIANS ARE FAST RUNNERS.

Most tourists in Mexico see little of the strange Tauri Mauri Indians. The first Tauri Mauri we saw, was a mail carrier among the San Lorenzo mountains about 120 miles south of Chihuahua. This Indian makes two round trips over a distance of eighty-five miles twice a week, making a total of some 340 miles a week on foot. Several times, when the government had reason for rushing mails to their destination, he made even three round trips in seven and a half days. The route leads from Guarichic to San Jose de los Cruces over as rugged a mountain trail as ever tried a mountaineer's muscle.

The Indian mail carrier was bareheaded and barelegged, his entire suit consisting of about three yards of narrow cloth woven out of goat's hair. On his back was a mail sack that, with its contents, weighed forty pounds. This was supported by a strap across his forehead and another across his chest. He came trotting down the hill smoking a cigarette and moving as easily and gracefully as if just starting out, instead of having some twenty miles already to his credit that morning.

As he reached the level ground in the valley he dropped a ball about the size of a baseball on the ground, and catching it deftly on his toes gave it a throw forward and raced after it with the speed of a deer, picking it up on his toes and throwing it forward again without in the least, so far as we could see, checking his speed. As he overtook us the ball was placed in his armpit, and he trotted along by the side of the mules, chatting quite sociably.

The Tauri Mauri Indian carries one of these wooden balls with him everywhere, tucked under the armpits until he is in a hurry; then it is thrown forward, and away the owner rushes after it. It is their way of keeping in training all the time and of hurrying themselves over the ground. It is always thrown from the toes and never from the hand.

There are some 46,000 Tauri Mauri Indians in Mexico. Twice every summer they meet for a sort of tournament. It is a custom centuries old. It was the writer's good fortune to be present at one of these periodical assemblies

among the San Lorenzos, about twenty miles southwest from Chihuahua.

The Tauri Mauris are long-limbed and slender, giving the impression of being over the average height. There is scarcely any muscle on their puny arms, but their chests are deep and their backs broad, and their limbs as trim and muscular as a greyhound's. They look as if created for speed.

The great contest of the tournament was a race. The wagers of the rival towns were piled up in the center of the plaza and consisted of strips of goats' hair cloth, bows, arrows, sandals, goats, chickens and sheep, with two wooden plows for high prizes, but these were thrown far in the shade when some American visitors added a cupful of copper coins, a gaudy lithograph and a water color painting of a cross surrounded with flowers. Such prizes had never been offered in the memory of the oldest inhabitant and the runners swore that it should be the race of their lives.

In the afternoon they asked us to look over the course. To our astonishment we found that it was twelve miles long and that the circuit was to be made ten times. A royal race, indeed, of 120 miles. The race was to be run in the night and concluded in the cool of the next afternoon.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready. Ten athletes stood on the right side of the plaza and ten on the left. To each side one wooden ball was allotted. The racers were dressed in native trunks of goats' hair cloth and many of these were discarded before the race was over.

At the word both of the balls were thrown forward and the twenty bounded forward at a speed that it would tax a bicyclist to keep up with. We thought that such a burst of speed would soon tire them out, but it was meant only for the start of three miles straight away across the valley. Before reaching the other side of the course the runners began cutting off the corners and racing ahead of the oval course so as to receive and carry on the ball of their party. The ball was pitched forward by the foot of the first on that side to reach it, and if a rival could reach it first it was thrown back on the course. The purpose was to get the ball around the prescribed course, no matter

ow, so long as it was touched only by the feet f the players. To touch it with the hand was o lose all bets.

Tripping, crowding and all the rough work f football players were permitted to prevent n opponent from reaching or throwing the ball. Lunners were permitted to cut across the valey at a jog trot and so be ready to receive the all as it came along and then spurt with it Impires and judges were stationed all over the oute to see that the ball was kept along the lesignated tract. By 7 o'clock the moon came ip and the valley was nearly as light as day. Cells as fierce as any that greet an audience at Cale or Harvard greeted the bronze Stagg of Suachiochic as he hurled the wooden sphere hrough the plaza, 100 feet ahead of the ball from Zapuri, on the first trip around the valley.

The race went on all night. Far into the afternoon they ran, but in a little less than four-een hours the balls had made the prescribed number of trips around the valley and four-unners on one side and three on the other were coming at the top of their speed over the ast three miles of grassy lawns toward the goal. A line was drawn in the dust across the street at the edge of the plaza and the crowd gathered back, awaiting the victors.

As they rushed toward us it was impossible to say which would win. But as one runner from each side reached the balls one failed to tatch the ball of his side fairly on his foot while going at full speed and his throw was weak; the other, catching the ball fairly, gave a great bound and, twisting his leg as if it were an arm, hurled the ball fair and square over the line and over our heads. Zapuri had won by 100 feet.

How the crowd yelled and how we yelled with them, and how the reeking victors were praised and petted as they sat down to divide their winnings! Soon after a course of about ten miles was laid out around the town and a race was run by the girls of the two pueblos. Like their brothers, they had only the blue sky over them and about three yards of cloth and the republic of Mexico around them, but how they did run, and how they set the ball spinning! The bronze Dianas of Guachiochic won, thereby softening the defeat of their dusky brothers.

#### FOWLS WITH A QUEER MOTHER.

SEVEN fluffy little chickens belonging to a family living on Twelfth street near Broadway, have a queer mother. For the past two weeks the only protection they have had has been a big feather duster. The substitute for the mother has served its purpose so well that the family expects to raise chickens in the same way every year.

The chickens were hatched about three weeks ago, their mother being an old hen which the family had bought in the market and had intended to fatten and eat. Before she arrived at the proper condition to be baked she took a notion to set. As is usual in such cases, persuasion was vain, and she held to her determination to raise a family. A dozen eggs were given her, and she hatched out eight chicks. Of these she was very proud About two weeks ago a number of friends from out of town visited the family unexpectedly. The problem was a serious one, as it was Sunday and no groceries were open. It was suggested that the hen be killed, but the children were not willing that the chickens should be left to shift for themselves at so tender an age.

The problem was solved by the boy, who suggested that the hen be killed and the big feather duster be substituted for the hen. The duster was suspended just above the floor in the corner of the kitchen and the chickens placed under it in a box.

There they have remained ever since and are growing rapidly. They seem to take kindly to the innovation and at the first sign of danger they will all retreat.

#### ALL FROM A STREET LAMP.

In London they have a street lamp which provides a stream of boiling water and dispenses tea, coffee and cocoa. The heat of the lamp warms the water, and by dropping a cent in the slot a gallon of boiling water may be had. Two cents brings you milk, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The light and heat are provided by the city, which co-operates with a private corporation that furnishes the rest.

One of the duties of to-day is to qualify yourself for to-morrow.

#### HERALDRY OF THE INDIANS.

PEOPLE in general have been content to look upon the Indian's adornment of his head with eagle feathers and his face with paint as marks of personal decoration inspired by vanity and a savage taste, different only in degree from what is sometimes witnessed among highly civilized peoples. But the fact is that, in preference to the latter custom, for instance, every paint mark on an Indian's face has a sort of heraldic meaning, implying not only the honors won by the brave in person, but representing also the claims of his family and race to distinction. In other words, what is shown among more cultured communities by coats of arms, orders and decorations is depicted by the Indian on his face by means of pigments.

Scientists are now engaged among other novel investigations concerning the North American Indian in compiling a record of the armorial, or rather facial, bearings of certain celebrated chiefs, and it is said to be fascinating work. One renowned warrior, for instance, will have his lip painted a copper red. is found to indicate that his tribe was once in possession of huge mines of copper. Another individual will have his forehead adorned with a painting of a certain fish, thus implying that he or his people are renowned for prowess in catching fish. The same distinguished person sometimes wears a disk of pearl in addition to his paint mask. This, by its shimmering radiance and its form, implies that he is descended from the moon, in the sense that the goddess of night is one of his ancestors.

The fact that the Indian has no conception of perspective seriously handicaps the success of his efforts at pictorial art. Indeed, the Indian limner merely aims to show the most characteristic portion of the object he attempts to depict, unless he be a man of great attainment, in which case he divides or dissects the subject of his picture and represents the whole by its parts, the latter being arranged entirely irrespective of the natural sequence.

The features of the Indian are sometimes incorporated into the representation of the animal which forms his heraldic bearing. Should the beaver, for example, be the object

to be depicted, it is not attempted to design the whole form of the animal, but only its distinctive and typical parts, as, for instance, its peculiar tail, which is painted in criss-cross lines, extending from the chin to the nose, as though standing upright. The chin itself does service as the beaver's body.

The arbitrary methods of the Indian artist render it difficult if not impossible for any but an expert to interpret the meanings of the pictorial representations. Thus, an animal's ears are invariably depicted above the eyes on the human subject, the ears of the beaver being just above the eyebrows. On the cheeks are painted the paws in a position as though they were raised to the mouth in the manner conventional in Indian carvings.

The dogfish painted in red upon the face designates the members of an entire tribe. On the foreheads of the members of this tribe is painted the long, thin snout; the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from each nostril. Only one or two parts of an animal painted an on Indian's face indicates that he is of an inferior position; the entire symbol, no matter in what form presented, is significant of lofty station and high honors.

The facial heraldry of the Indian may be said to be unique not alone in the method of representation employed, but in the subjects selected. These latter include fish, flesh and fowl of all descriptions—dog salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, ravens, eagles, bears, wolves, frogs are comprised in the armorial gallery.

Every object represented has its own particular significance, and one of the most peculiar phases of face painting relates to the employment of forms other than animal—tools, implements of the chase or of war, denoting the occupation of the individual of his tribe.

#### ABOUT THE PRUNE.

The prune grows best in a loose soil that has been washed down from the mountains. The climate should be warm the year round, but not too warm. The climate should not be very dry nor too damp. The climate of a large part of California is just right.

Prunes begin to grow on the trees when the trees are about three years old. The trees bloom in March. The blossom is smaller than a white apple blossom. There are many more of them on a tree than there are blossoms on an apple tree. A prune orchard in bloom looks just as if it were covered with snow.

The prunes are green at first. Then they are red. When they are ripe they are deep blue. They get ripe in July, August and September, but mostly in August.

The prunes stay on the trees until they are ripe. Then they fall off. Then boys and girls and other people pick them up and put them in boxes. The boxes are put in a wagon. The wagon goes to the packing house. At the packing house the prunes are graded and placed together according to size like the soldiers in a company. Then the prunes are dipped in a hot liquid so the skins crack a little. Then they have a cold water bath. After that the prunes are put on trays to dry in the sunshine. It does not rain on them, because in California it does not rain in summer. It does not rain hardly any except from November to March. After the prunes have been in the sun four or five days, they are put in stacks for a few days. Then the prunes are sorted into ten different lots. Of some lots it takes from twenty to thirty to make a pound, of others thirty to forty, of others forty to fifty, of others fifty to sixty, of others sixty to seventy, of others seventy to eighty and so on. They are heated so like molasses taffy they won't go to sugar. They are then ready to put in boxes. Five pounds are in some boxes Ten pounds are in other boxes. Twenty-five pounds are in other boxes.

How many pounds of green prunes make one pound of cured prunes? Two and onehalf pounds of green prunes make one pound of cured prunes.

#### THOUGHT IT WAS A BEAST.

Before Theodore Roosevelt acquired the reputation he now enjoys as a mighty hunter—when he wore kneebreeches, in fact—he lived near Madison square, in New York. Opposite the square on the east side stood a Presbyterian church, and the sexton, while airing

the building one Saturday, noticed a small boy peering curiously in at the open door, but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No, thank you," said the boy. "I know what you've got in there."

"I haven't anything that little boys mayn't see. Come in."

"I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries and bounded off to play again.

Still the lad kept returning once in a while and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere.

"The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with Uncle R—— and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the zeal and it frightened me."

Down came the concordance from the library shelf and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited as he exclaimed:

And then the whole story came out on the reading of the passage, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

THE "war of the union" begins shortly after the marriage ceremony ends.

THE dentist and the farmer are both practical stump pullers.

An open-faced watch—a yawning policeman.

LOVE softens a crust, but hate spoils a feast.

### THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

THE 'Nook has always prided itself on giving information that would be valuable and interesting to its readers, matter that usually could not be had elsewhere, and in accordance with that idea here is something that will interest old and young. Every pronounced anarchist in the country is pretty well known. How does that happen? Well, the 'Nook will tell you.

In the first place the anarchists are a set of men and women who are in favor of overturning all our well-recognized ideas of government, both of the nation and of society. They do not believe in marriage, and would, and do, assassinate people, and are the mad dogs of civilized society. They have, or had a paper, published in Chicago. It was run by a man named Isaak, and its subscribers, while not many, are pretty well scattered. Now the assassin said that he was led to the deed by reading and hearing a woman, Emma Goldman, raving on the subject. So the police went for the woman, found her at Isaak's place, and she was arrested, and what is more to the point, they captured the subscription list of the anarchist paper, thus locating the whole rabid set, or the most of them. The way they came to get on the Isaak crowd was in searching the anarchist's room, the assassin's, and here they found references to Isaak's paper, and so the whole lot at the place of publication was bagged. Emma Goldman, called the Queen of Anarchy, was in hiding at Isaak's when arrested.

The police found evidence to prove that a propaganda has been carried on for many months by the fellow Isaak, editor of the Free Society, a weekly sheet no less rabid than his former paper, the Firebrand, which he published in Portland, Oregon, until the postal authorities stopped it. Driven out of the far west, he came to Chicago, the former hotbed of anarchy and has since strivento fan into life the dying embers of what was so fierce a fire in 1886.

To do this sort of thing a publication was necessary. Mere inflammatory speeches would not reach enough hearers, and time would be lost in spreading the doctrines of no

law and free love to which Isaak and his kind are committed if the work were carried on only at meetings usually slimly attended. Therefore Isaak made haste to establish another newspaper, to be conducted largely on the lines of the defunct *Firebrand*.

Isaak set up his newspaper shop and also his home. His wife, a son and daughter comprised his family, but he drew about him a circle of anarchists, writers for the paper and believers in its theories, some of whom resided in the house with him.

In regard to the woman it is more than ten years now since Emma Goldman first achieved notoriety in New York, which ended in her sentence for a year to Blackwell's island for seditious utterances in 1893. She was a frequent speaker at anarchistic meetings on the Bowery and an intimate of Johann Most and other "reds." She says she is now 32 years old. She has jet black hair and blue eyes, which flash behind large eyeglasses. Her hair is rather unkempt, pushed straight back from the forehead, with no attempt at ornamentation, and parted in the center. Her dress now is rather neater than it was a decade ago, when she began her career as a lecturer.

Nothwithstanding Miss Goldman's assertion that she has never been an advocate of violence, the police are in possession of dozens of her most radical speeches, in which she shouts for the overthrow of the existing order of society as loudly as ever Johann Most or Justus Schwab, her New York associates, did. Added to that is the positive statement of Assassin Czolgosz that it was the speeches of Emma Goldman which nerved him to his murderous attack on President McKinley.

Now that they have the whole lot of the principals in the miserable business it is likely that there will be a cleaning up of the crowd that will make it very unpleasant and unhealthy for others of their kind. 'NOOKERS will hear a great deal about this woman, Goldman, and her friend Isaak, and with the presentation here they will understand a great deal better what is running through the papers about them.

What some men live on is of less interest to the world than why they live on.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

CHRIST ON LOVE.

BY BARBARA CULLEY.

THE whole system of Christianity is built on ove. It was, perhaps, the one thing the Jews of the time of Christ did not comprehend. The Messiah idea was not new or strange to them. They expected that, but the doctrine, the teaching, and the required practice, were apparently beyond their comprehension. was a reason for this. The dominant nation, the Romans, were a cruel and hard-handed set of rulers. The sturdy men of war despised the conquered, and in turn the subjugated ones hated the strangers who had defiled their temples and set at naught their laws, with a fierceness that only religious fanaticism could give birth to. As their religion and their nationality were in common it followed that the coming of the Messiah meant to them national glory and the road to the accomplishment of this was in successful battle with the Roman. Their idea of a King involved the use of force and violence.

And then, when the gentle Galilean came with a message of peace on earth and good will to all men the Jews refused to accept Him as their leader. Yet the whole teaching of lesus is to the end that we love one another. And the world has not learned the lesson completely as yet, and possibly never will fully. Now what is this thing called Love? Is it filial love, the love between members of a family, or between the sexes? Yes, it is all that, and it is a great deal more. If, instead of the word love we supply the phrase "kindliness of feeling" we get the idea better before us. It seems that the substance of the message from God to man, through Christ, is that there must be kindliness of feeling abroad in the hearts of those who would follow Jesus.

There can be no doubt but that the personal life of Jesus was peculiarly and thoroughly permeated with this feeling. He taught and practiced it himself. In his life, the child's phrase, "He went about doing good," covers the situation and at his death he prayed for forgiveness for his enemies. And all that is the lesson of every part of Christianity. To

do good and think kindly of all, and show it, is the sum and substance of the word that He brought to us. And it is not always an easy thing to carry out in practice. It may be easy for us to love those who love us, but when it comes to the other class, those who hate us and use us badly, it is the final test of Christian character.

The personal account of Jesus is very meager. We know so little of his daily life. It is only by taking a little here and a little there, that is said about him, that we can form a just estimate of his relations to men while he lived. And the whole of it is a marked illustration of his kindliness of feeling to all about him. We know that he went about healing the sick, helping the weak, and comforting the unfortunate. The abstract idea of love dominated his life, and influenced all he did.

It seems strange that, in the religious life of the followers of Christ, so very frequently more is made of the externalisms of the system than there is of its very heart and life. A man may count himself a very fair Christian, comparatively speaking, and yet have open quarrels on his hands, yea the very heads of the church are often in a condition of open rupture, disgracing the whole organization, forgetting or ignoring the fact that none may consider themselves entitled to the name of Christian without an all-embracing love to every human being. This was what Christ taught, and without it the whole system becomes only a code of heathen morals. Paul, who knew, set the highest estimate on Love, saying that without it nothing remains, and that with it everything follows.

Everywhere in the words of Christ, and in his recorded actions, there shows up this feeling of helplessness and hopefulness for everybody, and it is demanded of every follower of the Master that he does likewise. It is not enough that we feel kindly toward people, but that we do kindly to them. This Christ taught in precept and example. Emptyhanded love is valueless.

One strange thing about the world's acceptance of Christ is in ignoring nationally what is expected of the individual. No nation ever seems to consider the right or wrong of an ef-

fort that promises returns in the way of trade or glory. It is, as Napoleon put it, a question of the heaviest artillery, and the law of love is not so much as considered, or even mentioned. There is no reason why the law of love should not apply to nations as well as to individuals.

As Christ loved the world and individuals of all classes, so must those who follow in his steps love all. A Christian with hatred in his heart can lay no valid claim to being a real follower of Christ. The life of Christ is an epitome of a life of love. No special case or instances need be quoted, nor could they be without marring a record made entirely of love and kindliness. The message the life of Christ brings to us, not only by word, but also in deed, is summed up in the words, Love one another.

Chicago, Ill.

In secontinued.

#### TESTED IN A RIGID MANNER.

THERE is a popular belief that chronometers, those delicate pieces of mechanism which enable the mariner to tell to a nicety where he is upon the ocean, are made only in England. One will be told even in Maiden lane that England is chronometer-maker to the world. This was true at one time, but now, according to shipmasters, America turns out excellent chronometers. There are, however, only three American makers as against numerous British Many of the instruments in use in the United States are of American make. These chronometers are purchased on trial. The delicate instrument is subjected to extremes of temperature, by means of which its variations are ascertained. No instrument leaves the maker's hands until it has been thoroughly

tested, or before it is three years old. In this period there is ample opportunity for developing its peculiarities. When it is understood that an error of four seconds on the part of the chronometer will put a skipper a mile out of his course the necessity of the most careful and thorough test is apparent.

Even when an instrument has been tested tothe satisfaction of the experts and has been finally adjusted only a skilled man can be allowed to carry it from the workshop to the ship. One firm alone has a dozen of these carriers constantly employed. They are not, of course, dealing all the time with new chronometers; there are from 400 to 500 always in stock from ships arriving in this port from all parts of the world. As soon as a ship comes into port its chronometer is usually sent ashore for rating, that is to say, it is carefully observed until the ship is ready to sail, when the variation is reported to the captain, who can then make his calculations accordingly. The chronometers of the transatlantic liners are sent ashore for rating every time they come into port. The greatest care is taken of chronometers on board ship, and on all first-class ships there are usually three, one being for deck observation. The most perfect one of the lot is usually placed in a dry, but well-ventilated apartment amidships, where it is firmly screwed down, and should there be fear of dampness, wrapped in a heavy woolen blanket. On the government vessels the chronometer is placed in a case lined and padded with curled hair, which keeps it from being jarred. The smallest speck of rust on the balance spring might cause a chronometer to lose its accuracy. A first-class chronometer costs \$250, and one of the same grade capable of telegraphing its own time sells at \$450.





#### DELICIOUS CHICKEN PIE.

TAKE a pair of chickens, not too young, that have been carefully dressed; remove all the at and skin and the tendons from the drum sticks. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and allow them to simmer gently for about two hours, keeping them tightly covered during the entire time. Remove the chickens from the fire and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour creamed with one of butter, season with a very little cavenne pepper, some onion juice and salt, and when thorbughly cooked and just before removing from the fire add the well-beaten volk of two eggs. Pour over the chicken, which should previously have been cut into pieces and placed in a deep earthenware pie dish. When both sauce and chicken are quite cold place over all a rich cover of good paste, making an incision in the center for the steam to escape: ornament prettily, brush over with the white of an egg and bake in a moderately hot oven. When the paste is cooked the pie will be done.

To clean silver take one-half pound of sal ammoniac dissolved in two gallons of soft water and bring to a boil. Put your silver in the boiling solution. Remove in five minutes, wash in soap suds and it will be as nice as new. The only precaution is not to use a tin vessel to boil in.

Make a flaxseed tea, adding two lemons and a stick of licorice and you have one of the best cough remedies made. Take by spoonfuls as needed. Too much will not hurt.

#### BEEF SOUP.

One shin bone, one each of carrot, turnip, onion, tomato, celery, two potatoes, five quarts soft water, parsley, salt and pepper. Bone should be well cracked and put in cold water. Boil slowly two hours and then add salt and pepper. Boil another hour and add carrot, turnip and celery; cut small and 15 minutes later slice onion and potatoes. Twenty minutes after add tomato cut up and two tablespoons flour mixed with cold water and shredded parsley. Take the bones from the soup, cut up some of the meat and return to soup. Ten minutes later soup is ready for the table.

## \* \* BEEF LOAF.

THREE pounds of lean beef of the round, chopped or ground fine; add eight soda crackers rolled fine, four eggs, one cup of milk, half cup of butter, teaspoonful of onion chopped very fine; add pepper and salt. Form into a loaf and place in baking pan with a little hot water; bake two hours, basting often.

To clean a white straw hat make a mush of water and flour of sulphur. Paste this on lightly all over the straw and put it in the sun till thoroughly dry. Then brush out the sulphur with a stiff brush. The hat will be like new.

To keep bright silver from tarnishing, dissolve an ounce of collodion, dissolved in a pint of alcohol and varnish the objects very lightly with this and the shine will be kept indefinitely.

#### CELERY SOUP.

Take two small stalks of celery, outside pieces left from dinner will do; cut in fine pieces and place in saucepan; pound fine with potato masher; add one quart of new milk; boil about fifteen minutes; take two table-spoonfuls of flour and one of butter; mix thoroughly and add to the boiling milk and celery; add pepper and salt to taste. Remove from the fire and strain; serve hot with cubes of toasted bread, browned in butter.

#### A CHEAP FURNITURE POLISH.

A SIMPLE, cheap and effective furniture polish is made by filling a pint or quart bottle with equal parts of boiled linseed oil and kerosene. Mix thoroughly and apply with a flannel, then rub dry with another flannel. This polish will remove scratches, white marks and bruises, and gives a bright appearance. Burn rags after using.

#### TO BROIL STEAK WITHOUT GRIDIRON.

Put frying pan or skillet over a hot fire and sprinkle salt over bottom; when thoroughly hot, put on the steak and cook three minutes without turning; then turn and cook three minutes on the other side. Place on a hot platter and sprinkle with salt, adding generous lumps of butter; then place in hot oven for three minutes. Serve immediately. Salt in the pan prevents sticking.

#### INDELIBLE INK FOR MARKING LINEN.

Put two drachms of nitrate of silver into three ounces of distilled water and let it dissolve. To a solution of carbonate of potassa add a little gum water, and with this moisten the spot to be marked. After it has become thoroughly dry, write or mark what you want to upon the spot with the nitrate of silver solution.

#### SPOTS ON FURNITURE.

Spirits of camphor or ammonia will remove white spots from furniture.

#### **BROILED BEEFSTEAK.**

PLACE the steak on a well-greased griding. Turn often so that the outside may be seared at once. When done, which should be in 5 of 10 minutes, lay on hot platter, season with sall and pepper, some butter, cover to keep warm and serve at once.

#### WASHING MADE EASY.

Put one pound of sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime in a gallon of water, boi twenty minutes, then draw off and put into a jug. Soak the dirty clothes over night, wring rub on plenty of soap, and add a teacupful of the fluid to a boiler of clothes well covered with water, boil half an hour, then rub through suds and rinse.

#### CHICKEN BAKED WITH RICE.

Cut the chicken in small pieces and stew until tender. Line the bottom of a deep dish with slices of bacon, place the stewed chicken of top and over it sprinkle two onions chopped. Fill the dish with boiled rice and pour over it a cupful of the stock in which the chicken was stewed. Cover and bake for an hour.

#### SCALDS OR BURNS.

COVER the injured surfaces with either baking soda, flour, magnesia or chalk and lay over this sheets of wadding or cotton batting. The white of an egg, olive oil, collodion, linseed oil are also used, either singly or mixed with chalk. If the burns are slight, hold them in cold water for a short time and cover the skin with linseed or olive oil. Turpentine and vaseline are also used.

To remove furniture bruises, wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone repeat the process, and after two or three applications the dent or bruise will be raised level with the surface. Keep it continually wet, and in a few minutes the bruise will disappear.

# 触INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Ост. 5, 1901.

No. 40.

#### COMPENSATIONS.

BY EMMA SEABURY.

A SHADOW drifts over the landscape,
And hangs like a pall o'er the scene,
It lies over meadow and woodland,
And darkens the shady ravine.
But the light that flows in has a glamor,
A softer, more roseate glow,
It knew not an hour ago.

Those blossoms are often the fairest,
That soonest come after the snow,
The songs of the birds are the sweeter,
For the silence of winter, I know.
The stars are never so welcome,
As after the tempest is gone;
The damp and the gloom of the midnight,
Are the dew and the splendor of dawn.

The rarest of all of our pleasures,
Is shot from the quiver of pain,
Our joys are the gifts of our sorrows,
As the rambow is that of the rain;
And our passions, that move us and thrill us
With ecstasy, throb with our fears,
Have their holiest office in giving
For holiest baptism, tears.

So friendship is not worth possessing,
Until it is tested and tried,
The fabrics with light interwoven
With shade will the longest abide.
Let us mingle the threads in the future,
Since the impress of shadow is there,
So skillfully, even the angels
May say that the texture is fair.

#### WANDERINGS OF TWO WORDS.

Isn't it strange to think of a word "wanderg?" We like to hear a traveler tell his adentures, of the countries he has seen, the eople he has known. Do you know that some ords are experienced travelers and could tell wonderful tale of new lands and changed ustoms? Just take, for instance, the word bureau." Should you think it had any con-

nection with the word "fire?" In old Greek days there was a word "pur," or "fire." Then the Latins needed it for "fiery red," and they made it "burus." Presently it wandered to France and became "buire," meaning "reddish brown." For a long time it lived there until it grew to be in modern French "bure," a rough woolen cloth.

The Frenchmen used the cloth to cover their writing tables, so these were called "bureau" Next the government officials borrowed the word, for their valuable papers were kept in the writing tables, so "bureau" came to mean a place of information or department of state. You know we use our bureaus for keeping our clothes. What do you think of that for a series of adventures? The word "bank" has an interesting life. Once it was "banco," a bench. You wonder where is the connection? Well, in Italy the Lombard Jews used benches in the market place for the exchange of money. As times grew prosperous they had to move to larger quarters. In Venice, 1550, was the first public bank started. Then you can think of other words from bench. The river bank, the bank of keys of the organ or a bank of clouds.

JOHN L HUBBELL, who is engaged in raising chickens at Ansonia, Conn., has two freaks. One is a chicken that has two bills and but one eye, never having had the second eye; and the other bird is a chicken, now two months old, that is minus all teathers, never having had a sign of one on it. It does not care to mix in with the other chickens to a great extent, for there are no feathers to protect him from their pecking. This they delight in doing, but he does not enjoy it in the least. There are no indications that he will ever be clothed, and if not, his costume, while good at present, will scarcely be the one for comfort later in the season.

#### THE SHAWNEE MISSION.

#### BY ALPHA L. MILLER.

This mission was established in 1838, by Rev. Thomas Johnson, a Methodist minister, in Northeastern Kansas, about three and one-half miles southwest of Westport. The mission land consisted of 2,240 acres of rich land which was granted to Johnson by the U. S government.

The buildings when finished were the chapel and schoolhouse combined, a dormitory and the two residence buildings, one for the superintendents and teachers, and the other was used as a trades school.

The lumber for these buildings was brought from Cincinnati, Ohio, and the bricks all came from St. Louis, by steamboat. The buildings were constructed chiefly of brick, and were all two stories high. The trades school building was situated east of the others and had a large wind wheel and water tank in its upper story, the water being used for various purposes, and was supplied by a large spring, clear and cold. All the buildings were well built and situated in a little valley, well protected from cold winter winds and shaded by immense trees in summer

On a bright summer morning the mission was a pleasant view. Situated on the old Santa Fe trail, it was alive with the arrivals of travelers, freight wagons, traders and lastly, but not least the survivors of the great Shawnee Indian tribe. The shops were open, school in session, the traders busy and many people coming and going.

All is changed now, only three buildings are standing, the chapel, residence and trades building and they are going to ruin. The Indians are going to ruin. The Indians are all gone, the founder, Rev. Mr. Johnson, and family, sleep under the sod in a little grove on the hillside.

The spring still runs as strong as ever, the grand old trees are still standing and the blue grass grows unmolested along the old flagstone walks, while the great fertility of the soil still remains to a certain extent, a part of the ground being leased to a market-gardener; who has grown rich raising vegetables on the soil, that is hallowed in many old Kansans'

hearts. The old chapel building is the be preserved, being remodeled inside and occ pied by a family. It was in this building where the bogus legislature met and whe much of Kansas history was made. The rodused is gone, being cut out when the building was remodeled. This building is by far the most conspicuous, and the best preserved, stands on the north side of the road, its whipporch pillars gleaming in the sun, its flagston walk uneven but still the original one lawhen the building was built sixty-two year ago.

#### FROM THE WEST.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

Leaving Colorado Springs on the Midlar R. R., we begin at once to climb the Rockie At Divide a branch road leads to Cripp Creek, the greatest gold-mining camp on the American Continent, where a city of thirt thousand inhabitants sprang up in a few year and where millions of dollars of gold at mined every year at an elevation nearly twimiles above sea level.

A few miles farther we come to the town to Florissant, which did not receive its name from the many brilliant wild flowers which deck the mountain side, but from the numerous fossil flowers and plants which are foun pressed between layers of shaly rock, just a you would press flowers between the leaves can book. Some of these fossil flowers have in sects attached to them which were all presse together by dame nature when engaged in he fancy work long ago. We obtained man varieties of leaves as well as some skeleton of fishes, preserved in the same way as the in sects and flowers.

We follow up the Arkansas River, which becomes continually smaller, until it is only small rivulet between lofty mountains. We are still on the east side of the Snowy Range the back bone of the American Continent Leaving the last vestige of the river behind as we climb upward under snow sheds which protect the railroad track in winter from the snow that here accumulates to a depth of fitteen feet, we come to Hagerman Pass, more than two miles above sea level. Imagine a

le two miles long erected where you stand d its top would indicate our distance here ove the sea. Instead of climbing up any ther, we turn into a tunnel two miles long, aight through the mountain and come out the other side of the Snowy Range. The ectacle of these desolate mountain peaks is and beyond description. Against these aks the snow-laden clouds are packed in nter. The winds sweep and storms rage over em in unrestrained majesty but my poor pen n give you no idea of their grandeur.

On the western side of Hagerman's Pass r a distance of thirty miles the train makes descent of 3,000 feet, winding back and rth along the mountain sides and around the ads of canons. Looking out of the car windw you can see the railroad track passing ou back and forth two or three times along e steep mountain side just below you. How is track was ever laid is one of the woners of railroad engineering.

We now meet the head of the Grand River, hich discharges its waters into the Pacific cean. Winding along the river banks in pid descent as the valley broadens we leave e old granite rocks, massive and hoary, withit a tree or shrub to cover their bald heads, id come to the red Jurassic rocks that are irved in fantastic shapes along the sides of edeep cañons. One of the interesting speccles in passing over the tops of the Snowy ange, is the unmistakable evidence of glacial tion which rounded off the projecting rocks bwn the mountain sides.

The little streamlet which led us down the ountain sides has received many other little reams, and in its expanded form goes dashing, paming, roaring along through many caves nd little valleys until it reaches Glenwood in a alley a mile wide, surrounded by steep and ofty mountains, picturesque in their robes of ark red and gray, trimmed by green foliage. 1 this beautiful little valley, the joy of tourts, lies the little city of Glenwood, provided ith water works and electric lights, and large otels to accommodate the hundreds of guests ho come here every summer to fish and hunt nd to bathe in the waters of the far-famed ot springs. These waters maintain a temperture of 127 degrees Fahr., and gush out into nmense swimming pools.

On the tops of the surrounding mountains great mesas stretch far and wide where thousands of head of cattle roam and fatten on the nutritious grass, while vast herds of deer still abound to entice the wily hunter to these romantic haunts. Two hours more of rapid descent and we are all in the Grand Valley.

#### # # HISTORY OF BEET SUGAR.

THE beet sugar industry is a child born of the stress of war. When France 100 years ago, was at war with the rest of Europe, the superior navies of England enabled the allies to blockade the French ports and stop all foreign commerce. Among the articles of which the French people were then deprived was sugar, which at that time all came to them from the West Indies. Napoleon Bonaparte in this emergency determined to make his country independent of foreign sugar by developing the making of sugar from beets, which up to that time had hardly passed from the domain of theory, and could hardly be dignified by the name of an established industry. He set to work with his customary energy, and gave the first great impetus to what has become the foremost agricultural industry of Europe.

At that time the beet was a root containing but 5 to 6 per cent of sugar, so that few believed it could ever become a competitor of the sugar cane, except under the abnormal circumstances then existing. By a persistent combination of effort on the part of the agriculturist and the scientist, the sugar beet has been slowly but steadily improved, until to-day in Europe it has doubled, and even trebled, its contents of sugar. This work stands unrivaled in the domain of the application of science to industry. The sugar beet of Europe with a content of 12 to 18 per cent of sugar stands as a monument of what patient and well-directed effort can accomplish. The once despised competitor has outstripped the sugar cane. originally so much more richly endowed by nature, until to-day of the 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 tons of sugar consumed in the civilized world two-thirds are produced from the beet, and one-third only from the cane.

THE pleasures of madness are known only to lunatics.

#### THE RIVER LANDMAN.

BY S. S. BLOUGH. .

From the mountainous districts of Western Pennsylvania a great deal of coal is shipped by water. This is known as river coal. The rivers principally covered in this shipping are the Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi. Thousands of bushels are carried each year in coal boats and coal barges. A barge is about one hundred and thirty feet long and six and one-half feet deep, and carries 14,000 bushels, while a coal boat is one hundred and seventy feet long and eight feet deep and carries 26,000 bushels. The barges mostly carry to Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis, while the coal boats go on to New Orleans and other southern towns.

Most of this coal is shipped from November to May or June when often the water becomes too shallow. The combine which does most of the shipping of coal is anxious that the boats and barges are all safely delivered, so at various places along the river they have what are termed harbors or landing places. There are at least twenty-five of these landing places along the course of the rivers. Here the "Landmen." pumpers or landing men as they are sometimes called, are employed to look out and care for any boats that may be in danger of being stranded. If a filled boat is injured by having a hole knocked in the bottom by a rock or snag, thus causing it to leak, this is the hospital to which it is taken. Here the "Landman" and his assistants fasten the boat with stay lines to the bank. An engine and syphons are put to work pumping out the water. Now is the time to sawdust the boat while the pumping is being done. This is done by taking kegs filled with sawdust and having the ends removed, by means of a long pole they are pushed underneath the boat. The action of the water drives some of the sawdust out of the kegs and into the leak thus effectively clogging it for the remainder of the trip. This work is somewhat tedious and must be understood. Sometimes many kegs are put under before the leak is found.

In case the water becomes too low, the boats along the river are also placed under the the care of the "Landman." One of the landing places will accommodate from twent six to twenty-eight boats. These he lash securely together with heavy chains and rope and fastens them to the bank and piers put a for that purpose, with strong ropes.

Between this coal fleet and the bank of the river the "Landman" and his family liv His home is a house built upon a flat riv boat. The rooms are usually as wide as t boat and about twelve feet in length. Five six such rooms placed end to end with a roover them make him a somewhat handson and comfortable home. True his yard, which may be on four sides, is nothing but the rive but then he has the novel experience the night or day his home moves up and dow with the gentle swell of the river. The hous wife sitting in her room sewing is made a quainted with the passing steamer by the re and fall of her home. One lady spoken i said, "One becomes accustomed to it in time

This may seem all right in calm weath but sometimes the floods come, then matter become more exciting. The "Landman" posted directly from the government whe changes occur, so in a manner he is prepare for it. When there is a dangerous rise in the river, he knows it some hours before. the time for action. Extra lines and riggin are thrown out and everything made as secur as possible. This done all that he can do is await developments. When the flood is a he keeps a watch for weakening strands her and there and repairs as necessity require Sometimes the work is hard and dangerou But what of his real estate, if such it may b called? It at once begins to go up. Think awakening some morning and finding you home some ten or fifteen feet nearer th clouds than when you retired, and still yo are going up. Evening comes, the rain cor tinues and you are up twenty or twenty-fiv feet, while the confines of your front yard at removed far up the hill. Usually twenty-for hours after the rain ceases, the flood is at a end, all is much as before, and after two three experiences it becomes but commer place.

Not all the shanty boats along the river however, are occupied by "Landmen." I ne of them you find "Uncle Sam's squats." Persons having no property of their n do not care to pay rent, and are easily isfied,—"squat" down on the river which ongs to the government. They obtain a all boat for a paltry sum, with boards from river bank accumulations, place upon it a all house and behold—a home.

These "squatters" are as a rule not church rople, and oftener these places become beds vice and hiding places for criminals. Thus see that in a home on the river, perhaps the t place for a "Terra-Firmite," life does not vays become prosy.

Pittsburg, Pa.

#### BOTETOURT NORMAL COLLEGE.

BY K. M.

In Botetourt County, Virginia, in the valley tween the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny untains, is located the above-named school. In addition to its many courses of study, alwing a wide 'range of choice, and its thorgh and efficient religious, social, and litery training, this school possesses many natal advantages.

Its elevation is most conducive to health d vigor. The scenery and wonders of nare are grand and inspiring.

And what will strongly appeal to most stunts is the fact that it is situated in the midst a magnificent fruit-growing district.

Being in a quiet village, the school is free om many temptations, and the moral atmostere is decidedly pure and elevating. Vocal usic and penmanship are free to all students ring the entire term.

Viewing the thorough preparatory training, d the exceptional moral surroundings, one

could hardly make a mistake in placing young people at Botetourt Normal College.

#### A STREAK OF WIND.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

BRO. C. A. BALL took me to his home four miles west of Belleville, Kansas. Hot and windy without, we kept within.

About six P. M. the dark clouds came sweeping from the west, and being empty they quickened the dusty land, and made the fine particles of earth go skurrying eastward at an amazing pace.

Now the "Great Rock Island Railway" bisects Bro. Ball's farm. Shortly after the dust storms came upon us, the wind veered from west to north. While the wind seemed general, it was full of streaks. Here and there there seemed to be narrow lanes of atmospheric rushes which would go a mile or more then break up and dissipate.

During these freaks, a freight train of fifteen or twenty cars came along through Bro. Ball's farm on its way to Belleville. Two empty box cars were next to the locomotive. A streak of wind out of the north, perhaps only 100 feet wide, rushed against those two cars while in motion, picked them out of their connections and hurled them down a fifteen-foot embankment, and left them on their sides. No damage was done the rest of the train.

Then the narrow gale came on toward the house, passed between the windmill and a small grove, went on down to the public road and quit. We stood upon the houseporch and watched with interest this peculiar wind freak.



#### NORWAY NOTES.

HORTICULTURE does not play a prominent part among the agricultural industries of Norway, but in every farm and garden you find apples, pears, cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries and other large and small fruits, which, like the flowers, have a more pronounced flavor and a stronger aroma than the same species cultivated in milder climates. cherries, currants and gooseberries are particularly good, and nowhere can you find such delicious wild strawberries as are served upon the tables of the hotels. Cultivated strawberries seem to be scarce, but throughout the entire summer, in the pastures, along the highways and on the edges of the forests, the wild variety grow and bear with great abundance. There is no export of fruit from Norway, and very little finds its way to the city markets. Strawberries and other fruits are scarce and high at Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem and other large cities, because nobody raises more than enough for his own use, and the Norwegians are so fond of canned and preserved fruits that the house-wives need all that grow in their gardens for their winter's supply. every meal we have no less than three or four kinds of preserved fruits offered us, and the wild strawberries and cream are worth coming all the way to Norway for. The waiter does not bring a stingy little jug with five teaspoonfuls of cream, but a great pitcher that will hold a couple of quarts, and lets you help yourself. They serve the strawberries in soup plates, so that those who like that sort of thing-and I have no respect for a man who doesn't-can just wallow in the greatest of luxuries. Dean Swift must have been in Norway when he said: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did."

Comparatively little modern machinery is used by the farmers. Here and there upon the larger farms you find an American mower or reaper or thrashing machine, but the greater part of the work upon the small farms is done by women, and they use heavy and awkward homemade tools. On account of the necessity of practicing economy, the low price of labor and their isolated situation, farm hands in Norway are expected to do anything that is neces-

sary about the place, and the Norwegian farm is a jack of all trades. He grinds his own that and barley, shoes his own horse, makes his own hoes and rakes, whittles out the handles during the long winter evenings, and is usually able replace or repair both household and outdoutensils. In this respect the country is a hiddred years behind the age.

It is common, too, for shoemakers, tailo cabinet-makers, chimney sweepers, tinkers a other mechanics to travel like Methodist m isters on the frontier. These itinerants have regular circuit, and carry stocks of goods well as repair tools on their backs. They from house to house, and, being expected on in so often, work is kept for them. If a pair boots needs mending, they are laid aside un the shoemaker comes; if there is anything t matter with the clock, if the tinware in t kitchen leaks, if any of the china is broken any other article of household use cannot mended by the folks at home, it is laid one si until the peddler comes around. He is a joil eyman in fact as well as in theory, and ceives his board and lodging at whatever how he happens to be at bedtime or when the ding bell rings.

#### BAD MONEY VERY SCARCE.

"Through a combination of circumstand a number of articles have recently appeared different newspapers in connection with destruction of some counterfeit money by t treasury department," explained an officer of local bank to a reporter, " and some pershave got the idea from reading them that the is a great deal of counterfeit money in circ lation. The exact opposite is true, for never the history of United States national bar notes has there been so little fraudulent monin existence. I saw the money which w destroyed. Most of it has been in the posse sion of the department for a number of year and has been made the subject of many pr vious sensational and misleading newspan articles. Put all together it would not fill a w ter bucket. As has been frequently explaine counterfeiting money is to a great exten: lost art, and the men who formerly made have died out.

"There is more risk about it than any other

me described on the statute books, for detion is almost sure, and punishment is abutely certain. There is no sympathy whater with a counterfeiter, and the full penalty lmost always imposed. The counterfeiter former days has found this out to his comte satisfaction, and the result is that his mes take some other form. Ask any business n, and they will all concur in the statement at but little counterfeit money ever reaches eir eye. I put the question to the managers three of the principal stores of the city a few vs ago and they told me that they rarely er saw a counterfeit note in a business way. e of them, the manager of a big clothing re, said he had not seen a counterfeit note any kind for seven years. Ordinarily publiions in regard to money do not do any parular harm, even if they do not do any good, t the moment three or four publications are de in close order about counterfeit money ere is a certain class of people who are rmed. Bankers find out this alarm sooner in others, for we are the parties who are nsulted. It costs considerable to get out a rly well executed note, and as soon as one es appear, which is very rare in late years, newspapers publish the fact, and that aply prevents it from circulating to an tent sufficient to pay the expense of issuing

#### MEANINGS IN HAIR DRESSING.

In Japan a girl at the age of 9 wears her hair dup in a red scarf, bound around the back the head. The forehead is left bare, with exception of a couple of locks, one on ich side.

When she is of marriageable age she combs r hair forward, and makes it up into the ape of a fan or a butterfly, and at the same ne decorates it with silver cord and balls of ried colors.

A widow who wishes for a second husband ts a tortoise-shell pin horizontally at the ck of her head, and twists her hair around it, sile an unconsolable widow cuts her hair ort and goes in for no adornment of any rt. These last are very rare.

THE orator and the whale are both spouters.

#### GARFIELD AT NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA, Nov. 5, 1853.

Corydon, My Brother:-

I AM now leaning against the trunk of an evergreen tree on a beautiful island in the midst of Niagara's foaming waters. I am alone. No breath of wind disturbs the leaves of evergreen which hang mute and motionless around me. Animated nature is silent, for the voice of God, like the "sound of many waters," is lifted up from the swathing clouds of hoary foam that rest upon the dark abyss below.

"Oh, fearful stream! How do thy terrors tear me from myself And fill my soul with wonder!"

I gaze upon the broad green waters as they come placid and smooth, like firm battalions of embattling hosts, moving in steady columns, till the sloping channels stir the depths and maddens all the waters. Then, with angry roar, the legions bound along the opposing rocks until they reach the awful brink, where, all surcharged with frantic fury, they leap bellowing down the fearful rocks which thunder back the sullen echoes of thy voice, and shout God's power above the cloudy skies! Oh, man! frail child of dust thou art to lift thy insect voice upon this spot where the Almighty thunders from the swelling floods that lift to Heaven their hoary breath. like clouds of smoking incense! Oh! that the assembled millions of the earth could now behold this scene, sublime and awful, and adore the everlasting God, whose fingers piled these giant cliffs, and sent His sounding seas to thunder down and shout in deafening tones: "We come from out the hollow of His hand, and haste to do his bidding."

Your friend and brother,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Sel. by D. P. S., Va.

#### IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

MARRIAGEABLE women in Servia have a queer way of announcing that they are in the matrimonial market. A dressed doll hanging in the principal window of a house indicates that there is living there a woman who is anxious to become a bride.

#### GINGER.

GINGER is the root of a kind of reed, grown both in the East and West Indies and China, also largely in Malabar, and to a certain extent in nearly all tropical countries; it is also to be found, though of poor quality, in most of our Gulf States. The stem, or reed, is an annual, and grows directly from the root every spring to the height of about three feet, with long blades, or lanceolate leaves, resembling very much in style and color our American maize. or corn. This reed, or stalk, terminates in an oblong scaly spike, and from each of the scales grows a little blue and white flower. plant is now cultivated in very great quantities in the West Indies, especially in the Island of Jamaica, from which place the finest and most esteemed is imported.

Jamaica ginger is not only cultivated to very great perfection, but the selecting, scraping, drying, and all the necessary details in its preparation are observed with the utmost care and nicety. Ginger is imported into this country either in the form of the dried roots or as a preserve in syrup from Cochin China, Africa, and the East and West Indies. The preserved ginger from the West Indies is much esteemed and commands a very high price. The ginger root grows in knotty branched pieces, in low, fenny, or marshy soils, and has a pleasant aromatic odor and biting taste.

There are two kinds of ginger - viz., the black and the white. Black ginger consists of the inferior roots, which have been steeped in boiling water previous to being dried in the sun. The color of the darkest kinds, however, is not black, but more of a dirty brown, or stone color. White ginger consists of the roundest and finest roots, scraped clean and then dried carefully without being scalded. It is firmer, less fibrous and more pungent than the black, and, from the fact that the finest and soundest roots are always selected, white ginger is, independent of the manner of its preparation, superior to black, and always realizes a much higher price in the market; but the difference of color depends wholly upon the manner of curing or preparing. For both of these kinds the tubes, or roots are allowed to ripen; that is, they are not dug up until after the annual stalks are withered.

The principal varieties of ginger known commerce are: White ginger-Jamaica. ( chin China, African, East Indian, or Beng and Tellicherry; black or dark ginger-laman and Malabar. Gingers imported into Euro are subjected to various modes of treatme which tend greatly to improve and presen them, for the finer its quality the more si ceptible is ginger to the ravages of the or ginger worm. These various modes treatment are washing, brightening and blead ing, and the gingers are consequently know in the trade as "originals"-viz., the ginger imported; "washed," that which has be cleaned in water slightly acidified; "brigh the ginger which has undergone the prepar tory course of bleaching; and "bleached," th which has received a coating or dressing lime, etc. These latter modes of treatment ginger until recently were carried on exc sively in Europe, and it is only within the la few years that the art has been introduced in this country. When a preserved ginger is quired, the roots are taken up in the sap, f stalks not being more than a few inches lon the young roots are scalded, then washed cold water and afterward carefully peeld This process lasts for several days, during while time the water is often changed. When cleansing is complete the tubers are put in jars and covered with a weak syrup of sug: After a day or two this weak syrup is remove and replaced by a stronger one, and this shi ing is two or three times repeated, increasithe strength of the syrup each time. The pr serve thus formed is one of the finest that The removed syrups are not lost, b fermented into a pleasant and agreeable beve age, known as "cool drink," used very mul in tropical countries.

#### WHAT BECOMES OF CORKS.

"What becomes of the pins?" is an old at unanswered question, but "What becomes the corks?" admits of a pretty complete replication. Cork is one of the most indispensable article yet, useful as it is and harmless as it appear it is made a means of danger to health I trade competition. Not that anything noxiooccurs in the original growth or preparation r market of the corkwood, or even in the ocess of charring the surface and closing e pores by extreme heat, which is said to ve the elasticity and flexibility known in the ade as "nerve." When it comes on the market is without any deleterious qualities. It is ter the cork, in its finished state, has served s purpose in the neck of a bottle that it bens its degenerate course.

A cork once drawn and the bottle and connts disposed of is thrown away generally as aste, especially in private houses, though in ie liquor trade they are often preserved for ile to itinerant dealers, who purchase them or a trifle. Those which are thrown away ravitate to the ash and garbage barrel, the ump or the gutter and possibly the sewer. rom those odorous and offensive receptacles, well as from behind the bar, they eventually each the bag of the peddling collector and re all placed in one mass to undergo the proess of so-called "cleaning," which makes nem appear to the untrained eye as good as ew and prepares them for sale to the economcal bottler of wines, liquors, pickles or what ot, who has a strong eye to the main chance he corks look all right and secure the bottle s well as new and clean ones would, so, even I there is a little poison or worse in them, that does it matter? thinks the careful dealer,

Thousands of corks float about the coast and housands more which have been thrown out rom passing ships mingle with them and are nally cast on shore, where they are collected by the agents of the dealers and shipped to the city to be "cleaned" and sold.

Nothing will really clean them, but they can be whitened or bleached by the action of a powerful acid and this is what is done. The icids used are chiefly sulphuric and muriatic or hydrochloric. Vitriol is also sometimes imployed. The trade is quite a large one and is said to be very profitable, many having grown rich at it and carrying on big establishments, with agents at all main points. It is

conducted mostly by foreigners and has representatives in nearly all the cities, though, of course, Chicago boasts of the greatest number.

#### MILES NOT ALL THE SAME.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,028 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans have their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Cæsar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and onehalf times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking their mile than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 vards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards.

The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna postmile is 8,796 yards in length. So here is a list of twelve different miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a milia that is one and onefourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half time ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a fessakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the paransang, so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's Anabasis. The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### FISH THAT CLIMB STAIRS.

It is not an uncommon thing to see on pleasant days, when the fish are running at East Taunton, hundreds of men, women and children clustered around the fishway watching the fish struggling up against the strong current and trying to get into the smoother waters above the dam, where they may shoot off at leisure to the spawning place in the Nemasket.

The fishway is so constructed that it is impossible for the fish to make a clear swim from top to bottom or vice versa. They must work up the river in the eddies, for the tide is also very strong there near the dam and until they reach the lower part of the fishway. Thence they struggle and wriggle into the lower entrance of the fishway, thus making sure of at least a chance to rub up against the boards and rest before they begin their wearisome fight for the top and smooth water.

It is in the fishway that the interest of the average spectator is centered, since here the fish can be seen plainly in bunches almost thick enough for one to walk across on their backs, and where one may easily reach down and pull them out of the water. They are generally packed in so thick that they cannot escape the quick-moving hand of man or boy.

From right to left and from left to right, steadily, slowly, they keep on in the effort to get out of the fishway, and it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to watch the little fellows, plucky and game to the last, as they almost imperceptibly work out of one passageway into another and crowd each other around the corner. No matter how many people are close to them, so close that they could be touched with the hand or cane, they appear to pay no attention to their interested audience, but keep right on about their business.

A watchman is on duty at the fishway all of the time to see that no one disturbs them, but when his attention is taken up by questions that are asked frequently, those who like fish right out of the water smuggle them out an are away before they have been apprehended. It is understood that there are thousands of these herring stolen in this way and other way before they get to the clear water, but the doesn't seem to be any help for it.

#### TAKE OUT JOCKO'S BRAIN.

No convincing proof has yet been given that any particular portion of the brain is exclusive ly concerned in intellectual operations. the most prominent representative of the dwindling band who still refuse to believe i the localization even of the motor fund tions, has lately published an interesting pa per containing the results of observations on monkey which was carefully watched for elev en years after the removal of the greater par of the gray matter of the middle and interio portions of the left hemisphere of the brain The character of the animal, whose little tricks and peculiarities had been studied for month before the operation, was entirely unaffected All its traits remained unaltered. On the other hand, disturbances of movement on the right side were very noticeable up to the time of it. death. It learned again to use the right limbs but there was always a certain clumsiness if their movements. In actions requiring only one hand the right was never willingly em ployed, and it evidently cost the animal a great effort to use it. Before the operation it would give either the right or left hand when asked After the operation it always gave the left till by a long course of training, in which fruit or lumps of sugar served as the rewards of virtue, it learned again to give the right.

#### PRAIRIE DOGS' PICTURES FINALLY TAKEN.

BECAUSE of the marvelous quickness of their movements it is almost impossible to obtain a lifelike picture of prairie dogs. A photograph was, however, taken recently in southwestern :w Mexico, where these little animals abound great numbers, by an artist who had spent inths in trying to snap them on their native ath.

Prairie dogs live in "villages" on the plains. eir peculiar bark sounds more like the irping of a bird than the noise of an animal. ey rarely wander far from the mouth of their rrow and at the slightest approach of danger ey dart down into the nearest hole.

It is impossible to shoot them. Among cern tribes of Indians, who use them for food, the stom is to capture them by flooding their rrows; as they come out to escape drowning ey are killed with clubs, although it is said at many of them remain underground and cose a voluntary death, thinking, no doubt, at it is better to bear the ills they have than to others they know not of.

#### GIANT OAK OF GERMANY.

NATURALISTS in Germany are much interted in a wonderful old tree which has en discovered near Homburg. It is an k, and is notable not only on account of its eat bulk, but also for the fact that at the se of the trunk it is entirely hollow. The unk, indeed, is not more than eight or nine et high, but it is more than twenty feet in reumference. Some idea of the size of its initior may be gathered from the fact that four treons recently found ample room in it.

In winter the old oak looks very bare and unt, but, according to peasants in the neighorhood, who have known it for many years, it gularly puts forth new twigs and foliage ery spring, so that, ancient and decayed ough its trunk may be, it is nevertheless crowned and surrounded with masses of green leaves, just as it was in the days of its youth. The people of Homburg are very proud of this natural curiosity, and it is safe to say that many tourists will have a look at it during the coming summer.

#### PET DOGS ARE TATTOOED.

A DECIDEDLY novel occupation which has of late been noticed is that of tattooing the names of their owners upon dogs. Several months ago there appeared in northwest Baltimore a young man who is engaged in that pursuit and during the time he remained here did a good business. Among the dogs which underwent the operation is a pretty little fox terrier belonging to Charles F. Wohrna, which rejoices in the name of Booze, and a fine bred bull terrier, Jip, the property of the Chesapeake Brewing company. Both animals bear upon their breasts, where the hair grows thinnest, the names of their respective owners.

Contrary to the belief of some that the operation is a cruel, painful one, those who have seen it performed declare that the animals apparently experienced very little pain. operation lasts about fifteen minutes. The animal is usually held by two men, one having hold of the hind legs while the other holds the front paws. With a set of very fine needles the operator then goes to work, deftly pricking the letters into the skin, just deep enough to draw a few drops of blood. Then he pours the India ink all over the wounds, or, rather, scratches, and the operation is over. In a few weeks the sores are completely healed and the animal bears during the remainder of its existence an unmistakable mark of identification. The price of the operation is 50 cents.



## 態INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ..

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS.

Ask Graybeard and he will tell you that the years come and go with marvelous rapidity. Ask the schoolboy and he will tell how leaden-footed are the years. Both are right. The old man sees the end, and thinks of other things than victories to be won in the future. He is on the last chapter of the book of life and he anticipates the end. The boy has it all ahead of him and is anxious to climb the hills before he comes to them. And no matter how either looks at it the earth sweeps around the sun at the same rate and in the end will look on the graves of both the old and young.

The boy heeds not the wisdom of the sage. By some merciful or unmerciful dispensation of Providence the youth does not care to profit much from the experience of those who have traveled the road before him. It may be that it is best for the human race that it does not learn much or rapidly of the past. If it did the youth of to-day, inheriting the wisdom of the ages, would make slow progress in all human endeavor. That which is best in life is built up on human failures.

But how time does fly! The child of yesterday is the man of to-day. The man of to-day is dead and forgotten to-morrow. The golage of the world is right now and the biholding to the crib to-day will cling to stick for support when the years have rafar enough,—faster or slower they never Consider, boy and girl, that there is no griing at the mill with the water gone by, neither is there use or good to be won in t that has flown. The time is Now, not The

#### SOMETHING WE WANT.

THE INGLENOOK would like to have a new ber of well-written, short articles, on living ics. It is not that we do not have a lou communications, for we have many. But want them of a special class. In nature st there is much, everywhere, that would be interest. The size and weight of a big tom. apple, or potato, some freak among animal plants make most interesting reading. counts of unusual things, such as a descript of an intermittent spring, Indian relics, unin al happenings and the like, are specially comed. What we don't want are long-win articles on the sermon order and original ib try. The first of these may be all right their places but they are not the class of terial the 'Nook wants. As to the origin poetry, if sent here the Editor will do the kindest thing of all-he'll print some of some day. A story of a dog mothering a ten is worth a yard of poetry.

Send in your articles, but don't expect to a them in print right away. Some of our list contributions are laid away for special edition in the future.

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## 222222222

Will the Cook Book be printed in German? No, not as yet, and not likely to be.

When do people get old?

When they begin to feel old. It is not a matter of years, but of feeling.

What is matter, and what is force?

Matter and force are words for things nobody understands, and likely never will.

Who came the nearest to the North Pole, and how near did he get to it?

Probably Nansen, and he was several hundred miles from it.

Is there such a thing as a white blackbird?

Sure, just the same as there are green blackberries. The name of the bird or fruit is not a guarantee of perpetual color.

When I try to read the letters blur, and I must hold the printed page at arm's length. What is the matter with my eyes?

We don't know, other than you need spectacles. Allow no foolishness to stand between you and "specs" if you need them.

Are there not big houseflies and little ones that make big ones?

No. The flies are as big when born as ever they will be, just like a butterfly. There are different kinds of houseflies, and that is what has confused you.

Does a message on a wire go through the body of the metal or only on the surface of the wire?

The current goes through it, and it is said projects out on all sides for several miles, but is centered mainly in the conductor.

How shall I prepare a question for the 'Nook?

Write it out as you would ask it. If not of general interest it will not be printed, but answered personally, it it is regarded of importance. Silly questions are not considered at all. Do not lose faith in the query column if your question is not attended to at once.

Is there anything sweeter than sugar?

Yes, sweeter than cane or beet sugar. Saccharin, for illustration.

Why are the lives of so many eminent men, Burns, for illustration, marred by personal failings?

It is not likely that they were any worse than others about them, but their commanding individuality brought out their very vices in greater prominence.

What is at the North Pole?

Probably nothing but a wild waste of sea. It is not expected that there is anything there. It is sought for geographical purposes, and the fame attendant on doing something nobody else ever accomplished.

Is it probable that we will ever see as we hear through the telephone?

It isn't safe to say no to any supposition these days. At the time of the big World's Fair at Chicago there wasn't a single automobile in existence. What will it be a thousand years to come?

Is it true that the times were so much better in bygone days?

That's an old fellow's delusion. Every goose of old time is a swan to the man with waggling hands. People didn't live as long then, did not have as good a time, the girls were not better looking nor sugar sweeter.

What becomes of all the old songs?

They have their run and are forgotten by the older ones and the younger generation sing newer ones, which, in turn, will be lost. How many of the older readers of the 'Nook can remember, "My name, it is Joe Bowers," etc.

Why does the 'Nook ridicule health foods?

It doesn't It simply sets forth the Editor's preferences in the line of food. If you want to fill up of a cold morning with a glue made of oatmeal and hot water, all right, if you like it. That's your affair. What the 'NOOKMAN says is that it doesn't go to the spot like a great coil of well-cooked sausage and browned buckwheat cakes, and real coffee. This question depends largely on one's health and how it is affected by different foods.

#### SOME FACTS ABOUT PIES.

"The demand for pie," said an authority on the subject, "increases with the population, but customs in eating it have somewhat changed.

"Forty or fifty years ago, for instance, you would, I venture to say, have found pie on the table of every family at dinner every day. Now that custom by no means so commonly prevails, but the descendants of those families are still eating pie; if not at home, in restaurants.

"Pie is eaten mainly by the native population. Foreigners eat very little of it. A German restaurant for example, might not sell three pies a day. The Germans are small pie eaters, and the same is true of the English, the Italians and the French. The Englishmen eat plum pudding, the Italians eat fruit.

"The area of greatest consumption in the United States is in New England and the Middle States; though pie is eaten extensively all through the west." Pie is eaten much more commonly in the north than in the south Chicago is a good pie town. St. Louis, on the other hand, is not so good a place for pies.

"And then eastern cities may have their peculiarities. A New York pie-baking establishment that started a pie bakery in Philadelphia in 1876, the year of the centennial exhibition, found, strange as it may seem to a New Englander or a New Yorker acquainted with that delight, that Philadelphia ate very few pumpkin pies, while sweet potato pies were a fashion there, and further that the Quaker City was not a great pie-eating community for an eastern city any way. But Philadelphia has taken kindly to green apple and pumpkin pies and it is now eating more pies in general per head than ever before.

"Pies are made now in greater variety than ever, and pie supplies are now drawn from greater distances than in old times, being now brought from California and from the Southern States, as well, as for instance, from the Bahamas, whence we get pineapples. The seasons of pies made of green fruits have been much prolonged and pies are made the year round of fruit canned or otherwise preserved. In either case the fruit used is the best that can be bought.

"The time-honored mince, long a pie of great and steady sale all through winter and the other colder months, has been peculiarly a Christmas pie for some years, and it is more so now than ever. It seems as though almost everybody that ate pies at all bought a mince pie at Christmas. One big pie concern in this city made up into mince pies last Christmas ten tons of mincemeat, and this same concern sold on the day before Christmas from a little store, perhaps ten by twenty feet, which it maintains on its premises for the convenience of people in the neighborhood, mince pies to the value of \$500 at retail.

"Export? No, there are no pies exported; there is no demand, and the pie couldn't very well be exported any distance, even if it were desired, because the crust would absorb moisture and so become soggy, which is, of course, the very reverse of a desirable condition."

#### FEWER BIBLES IN HOTELS.

"For the last six months I have been trying to figure out a question of morals," said the man of experience. "Somebody is on the down grade. Either the proprietors of hotels throughout the country are becoming demoralized or their patrons have slipped a cog, and I am trying to find out which it is.

"I've been traveling a good part of the time for the last thirty years, and up to two years ago I seldom put up at a hotel where I did not find a Bible tucked away in the bureau drawer. But now the Bibles are missing. I never knew until the little books became an unknown quantity how much I had come to depend upon them as a familiar figure in the ever-changing hotel life of a man on the road.

"I don't take to myself the credit of having read the Book whenever I might and should have read it; indeed, I fear that there are many weeks at a stretch when I never looked inside it, but somehow it gave me a sort of homelike, comfortable feeling to see a copy lying around in a strange house and for years my first action upon being shown into a room was to open the top drawer and see if the Bible was in place. If it was there, and it usually was, I felt kind of settled for the night; otherwise I was lonesome and out of sorts.

"These Bibles were provided in different

ways. In some places they were furnished by the Bible Society, which had obtained permission from the proprietor to place a Bible in each room of his hotel, but in other places the management took the initiative as a stroke of business policy and saw to it that the books were distributed throughout the house.

"Why the Bibles have disappeared from the notels is what is puzzling me. Chicago was the first town to abolish them. It gave me quite a shock when I stopped at one of the Michigan avenue hotels one night and failed to find the Bible in its accustomed place, or any other place, for that matter. I went right down to the proprietor and made inquiry as to the change. My attitude in the matter gave the employes the impression that I was an evangetist or some other kind of itinerant preacher, and their subsequent treatment of me afforded the other guests no end of amusement and myself plenty of inconvenience, but there is no use talking I really was lost without the Bible.

"Since then Bibles have gradually made their exit from the hotels of other towns, both large and small. I have asked a good many people the cause of their absence, out nobody seems equal to the job of explaining. Have the hotel managers and the Bible Society grown careless or do they think that men who travel are past redemption and that putting Bibles in their rooms is a polite and upto-date way of casting pearls before swine? Of course, there is a possibility that they believe us to be so good that we don't need Biples, but even I, with all my conceit, am inclined to reject this theory."

#### CURIOUS RAILROAD LINES.

The world's strangest railways are to be found principally in India, America, Switzerland and Ireland. The loup at "Agony Point," on the Darjeeling railway, India, is thought to be the sharpest curve in the world, while Mount Rigi, in Switzerland, has no fewer than three railways to its summit. When the Jungfrau railway is completed it will be the most remarkable one in the world. Its highest station will be 13,668 feet above sea level. Of American railways the strangest is at Cripple Creek, where the great timber trestle over which the train has to pass in crossing a chasm

is so curved that the line is made to tip inwardly, and the sensation is terrible to the traveler on a fast train.

#### ALL HAVE MEDICAL VALUE.

TOMATOES rouse torpid liver and do the work, ordinarily, of a doctor's prescription.

Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect and is more and more used in medical prescriptions.

Onions are also a tonic for the nerves, but people will be forever prejudiced because of their odor,

Dandelions purify the blood and generally are declared to tone up the system.

Potatoes should be eshewed by those who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is one penalty of eating them.

Watercress is a "good all-around" brace-up for the system.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all blue pills ever made.

Parsnips, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues that are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, even a moderately learned man will explain, because of the sugar they contain.

Ordinary Lima beans, some one has said, are good to allay thirst, but the same can be said, with equal truth, of a pitcher of water.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet, perhaps, thoroughly appreciated.

Cucumbers, aside from sunbeam emitting properties known to readers of facetious paragraphs, contain an acid that is helpful in cases of dyspepsia.

Cabbage, in Holland, is regarded as something of a blood purifier, but the authority is vague. In Germany its efficacy is purely sauerkraut.

Parsley will assist good digestion, like cheese and nuts, but a quantity in excess of ordinary capacity has to be consumed. Therein lies the joke.

Pumpkins are an ingredient in a patent medicine that is guaranteed to cure a variety of ailments flesh is heir to, but the world is increasing in inhabitants who do not believe all they hear.

#### WHEN WE WENT BOARDING ROUND.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN

The teachers of to-day know nothing about it. They get their schools, select a place to board, and pay money for the services rendered. And they think they have a "good time." Nonsense! It isn't a touch to the boardin' round plan in a good neighborhood of the olden times. Nay, an you please, the 'Nookman knows. It was long ago, before he got old, and gray, and childish.

In a primitive community of the old time, say in Western Pennsylvania, it was something to be remembered. And that the degenerates of to-day may know something of the good old times the Editor man will make a piece for the paper.

After getting the school in a neighborhood when the practice was in vogue the custom was to stay a week at a place. It was all figured out for the teacher ahead. The schoolhouse was on a wind-swept hill, wooden, staring outside, and cheerless within. One end of it was about all blackboard, and in the center was an old-fashioned wood stove. Crammed full of hickory wood and touched off, it roared and burned and fairly bounced at intervals, while the stovepipe grew red hot for a joint or two. Sitting around were the scholars, from the bread and butter tots in front to the big boys and girls in the rear.

The scholars were of all grades from a b c to the mysteries of mensuration and false syntax. In every school in those days, and possibly now, there was always one who had "ciphered" through the book, which was a vast help to the teacher, as he could simply call out, "James, will you show the class how to do that sum?" And James did it, like one of the mechanical counting machines. Arithmetic was the teacher's bugaboo, and James had his uses. It was different in grammar. When the teacher got stuck in parsing he could just call the word an adverb, give the rule and let it go at that.

But the boardin' round! Well, let us take a typical week. It was down the road, turn off into a lane, cut across the fields and come in the back way, a good mile's walk but that was nothing in those days. The house was an old-

fashioned part log and part frame. It was dark when we got home, the teacher, two boys and a girl. Supper was ready, and one of the modern health food people would have had a fit at the sight of the table. There was a big plate of sausage, a regular rattlesnake coil of it, spare ribs, fried potatoes, fried mush, sever al kinds of pies, a heaped plate of the oldfashioned doughnuts and the "et settervs." When this was completely wrecked we gathered around the fire, in a semicircle, in our stocking feet. The teacher was expected to talk and he told all he knew, and sometimes a little more, and went to bed early. There were apples in a circular, old-fashioned straw bread basket, and as the evening wore on the teacher and the big girl played fox and geese on the slate brought home for the purpose.

When the teacher went to bed it was in the spare room, occupied only by the teacher, the preacher and the president had he passed that way. The bed was the big, old-fashioned corded kind, that squeaked when you turned. There were two feather ticks on it, and you slumped clean out of sight when you fell in it. Around the room, hung on nails, were the women's dresses, the boughten ones, used only on Sundays. The sleep was of the kind that youth knows, the drop off and go dead kind of sleep that belongs only to youth.

In the morning we all got up before daylight and sat around in the dark till sunup, semi-awake. The breakfast might be ham and eggs, spareribs, "paanhaas," buckwheat cakes and maple molasses, and a new kind of pie or two. The dinner went along with the big boy in a tin bucket,—pies, cakes, cold meat, apples and a bottle of milk for the teacher.

When night came we did it all over, and if there was sleighing we all tumbled into the big sled bed, in the straw, and went over the hills visiting or to a neighboring spelling or singing school. You would hardly think it to look at the old fellow now, but many's the time we came back all in the sled bed sitting up, packed well together, the teacher and the biggest girl wrapped up together in the same horse blanket. And the horses galloped on the levels while we sung Happy Land or the like. Oh time, you thief, give me back but a week of the old days!

The next week it was over the hill the other way, but the spareribs, the coil of sausage, the apples and the apple cheeked girls and the feather ticks were all there. The term was only sixteen weeks, but the teacher was a poor specimen who did not accumulate sixteen different layers of fat on his ribs before the end. At all events if he didn't it was no fault of the parents.

The plan had its good side. We got acquainted and formed friendships not readily broken. The expense was nothing to the farmer, the saving to the teacher was much, and the moral gain, all around, not to be estimated. All this was long ago. The writer made the mistake of going back there on a visit a year or so ago. The schoolhouse had been torn down. Nearly all the old people were dead. The scholars were scattered to the winds, and those who were there had families and had forgotten. It was a mistake to go back, but the memories of the old days will only fade when the Great Teacher calls me.

#### PEOPLE WHO EAT ARSENIC.

WHITE arsenic is the form in which arsenic is eaten by the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. Professor Schallgrueber of Gratz was the first to call attention to this practice in a report which he made in 1822 to the Austrian government on the cause of the numerous deaths from arsenic poisoning in those districts. He found that arsenic was kept in most of the houses in Upper Styria under the name of "hydrach," evidently a corruption of "muttenrauch," or furnace smoke. His statements were subsequently confirmed from personal observation by a Dr. Maclagan of Edinburg, but for many years afterward the arsenic eaters were generally disbelieved in, and it was not till 1860 that C. Heisch published convincing evidence.

Arsenic is principally eaten by hunters and woodcutters with the object of warding off fatigue and improving their staying powers. Owing to the fact that the sale of arsenic is illegal in Austria without a doctor's certificate. it is difficult to obtain definite information of a habit which is kept as secret as possible. According to a Dr. Lorenzo, in that district the arsenic is taken fasting, usually in a cup of coffee, the first dose being minute, but increased day by day until it sometimes amounts to the enormous dose of twelve or fifteen grains. He found that the arsenic eaters were usually long lived, though liable to sudden death. They have a very fresh, youthful appearance, and are seldom attacked by infectious diseases. After the first dose the usual symptoms of slight arsenic poisoning are evident, but these so on disappear on continuing the treatment.

In the arsenic factories in Salzburg it is stated that workmen who are not arsenic eaters soon succumb to the fumes. The manager of one of these works informed Mr. Heisch that he had been medically advised to eat arsenic before taking up his position. He considered that no one should begin the practice before twelve years old nor after thirty, and that in any case after fifty years of age the daily dose should be gradually reduced, since otherwise sudden death would ensue. If a confirmed arsenic eater suddenly attempts to do altogether without the drug he immediately succumbs to the effects of arsenic poisoning. The only way to obviate this is gradually to acclimatize the system by reducing the dose from day to day. As further evidence of the cumulative properties of arsenic it is interesting to note that when the graveyards in Upper Styria are opened the bodies of the arsenic eaters can be distinguished by their almost perfect state of preservation, due to the gradually accumulated arsenic.



#### HOW BEEF IS PREPARED.

JUDAS is a piebald steer. He was driven from a western cattle train into one of the big pens at the stock yards many months ago for the purpose of being converted into steaks, finetooth combs, genuine alligator shoes and other things. But Judas was possessed of an intellect far above that of any of the common herd about him. He was also a steer of striking individuality, and he dreaded the loss of his personal identity in the packing-house barrels. So he freed himself from the pall of despair which had fallen over his comrades, put the thought of his family sternly away from him, and chewed the cud of reflection.

Execution morn dawned and found Judas calm and collected. Indeed, something like a leer of satisfaction, as if he had resolved upon a plan of escape, might have been noticed in his eye. When the herdsmen came out with their long, spiked poles the rest of the herd cowered together in despair, but Judas, as if resigned to his fate, stepped forward in the direction of the chute leading to the slaughter house. The other steers, seeing his Napoleonlike valor, sprang forward after him. The herd was soon at full trot, the herdsmen shouting and swinging their "punchers" above them. Just as Judas reached the gate he turned quickly to one side, and the other steers stormed past him into the steaming slaughter house. Then Judas, with a quiet look of triumph, walked back to his corner and calmly resumed his morning cud.

When the next herd was turned in he made the same charge and the same escape, and his genius for leadership so impressed itself on the herdsmen that they let him go. Since that day he has led hundreds of companies of steers to slaughter and deserted them just in time to save his own sleek hide. That is why he was christened Judas, and there are those who assert that the leer in his eye is becoming more pronounced,

The unfortunate steers that dash through the chute are caught in a long, narrow pen divided by falling doors into compartments large enough for two animals. When the whole pen is full, the door is closed and the butchers appear on the floor outside with their sleeves rolled up and their sharp, scimiter-shaped

knives in their hands. The space around them is red and slippery with the blood of bygone animals and creased with shallow troughs for the escape of the blood into the vats below. All the butchers are big and ruddy. Most of them wear long aprons of oiled duck and a belt about their waists contains a row of knives, all carefully sharpened. The knives are the butcher's greatest pride. He buys them himself and he keeps them sharpened to an edge as delicate as that of a razor.

When the men are all in place in the great room a whistle sounds—the doom of the score or more of cattle in the pens. A brawny workman, as rakishly dressed as a cowboy, passes along on a little platform just back of the pens and above them. In his hand he swings a heavy sledge of iron, and at each stroke a steer falls stunned to the bottom of the pen. It is a quick and almost noiseless operation, and, as the "knocker" says "the steers don't never know what hits 'em." It matters not how much the steer plunges about, the sledge always strikes in the right place, just between the eyes. The adroitness of the "knocker" is so great that during the World's Fair hundreds of visitors with kodaks insisted on staying until they could get a good opportunity of "snapping" him while he was swinging the sledge above his head. The skill of the "knocker" rests largely in being able to hit each animal just hard enough to stun it, for if it is killed outright the blood does not run so freely after the throat is cut.

When all the animals in the pens have been slain the side toward the slaughtering-room lifts up by means of pulleys and the floor tips its burden out. Here a workman hitches a loop of rope to an animal's leg and it is quickly raised in the air by means of pulleys until it can be easily hitched to a traveling pulley running on ceiling rails. Then the sticker steps forward. He is a powerfully built man, more than six feet high, clad in yellow oiled trousers and apron and armed with a long knife having a narrow blade. Seizing one fore leg of the animal he pushes it close to the breast and then inserts the knife at just the right point in the the throat so that it will pass through the jugular vein. Even though the animal may be twitching and swinging he never makes a mistake, and it takes him less than a second to perform the operation. The blood splashes down and is carried off by means of troughs in the floor to vats below, where it is either made into blood pudding, a favorite dish of the Scandinavians, or carted away to the fertilizer factory.

The animal is now trundled along very much as a barn-door rides on its pulleys until it reaches the "header." He stands directly in front of the carcass, and with several deft movements of his knife slits the skin of the head into strips, draws it loose, and then with a swift plunge severs the head from the body A boy picks it up quickly and throws it down a long shaft into the rooms below, where one man removes the tongue and another cuts off the cheek meat, which is subsequently worked up into sausage, and the remaining bones are sent away for glue stock or fertilizer. Reaching the end of the room the pulley carrying the animal is switched off on a side track leading toward the butchering beds.

Up to this time the butchers have been standing back, rolling up their sleeves and discussing the merits of their knives. But as the animals are pulled down from the ceiling rails to the beds below they swarm forward ready for their work. A butchering bed consists of two large iron plates set into the floor about two feet apart and full of small round holes. When the animal is laid between them its legs may be pinned back by means of iron spikes set into the holes in the plates. The men to begin the work are the foot-skinners, four in number, and when they have deftly laid back the hide from the legs of the first animal in the row they pass quickly to the next, and they are succeeded by the "leg-breakers," who cut off the leg's at the first joint and throw them to one side.

The "ripper-open," as he is called, comes next and performs the duties implied by his name. Then the "caul-puller" removes the great sheet of caul-fat which covers the entrails. At this point a good many of the workmen usually pause a moment and rub their bare arms and the knees of their overalls with pieces of the fat. This prevents poison in case of cuts or bruises, lessens the likelihood of taking cold, and renders the clothing impervious.

As soon as the "caul-puller" passes on to the

next animal the "floorsmen" appear and begin the skinning of the carcass. This work requires the greatest skill and care of any. Only the fell between the hide and the flesh must be cut. If the knife slips ever so little toward, the hide it is likely to cut it and greatly lessen its value. If, on the other hand, it slips toward the flesh it leaves a mark known to the butchers as the "black-eye" and detracts materially from the appearance of the beef. When the hides are inspected the foreman can tell exactly from the cuts what man did the work, and he is called to account. If he cuts two hides in a day his name is posted on a bulletin board and he becomes the laughing stock of his fellow-work-men.

When the hide has been skinned down to the back the animal is again suspended in the air by means of a pulley and gambrel stick. As it is pulled up a boy with a pail of hot water scrubs off the upper quarters, and then the fell is "beaten down" by a man with a cleaver, and as soon as it is loosened it is spread out on the floor. The entrails are removed and sent downstairs through a chute and the "backbone-splitter" then appears. It is his difficult duty to cut the carcass down at the center of its backbone so as not to cut the loins on either side.

When the two halves swing apart a man places himself behind each and pushes it along the ceiling rail out of the slaughter-room into a great, cool, quiet room with sawdust on the floor. Here it is placed side by side with long rows of beeves and kept for a week or two to cure. The purchasers for downtown markets visit the cooling-room and select what they want and have it cut to order. The beef to be packed for shipment is sent on to another room.

The factory described, that of Armour & Co., has a capacity of 3,000 cattle a day, and the time required to butcher a single animal from the moment it leaves the killing stalls until the halves of beef hang in the cooling-room is just eight minutes. All the various classes of workmen employed receive good pay, and their work all requires great skill. For instance, the butchers receive 40 cents an hour, the headers twenty-five cents and the floorsmen forty cents.

During the work the slaughter-room is fairly

flooded with inspectors. First there is the government inspector in his long jean duster, the State inspector, the city representative of the health department and the private inspectors of the packing company.

No part of the animal is lost or wasted. The caul fats, which formerly went into the cheap product of tallow, are now utilized for the manufacture of oleomargarine oil, the chief component part of oleomargarine. The common fats unfit for oil are rendered into tallow. The tongue, liver and heart are sold to the marketman or made into sausage. The intestines are cleaned and utilized in covering sausages of various kinds. From the stomach comes plain or honeycomb tripe and pepsin, the manufacture of which has grown to be a considerable industry, and the gall is used by printers and painters. Bladders and weasands are used for packing snuff and putty in, and horns and shins and blade bones are used for knife-handles, combs, bone buttons and other like purposes. The knuckles, feet, sinews, bones from the extract department, hoofs, hide trimmings and calves' feet are utilized in the glue department for glue and fertilizers. the offal not otherwise used is converted into fertilizers, now a most important branch of the business. Not long ago beef extracts began to be made in competition with the packing houses of South America.

# ASSASSINATION ECHOES.

Some weeks have elapsed from the assassination of President McKinley and the air is full of evil mutterings of discontent concerning the existence of a body of men and women like the anarchists who practice murder as part of their creed. There have been many suggestions as to what should be done with these people, and the chances are that they will be met in the future with some very drastic measures. It is strange that there should be a law fitly governing the disposition of a mad dog or a dangerous animal, yet no adequate remedy is at hand to punish those who plan and execute murders of the highest dignitaries in the land.

Of the same ilk aresome of the so-called yellow journals of the day. They print cartoons in

which the President of the United States is represented as a puppet and shown in every discreditable light. They are the respectable side of the anarchists, giving indirect aid and comfort to the moral malformation to whom a step from a picture to a pistol is a very small matter indeed. While this is a free country one in which the utmost outspokenness of speech is tolerated, yet there is a limit to that, too. There should be some ready remedy for the publication representing the President, or any other high official, as a miserable fool today, when in the course of the exercise of his public duties he may be an honored martyr tomorrow. No reputable publication does these things and not one would object to the most stringent measures to prevent it at the hands of the unscrupulous. Politics may be roughhanded but its devotees should be headed off from the path that leads to murder.

There is a law to prevent a Chinaman from coming to this country to work, but none to prevent any number of people from Europe settling here and committing murder and plotting to overthrow the government. Possibly the feeling of doing violence to free institutions prevents formulating what is in every mouth and heart, but this sentiment is nothing but twaddle in face of the thrice-repeated acts of a fool shooting the people's choice for President. Something must be done, and something pretty effective will likely be given form and color at the meeting of the next Congress.

# THE MUSEUM BEETLE.

The museum beetle is as queer a fellow as the bookworm. He lives in museums only and eats exhibits. Wool, furs, bric-a-brac, wood, pictures, chemicals—anything which a museum contains is fare for the museum beetle, and he often does great damage to collections. He is small and dust colored. Caretakers know him well and are ever on the lookout for him, but despite their zeal he manages somehow to thrive and multiply, and there is probably not a museum in the land that is not pestered with him.

In scaling a precipice a man is up against a big bluff.

# The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

CHRIST ON FORGIVENESS.

BY L. A. PLATE.

IF the law of love enjoined by Christ were applied in our daily lives there would be little or nothing to forgive, for there would be no offense given or taken. But human nature is so constituted in the individual that differences of opinion will obtain occasionally, and people are so made that they will stand out for what they think right in any position that comes before them, and in which they are a part, Thus it comes that in the violent assertion of our opinions and in the expression of our feelings we sometime sin against our brother, or are sinned against by him. Christ foresaw and fully understood that these things would happen, and He laid down the law on the subject n Matt. 18. This law is in the case of an open or threatened breach. The law on forgiveness is somewhat different.

Few people seem aware of the necessity of forgiveness of injuries, real or imaginary, and perhaps still fewer are aware of the immense importance of it in the scheme of salvation. There is no mistaking Christ's words on the subject. In that magnificent presentation of the law in the Sermon on the Mount there ocburs the Lord's prayer, given in contrast with the verbose and public petitions of the Jews. and in it we are taught to ask God to forgive pur sins as we forgive those who sin against Now there are a few things in the Bible regarded as so important that they are repeated, and reiterated, and in no instance is it so conspicuous as in the matter of forgiveness. If we forgive our friends their trespasses we shall also be forgiven our own, and if we forgive not men their trespasses neither shall we be forgiven. There is no clearer and more emphatic assertion in the whole Bible than this. and there is, perhaps, no part of the moral law hat is held in lighter esteem than this by professed followers of Christ.

What Christ taught about forgiveness is not susceptible of any modification or exception. There is no exception that justifies the rule in this instance. There is no case stated or possible where the withholding of forgiveness is

justified or in any way conditioned. The position is a perfectly logical and eminently just one, as far as we are concerned. We ask God to forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and the proposition is out of all proportion in our favor.

And yet it is one of the most difficult of all the injunctions laid upon us. It is difficult because we have not been completely won over to the law of love. Reading what St. Paul says about love in his letter to the church at Corinth we see how there will be little or nothing to forgive where one thinketh no evil. And yet there is no single thing in the whole observance of the rules of life laid down by Christ so hard to heartily carry out, that is from the heart to forgive the real or imaginary wrong done us. How many readers are there who have not some unsettled grievance, some unforgiven grudge in their hearts? It is not within the province of this article to offer suggestions on this condition but it is the scope of this chapter to enforce what Christ said and taught in relation thereto.

And there can be no possible doubt of the situation in regard to it. It is hardly possible to so live, in our complex relations, one with the other, that we sail along on life's sea without more or less friction or disturbance. It is not always the strongest natures that can adjust themselves peaceably to all these conditions. Oftener than not it is the morally strong man who resents and is haunted with a feeling that he would like to return in kind. But the teaching of Christ is unmistakably opposed to the act and the feeling in the premises. As we forgive so shall we be forgiven, and that is the only attitude of Christ on the subject.

Unfortunately it is true that in no field of purely human endeavor throughout the Christian age has there been more vindictiveness housed than in the church. It has caused wars, murders, killings and heart burnings. In many a case the grudge has been carried to the verge of the grave, and left as a legacy to the survivors who have fostered it and perpetuated it in a feud, the adherents of which have never so much as known the origin of the cause of disturbance. They take the feud as they do their features, from their parents. And in minor in-

stances it has been shown, time and time again, how the alleged Christian only bides his time till he can throw his poisoned spear when opportunity offers.

Christ taught that all this is moral and religious death to him who entertains the feeling. No man can be a Christian and have in him a feeling of resentment against anybody. It matters not how small the seed in the soil of the heart may be, that under favoring conditions will spring into vitality for evil. If it is there can be no forgiveness of our sins. As we forgive so are we forgiven, says the Man of Galilee.

Simple as it seems it is not always easy to cast out from the heart all feeling of reaction on those who have struck us in our most vulnerable parts, our vanity, or our interests. And yet it is one of the things that Christ teaches us is an absolute necessity to our salvation. The attitude of Christ on forgiveness is that if we do so we shall be repaid in kind, and that if we do not forgive we shall not be forgiven. It is not an instance of malevolence on the part of God, it is a free choice given us, and it is entirely within our own province to accept or reject. The law was here before us, it is with us now, and it will continue through all time and eternity, that hate is not be a guest in the heart of him who is to be saved. God ad-

justs wrongs in his way. Shall he not do right? Shall poor, weak, infirm humanity assume the prerogatives of infinite wisdom and return evil for evil?

Perhaps less attention has been paid this phase of Christ's teachings than its importance deserves. It is the religion of the heart that tells in the final adjudication, and it is inconceivable that we should stand before the Great Judge, with resentment against our neighbor in our heart, and ask him to deal with us as we have dealt with others, and still hope for salvation. It is clearly not so stated. Christ has told us that as we forgive, so shall we be forgiven. It is not all, but it is so nearly all that without it all is lost.

Christ held no resentment. On the cross, under the hot Syrian sun, he prayed that the Father might forgive the unknowing rabble at the time. In his heart was no feeling of bitterness. He lived without hatred, and died with a prayer for a blessing on others. That is our model, and with it our future is assured, without it it is lost to us. It is often most difficult to fully realize it, but we must come to it sooner or later if we would see salvation. That is true because it is what Christ lived, practiced and taught.

Elgin, Ill.

(lol continued)





# A QUICK DESSERT.

THE following dessert is easily made and so ght and delicate that it fairly melts in the nouth: Separate four eggs, beat the volks un-Il creamy, then add three tablespoonfuls of ne granulated sugar and beat the same length If time again. Next mix three even tablepoonfuls of flour with two of milk, add a uarter of a teaspoonful of salt, stir in the olks and strain. Grease a baking dish, see hat the oven is evenly hot (brisk, but not corching), then add the juice and carefully rated rind of a lemon; beat briskly into the hole the stiffened whites, dust the top thickwith powdered sugar and bake fifteen mintes. Eat with hard sauce or fruit juice, nickened slightly.

#### APPLE FRITTERS.

THREE tart apples, two eggs, one cup milk, ne teaspoonful of salt, about one and one-alf cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking owder. Pare and core the apples; cut into ngs; dust with sugar and cinnamon. Beat ggs without separating until light, add milk, alt and sufficient flour to make a soft batter; eat well and add the baking powder; dip ach ring in batter and fry in hot grease. Just with powdered sugar and serve hot.

THE best beef is moderately fat and the flesh f a bright red color.

PORK should be fine, close-grained and the nd smooth and thin.

#### BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

ONE quart of navy beans soaked over night. Next morning boil until they begin to wrinkle; just before taking from the fire add one-half teaspoonful of soda; remove from the fire and drain; place in a bean jar and add a quarter pound of pickled pork, scored on top; add pinch of mustard, salt and pepper to taste and two tablespoonfuls of New Orleans molasses. Cover with hot water and bake in a slow oven all day. As water boils away, replenish from teakettle. When done each bean should be whole and reddish brown in color.

# HYGIENIC PUDDING.

One cup of sour milk or cream, one-half cup molasses, two cups sifted graham flour, one teaspoon salt, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one cup of seeded raisins. Steam two and one-half hours. Sauce for same: Grate rind of one fresh lemon into one pint of hot water; add one cup of sugar and piece of butter the size of a walnut. Thicken with one tablespoonful of corn starch. Boil fifteen minutes.

# GRAPE WATER ICE.

ONE quart of water, one pint of grape juice, one pound of sugar. Boil sugar and water five minutes and add grape juice when cool. Freeze as other ices.

To make good pastry the ingredients must be very cold.

LEMONS will keep for weeks if covered with cold water.

#### SPLIT PEA SOUP.

One cup of dried split peas, three pints of cold water, one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper. Soak peas over night, cook until soft, rub through a strainer and put on to boil again. Add either water, soup stock, milk or cream, rub one large tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together and add to the boiling soup. Add salt and pepper and simmer ten minutes. Serve hot with fried dice of bread.

# POTATO SOUP.

THREE good-sized potatoes, one pint milk, one teaspoonful chopped onion, one stalk celery, one teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon celery salt, half saltspoon of white pepper, pinch of cayenne pepper, half teaspoon of flour, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil potatoes and mash; cook onion and celery with milk in double boiler; add to potatoes and rub through strainer. Put on to boil again. Mix butter and flour and add to boiling soup. Boil five minutes and serve very hot. One tablespoonful of chopped parsley improves it.

# PREMIUM TOMATO CATSUP.

One gallon of scalded and peeled ripe tomatoes, or four cans of tomatoes; add one-half cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt and a scant tablespoonful of black pepper, one red pepper pod, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, one-half tablespoonful of allspice, one pint of good vinegar. Simmer slowly three or four hours. Strain and bottle.

THE colder eggs are the quicker they will froth.

#### PEANUT SANDWICHES.

CHOP a cup of shelled, skinned and roasted peanuts very, very fine, and sprinkle lightly with salt. Mix with the nuts two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing and spread on thin, crustless slices of white bread.

# A CEMENT FOR CRACKS IN IRON.

EQUAL parts of litharge and red lead form when mixed with a sufficient quantity of glycerine to form a paste, a substance which is highly recommended for repairing cracks in iron. It resists the action of water, alkalies and fire.

#### RICE AND TOMATOES.

Boil a cupful of rice in sufficient hot water to cover it. When almost done add two cupfuls of stewed or canned tomatoes, teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a large onion chopped fine and a half cupful of butter. Cook for five minutes and serve hot.

# A WART CURE.

APPLY turpentine once daily for three or four days, being careful not to get so much on the surrounding surface. After three or four weeks there will not be a trace of the wart seen. Large ones will not disappear so soon, to which apply again (as many days) after four weeks have elapsed.

MUTTOX should be deep red and close-grained.

NUTMEGS should be grated at the blossomend first.

MELTED butter will not make a good cake.



# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Ост. 12, 1901.

No. 41.

# AUTUMN LEAVES.

BEHOLD! Jack Frost's been strolling around, So softly through the forest trees, And making all the green leaves blush. To realize the gentle breeze Had seen this jolly, old-time sport. Come, ere they knew he was around, And steal up to a bright green leaf. And kiss its cheek without a sound.

Until it paled, then crimson blushed,
And soon prepared to die.
All through the forest thus he went,
Till, with each other, the leaves vie,
And all the forest seems aflame,
Just blushing at poor Jack Frost's kiss;
And he, the saucy little sprite,
Is smiling at his perfect bliss.

The stars and moon look down to see
The work that Jack this night hath done;
Their twinkling eyes are smi ing, too;
They also think, it must be fuu;
And then, at morn, the dazzling sun
Comes out to take his daily view.
And casts his light upon the leaves,
That all may see their blushes, too.

For days and nights the poor leaves flushed,
Until the sympathetic breeze
Came down and took them in his arms,
And gently bore them from the trees
To lay them on the ground to rest,
Until at last the trees were bare;
And all the forest sighed to lose
Its robes of grandeur, bright and tair.

#### A GREAT HYMN.

PECULIAR interest is added to the already opular hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," om the fact that its words were among the st on the lips of President McKinley and that was sung at his funeral

The author of the hymn is Sarah Flower dams, an English lady, who was the ward of the noted statesman Fox. The words were ritten in 1840, and were set to music by Mrs.

Adams' sister, Eliza Flower. Miss Flower was a gifted composer, and her musical genius was recognized and praised by Mendelssohn, Robert Browning and others.

Yet the hymn was not popular until after 1860, when Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, composed for it the music which at once won the hearts of Christians in America and Europe and made it a favorite among devotional hymns.

It is not easy to determine what particular words or what special musical notes will touch a chord in the popular heart. Miss Flower's music met the strict demands of music according to all known laws, but Dr. Mason's sympathetic music carried the verse into every church and home.

Some years ago a professor in a theological seminary objected to the measure or want of it in Mrs. Adams' verses and said that she did not know the difference between an iambus and a trochee in writing the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Fortunately for the world, religious feeling cannot always be warped into trochees and iambi, and the human heart is final authority in these matters.

The hymn is founded on that part of the Old Testament referring to Jacob's journey to Padan-Aram, when he slept at Bethel with a stone for his pillow and dreamed that he saw a ladder let down from heaven to earth and angels ascending and descending on it.

# GOVERNMENT PROFIT ON PENNIES.

THE profit of the government on coining copper is considerable. Cent coins consist of five per cent of tin and zinc and ninety-five per cent of copper. They cost the government about forty-two cents a pound and there are 148 in a pound, so that the treasury makes just \$1.06 on each pound coined.

# AS TO NAMES.

More famous people are known only by names that were not originally theirs than most of us realize. How many know that John Rowlands, for instance, is one of the greatest explorers of his generation? Yet that is the real name of Sir Henry M. Stanley, the indomitable hero of "darkest Africa."

How many are aware that Jeremiah Jones Colbaith was one of the vice-presidents of the United States? asks the Ladies' Home Journal. The name is not to be found on the roll of the presiding officers of the senate. But it is nevertheless true that such was the real name of Henry Wilson, who was vice-president in Grant's second administration.

How many know that Edmund Green was one of the most eminent of American thinkers and historians? Still, that is the name that Dr. John Fiske bore in his boyhood, before he thought of writing such books as "The Destiny of Man" and "The Critical Period of American History."

How many know that Mihali Lieb was one of the most celebrated artists of recent times? Yet that was the real name of Michael Munkascy, the painter of "Christ Before Pilate" and other famous pictures.

How many are aware that Vincenzo Gioachimo Pecci is revered by millions of people of different nationalities in all parts of the world as the mightiest and holiest of living men? Yet that is the real name of the present pope, Leo XIII, and the one he was known by until he became the supreme pontiff in 1878.

How many would immediately recognize in a culogy of Hiram U Grant as one of the great generals and foremost rulers of the last century a reference to Ulysses Simpson Grant, commander of the union armies and eighteenth president of the United States? Yet it is a fact that Hiram remained the real given name of General Grant, and that Simpson, the name officially bestowed upon him by mistake, was never legally his.

Even a reference to Stephen G. Cleveland as one of the most prominent party leaders and successful candidates for office in this country would puzzle most people for a while, until they recalled that ex-President Cleveland was named for Rev. Stephen Grover, but dropped

his first name, Stephen, early in his publicareer.

Many other famous people are popular referred to by titles and names that give hard a hint as to what their full names or real name Suppose, for example, that some morning there should appear in the newspapers such a item as this: "Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Wettir accompanied by their nephew, Frederick W V. A. Hohenzollern, sailed yesterday from Liverpool for New York." How many peorl would give more than a passing glance at thi announcement? Yet it would be a piece of new of the most astounding interest, calculated t throw the people of New York and thousand of others throughout the country into a par oxysm of excitement and feverish expectation as must be admitted when the names of King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra and the En peror William are respectively substituted for the true family names given in the suppos

Such examples might almost indefinitely bextended. At one time in our history nominally the chief enemy of this country was a boy years old by the name of Alfonso Leon Ferdinand Marie Jacques Isodore Pascal Antoin Bourbon. How many could tell offhand who was meant? Yet the answer is perfectly plain when one reflects that in our war with Spaniards was their boy king, Alfonso XIII.

Then there is the youthful matron. Ms Henry Schwerin, who wields more power that any other woman of 21 now living. She is known to the world as Wilhelmina of Holland and is the only queen regnant in the worsto-day—that is, the only female sovereign ruling in her own right with the same powers as a king.

Outside the ranks of royality the number of shining examples is still greater. Probably few people, even among confirmed theatergoers, would take any special interest in poster that read thus: "The spian theater. For One Week Only Mr. Henry Brodribb and Mrs. E. A. Wardell in "The Merchant of Verice" and Other Shakespearean Productions, Next Week—Mrs. H. Chlapowska." But left the names of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Filter Terry and Mme. Helena Modjeska be respect-

ely substituted for these real names of theirs and what a rush for tickets there would be!

The same thing might be said of similar anouncements about Miss A. Crehan, who is nown to the public as Ada Rehan; Mrs. Anonio de Navarro, who was Mary Anderson; frs. Frederick C. Harriott, whose better known ame is Clara Morris, and many more

From among the bright, particular stars of ie operatic stage may be marshaled an even ore striking array. Should it be announced, or example, that among the singers whose rvices had been secured for the next season f grand opera were the Baroness Cedarstrom, ie Countess Miranda, Mrs. Nellie Armstrong, Irs Julian Story and Mrs. Charles M. Rayand, it is improbable that there would be so uch as a ripple of excitement, even among wers of the opera. Perhaps some interest light be taken in the titled ones, and that ould probably be all. But let these real ames give place to the more famous ones of delina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mme. Melba. mma Eames and Annie Louise Cary and the argest opera-house in the world would not be ig enough to hold the throngs that would ek admission

Many authors would likewise go unrecogized if mentioned by the names that were originally given to them. Most readers would ardly be likely to distinguish in Francis B. Iarte, Thomas H. H. Caine, Anthony H. Hawfins, Francis M. Crawford and Charles E. Markam such popular writers as Bret Harte, Hall aine, Anthony Hope, F. Marion Crawford and dwin Markham.

In most instances the change has been made y dropping one or more of the original names, but in some cases the sole difference is that he first name is given in full and the second adicated by an initial instead of the reverse. The appreciate how confusing this simple hange is. If, for instance, a new book by arthur C. Doyle were announced how many rould buy it because they knew that it was by the author of Sherlock Holmes stories, whom hey had hitherto known as A. Conan Doyle? It is a "thrilling new romance" by Henry R laggard were advertised how many, even mong those who might wonder if he were resided to the author of "She" and "Allan

Quartermain," would comprehend, for some time at least, that it was really by H. Rider Haggard himself? Or if the statement were made that "Hugh Wynne" was written by Silas W. Mitchell, how many would not at first be inclined to dispute the assertion before realizing that, of course, it referred to S. Weir Mitchell, after all?

Still more curious is the fact that sometimes the omission of even a single syllable is sufficient to disguise the name almost beyond recognition. How many readers, for instance, if they saw the names of Lewis Wallace or Walter Whitman on the title page of a book would realize at once that the volume was by General Lew Wallace or Walt Whitman? Then, again, a pen name sometimes becomes so closely identified with an author that no one suspects it is not the real name. Probably many who know Olive Thorne Miller as Mrs. Miller have never suspected that her real name is Harriet Mann Miller.

So this curious list of famous people as we do not know them might be continued almost without end. There is Charles A. E. Durand, whom the world knows as Carolus Duran; and Lieuten'ant Louis M. J. Viaud, who is famous as Pierre Loti; and the English poet Mackay's adopted daughter, who is Marie Corelli by birth and Marion Mackay by adoption; and Louise de la Ramee and Samuel L. Clemens, whom few refer to except as Ouida and Mark Twain; and a host of others. But the examples that have already been given are certainly numerous enough to convince any one that there is far more in a name than most of us might at first be disposed to admit.

Coming down to people that most of the readers know it may be of interest to say that D. Long Miller is the editor of the Messenger. Henry Moore is the office editor, John H. Miller is the editor of the Inglenook, and instances might be multiplied indefinitely, utterly confusing to the reader who has always associated a certain name with a given individual.

M M

Fans originated in the western countries and were first universally made of peacock, ostrich or parrot feathers. One hundred years ago the men used fans and were not considered effeminate.

#### A GOOD STORY.

#### BY SARA REESE EBY.

As the INGLENOOK readers seem to be interested in the curious things of nature, I concluded to add my mite, trusting that the Editor may see fit to publish the same. This is the tale of a Plymouth Rock hen who decided one day that the velvet couch in the front parlor would be a nice soft place to deposit her eggs. So she walked in through the open window, and as soon as she laid the egg she walked out without more ado. Every day as long as the warm weather continued she laid the egg on the couch, and only during the moulting season did she fail to come. By the time that was over the cold fall weather compelled us to keep the windows closed, and one day, hearing a tapping at the window, I went in, and found our hen waiting to be let in. When the window was raised she jumped up and laid her egg, then walked to the window and waited to be let out. She never failed to come even on the stormiest winter days. though the hen-house was quite a distance from the house and she would stand for an hour and tap on the window. When the weather became very severe, the parlor was deserted, and the shutters opening on the veranda were closed and one day I was surprised to see the hen fly up on the sill of the window opening into the sitting-room. I raised the window, and the speckled lady walked to the parlor door, and waited to be let in. She did this for a month, and always went back and waited at the window to be let out, and she never cackled until out of the house.

One snowy Sunday we were away from home and we looked to see if the hen had been on the window, and sure enough on every sill around the house were the tracks, where she had tried to find the friend who let her in. The egg I found on the front porch frozen hard. The hen at last went to setting on the couch, and she was put in a box, and removed to the hen-house, and as soon as she hatched the chickens were taken to live under the front porch as near the couch as she could get them, and I could never get them to stay any place else until they were sold.

We had another hen that would go up the

front stairs, whenever the screen happened to be open, and lay her egg on one of the beds.

Now how did the hen know to go to the parlor door when she was in the sitting room West Elkton, Ohio.

# THE TRAVELING LIBRARY OF MICHIGAN.

BY J. W. CHAMBERS.

IN 1895 the Legislature of Michigan provided for what is known as the "Traveling Library."

Acting under this law, libraries are made uf consisting of fifty volumes, selected with th greatest care and of the highest literary stand ard. The books are arranged under the following lowing subjects: ethics, religion, social science natural science, literature, fiction, description and travel, biography and history. These li braries are for the benefit of small villages and rural districts which do not have the advantages of libraries enjoyed by the large citie and literary centers of the State. These books are sent out by the State Library and are loaned for three to six months. The small fee of \$1.25 pays all expenses for one set of books. Other sets may then be sent out or application. Two hundred and fifty of these libraries are now in use throughout the State Hundreds of homes are thus supplied witl wholesome reading almost free. During the current year nearly five hundred of these li braries will be in use in this State.

An immeasurable amount of good will accrue from this system of home education and entertainment. Next in importance to love of home and of the good is the love for good reading. It is hoped and in fact it is already realized in many instances from this system o home education, that a higher ideal of life is being entertained by the young people of our State.

A system similar to this might well be instituted in the church for the benefit of our Sunday schools and young people's meetings. Let there be several sets made up of the most appropriate reading matter for our schools and paid for by them on a plan something like this: Say a half dozen sets of books are selected by competent authority, these sets o be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Say a half dozn schools pay each its share of the cost of hese sets respectively, and then set them traveling."

This same process could be repeated aroughout the entire church and each school e supplied with a wide range of good reading at a nominal cost.

# AROUND JONESBORO, TENNESSEE.

BY ANNA M. DIEHL.

TENNESSEE is divided into three parts, East, Vest and Middle Tennessee. Jonesboro is in East Tennessee, and at one time belonged to North Carolina. It is now the county seat of Washington County. There are many intersting features surrounding Ionesboro. About welve miles north of this place is a beautiful esort known as Austin Springs, where many people spend the summer to regain health. South of Jonesboro is Clark Springs, and to each this place one must ascend the mounain gradually, two miles, and the only way to tnow you are not approaching darkness is to keep your eyes upward. There are many prings near Jonesboro noted for their large juantity of pure water, also there is much nineral water in this county. A curiosity to a great many people is the famous beech tree where D. BOON CILED A BAR IN THE YEAR 1760

Several mountain ranges are visible from onesboro, making it a very picturesque place or a town. All kinds of grain and many ruits are raised. Apples seem to yield best. Very few fruits and vegetables are raised for export. About the middle of March spring ppens, and the farmers begin the plowing. Corn is planted about the first of May.

The Indians were the early settlers of this country, but the English and Germans have ong since taken possession. We have no noonshining around or any ways near Jonesboro. We think anyone would enjoy a visit o Jonesboro because the people here are very sociable and would give a hearty welcome.

\* \*

An Indiana man recently saw a snake with hree heads. He had just returned from a brief visit in Kentucky.

#### WONDERFUL DOGS.

A REMARKABLE story is told of a dog-a pointer-owned by a gentleman in Cincinnati, who three times gave him away to friends at some distance from the city, only to find him back again, once through a blinding snowstorm, very shortly after his banishment. was resolved to experiment with him in order to test the fact whether this was the result of memory or of some keenly-developed scent or other sense not known. He was accordingly dosed with morphine and taken to a town in Kentucky, 150 miles away. In twenty-eight hours he was at his master's door. It was thought, however, that he might have recovered from his lethargy in time to see in what direction he was going, and so had found his way back by simply keeping to the railroad track. was, therefore, dosed with ether, put in a closed basket, and taken northeast and southeast, then kept in a dark shed over night, and let loose in the morning. He at once set out in a straight line and on a run-not at all like a dog that had lost his way-crossed two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, through five large towns and a network of roads and Although he had never been in cross-roads. that part of the country before, in four days he reached Cincinnati again. He could not have remembered or known anything about his journey down, for he was unconscious the whole of the time. What, then, induced him to start in the right direction and keep it till he arrived home? This question has long puzzled the naturalists; for stranger instances of animals finding their way home even than this have occurred.

\* \*

The Japanese government has decided that in the future all its communications with foreign powers shall be made in the English language. The Japanese recognize two things in doing this: First, that as the bulk of their trade is carried on with England and the United States, those countries enjoy most of Japan's foreign intercourse, and, second, that the English language has become the dominant language of commerce, literature and science and must eventually be practically the universal language.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

RECENTLY the 'NOOKMAN listened to a party of young folks undergoing an examination in their studies, and it was amusing to note the despair, the uncertainty and the unreadiness of the young folks. It caused a smile, and after the faggot and stake business one of the tortured reproached the writer for laughing at the class. But it wasn't that. It was a reminiscence that, it is believed, will make good 'Nook material.

Back in the long ago the writer went to a famous academy. At the end of each term the classes were "zamined" by a party invited for the purpose. Now it so happened that in the town was a man, dead long ago, who knew everything to be known, as it seemed then, and he was indeed a wonderful scholar. That I know now. He was an old bachelor, as old as gray hair, blue coat, and shiny brass buttons and a yellow-headed cane, could make a man, and he had a story, but I forget it. This man was always included in the "Board" and always did the questioning by special request. The rest of the Board were lawyers, doctors, storekeepers and generally an old preacher or two, the whole kit of whom had forgotten long ago all they were ever supposed to know in an exact way. So the "Old Man" was always told off to do the probing. He was an old bookworm, full of knowledge of the oldfashioned, thorough-going kind. knew.

Well, when the time came and the whole of the, say the Latin class, was ranged up in front, the board of examiners at one end of the platform, the faculty of one, the principal and a few extra guests at the other end, there we sat. We were a gangling, goozlemouthed, pinfeathery, bread and butter crowd, who might, at a pinch, conjugate a partial paradigm if somebody started us off with the first person singular.

The visitors were open-mouthed too, from the fond parents to the fool girl and her steady who worked in the lumber yard. Then the Glee Club, borrowed for the occasion, sang some of the old time songs and the Old Man was invited to tear us up.

He sat in an old arm chair, placed the tips of his fingers together, and started off on a

monologue on the origin of the Latin lar guage, its early stage and the probable diff culties attending the formative period. lasted for about five minutes, and then h asked, "Is this quite correct, Howard?" Howard closed his mouth, and opened it and said "Yessir." Then the Old Man went of into a description of the earliest Rome w have any record of, not omitting the Romulu and Remus story, and inquired, "William, i this not the way of it?" And William said in a gasp, "Yessir," and so on down to the end of the class where a cross-eved girl who could't decline puer without help assented to the "question" about the desirability of accu rate knowledge. Then the Old Man talked a large for a few minutes, and asserted that, if all his large and varied experience; he had never met a class of youth who exhibited sucl rare knowledge, and accurate learning and that, beyond all chance of successful contradiction, we were a credit to the school, to our parents, our teacher and the town and that the country was safe with such men and women coming to the fore, and the examination was over and we had all passed.

Most of the boys and girls have gone to their long homes. Some won distinction, and not one but would smile in later years at the thought of the good old scholar who brough out his learning and imputed it all to us That's why I laughed when I remembered.

# THE JUDGE WAS COMPASSIONATE.

A CERTAIN judge who once presided over a criminal court was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never! Never! "exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said the judge, consolingly, "you're going to be now!"

When ridicule is weighed in the balance of reason it proves to be a feather-weight.

#### WOMEN DRUMMERS.

THE head of a St. Louis wholesale house was ere on his way home from Buffalo a few days o. In the course of a chat with some busiss acquaintances he expressed the decided sinion that women make better drummers an men in some lines. "The fact is," said "that in some departments women seem to able to do better than men. Not long ago was generally believed that a woman could not Il anything on the road except books and rtain articles of wearing apparel peculiar to er sex. The operations of the female drumer were for a long time confined to a very mited field. But in recent years she has anched out somewhat, and I simply state an pen fact when I say that she may be regarded a success on the road. In some instances ie has proven herself a more valuable memer than the men. Take certain lines, like tea, offee, spices and things of that sort, and in a ajority of instances she will place more goods ian a man will in the same length of time. his is probably true of these articles because ie can talk more intelligently about them. hey are used in every home, and the average usiness woman one finds out in the world manges to keep up with the things needed by the busewife and hence the woman drummer can ake a fairly good talk about things of this The woman drummer has come to av "

# BOBBY'S PARENTAL COMPOSITION.

PARENTS are things which boys have to look ter them. Most girls also have parents, arents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's mas that make you mind.

Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls:

"Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark."

The boy didn't say anything. Then ma

"William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold."

The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stairway and says he:

- " Bill!"
- "Coming, sir," says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause, they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me

"Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be."

Says I to him:

"Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em."

Once a man says to me:

- "Bobby, do you love your parents?"
- "Well," says I, "I'm not a quarreling with 'em."



#### WORK AMONG THE MORMONS.

BY I. J. ROSENBERGER.

MR. BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS (deposed from Congress), of the Mormons, who gave the interesting afternoon address Sunday, was for years a blacksmith by trade, but of late has given his attention to literature, and is now the author of several works; also holding the office of an apostle in their society. The pulpit in their tabernacle has three seats. The first or lower is occupied by a class of officials called "the Seventies;" the second, by their apostles; the third seat, well elevated, is occupied by their president and his two spiritual advisers. The large double doors on all sides of their tabernacle will allow the immense assembly to pass out in a very short time. A second house for worship stands within the same square and is of ordinary size, for use in winter and for Sunday school. A house of the same kind is in each ward in the city. A third house stands within the same square, called their temple, in which no "Gentile" dare enter. I was told that it was used for marriage and baptismal services. They have a peculiar theory of choosing to be baptized for some supposed lost friend. They call it "being baptized for the dead." I would suggest better labor for the living.

In looking over my notes I notice that I neglected to say that the meeting in the tabernacle was presided over by Apostle Joseph Smith, a nephew of Joseph Smith, to whom it is said was committed the revelation of their doctrine. He and three others go to Japan as missionaries in a few weeks. was a gentle smile in the assembly when the chair invited the ladies to remove their hats, in order that all might see and better enjoy the occasion. There was a wilderness of botanical goods displayed in the vast assembly. Eben Stephens, a native of Wales, has charge of the musical part of the service. He took 250 of his choir to the world's fair at Chicago and drew a premium. As I looked and listened to their magnificent organ, I was reminded of a wealthy Quaker friend in the East, who was solicited for a contribution to aid in securing an organ for a new churchhouse. He listened for a moment, and, then took his pen and signed

\$1,000. To this liberal donation the solicité expressed a surprise, to which the friend Quaker kindly replied: "Well, if thee wilt wa ship God with a machine, thee ought to have good one." The Mormons worship God with machine, and they have a good one

Among the keepsakes we brought with was a photograph of Brigham Young an twenty-one of his wives that were said to I living at the time of his death. The house which his children alone were schooled wi pointed out to us just across the street from one of his principal dwellings. I took son pains to inquire of the state of peace and quie tude in the home, holding within its embrac several mothers, especially Brigham Young family. I was told by warm Mormon adve cates that there was entire harmony. But the landlady with whom we stopped was a ver intelligent woman, raised in Salt Lake Cit She seemed anxious to give us information Upon this matter she made this emphatic state ment: "When persons tell you that a man ci take two or more women into one home to be come mothers and have harmony, they are will fully misrepresenting, or are not known to the facts." She added: "When my mother had si children, my father brought a second woma into our family, who became the mother of si children; soon a third woman came into or famuly and she soon became a mother; the result was while my own mother became the mother of three additional children, she simply pined her life away." As fatherhood an motherhood is a blessing, the Mormon theen is "the more mothers and the more children the greater the future blessing."

The Mormons held that marriage will sust in not only a relation to this life, but the futur life as well. They call it "sealing." That theory has given rise to a provoked literation now in their courts. A Dr. Park, with a number of wives, had a servant girl in his family who was given up to die; and she desired to a sealed (married) to this doctor for the life to come, for her future blessing. The scaling wadone, but the lady got well, and the doctor died within the past year, and this servant gradoes not now seem to be satisfied with he prospects of the future blessing in being seale to Dr. Park, but she has sued for a share of the doctor's large estate.

Saltair is a bathing beach on Salt Lake, fifen miles from Salt Lake City. The railroad built on piling for about a mile in the lake, here there is a pavilion built on piling 500 et long and 250 feet wide. The lower story for lunch and recreation, and the upper is for musements and nightly dancing. As a bathig beach it is fine; great cures have been ffected. The salt industry is good. Large uantities of this lake water is pumped and onveyed to large vats on dry land. After the ater evaporates, the vats are left one-third all of salt. Evaporation is going on very fast. he size of the lake is annually getting less, eaving a crystallized salt rock formation. 'hey built a "salt palace," a magnificent tructure, one mile from the center of the city. he salt rock walls bid fair, as tested thus far. n the center of the city is a theater, and over s door is the following: "Built and Dedicated y Brigham Young, A. D. 1862." As I gazed f this theatrical structure, and on learning that hey owned the controlling interest in Saltair, was compelled to conclude that the Mormons re lovers of pleasure, hence not very spiritual. hey commune each Sunday, using simply vater and common leavened bread.

# LIKES BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

AMERICANS will be glad to learn that a new ond of sympathy has been woven between the German emperor and the people of the great epublic. It is announced that the German overeign has added buckwheat cakes to the oyal menu; also codfish cakes, hominy panakes, oatmeal and Welsh rarebit! By his order the imperial chef took passage on an American liner, and on the voyage was instructed in the preparation of a long list of ypically American dishes. The emperor apitulated to buckwheat on the occasion of a ecent visit to the new Hamburg-American racht, the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise." The thef of chefs of the Hamburg-American line is Emil Fahrenheim of the steamship "Deutschand." For the occasion he was transferred to he yacht and for the kaiser's breakfast prepared a typical American menu, which, so the story goes, so pleased the emperor that he invited himself to remain for luncheon and dinner. On his return from the theater at midnight he was regaled with a Welsh rarebit. Then it was that the kaiser capitulated.

"Ach," he exclaimed fervently, "never have I tasted such delicacies as these buchweizen pfannkuchen and hominy pfannkuchen. They are so light! So tarty! So rich! My cordon bleu shall be instructed in the art of preparing them."

So Herr Voelkers, the Koeniglich-Kaiserlicher Mund Koch, sailed with the "Deutschland" and was put through a course of culinary sprouts, taking voluminous notes and upon arrival at Cherbourg graduated from the tutelage of Herr Fahrenheim with high honors. Some day he is to make the round trip on the " Deutschland " and learn further of American cooking. The emperor has but just embarked upon his culinary conquest and there are still worlds to conquer. The Welsh rarebit will but give him appetite for the golden buck, the codfish cake for brown bread and baked beans, the buckwheat cake for mince pie. And after these there will still remain scrapple and fried mush

# LETTER BAGS OF SOVEREIGNS.

A BERLIN newspaper has recently published some curious details respecting the letter bags of the principal European sovereigns. It is the pope who breaks the record, as he receives every day from 22,000 to 23,000 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII comes next with 3,000 newspapers and 1,000 letters. czar and the German emperor receive each from 600 to 700 letters, appeals, etc., the king of Italy, 500; Queen Wilhelmina from 100 to 150. The pope, says the same authority. employs no fewer than thirty-five secretaries. The Emperor William writes a great deal himself, and since Queen Victoria's death he has used black-bordered paper. In ordinary times he uses large sheets of light blue or dark gray paper.

IMP once meant a child. Shakespeare, speaking of the children in the tower, calls them imps. Jeremy Taylor, in one of his sermons, speaks of "the beautiful imps that sang hosannas to the Savior in the temple."

# NATURE



# STUDY

# ANTS FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.

THE attaches of the white house, together with a score of visitors who were passing through the grounds, were interested spectators yesterday morning of one of the most unique and bloody battles ever fought in this city. The combatants were ants, and two armies lined up to decide which should have possession of the grounds at the northwest corner of the executive mansion. According to one of the gardeners the fight started shortly before 10 o'clock. A line of large black ants on an excursion across the asphalt walk encountered an army of small red ants headed in an opposite direction. The two bodies were about to cross one another when several of the warriors in the van of each party began a fierce tussle. This was the signal for a free fight, and within a few seconds the whole walk was 'covered with a squirming, wriggling tiny red and black forms. Both sides were joined by reënforcements after about ten minutes of warfare and before the battle had been in progress for a half hour it was estimated that more than 1,000 of the little insects were endeavoring to tear one another to pieces.

The battle lasted for nearly three hours, or until after I o'clock, when the red ants'gained a signal victory. When the fight was over the battleground was as clear as though no conflict had occurred. When a black ant managed to kill or overpower one of the enemy he immediately seized his body and run off to the grass, where he deposited the remains either in a hill or beneath a piece of debris. The red ants followed out the same plan with the big black fellows and here and there a tiny warrior was seen carrying off a body three times as big as himself. No official report was made that the red army killed two of the enemy to every one killed on its side. Several bets were made as to the outcome by those who witnessed the fight. Two to one was given on the black ants, as sympathy was with the little red for lows, who, while the big insects seemed out condition and unable to defend themselve after all proved themselves trained warriors.

# THE LOCUST.

An esteemed friend asks a question intended for the ??? department, and as it is to long for a fairly complete answer there, whill take it up here:

Does the seventeen-year locust come only every seenteen years or is it only talk?

First, the seventeen-year locust lives only few weeks, as he is seen ordinarily, in the winged state. Taking an adult female an watching her we would see her deposit from ten to twenty eggs in a twig of a growing plant or tree, then she moves a little furthe and repeats the process from twenty to fift times, and after this she soon dies. laying the eggs she partly saws off the twi which with eggs, drops to the ground. the case of the eggs not reaching the ground after the hatching, which is in about six weeks the little grub worms drop off, and they work their way into the ground, attaching themselve to the small roots often at the depth of tes feet and there live and grow on the juices of the plant. They remain there for seventeel years and then, being perfected in body, begin to bore upward till they reach the light.

Here they fasten to any object, split oper the hard case they are in, and emerge a soft wet, helpless, fully-developed insect. That the routine is repeated. This is a very brie history of the so-called seventeen year locust

# THE GALENA'S HEROIC CAT.

A KEY WEST, Fla., despatch says: Saturday morning the *Galena* swung out into the channel to give place to the *Yantic* at the pier. Just as the last line was cast off, a sailor forward, who

doubtedly had a grudge against the ship's cat, seized her and threw her upon the

't was too late for pussy to regain her place, I in her distress at seeing the ship slowly ving away she ran frantically up and down dock, crying sufficiently loud to be heard tinctly above the bustle incident upon getg the vessel in motion. The ship was fifty t away when puss suddenly turned and, inging from the pier, struck out boldly for vessel, making for a ladder which was still nging over the side. In a moment she was nging to the lowest step, unable to raise herf out of the water. Something like a cheer nt up from the crowd who had witnessed heroic action, and a sailor stationed near, opping down the ladder, seized the halfowned cat and landed her safely on deck.

Puss had earned promotion, and if she fails walk the quarter deck it will be because proism is not appreciated in the navy.

# TUMBLE BUGS AS BAROMETERS.

COUNTRY folk are firmly of the opinion that the tumble bug (geotrypes stercorarius) is an icellent barometer and that it takes flight dy when a season of fair weather is coming. If Fabre, a French naturalist, has investigated the question thoroughly and has come to the inclusion that this insect is, in fact, more sastive than the best barometers, and that it is veritably be used to predict fine weather. It is to changes of electric tension that the insect is sensitive.

# SEA GULL BEHAVIOR.

"LOOKING over my neighbor's fence one y," says a lover of animals in the *Christian trocate*, "I was surprised to see on his doorp a beautiful white sea gull and my neight's pet cat sitting quietly together.

Becoming interested, I jumped the fence dasked Jones about his feathered pet. He d me that some boys had shot the gull a few ys before and broken its wing, and as they re passing his house he noticed the poor, fering thing and bought it. He bandaged broken wing, and the gull, seeming to derstand his kind intentions, became quite

tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

"Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took its meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called 'Goosey, goosey, goosey!' and the bird came running to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork and the gull seized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all of its days."

# PLANTS AS WATER CARRIERS.

A GIANT redwood, the monarch of the California forests, stands with its stem tip 350 feet above the soil. From the surface of the millions of tender, delicate leaves near the top of the tree there are exhaled many gallons, perhaps barrels, of water daily. The force required to make good this loss is, of course, equal to that needed to raise the water through the 300 feet or more of vertical space. It is no wonder that the thoughtful person will pause as he contemplates this exhibition of force. It makes no noise; work is being done, but it is not easy to see how.

### THE STORY OF A CAT.

BY B. M.

This happened in Springfield, Ill. A young girl had a cat, a common grade tabby, and the two formed for each other a very great affection. The girl was accustomed to take the cat to bed with her. Then the young woman sickened and died. All through the fatal illness the cat was an inseparable companion, and after death had to be taken from the coffin several times.

After the funeral the cat moped about for a week or so and was then missed. Search was made for her and she was found, dead, at the grave of her mistress. How do you account for it all?

Engineers are indebted to the clam for the idea of using a water jet to drive piles in the sand. The clam sinks itself in sand by throwing a jet of water beneath itself, thus washing the sand to one side and allowing it to sink.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Iil.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

#### CHOICE OF READING.

In these days there are periodicals for all classes of people. It would be difficult to name a trade or calling which has not its paper, and it might prove equally difficult to specify a fad or an ism that has not its organ. What, then, shall a man read or provide for family reading? The answer is not difficult. Those who expect us to recommend the 'Nook, first and last, will be mistaken. There are others.

It is a pretty safe rule to get only the best in literature. Let second rates go. Lower grades never think about. But, now, what make up the first class? The monthly magazines, and many weeklies, represent the highest form of good reading. Unfortunately a very large per cent of young folks want the story paper. The boy will do anything to get his penny dreadful with the account of One-eyed Bill, the Border Terror, written in bad form by some man who never saw the frontier. The girl wants a sickly love story about Lady Fitzgerald and Count Nobody. Now the wants of these two are not artificial. They are perfectly natural. They live in an imag-

inary atmosphere of romance, the accomparement of youth, and the fact can not be in nored. The best that can be done is to reglate it. It is like taking the youngsters to county fair where they would drink all the relemonade and eat all the cheap gum drown anybody would buy for them. The parent passed through the same abnormal age taste and appetite, but have forgotten it.

This same candy-eating period applies I their choice of reading. The remedy is quietly put before them the better class magazines and papers and leave the rest the young folks themselves. Most your people go mad to get hold of a new illustrate magazine. It's the best ten cents' worth the can be bought for them. If they happen I turn to the stories first, that is but natura Give them time. What a boy or girl brought up on is likely what they will wai when they get able to buy such things them selves. Give them the best in literature.

. .

THE other day the Editor walked through the folding room of the Publishing Hous where the employees were at work on an ed tion of the 'Nook, and noting the pile it mad could not help wondering where all the read ers were to be found. We know they are sca tered over hill and dale, in the mountains an out on the prairies, in the tropics and where the snow drifts deep, yet there seemed such pile of the magazines when they were all to gether! And yet these thousands of reader the Editor has never met, and never will mee seem like personal friends. Week after week we find it a pleasure to make the 'Nook, an doubtless the readers find pleasure and profi in reading it. And what we wish to say that we specially welcome kindly criticist and helpful suggestions from any reader disposed. We do not care for directions how to run the magazine, as we think we under stand that, but it is frequently the case the the reader can suggest a line of exploitated that never occurred to the Editor and this wi be especially valuable to all readers. It is re quested of all.

THERE were heroes among the biblical characters, but Daniel was the only one lionized

# 

Who originated the triumphal arch?

The Romans.

Will a 7-jeweled watch keep as good time as a 15-jeweled one?

Yes, but not for as many years. Jeweling is a precaution against wearing out.

Is there anything in fortune telling?

Usually a little for the seer, and nothing for the other party except being gulled.

Why are not the sacred writers of the New Testament more explicit about the personality of those they write about?

For the reason that they deal with principles, truths and facts, not persons.

Are the tricks of the jugglers the world over in any way supernatural?

No. There are stores where you can buy them as you buy sugar or coffee.

Why would not hygienic food be suited to lumbermen?

Well, when you get to cooking for a camp of hungry loggers you can try it on them, and report results.

Does art ever improve upon nature?

Yes, often. Manufactured ice may be much better than the natural article, and in the case of a painted and made-up woman, art beats what is natural in her by a long ways.

Where can I get a book called the "Bible Looking Glass?"

At any old book store. All inquiries about books are best answered by those in the business. First ask them, and failing, ask the 'Nook.

Are the dollar watches advertised any real good?

This has been asked several times. Yes, they are. For all common purposes they are as good as a hundred dollar watch, while they last. They are good for a year or so. It does not pay to get them cleaned, as it is cheaper to buy a new one. There are several makes on the market.

What is a solar print?

Simply a cheap, big, enlarged photograph, made from a small photograph and used as a basis for the cheap crayon pictures.

How can I locate a stream of water, underground, so as to be sure of water in digging a well?

Locate your well handy to the house and dig away till you reach water. If your neighbors have wells you will likely find water. There is nothing in the "water witching" business.

What is the "Associated Press" I see at the head of news in the papers?

A company with agents everywhere who telegraph news in to the company, which in turn, telegraphs it to the papers that pay for it. It is a big thing, not readily explained in a sentence or two.

Are home nicknames in good taste?

Good or bad a great many homes use them. The 'Nook has in mind a home where two pretty and good little girls are known as Peach and Plum. It is a great deal better than the austere side of things.

At an expected wedding we think of doing things according to so-called good form, but have decided to ask the 'Nook the right or wrong of it.

Those invited will be sure it is all right, and those not invited will make a fuss. Considering that you were not consulted when you were born, and that you will not be about dying, the 'Nook gives you permission to do as you please about your wedding. Express charges on cake should be fully prepaid.

What is a good form of introducing strangers?

Mr. Smith, this is Miss Jones. That will do anywhere. It is sometimes well to add something of interest to both. Thus: "Mr. Brown, this is Mr. Williams. Mr. Brown is a member of the School Board, and Mr. Williams would like to talk a little about an application as teacher in the school." This introduces them, opens the matter for which the introduction was sought, and clears the way generally. The party introducing a stranger should remember that his introduction, socially, is a sort of guarantee that he is all right in general.

#### THE SLOT MACHINE.

Which of the hundred or more varieties of the slot machine was first on the market it is now difficult to say. Some dealers declare that the weighing machine was the pioneer and that the various kinds of vending machines followed in its trail. Others are not so sure and refuse to commit themselves, but certain it is that the automatic scales was one of the very first forms in which the slot machine appeared. In those days a nickel was required to operate the machines, but as this was something of a tax and the public did not respond as readily as was expected the price was reduced to a cent, and now nearly every machine may be operated for a copper. The first weighing machines also rendered a bit of music, registered the height of the victim and allowed him to test his lung capacity, all for a nickel. Now the penny machines merely register the weight, no one being especially interested in his height after once learning that important dimension, which does not fluctuate. But the makers of the machines did not stop when they saw the money flowing in from the automatic scales. saw at once that the same principle could be employed in other ways to lure untold pennies from the pockets of the public.

The move to the gum-vending machines was natural and rapid. Very many people like to chew gum, but it is a bother to be obliged to purchase a nickel's worth at a time and tote four pieces of it around for a week or so to stick all over everything else in the pockets. At the same time, few people liked to ask for a penny piece of gum at a dealer's. It looked cheap. On the other hand, no one would hesitate to drop a penny in the slot and get a piece of gum just the right size, for one period of mastication, and, therefore, the slot machine made a great hit. The makers of chocolate were not far behind the gum trust in taking advantage of modern ideas and in a short time the city was fairly covered with the little blue vending machines which doled out tablets of chocolate or packages of breath perfumes for a penny. These latter were located principally on the stations of the elevated roads, where they were most needed. The man who had lingered downtown longer than usual and had imbibed things which give a peculiar odor

to the breath found it a great convenience to be able to make his breath odorous of peppermint or violet for the expenditure of a penny and the machines did a thriving trade.

In addition to these "penny snatchers" came machines which gave a certain amount of mild electricity for a penny, operated principally in drug stores, machines which told fortunes for a cent and machines which yielded up a small amount of perfume. These, however, were not a success, as the perfume was usually pretty bad and the fastidious young woman cannot tolerate cheap perfume on her handkerchief. Therefore, the perfume machines did not do so well. But a thousand others did

When Edison invented the kinetoscope, the forerunner of the biograph machine, the slot machine principle was at once applied to it and thousands of machines were placed in operation all over the country, exhibiting miniature moving pictures for a penny in the slot, and they are taking in the pennies to-day. This plan was also followed with the graphophone, many thousands of these machines being "loaded" with popular songs and set out to catch the pennies at places of public resort. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been fed into these machines in pennies no one will ever know, but it is beyond question that they brought fortunes into the pockets of their "Penny arcades" have been established in half a dozen places on prominent streets in the large cities, stores literally filled with these penny slot machines, which are crowded usually day and night.

Among the later developments of the slot machine is the device for selling a cent's worth of shelled peanuts. These machines have proved immensely popular and take in large sums of money which would otherwise not be spent for peanuts, the average person paying no heed to the ordinary product in the bags on the corner stands, but readily yielding to the seductions of a slot machine which exhibits the shelled product behind a glass plate and drops a few mouthfuls into his hand for the small sum of a penny. The machines have caused an enormous increase in the consumption of peanuts and may lay the foundation of the peanut habit in many a system. Then there is a machine which takes a tintype phoograph of its victim for a nickel. This is oprated by a strong electric light and it is necesary only for the subject to drop a nickel in he slot, stand still a few seconds in front of an pening and the picture is taken, fixed, washed, ried and delivered mechanically.

The slot machine has added untold thousands f dollars to the receipts of the great telephone ompanies since telephones were installed with slot attachment. The call of the operator Drop in your dime, please," is now as familiar s the "Busy, call them again" was before he "busy signal" was adopted. Nickel slot nachine telephones have been introduced all wer town in the last year and have greatly inreased the amount of business done by the company. Much similar are the dime slot nachines which furnish a pair of opera glasses o all comers in the theaters, and the gas trust as lately fallen into line and has installed housands of slot machine gas meters, which furnish a certain amount of gas when a quarter s dropped in the slot. When the gas begins o burn dim the householder climbs up to the neter and drops in another quarter, when there s an immediate response from the gas company.

What the development of the slot machine will eventually bring about it is difficult to foretell, nor can it be estimated even approximately how many millions of dollars have been dropped into the enticing little slots, but their nvention has certainly lured many a coin from a pocket in which it would have remained but for the coaxing legend, "Drop a Penny in the Slot."

# THE OYSTER.

It has long been generally said that every month whose name contains an R which, singularly enough, takes in all the months from September to April—is a good month for the oyster, and that from the 1st of May until the 1st of September an oyster should be let alone. This popular impression is good so far as it goes, and it has made Sept. I an oyster holiday. But, as a matter of fact, the oyster does not become his better self until October's autumn cold begins to chill the limpid waters and harden the oyster's body. Then he takes condition and from that time until the 1st of April,

or even the middle of the month of showers, barring such excessively cold weather as will freeze waters to a great depth, he is in prime shape and all who eat of his flavor know the meaning of satisfaction.

The cooking of oysters is the simplest of culinary accomplishments and yet the most difficult. The preservation of the flavor is everything and yet it is just what ninety out of every 100 people who cook an oyster fail to do. The liquor of an oyster is indescribable in its effect upon the mollusk and its judicious use is the groundwork of all success in oyster cooking. There is no device of the cuisine that lends itself to oyster cooking as nicely as the chafing dish, and as a result this article of cookery has been rated above the mere maker and receptacle of a rarebit.

Any person who has eaten stewed, panned or fried oysters in Philadelphia knows there is no place on top of the earth where they are cooked in those styles as in the city of Penn. Washington claims the credit for steamed oysters par excellence, while Baltimore chafes and roasts the oyster to a fine degree. New York gets a combination of all the cooking styles, but oysters in New York are never nearly so satisfactory as they are in Baltimore, Washington or Philadelphia, and every good judge of an oyster will agree to this. There are hundreds of "bays" in Philadelphia where one can get oysters stewed or panned or fried most deliciously. Why they are so much finer in these styles in Philadelphia is not exactly explainable, but like Philadelphia squabs and chickens and butter, Philadelphia cooked oysters are beyond compare, and the special styles in which they are prepared in the quiet city on the Delaware are famous.

It is convervatively estimated that in the Eastern States, where the oyster has his greatest vogue, nearly 100,000 men get their living directly from him from the time he is dredged from the beds until he is served to the anxious customer. There are over 25,000 men engaged in the beds alone, and this is accounted considerably less than one-quarter of the total number of men employed.

\* 1

It's a poor physician that's unable to relieve a patient of a fee.

# SING WHILE THEY WEAVE

A RECENT traveler through northern India tells an interesting incident in connection with a visit which she made to one of the rude little homes in Cashmere, where the world-renowned India shawls are made. It chanced to be a very hot day, even for India, and when our traveler found herself being conducted through a dusty, dingy, narrow street toward a squalid little house she almost regretted her inherent thirst for knowledge.

However, upon entering a little room she found ten or a dozen men sitting on the floor patiently weaving the richly-hued threads in and out and evidently happy, since, notwith-standing the heat and general dinginess, they were chanting together some pleasing little melody.

While watching them at their careful, painstaking labor she noticed that each man had a little slip of paper pinned to his work, which she naturally took to be the design of his particular shawl. Upon closer investigation, however, she found that they all contained musical notes. Fancy her surprise to learn that it really was the pattern expressed in musical notation, and represented, in point of fact, the tune the men were then singing. She further learned that they had discovered a curious relation between color and sound, whereby they determined the colors they were to use by the way they harmonized in music, an inharmonious blending of tones always signifying inharmonious coloring.

"Another remarkable thing I observed," she adds, " is that on the slopes of the Himalayas the native women have a most curious plan of disposing of their babies and keeping them quiet while they are engaged at work in the fields during the greater part of the day. Before the mothers set out to work in the morning they wrap their babies in swaddling bands, leaving nothing but their little faces exposed. Then the babies are taken and laid under a ledge of rock from which water is falling, and by means of a bamboo the water is made to drip gently on each baby's forehead. The effect of the dripping water is most soothing and soon the little ones are all asleep, and remain quite motionless until taken up by their mothers on their return from their work. when they are carried off to be unwrapped, dried and fed. Very few of the little ones treated on this hydropathic system seem to be any the worse for it, and as a rule they grow up strong and healthy men and women."

# NOVEL JAPANESE WEDDING.

THE Japanese, notwithstanding their marvelous progress in civilization, still adhere to many of their former customs. Some of these are certainly picturesque, and none is more so than the celebration of the marriage ceremony. A missionary writing from the land of the mikado sends to a friend in the east the following interesting account of a wedding in that country: The bridegroom was Rev. H Yoshimura, who visited this country a few years ago, the pastor of the Universalist church at Osaka. The bride, Miss Naka Yamada, was a member of the Methodist church. The ceremony occurred immediately after the close of the service one Sunday morning in May, the entire audience being seated on the floor. It was performed in both English and Japanese.

At its close the "middle man" and his wife arose and made themselves responsible for the marriage, this being necessary in order to comply with Japanese law. An address by the groom followed, at the close of which he gave a present to every one in the audience. After this the relatives and a few friends repaired to a hotel, where Mr. Yoshimura had provided a dinner. Again the guests were seated on the floor, the men on one side of the room in two long rows facing each other and the women similarly arranged in a group by themselves Two songs were sung, one by a youth and the other by an old man. The one described married life at the beginning, the other, after long years have passed and the couple have grown old together.

The food was brought in on trays or low tables, one being provided for each guest. Before the feast began, the usual ceremonious invitation to partake was given and the response returned. "Do not ask," says the writer, "how we managed to use the chopsticks, for they are still very uncertain things in our hands." One dish which looked especially inviting was left by each person, why we did not know, but followed suit. It was all made clear when two wait-

ers entered with their arms full of small wooden boxes. The food was taken from the untouched dish at each place, put carefully in a cox with any other fragments remaining, and the box was then tied with a frail rice straw string and handed to the guest. Thus we discovered that it is a Japanese custom to take home with you all that you leave of the food provided by the host.

## ODD NAMES OF TAR HEELS.

AT last the supreme court of North Carolina, sitting at Raleigh, has decided the well-known Snow will case from Surrey county. This involved the legality of the will of Ice Snow. Other members of this interesting family are Hail Snow and Rain Snow. There is no end of odd names in North Carolina. One of the best known men in Raleigh named his children after the States of the union and they are among the most prominent people here to day, among them being Dr. Wisconsin Illinois Royster and Vermont Connecticut Royster. Newbern is the home of Sharp Blunt. The home of Sink Ouick is in Richmond county; Professor Dred Peacock of Greensboro is one of the foremost educators in the State, while the home of Early Dawn is Raleigh.

#### PASSING OF THE TABLE CLOTH

DINNERS, luncheons and teas without cloths for the table are not only permissible in fashionable society but are becoming all the style. The table is set upon the bare wood and napkins are the only linen goods visible. All natural woods are beautiful if well kept, and oak, walnut, ash or cherry will do perfectly if the scratches and stains which deface it are removed. Nor is this a difficult matter. A coat of brown shellae, a thorough rubbing once a week, with a purchased polish or with raw linseed oil with a few drops of turpentine and a daily polish with an oiled bit of flannel, will give a handsome table top. "Elbow grease" is the secret of a perpetual polish. Doilies are now so varied, so abundant and so pretty, prettier than any cloth, no matter how beautiful, as well as so much easier laundered, that there is small excuse for not dispensing with the large cloth. The best center piece for

everyday use is a hemstitched damask square. This will last fresh for a week, while more elaborate designs may be substituted for special occasions. Small doilies come in all sizes and at all prices, from the costly cobwebs of Mexican drawnwork and the exquisite Honiton lace ones to the inexpensive Honiton lace and linen or simple squares of hemstitched linen.

With a pretty centerpiece of flowers or ferns, not overelaborate and smacking of the conventional greenhouse designs, but with the individuality of the genuine flower lover shown in its simple arrangement, with plates, glasses, knives and forks set straight upon the polished wood, with crystal clear glass, bright silver and fresh napkins, no one need wish for a daintier or more attractive looking table.

# HOW HER LIEGE LORD DIED.

HALF the troubles of officials in general and fourth-class postmasters and postmistresses in particular have never been told. These, as well as officials of higher rank, are made at times to realize that the pathway of the public servant is not always strewn with primroses. The following complaint, which was recently filed against a western Pennsylvania postmistress, is but a sample of the vexations which beset official life in the country districts:

"I wan tell yo how old sogers' widows are treted by our redheded postmistres. She are only forth-class anyhow, and keeps a store, redinge all the postal cards and letters to which we can't get our papers tel she have teh same red herself. She reparts to the Pention Buru that my husben dide of devilment, which are a lye. He dide of army, an he was more piusser than our old, redheded postmistres."

# SENTENCED MANY TIMES.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, a former congressman from the State of Washington, has for a client Charles W. Nordstrom, of Seattle, who, on seven occasions, has been sentenced to be hanged. Nordstrom's case has gone to the State supreme court of Washington five times and to the United States supreme court three times. The case is now under consideration by the United States supreme court.

# CARNIVAL AND STREET FAIR.

HAD some visitor arrived in Elgin almost any evening of last week, not knowing what was on, he would have thought, that possibly he had arrived at Madville, or that the Asylum had broken loose and was celebrating. But it was only the Carnival and Street Fair, so-called, in blast. Now the average 'NOOKER is not, perhaps, very familiar with these things, and our business is to keep him up with the "doins'," wise and otherwise, and so we will tell it as we saw it, which was only from the outside.

In the first place a Carnival and a Street Fair, as far as it goes in fact, is not much of either one or the other. The people in business make up their minds that they must do something to liven up matters in the staid old 'burg in the shadow of Chicago, and so they meet and devise ways and means. cided to hold the Carnival and Fair, and then the very first thing is to take up a subscription in which every man supposed to be interested is to whack up all he can stand. Then arrangements are made with a traveling show combination of many tents and nickel extracting devices, from the Streets of Cairo to the Colored Americans, and they come, put up their tents, and the foreign attractions are in evidence. Booths are erected in the streets, fronting the pavement and there are articles of food and drink, and the usual assortment of gimcracks offered for sale. Here you can buy a Frankfurt sausage, and next you can get a drink of orange cider, the oranges being in sight in a pile beside the stuff you drink, or you can ride in the Ferris wheel, or take a short camelback ride on an animal that gets up and down in sections. If you are interested in ragtime music and alleged dancing the loud-mouthed "barker" outside informs you where it is, and he is not content with his stentorian lungs, but adds a megaphone to bellow through.

The carnival part of it is in the throwing of "confetti," finely cut paper to throw over the clothes and in the faces of people who pass, or tickling them with a bunch of feathers on a stick. The biggest crowd is in front of the moving picture show, and the Streets of Cairo where wicked dances are supposed to be, and

where the two camels and a bunch of burroare lying around for the benefit of those whe want to ride and squawk while doing so. There are also glass-blower shows, fortune telling tintypes and peanuts and cakes and coffee galore, also the fat man and the woman of avoirdupois. There is a confused murmur from the weaving, threading, pushing mob of people, all good-natured, and over all the squealing of barbaric music, and the mega phone calls of "Hurry-hurry-hurry!" And the Salvation Army is pegging away at its corner.

Now what good has it done? Well the street car people have made money, the crowd eats, and that means that the butchers and bakers have done some business, the bars have done well, and some things have been sold. Also the writer noticed that the storekeepers were mostly standing in their doorways, the people were in the street, and now the same old slabs of bacon, the barrel of mackerel and the ten cent gingham, does not seem to have diminished much for all of the show and noise. The outside show element probably exchanged their nickels and dimes for larger money, and took the big bills out of town, though every cent they took in stayed in the city. It seems all right, but there is also a weak spot somewhere that the reader can figure out for himself.

Now then the crowd will be back in their places, and the seller of things will realize that the take-in has gone off with the camels, and the people are feeling pretty much as people the world over do the morning after.

# LIVE TO A STURDY OLD AGE.

PRESIDENT Harrison's death suggests a general impression that the strain of his office shortens the life of the chief executive after he returns to the people. An examination of the records from the beginning of the republic down does not justify this assumption. On the contrary, it appears that during the early days of the nation, at least, the presidents were extremely long-lived. Those who had been through the revolutionary period, with the exception of the great Washington, all lived to a great age. Since then the age of our presidents at their deaths has been somewhat reduced, but

ne same is largely true of both business and ublic men who have been subjected to the train of the modern rate of life.

Of the twenty-three presidents who preceded lcKinley only four died during their term of fice. Of these two, Lincoln and Garfield, ere removed by the bullet of assassins, so that ney were not martyrs to their work, but lartyrs to the place itself. William Henry darrison, the grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, died in office just a month after he was laugurated. He was, however, 68 years old, exactly the age at which his grandson has laid own the burden of life. Zachary Taylor died fter being in office fifteen months, at the age felo.

Only three presidents have died during the dministration of their immediate successors. Vashington lived for two and a half years after ie retired from the presidency. James K. 'olk died inside of four months, and Chester A. Arthur within less than two years from the late of leaving the white house. Arthur were comparatively young men, the ormer being 54 and the latter 56. In 1861 Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln were all alive. It is notable that only our presidents, Lincoln, Garfield, Polk and Arthur, were less than threescore years at their leaths. Seven presidents, Washington, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Johnson and the two Harrisons, were between 60 and 70, and Mr. Cleveland is still alive at 64. Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Fillnore, Buchanan and Hayes exceeded the bibical period of three score years and ten.

The four veterans of the revolution, Jefferson, Madison, John Quency Adams and Van Buren, ived until they passed the mile post of four-score years. John Adams, who succeeded Washington in the presidency, remained in private life for twenty-five years, saw his son elected president, and finally died at 91. Sixteen out of the nineteen presidents who lived

through their terms were in private life for from six to twenty-five years before death overtook them, and the last ex-president to dig, Benjamin Harrison, was 68 years old and had been out of the white house eight years.

# CARTOONING THE PRESIDENT.

In one of the small towns near Toledo, is a young man, a mere boy, a clerk in a village store. He is a good boy, a favorite with all who know him, and so trustworthy that as a business man of the place remarked, "I would willingly entrust that boy with \$10,000 and know my money would be perfectly safe."

Last Friday afternoon another boy living in the village went to the store, and, of course, the first remark was about the shooting of the President.

"Well, he ought to be shot," said the young clerk. "What do you mean?" asked the other boy in amazement. "I say he ought to be shot," reiterated the clerk. "McKinley is nothing but Mark Hanna's dog and I can prove it," and down he went under the counter and brought out one of Hearst's newspapers in which the President was caricatured as an insignificant being, attached to Mark Hanna by means of a chain.

That good boy was falsely educated through the medium of villainous cartoons.

This is merely one instance. That there is a multitude of similar cases all over the country there is little doubt.

There is something abhorrent in holding up to ridicule the chief man of the greatest country on earth. It is a great wrong, not far removed from treason, to so cheapen the highest position in the world—Pictures are an educator, but that education may be for evil as well as for good. The artist's pencil can better be employed than in reviling the man chosen by the people for chief magistrate of the republic.



# WHEN IS ELECTION DAY?

In the theory of the Constitution, electors of President and Vice-President are State officers. Consequently every State may have its own peculiar customs and regulations concerning the meeting of the electors. But the electors must all meet and vote on a day specified by act of Congress, and the method of their certifying the result of the vote is also prescribed by national law. In practice the customs in the several States have gradually approached uniformity.

The electors having been chosen and having received certificates of election, usually assemble at the state-house on the Saturday before the election, and organize by the choice of a president and secretary. On the day fixed for the election they give their votes, and in most States they vote both by ballot and viva voce. The State in some cases provides elaborately engraved ballots, and as the elector drops his ballot in the box he uses some such form as this:

"I cast my vote for William McKinley, of Ohio, for President of the United States."

When the votes have been counted and the result has been declared, certificates are prepared, signed by each elector, and sealed securely. One of the certificates is sent by mail to the President of the Senate; one is transmitted to him by a messenger appointed for the purpose, who makes the journey to Washington in order to deliver it; the third copy is deposited with the judge of the district court for the district in which the electors assemble.

The law provides that the States may pass laws to verify the choice of electors, in case the result is contested; and it also establishes rules for settling disputes that may arise in connection with the counting of the votes. The count takes place on the second Wednesday in February.

#### MAN'S WILL WAS TATTOOED.

PERHAPS it was not parsimony, as his relatives alleged, that led a Mexican miser who recently died to tattoo his last will and testament upon his body. They allege that the decedent, named Moreche, in order to save the cost of pen, ink and paper, imprinted his will

indelibly upon his body with some red pit ment. When the old miser died his heirs protested against the burial of the body and pet tioned the court to have the remarkable "hi man document" admitted to probate. It was a knotty problem, but the court decided that copy should be made of the tattooed will, and that the copy should have the full effect of a original will. After the copy had been made the old miser was buried by his legatees, the original will being "filed for reference," as were.

This case is another instance of the imagnations of authors being realized in fact. I one of Rider Haggard's stories the plot hinge upon the existence of just such a tattooed wil only in the case of Rider Haggard's man th will was tattooed on his back because he washipwrecked and there were no pens, ink opaper handy for the drawing up of the "las will and testament." In the case of the Mexican miser the tattooed will could be reaseasily, and the copy of it was attested by fou witnesses before being admitted to probate.

# LIFE INSURANCE.

It is an interesting fact that, whatever the reason may be, life insurance is much more popular in the United States than in any other country. In proportion to their numbers the American people carry twice as much life in surance as the Britishers, five times as much as the Germans and eight times as much a the French.

This is partly explained by the large number of American policies issued to serve othe purposes than mere provision for the familie of the insured. The scope of what may be called business as distinguished from family insurance is constantly enlarging. A nove and interesting recent development of it is the insurance of the lives of Protestant ministers for large sums which are made payable a their deaths to their churches.

For every man who is worth a million there are thousands who are worth less.

Many a man has been hopelessly injured by the accidental discharge of his duty

# The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

# CHRIST ON FORGIVENESS.

BY ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE laws, which were given to Moses on fount Sinai, partook somewhat of the hardess of the tables of stone on which they were iscribed. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for tooth was the rule followed by the Israelites; hey were governed by a keen sense of justice their dealings with one another.

The twelve Cities of Refuge, with a highway eading to the gate of each city, were intended o shield those who had shed blood innocent-

y. For each one of the twelve tribes there was a city, and the one who had accidentally silled another could flee to one of these cities and so escape the vengeance of the one who ollowed him, to avenge the deed if possible, hat justice might be done.

When Jesus journeyed up and down through salilee, he taught the people. To make plain o them their duty to love and forgive unto he utmost, he showed clearly the awful results of one nature warring with another. Which one of us can live through one day without need of forgiveness? We do things hat are unfair, or unjust, or unkind, we say to each other words that wound and hurt, and if hose whom we have treated in this manner, esent the injuries and speak unkindly to us, then there are hard thoughts, and angry, bitter feelings on both sides. Jesus came to set all this aside. He brought a better rule and like two pictures he sketched the outline of the teaching of Moses and His own gospel of forgiveness. Moses said that when a man does you an injury you may pay him back the same coin, but I say when a man injures you, you must not only refrain from injuring him but you must do him a kindness, return good for evil. So plainly was the lesson taught, that the common people, who surrounded Him, wondered at the sweetness of such pardon, a full forgiveness, not an expiation but a forgetting of the fault.

Christ's teaching on forgiveness was emphatic and final. If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift

before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." We might reason that some great treasure, offered to the Lord, would surely be of more value in God's sight, than our retracing the way back to the brother we have offended. Among earth's richest treasures there is no gift valuable enough to atone for a hard thought cherished against a brother.

What a pitiless accusation was brought against the erring woman! The Pharisees knew that Jesus pitied and loved, where others hated, He encouraged, where others crushed, He forgave, where others condemned. So these men who were cowards at heart, and "a coward never forgives," brought the woman before Him hoping that merciful judgment would be a violation of their law and tradition. But the end of all their cruel plotting was the blessed message to the woman, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Her accusers had forgotten that he that cannot forgive others, "breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, for every man has need to be forgiven."

Another time He told them of a certain king who would take account of his servants. One was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had and payment to be made. servant therefore fell down and worshiped him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. We might think that the servant left his lord, and went to his daily task humbled, grateful and happy, ready to forgive every one who might be indebted to him, but Jesus said, the same servant went out and found one of his fellow-servants which owed him an hundred pence and he took him by the throat saying, "Pay me that thou owest" and though his fellow-servant fell at his feet and besought him to be patient and wait, promising that he would pay all, the servant would not be merciful, he would not forgive as he had been forgiven, but sent the man to prison. We may think that we would

do differently, but this story teaches us of what depth of ingratitude human nature is capable. If the fellow-servant had paid to the utmost farthing there would be nothing to forgive, it would have been a business transaction and not forgiveness. His lord asks, "Shouldest thou not also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?" Miserliness impoverishes, we grow poor in the Christian life, because we are miserly; only as we give do we have in Christ's kingdom. likewise shall my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." Some seem to abuse the freedom that God's bountiful love bestows upon them by acting unforgiving and unloving as this servant did. That is a sad way to live. The power of Jesus to forgive sin on earth, is measured by this power to make mankind forgiving or like God. you ever stop to think that every unforgiving thought as well as act, hurts the heart, hardens it, and tends to destroy as well as mar its joy? But if we forgive, our hearts grow better and the ' fiery trial " enriches us.

Where, in all literature, will we find anything else, so expressive of love and forgiveness as the wonderful parable of the Prodigal Son? Iesus told of his return home, in poverty, rags and disgrace. He had wandered. away from his father without any settled purpose, and those who loved him feared the final outcome, the return home was humiliating. But the father who saw him afar off was glad and commanded that a grand feast be spread and invited all his friends to rejoice with him. The burden of his heart was removed, his lost son was found and the father's heart perceived that he would never wander away again, so the father was ready to forgive, he had written his wrongs in ashes, and they did not mar his son's homecoming. sometimes wondered what the older brother would have done, if the younger son had come home a wealthy, successful man; we believe that he would have complained about something, because he had a hard, jealous, unforgiving spirit which like a black shadow brooded over everything. But the father's love could forgive the wasteful journey, the misspent money and the vanished days.

Forgive as we forgive is the rule of life Peter, who was learning of Jesus, said, "Lor how oft shall my brother sin against me and forgive him? till seven times?" He felt the that would be very magnanimous. How ide it must have seemed to him when Jesus sai "Until seventy times seven." Very the disciples perceived the truth that 'tl power of love and forgiveness is the stronge in the world. No cord or cable can draw forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with single thread. Jesus taught unlimited forgive ness, and the roads leading to the open gatof the Cities of Refuge are covered with rul bish and almost forgotten. The love of lesu which passeth all knowledge, makes it eas for us to forgive seventy times seven times.

Covington, Ohio.

# TOMB OF AN ANCIENT KING.

The grave of a king or chieftain who we buried at Seddin, in Russian West Priegnits 3,000 years ago, has been carefully excavate and many bronze objects added to the providicial museum in consequence. There are beate and cast bowls, iron pins, rings and knives abbronze, necklaces with enameled beads at bronze tubes and other objects belonging to the bronze age. About the large tumulus ther had always hovered the tradition that a kin was buried in a triple coffin. When examine it was found to conceal a nine-cornered vau

In this rude tomb was a gigantic vase of pottery, and within the vase was a box of gilde bronze, having a lid of the same metal, the bo decorated with small knobs. The tradition sai: three coffins and proved correct. In the bo were the remains of a man 30 or 40 years old whose body had been burned. No inscriptio was found, and the only means of determining the age of the interment is the style of bronz objects and vase. German antiquarians believ that it belongs to a very early Teutonic race i northern Germany which practiced cremation a race that was succeeded by a Slavic people who in turn were driven out very generally by the modern German tribes. It is not a little remarkable that the farming population of Prussia is tending again to Slavs. The Ger man-speaking people are emigrating or moving into the cities and manufacturing towns.



#### COOK BOOK TALK.

THERE are some few who do not know how hey are going to get the Cook Book, and for heir benefit we explain as follows:

Wall every subscriber get a Cook Book?

Yes, everybody who subscribes and pays for the INGLENOOK.

What is the price of the Cook Book, alone?

It is not sold at all. It goes with the Ingle 500k, and no other way

If I subscribe can I have the ING ENOUR sent me, and the C or Book to as their

Ye , you can have it that way.

I have two daugaters and I want to have them each get a Cook Book. How stall I proceed:

You can subscribe for them, or you can subscribe for the magazine for two years for yourself, and have the two Cook Books sent them.

Must I wat it any tine rips out before subscribt g and getting the Cook Book?

Certainly not. Subscribe now, remit your dollar, have your subscription set forward a year, and the Cook Book will be sent you at once.

The true inwardness of the whole matter is in subscribing for the INGLENOOK, sending on the price, and getting the Book sent to you the same day, or to whomsoever you order it sent. By the time you read this it will be ready, and the sooner you take the matter up the sooner it will be completed. Considering the value of the magazine, and the unusual character of the Cook Book it would be eminently the right thing to have it as widely diffused as possible. Speak to your friends about it, and have them subscribe.

#### OYSTER PATTIES.

ONE-half pint cream or mill, one half tablespoonful cornstarch, one-half tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Heat one dozen large oysters in their own liquor and drain: boil milk and add flour and butter rubbed smooth, stir until it boils and add oysters. Put two oysters in each pattie. For the patties take rich puff paste and have two sizes of biscuit cutters. Cut out with the larger and with the smaller cut about half way through and put in the oven and bake. Remove from the fire and with a sharp knife remove the inner circle which will be partly raw, as the cut acts as a non-conductor of heat. Place these pieces in a hot oven where they will quickly brown. When done add the prepared oysters and serve at once.

#### PROPER WAY TO IRON FLANNELS.

Flannels should never be rolled up damp, and consequently, when they are ironed a damp cloth should be spread over them, and the ironing done over it until the wrinkles, if there be any, are pressed out. Embroidered edges should be laid on flannel and ironed on the wrong side, if the very best effect is desired. The ironing of flannels is facilitated by taking them off the line while they are still a trifle damp, shaking them well and ironing them at once

MILDEW is easily removed by rubbing or scraping a little common yellow soap on the article and then a little salt and starch upon that. Rub all well and place it in the sunshine.

#### BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

THREE pints buckwheat flour, three cups warm milk, one and one-half cups warm water, three tablespoons wheat flour, one teaspoon salt, two cups yeast. Mix in the evening, the flour, yeast and salt with warm milk and water, mix thoroughly, cover and let rise over night. Next morning the top of mixture should be full of bubbles. The griddle should be medium hot, so as to bake slow enough to bake through. With sour batter add some soda; if too thick, add a little warm water.

# ANGEL FOOD.

WHITES of eleven eggs beaten very light. One tumbler of flour sifted seven times before it is measured; one and one-half tumblers of granulated sugar sifted seven times: one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. To the beaten whites add the sifted sugar and stir in gently; then add vanilla and then sift in together the flour and cream of tartar. Bake forty-five minutes in an ungreased pan in a very moderate oven. The oven should not be opened for fifteen minutes. With this cake baking is making.

# DEVIL'S FOOD.

One-quarter pound of chocolate shaved fine, and melt in dish of boiling water. One and one-half cups of light brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, yolks of eight eggs, or four whole eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, two cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda. Add chocolate and bake in four layers. Put together with white icing.

# \* \* DOUGHNUTS.

ONE coffeecup full of sour milk, one coffeecup full of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolve in a little of the milk; add nutmeg and salt, mix soft. Fry in hot lard.

# SOFT GINGER BREAD.

ONE cupful of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one of sour milk, three eggs, two tea-

spoonfuls of soda, and one and one-half to blespoonfuls of ginger, four cupfuls of floud Bake in a moderate oven.

# SPONGE CAKE.

Six eggs, weight of the eggs in sugar, one half the weight of the eggs in flour, juice and rind of one lemon, beat the yolks and sugalight. Add rind and juice of lemon and ad one-half the flour and beaten whites of eggs beat five minutes, then add remainder of flour and eggs. Bake forty-five minutes.

## CHICKEN SANDWICHES FOR PICNICS.

MINCE the meat from a cold roast fowl, ad a little ham, also minced; add the yolk of four hard boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of oil, little mustard and vinegar, salt and pepper traste; stir all well together, spread the mix tures between slices of thin bread and butter.

# A CEMENT FOR GLASSWARE.

A good and almost invisible cement fo mending glassware may be made by mixin five parts gelatine and one part of a solutio of acid chromate of lime. Cover the broke edges with this mixture, press them firmly to gether and let dry and harden in the sunlight This treatment renders the cement imperviou to hot or boiling water.

SILK pocket handkerchiefs should be washe by themselves. Put them to soak in colwater for an hour or two; then wash their water, soaping them as they are washed. If the stains have not then disappeared, was through a second water of the same description. When finished, they should be rinsed it cold, soft water in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved; then rinse again it water containing a little bluing.

MATTING should be washed with salt and water and wiped dry at once with a coars flannel cloth. If the matting is a dirty whit wash it with a weak solution of soda whic will turn it a creamy shade. Never scrub matting.

# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Ост. 19, 1901.

No. 42.

#### FACE PICTURES.

WE write our lives upon our faces, deep, An autograph which they will always keep. Thoughts cannot come and leave behind no trace Of good or ill; they quickly find a place Where they who will may read as in a book, The hidden meaning of our slightest look.

Reach for the things above—to those who climb, Steps ne'er are wanting; ever the sublime Allures us onward, and our lives will be Just what we make them, to eternity. What they now are the face will surely show Like the foot-prints on a field of untrod snow.

Time deepens all the lines or dark or fair— Lines carved by grief or chiseled deep by care. Thoughts into actions very quickly grow; Actions are seeds which everyone must sow. They reap the richest harvest of good deeds, Who sow but loving words, most precious seeds.

#### NURSES TAKE AN OATH.

THE New York school for nurses has recently made an innovation that has taken the graduates by surprise and caused no end of comment. Upon graduating each nurse is required to take the following obligation:

"You do solemnly swear, each by whatever she holds most sacred,

"That you will be loyal to the physicians under whom you serve, as a good soldier is loyal to his officers.

"That you will be just and generous to all worthy members of your profession, aiding them when it will be in your power to do so.

"That you will live your lives and lead your profession in uprightness and honor.

"That into whatsoever house you shall enter in it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power, and that you will hold yourselves aloof from all temptation.

"That whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men and women, whether they be your patients or members of their households, you will keep inviolably secret, whether you are in other households or among your own friends."

This oath was first administered last week at the annual commencement exercises of the school, held in the chapel of the city hospital on Blackwell's island, and there was a buzz of favorable comment from the physicians and and others who were present, for the oath, which was administered by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, who is chairman of the advisory board of the school and presented the diplomas, came as a surprise to all.

"As you all know, doubtless," began Mrs. Jones, "a physician who graduates from a reputable medical school takes upon his graduation what is known as the 'oath of Hippocrates.' I will ask you to listen to a version of the Hippocratic oath, modified to suit your profession, and, when you have heard it, to accept its obligations and to observe them faithfully."

Mrs. Jones then delivered the oath, saying in conclusion:

"If you, accept these obligations let each one bow the head in sign of acquiescence. And now, if you shall be true to your word may prosperity and good repute be ever yours; the opposite if you shall prove yourselves forsworn."

At the appropriate period in Mrs. Jones' address each member of the graduating class, which numbered thirty-eight young women, lowered her head as directed.

The class was divided into two sections, and the leaders of these in meritorious work in the training school received their diplomas last.

ELECTRIC windlasses are now being used to load and discharge cargoes by steamship lines.

#### A DUCK FARM.

In various parts of Chicago, well within the city limits, all branches of farming are carried on at one point and another. Here on one farm fine crops of hay are raised, at another celery is grown, at another fine cabbages are produced and so on. But produce belonging to the vegetable kingdom is not all that is grown on the Chicago farms. Down in the sparsely settled countryside near Seventy-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue there is a duck farm, where hundreds and hundreds of ducks and a goodly number of chickens are raised for the markets.

Chatham Fields farm is the name of the duck nursery. On the farm are in the neighborhood of 2,000 ducks. When all of the 2,000 join in a chorus of "quacks" they raise a racket that can be heard for miles over the surrounding country. The farm comprises over 150 acres of land and the whole of it is devoted to the ducks and chickens Probably the most striking thing about the farm is the lack of a duck pond. All these ducks know about water is that it is good to drink, for not one of them has ever known the pleasure of a social swim. Someone intimated that if one of the ducks of this farm were thrown into a tub of water he would drown for lack of experience in using his web feet. It was once suggested that the reason there was no natatorium on the farm for the fowl was because of a fear that they might exercise so much, if they had one, that they would toughen their muscles to such an extent that they would have to be sold for old ducks on the market. The farm hands, however, assert this proposition is absurd and that there is no pond simply because nature did not happen to arrange one on the farm.

The ducks are all hatched in incubators and no duckling ever gets to know its own mother. There are a score or so of incubators in use and their annual product is somewhere in the neighborhood of 25,000 or 30,000 ducklings, almost all of which are raised to duckhood. Few duck farms in the entire country raise more fowl than this number in a year. Nearly all of the ducks are sent east, very few of them finding their way to the Chicago market.

"The reason the ducks are sent east is because westerners are not yet educated up to eating them very much," said the foreman of the farm. "You see, we can get five or six cents a pound more down there than we can here, and of course the farm will sell its fowls where it can get the most money for them. It costs more money to raise ducks than it does chickens, but I think the difference is more than made up in the extra weight of the former. A chicken ten weeks old will weigh about a pound and a half or two pounds, while a duck the same age will weigh about three or four pounds, just twice as much, you see. About the right time to eat either ducks or chickens is when they are ten weeks old. We kill and dress the fowls for the market right here on the farm. We kill them, remove the feathers. pack them in barrels with a little ice and then ship them to New York. The birds are never drawn. If they were the easterners would not Neither do we remove the heads have them. or feet. The feathers are taken off and that is all."

On the farm the chicken and duck houses are long, low structures built of wood. The chicken-house has rooms, but the duck-house has none, as ducks simply squat down on the ground to take their night's repose. Between the old ducks and the young ones there are no social relations whatever. The young ones never see the old ones until they are grown up and of sufficient age to enter duck society. The broodhouse for the care of the young is removed from the house occupied by the older ones. The floor of the house is divided up into squares by long boards about ten inches wide.

The little ducks just out of the shell are put in the first division. When they are two weeks old they are removed up to the second division, the third week to the third and so on until they are ready to kill. When the ducklings are two weeks old and ready to be moved to the second division a second brood has been hatched out in the incubators, and it is brought in and put in the division just vacated by the first brood. Then a third brood comes on, then another and another, and so on the rotation is kept up, each brood moving along a week at a time until it meets the ax. At this time of year the ducks are not laying and no broods of ducklings occupy the nursery. With the coming of spring the laying begins and shortly fterward the divisions of the house will be full

Ings are put in the incubators in three layers, each of which is held between two screens, which are framed and which are provided with brooden strips for holding the rows of eggs in flace. The eggshell touches both the lower not upper screen. Every night and morning he attendant pulls out each layer of eggs and urns the double screen over, thus giving the eggs the necessary turning. An oil lamp upplies the heat, which is constantly kept at bout the same point as the temperature of the plood. In twenty-one days the ducks generally pop out of their shells and begin the enjoyment of the short life allotted them on the Chatham cields farm.

# A BOY MESSENGER.

A LITTLE messenger boy in London showed such unusual ability and faithfulness in his laily work last winter that one of his employers wagered that he could cross the Atlantic alone, carry letters to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, deliver them and, returning on the same ship, bring the answer back to London, with no other instructions than those given to him at starting. So prompt, his employer contended, he would be, that he would beat the Transatlantic mails.

The wager was taken and early the next morning the little lad, who was but thirteen, and who never before had been out of London, started for Southampton and boarded the "St. Louis," bound for America. Hearrived in New York and immediately after landing had delivered his first letter and taken a receipt for it. He was a picturesque figure in his uniform and with his tiny hat on one side of his head. In two hours he left New York for Chicago, where he delivered his letter and started to return the same day. He accomplished his errand in Philadelphia and reached New York in time to go home on the "St. Louis."

The oddity of his errand attracted attention and the American messenger boys and reporters waited for him at every turn. But there was something more in the boy and in his success,—something worth the notice of every lad who, too, hopes to succeed in life.

Little Jaggers had a clear head and quick

perceptions, but was not in the least "smart" or sharp or pushing. He was a modest, gentle lad, extremely courteous, with a low, quiet voice, answering every kindness with a delighted laugh; but he kept to his duty as loyally as any soldier who won the Victoria cross.

Another secret of his success and of the favor he received was his lack of vanity and his calmness. He did not hurry or swagger, but went on quietly about his business. The third secret was his politeness. The American messenger boys were astonished when he stood at attention and touched his cap when he was addressed. But in consequence of these qualifications no one met the little English boy who did not become his friend and try to do something to make his task easy. Difficulties vanished before him.

"I have had much kindness shown to me," he said, "and many happy sayings have been spoken to me. My mother will be glad to hear them."

When the modest little fellow sailed away, faithful, boyish, yet well-mannered, some of the people who noticed him wondered if the old mother country did not possess something which the rest of the world might well envy her.

# HER STOMACH WAS DIZZY.

A LITTLE Roslindale girl who recently returned with her parents from a trip by boat down in Maine was telling her grandma of the pleasures of her outing and her experience on the steamboat on the night of her return.

In answer to the question if she was seasick the little girl replied: "Well, you know the boat went up and down and sideways and lots of people were sick. I wasn't sick at all; only my stomach got dizzy."

# TO CHECK PROFANITY.

CURSE cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets and whenever they hear bad language present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. Nearly 40,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland alone.

#### SEEDS AND HOW TO CARE FOR THEM.

BY AN ELGIN SEEDSMAN.

SEEDS for garden and farm are grown with great care, in order that the different sorts are not mixed, or not sown side by side of other vegetables or grains of the same species.

The reader has perhaps had experience in this line in buying cabbage seed that the cabbage did not head, or turnips that grew all to foliage. This same thing is true of radishes, ruta-bagas, cauliflower and many other things of the cabbage kind. This same thing is true of sweet corn or field corn, oats, wheat and other field grains. Not enough care is taken by the farmers, market, or other gardeners, to see that all the different sorts of vegetables, grains, or of whatever nature the produce may be, are so divided that the early sweet corn will not mix with the late, or perhaps the cabbage with the turnip.

It is for this reason that every up-to-date farmer or market gardener changes his seed every other year, if they do make any attempts to raise their own seed, and if they do not, the variety will run out and be a poor yielder or the quality bad.

You may, perhaps, wonder at the above statement, but it is true. A great many seed firms would like to have you think, and do make the statement and try to impress the reader that they grow their own seed, which, however, is not true, and if true does not do them any credit, for, as the reader is perhaps aware, some localities are specially adapted to raise certain seeds.

As a matter of fact, seventy-five per cent of all best seeds are grown in Northern Germany. Holland grows nearly all cabbage seed, while Denmark, Norway and Sweden grow turnips, ruta-bagas, cauliflower, etc. In these countries are also large seed houses and the firms have their seed raised by different responsible farmers. For instance, one farmer raises nothing but one particular beet seed, his next neighbor raises perhaps carrots or onion seed. The seeds are in all cases supplied by the house or firm that they are growing the seed for, a great deal the same as in this country.

The different localities in this country are also differently adapted to the raising of seeds.

It is not generally known that sweet corn seed is principally grown in Connecticut and this is done to protect its flavor. If sweet corn seed were raised in Illinois for two or three successive years it would then lose its sweet flavor, but in appearance it would be the same. A great many seeds, however, are grown in localities that are not adapted for some and are offered for sale, which naturally must give poor crops. One should always insist on northern grown seeds, as they will mature earlier in a more southern climate, and should buy seeds of such dealers as you have the utmost confidence in, as the failure of crops means a great deal to you.

# WHEN YOU WRITE.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

The people who write and get into print are many. Those who write and fail to get in are many more. There's some sort of rhyme and reason to all of this, and let us look for it. There is hardly a person who has not either tried it, or hopes to, and the interested readers of this screed will be helped, if they heed.

Now at the very outset if you were a farmer, and had a lot of turnips to sell, it would not be good business to canvass the jewelry dealers of the town for customers, or if you made firebrick it would not be a happy thought to try to sell at a grocery store. You might sell occasionally, but it would be a whole lot more advantageous to work the dealers in whatever commodity you have to dispose of. And this is true of your literary wares. Look at the stuff going to make up the 'Nook. It is light, entertaining and instructive. Now if you have a technical article on bridge building and send it to the Inglenook the Editor will read just far enough to see that it is neither light, entertaining nor instructive to the ordinary 'Nook-ER and he'll nail it in its pigeon-hole coffin quicker than a flash. If you sent an engineering publication, a religious article it will not be printed. These articles are round pegs in square holes,-they don't fit, never will, and can't be made to. Simple as this fact is it is ignored by three-fourths of those who write.

Now, the thing to do is to ask the editor in a letter whether he wants such and such an ar icle. If he does he'll say so, tell you how he wants it and how much of it he wants. Then you are all right. If he doesn't want it he'll say so and likely give his reasons. And this will save you the trouble of writing and sending on your screed, and will also prevent 'landgwidges' on both sides. Sending an insolicited and unsuited article to a magazine s like the grocery man's driving up to the pouse, dumping out ten pounds of prunes and arruping his horse into a gallop away. If he inds his goods in the ash barrel it is what he night expect.

One of the things the average man and woman is apt to believe is that there is a ring hat gets into print and that unless they are one of them they are kept down unjustly Don't you believe it! The Editor is sitting ip nights waiting for genius to come out of the jushes. If you discover yourself in that light the editor, instead of putting the bushel over you he will set you on it for the whole world to admire. And what's more you have is good a right at a try as anybody else. Moreover, if you think it is in you, it is your luty to let it out. And by the same token the NOOKMAN will burn the midnight oil, the same being a bunch of incandescents, in helping vou to succeed. The 'Nook isn't searching or length, but for strength, and your name nay be Kipling or McGinnis, if what you have n hand is entertaining and instructive you are sure of its being run through the linotype or of its equivalent.

And as the old Deacon might say, gather n the wanderings of your mind for a last word: when you write for the 'Nook, don't preach! That's all right—in its place, in its place, but the 'Nook is not a religious paper, in the technical sense. It is a medium for clean, wholesome, mental refreshment, a magnine to pick up when you draw up to the evening lamp and, reading, find in it somehing of interest you didn't know before. And fany of you know anything you think to be of that class, out with it, lest neglectful and stingy habits take possession of you. We're waiting on you, now.

THE German postal authorities are considerng the idea of forcing the use of envelopes of certain sizes.

#### WOMEN RIGIDLY TABOOED.

THERE is a promontory on the coast of Macedonia where no fewer than twenty monasteries are located. The place is known as "the mountain of the monks" and for many years the soil has been sacred to the male sex, no woman having been permitted to cross its borders. Here, far from the madding crowd, beyond the influence of modern surroundings, of distracting pomp and hollow vanities, ascetics dwell apart from their fellows. In this community there is a town, called Carves, which bears considerable resemblance to the thrifty villages of our own country. There are business streets lined with little shops and bazaars, filled with busy customers, coppersmiths plying their trade, fruiterers offering their wares, all apparently moving along much as we are. But there is never the swish of a skirt, never a woman's face is seen. There are no maidens. no cooing infants, no mischievous little rascals to annoy the fruiterer by pilfering his tempting wares, no busy little mothers nursing their dollies in front of the door.

According to the superstitious belief it was the Virgin Mary herself who forbade this spot to women. One of the monasteries contains a mysterious image which is very precious in the eyes of the members of the Greek church. The legend runs that one day the image or picture of the Virgin called to the Empress Pulcheria as she was going to her devotions, saying: "What do you, a woman, here? Depart from this church, for woman's feet shall no more tread this floor." The empress obeyed the injunction, although she had greatly en riched and beautified the building.

Since that day no woman or female animal has lived on the promontory. Only the birds of the air have broken the order, but this is unavoidable. The good brethren, however, do their utmost to see that the wish of their heavenly patron is not disregarded, and when a fowl is served on their tables only the cockerel is permissible.

26 26

A seven-story building in Chicago has just been raised with jacks twenty-one and a half feet without cracking a pane of glass or injuring a wall.

#### A COUNTRY CREAMERY.

A FAMILIAR sign in provision stores and groceries is "Choice Creamery Butter," but it is doubtful if one person in a thousand in the bustling city ever stops to think how "creamery butter" and "creamery cheese" are made, or to inquire where they come from.

In the western States most of the creameries are located at county seats. The plants cost from \$2,000 to \$5,000. They are usually owned and run by stock companies, and, generally speaking, they yield handsome returns on the money invested.

A creamery building is a long, low, onestory wooden structure, and is built in proximity to the intersection of several roads, so as to be comparatively easy of access to dairymen.

The front end of the building skirts the edge of the main road, and attached to the building is a platform the height of the average wagon used to carry milk, and the opening to the creamery is about as large as one of the sliding doors on a freight car. On the platform scales have been built, having a large tin vessel holding about 600 pounds of milk. From this vessel, technically known as the "receiver," pipes lead into the creamery.

As early as 6 o'clock in the morning the milk wagons begin to arrive and there is a steady stream of them most of the time from 6: 30 until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. In fine weather the drivers are usually women, the men folk being busy on the farms. No time is lost in unloading the cans, each holding seventy pounds or about eight gallons of sweet milk. An employe empties the milk into the receiver, the self-registering dial of the scales showing the weight. The bookkeeping at this stage is simple, the name and numbers of the patron and the exact weight of the milk being put down.

In the main building near the receiving door is what is called the "receiving vat," which holds 6,500 pounds of milk, highly polished pipes being used to convey the milk from the receiving vessels to the receiving vat. In front of this large vat is the "temperer" for regulating the temperature of the milk. It is fitted up with revolving vessels, and when the milk runs out of them into the "separator" it regis-

ters from 59 to 61 degrees. The temperer i heated by steam pipes fed from a large boile and filled by a small engine.

Next to the temperer is the separator, tha wonderful bit of Swedish ingenuity and skil It looks for all the world like a ship's capstar in shape and size. Pipes lead from the temperer to the separator. The seperator revolves with intense rapidity, making 6,50 complete revolutions a minute, humming the while like a big top, now in one key and not in another.

Into the separator the milk goes by way of a funnel, and a moment later the cream come out of a hole about as large as the small end of an old-fashioned clay-pipe stem, and the skim milk comes out of another hole the size of a pencil. Two tin spouts lead from the separator, one carrying the pure cream to wat holding 5,000 pounds, or 400 gallons, and the other spout carrying the skim milk to an other vat of the same size. Here the system of pipes ends.

At the end of twenty-four hours the crean is placed in a large square churn which revolves in a frame. The churn resembles th box frame and fancifully painted canvas a some of the smaller-sized delivery wagons used in the large cities. The opening in the churn is about two and one-half feet square. When the churn is nearly filled with cream the power is turned on, and the big box revolves swiftly You edge out of the way. You have a premonition that something is going to burst. The man who attends to this department reassuringly says: "Don't get skeered; she'll come is a jiffy!"

"She" is the butter, and in twenty-eight and three-quarter minutes by the watch 30 pounds of golden butter is weighed, packed into crocks or made up into one, two, three-four or five pound patties in divers shapes, a pleasing to the eye.

There seems to be a good deal more fluid i the skim-milk vat than there was in the creat vat, but you say to yourself that appearance are probably deceitful. Your surmise, how ever, is correct. There is more fluid in the vat than there was in the other, but it does not weigh as much, measure for measure, by good deal.

Here men are getting ready to make cheese. The steam-pipes beneath the vat are heavily charged with steam. In a little while the milk begins to curdle. Then it is cooked—that is, still more steam is applied. Then it is mixed" with paddles, colored a trifle and "stacked up" in the center of the vat. The "stack" looks like a plow ridge, and it is of about the same width and consistency.

By this time the whey has been mainly worked out of the milk, but some still remains, so after the mass has been further "prepared" it goes to the "curdler" and "grinder." This machine resembles the box in which a country miller's grinding-stones revolve. In the bottom there are six sieves, and in the center there is an upright shaft. Outside of the box there is another upright shaft connected with the first by a cross-bar. Between the shafts there revolve a number of prongs. On top there is a "receiver," shaped like a flour-mill hopper. The contents of the vat is put in the hopper, the machinery is started, and after the mass has been turned one way, clawed by the prongs and the rake attachment and pounded by the paddles and squeezed through the sieves the product is cheese.

Now what are called "hoop steels" are used. As the name implies, they are made of steel. They look like an ordinary cheese-box without the head, only much deeper. The hoop steels are perforated and lined with cheese cloth. They are filled with the product of the grinder, and then covered with another piece of cloth. Then the mass is heavily pressed, squeezing out the remaining whey and condensing the curd.

Six sizes of cheese are made and two qualities - sweet-milk cheese and skim-milk cheese. At this creamery the average wholesale price of sweet-milk cheese is 9 cents a pound and of skim-milk cheese about 7 cents.

The cheese is now taken to the "curing" and "drying" room, where there are tiers of shelves built somewhat like the racks in use for drying tobacco. If you like a well-seasoned cheese, made of pure, sweet milk, you will have to wait six weeks before you can take it out of this department. If you leave it seven weeks, so much the better. Great

care has to be taken that the cheeses receive plenty of fresh air of an even temperature.

After drying the cheeses are boxed and the name of the maker and the weight is branded on the covers. Chicago and St. Louis are leading markets.

Of course the product of every creamery is larger in the pleasant months than when the weather is extremely cold or extremely hot. An ordinary creamery will take in yearly about 1,500,000 gallons of sweet milk, the gross product from which will average 55,000 pounds of butter and 66,000 pounds of cheese. The standard is four pounds of butter to every 100 pounds of sweet milk, and the average price paid to the farmer dairyman for standard tested milk is a fraction less than 70 cents for 100 pounds. In March last the price was 64 cents. For "gilt-edged" creamery butter the farmer dairyman receives an average of 21 cents the year around, the price being the lowest when pasture is abundant and highest in midwinter.

The plant in the creamery visited cost \$4,500, the building and lot \$1,500 more. The force comprises a manager, who is the practical man and the working head of the concern, and two helpers. The stockholders have netted more than 10 per cent on their investment. Patrons, stockholders or non-stockholders, realize more for their milk than they did when every farmer was his own cheesemaker and his wife the chief buttermaker, and they are saved the labor, worry and risk of failure.

A creamery is kept scrupulously clean. Every utensil, vat and piece of machinery is thoroughly scoured with boiling water and drenched with scalding steam before a "run." The first thing that catches the eye at the outside door is this request: "Please clean your shoes before entering."

One of the most interesting departments of a creamery is the testing-room. Here a sample of every consignment of milk received is tested once a week, and the owner is paid for the actual butter and cheese making properties his milk contains. It is true that milk is weighed at the receiver, but the chemical analysis made in the testing-room determines the amount of money each dairyman is to be paid.

An ignorant, dishonest dairyman, who waters his milk, may imagine that the increased quantity or bulk will bring him proportionately larger returns, but he fools himself only. The tester, like the separator, never errs and its decision is final. A tablespoonful of water is as readily detected in an eight-gallon can of milk as is the breath of a patient in extremity on the hospital physician's mirror.

#### ABOUT YOUR COMING BOOK.

When a man who has been counted one of the successful authors of the day was asked how much a popular book was worth to the writer he replied that it was a good deal like the old problem of how many needles full of thread does it take 'to make a shirt. pends on the length of the thread, on the degree of popularity of the book, and then some other things. A-great many brilliant and steadily popular writers hesitate about undertaking the publication of books simply because there is an element of uncertainty in the venture that does not comport with the ideas of the man who wants a safe and regular income for his family. Of course, the publishers say, when the author is certain of his audience, when he has a name and a book that is certain to command attention his remuneration is as well assured as in any other commerical undertaking. When measured by the standard of other occupations, where there is practically no investment except the time, brain and energy, the remuneration of the successful author is reasonably good.

Aside from the phenomenally successful books of fiction, taking this class as an illustration, it is considered about what a reasonable man would expect if a book of a popular author sells up to 50,000. This seems to be a point which publishers and writers have come to look upon as the limit of ordinary books, even of the first-class authors. Why there should be a fixed point where a book ceases to sell is a question that publishers do not go into, but the fact of a sort of Hercules pillar in literature is taken for granted. The great ocean of popularity beyond this is only to be sailed by the exceptionally favored craft launched under conditions that bring them luck.

The usual compensation of the author is ten per cent of the gross receipts from the sale of the book. Sometimes the publisher makes a contract for the purchase outright at a lump As a careful business man, he has to make this such a sum as from past experience and his conception of the "taking" quality of the matter can reasonably be expected to be returned in profits over and above his expenditures. As the ordinary book will sometimes not sell more than 1,500 or 2,000 copies the ten per cent of the selling price to the retailer may be taken as the average amount the author is likely to get from the publisher. If the book made a hit and the comparatively unknown author, who was compelled to take his lump sum, sees it running up into the thousands and then jumping to the 100,000 mark, may be he has something of the same feeling which weighs down the Board of Trade man who has sold out when the corn price was getting ready to take a flight among the clouds. He has mistaken the market, that is all, and the publishers say that there is no commodity in which dealing can be done that is so liable to disappoint the dealer as is books. The greatest of successes have been scored by authors who have made a proper study of the "market," or, in other words, the literary tendency of the public taste, and written books which appealed to the sentiment of the time. The author is too apt to catch the changing and erratic tendency of the reading public too late to float his work on the floodtide, and a really good piece of work may be left on the shelves when it would have sold so fast as the presses could have run off the sheets a few months earlier,

Fiction readers who at one time greedily devour historical novels grow tired of the one kind of mental pabulum and then the historical novel becomes a drug. Sometimes one really well-written book strikes the popular fancy and supplies the craved-for newness in subject, and others following in the same line profit thereby. Publishers and critics attribute to this fact of timeliness, in getting out a second book of a class that has become popular, a great deal of the success of "Eben Holden," which followed "David Harum." This book sold rapidly to the 250,000 mark. "John Ward," following in the same line as "Robert Elsmere," had a

much larger sale than it probably would have had at another time.

Some of the well-known and popular authors can depend upon large sales of whatever they put out over their names. Crawford, Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page. and others of that class, can depend on a sale of 75,000 to 100,000, and this would net royalties of goodly proportions. Mrs. Ward for "Eleanor" got for serial rights, it is said, \$20,000, and then the novel in book form sold up to 60,000, making it a profitable piece of work for her.

A publisher undertakes the burden of putting the book on the market, and one part of the expense attached to this is the advertising. It is, as Barnum used to say, "letting the people know what you have to sell." If a book goes up to the 5,000 mark—that is, sells that many copies-the publisher considers it worth advertising. If he is doubtful about its reaching this figure in the first place he is not apt to risk any money on this branch of the work. The advertising of an already popular work adds largely to its sale, of course, and if it gets up to where the first 10,000 are sold promptly it can be counted on to go to the 50,000 limit. That makes a paying venture for both publisher and writer, and if the latter was not well known before, it makes for him something that is worth more than he gets out of the book and which enables him to get a ready sale for the next one he has to offer.

#### BEST IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

"Up to fifteen years ago," said an optician, four-fifths of all the finer spectacles used were made in France. In the past six or eight years French spectacles have been largely supplanted by American glasses, which are now sold even in France.

"American spectacles are now easily the best in the world, and their superiority is due to the same characteristics that mark so many American manufactured productions—namely, adaptability to their use, good workmanship, uniformity and interchangeability of parts. There have been made in this country great improvements in the special machinery with which the spectacles are made, so that the parts are produced with precision.

"You will see an increasing number of signs saying that spectacles can be mended while you wait. This can be done with these finely made American spectacles. You break a bow, for instance, of your steel spectacles and any one out of a thousand bows of the same style will fit in place of it.

"American spectacles may not be the cheapest produced in the world, but they are certainly the best, and a good proportion of the population of the world that uses glasses now looks through spectacles of American manufacture.

"We pay much more attention to our eyes in this country now than we formerly did. There are many more oculists here than there formerly were, and many more skilled opticians. And of people who ought to wear glasses, including, for instance, children, a greater proportion now than ever before do wear them.

"I dare say that a third of the spectacles now made in this country are exported, and our exports of these goods are all the time in-We sell spectacles in China, in creasing. Australia and New Zealand, in South America and South Africa, and some, as I said, in France, and more or less of them in Germany and other countries of continental Europe. Large numbers of American spectacles are sold in Great Britain. I guess you would find that shipments of such goods from here to England are made as often as weekly. I imagine that there are now worn in England and in Scotland more spectacles of American than any other manufacture."



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### IT'S SKUNK HUNTING TIME.

The coming full moon will be the time for hunting skunks in eastern Maine, and about 100 of the unemployed countrymen will take dogs, and, going out to the meadows where the fat grasshoppers are asleep, will select their game by the aid of the moon's rays and will kill and skin all of the dark-colored skunks they can find, leaving those of a lighter complexion to survive the winter as best they can and bring up a new brood for next fall's killing.

Fashion in furs regulates the price of skunk skins. Three years ago the coat of a dark skunk was worth from \$2.50 to \$3, and there were not enough to supply the demand. Since then the muskrat has supplanted the skunk as the wearer of a profitable skin, and only the very choicest of skunk pelts sell for \$2 this season. But when there are from ten to a dozen fat skunks to be had on every acre of meadow land, when a hardwood club is the only weapon required in the killing, and when every fat skunk, regardless of its color holds more than a quart of oil which is worth \$5 a gallon wholesale, there are always men who will chase skunks for the money there is in the business.

From 100,000 to 150,000 skunks are slain in Maine every year. The practice of killing the black ones and leaving those of a lighter color to perpetuate the race has reduced the income received from the furs to a small figure and has practically exterminated the dark skunks, but the demand for skunk oil is steadily growing and the price has gone up \$1 a gallon since last year.

The oil is not only used by residents of Maine, who esteem it highly for its virtues in curing rheumatism and stiff joints, but the druggists sent many gallons out of the State, to be sold in Boston and New York. It is probable that nearly 25,000 gallons of skunk oil are produced in Maine every year. Most of that used locally is pure, but some of the oil sent out of

the State is adulterated with fat obtained from hens and woodchucks, a practice which has proved more profitable and less disagreeable than the old way of making the labels on the bottles tell the truth about what was inside. As the impure oil seems to effect as many wonderful cures as the genuine article the men who work the imposition on the public stand small chance of detection.

Most of the skunk pelts taken in Maine are sent to a Philadelphia firm, where they are tanned, dipped in a black dye, and made up into turs for export to France and Germany, in which countries they pass as monkey skins. The killing of skunks begins in September and continues for about a month, by which time all the fat ones that contain oil have denned up for the winter. It is estimated that the Maine skunks yield an annual revenue of from \$125,000 to \$150,000, which is double the sum made from all the honey bees in the State, and as the skunk is the greatest enemy the poultry grower has to face, the slaying of so many foes adds greatly to the amount of eggs and dressed fowl produced in the State.

#### HOW TREES ARE DWARFED.

THE dwarf trees of Japan have been a neverending source of wonder to Europeans ever since the opening of the hermit kingdom to inspection by the rest of the world. A single pine, perfect in form and foliage, has recently sold for \$1,200. It is six feet high and alleged to be 850 years old. It has long been supposed that the process by which Japanese gardeners succeeded in dwarfing forest trees was a long and costly one. It is now said that it is a simple process and that anyone can do the trick. The following directions are given for producing a miniature oak tree:

Take an orange and scoop out the pulp. Fill the interior with a rich mold and plant an acorn in the center of it, leaving the hole in the rind for it to sprout through. Put it in a sunny place and water it frequently. Soon after the first shoots have appeared the roots begin to break through the orange skin. Take a sharp knife and shave these off carefully and keep them shaved. The tree will grow about five or six inches high and then stop. In a year it will be a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow the orange skin should be varnished over and imbedded in a flower pot.

The Japanese dwarf all kinds of trees and make them live to a great age. Some of these dwarfs, like the Chabo Hiba, are well known and their owners have documentary evidence attesting their great age. The older they are the more valuable, of course, they are. In Japan certain families follow the calling, trade, art, or what you will, of growing dwarf trees from generation to generation, and you can buy a miniature oak 500 years old from a descendant of man who first planted the acorn. Not only forest trees but fruit trees and flowering shrubs are dwarfed by these clever gardeners.

#### BIRDS WITH RARE TALENT.

The parrot, the magpie and the raven are not the only birds capable of learning human speech. In them the faculty of imitation is more highly developed than among the other members of the feathered world. There are a score of species that are able to imitate sounds made by other animals. Bluejays, caught early and properly trained, can be taught to speak as well as most parrots, and the same thing can be accomplished with a crow if he is caught young and his tongue slit. M. H. Coupin, a well-known naturalist, tells some curious stories regarding the imitative powers of certain birds which are generally supposed to lack such attainments.

He tells of a sparrow which learned to imitate the strident noise made by a grasshopper. The cage containing the sparrow was hung during one spring next to a cage in which were grasshoppers. At that time the sparrow took no notice of the noises made by his neighbors, but the next spring, when he found himself again in the company of the grasshoppers, he seemed to consider that it was "up

to him" to take part in their daily serenades. He made several attempts to sing after the manner of his neighbors and was moderately successful. For the rest of his life, long after the grasshoppers were dead, he would every now and then give vent to his feelings in a strain composed partly of the notes of the grasshoppers and partly of the notes of other birds.

#### TRADE IN CATS' TAILS.

A HUNDRED tons of cats' tails were recently sold in one lot in London for ornamenting women's wearing apparel. Assuming that an average cat's tail would weigh a couple of ounces, this would mean that no fewer than 1,792,000 cats had been killed just to supply this one consignment.

#### ABOUT A TERRAPIN.

BY F. G. WINE.

WHILE working with my father in the woods this summer my youngest brother found a terrapin with the initials on it "S. O. B., 1877. Who cut them is unknown.

Oak Grove, Tenn.

#### WHO CAME NEAREST THE NORTH POLE?

Editor Inglenook:-

In your issue of October 5, among the questions asked, we noticed the one inquiring "Who came the nearest to the North Pole, and how near did he get to it?" Duke D'Arbruzzi, "a famous Italian traveler and Arctic explorer, a cousin of King Victor Emanuel III, and best known in Rome by his title of Prince Luigi," has the honor of approaching nearer to the North Pole than any other explorer. In 1900 D'Arbruzzi reached latitude 86 degrees 33 minutes, or nineteen minutes farther north than was reached by Nansen in 1895.

This information is imparted for the benefit of the readers of the 'Nook.

ABRAM H. RITTENHOUSE.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

[This is true according to some maps, but is also disputed. It lies between D'Arbruzzi and Nansen.—Ep.]

# 低INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general intereast, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-NOOK.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.

Etnered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### HOME ADORNMENT.

Make your homes pleasant. Many a boy and girl have been compelled by circumstances to mentally condemn the lack of taste in their homes. They have gone away from home, seen things that were handsome and tasteful and could not help making comparisons that were anything but creditable to their own personal surroundings. It was not that their parents or they lacked money in the premises, but that taste was wanting. In fact a very little money is needed to make a boy's or girl's personal room pleasant and cheerful.

The 'Nook would like a few suggestions along this line from people who have tried and have succeeded measurably. None need think their ideas are crude or will be ridiculed by others. We happen to know that our magazine is read by royalty and that it is also read in dugouts. These accidents of circumstances are not under consideration. What we would like are suggestions how to make home attractive. Let us illustrate. Once the writer was asked to visit a family in the country. While there a daughter, a girl "as bright as a new silver dollar," invited me into her personal den. It was a picture. The entire

contents of the room, heaped in the front yard, would have been a pile of rubbish. Placed the way the girl had it, it was a dream of comfort and coziness. The curtains, the pictures, the bric-a-brac and the furniture, were all cheap, but good as far as they went. What made them effective was what would have escaped many a reader, that is, the color scheme. The girl had an artist's eye, and by a little cheap paint, mixed with a great deal of good judgment, she made her room as pleasant and dainty as a bed of Johnny-jump-ups down in the meadow in Springtime. Everything harmonized.

And what was the cost? She flopped down on a rug and began telling off on her fingers the items: paint, pictures, curtains, and fixings generally, not all had at one time, three dollars and fifty-five cents. Butter and eggs? inquired the confessor, yes, but mostly berries. We took a good look around and mentally wished there were more of her scattered over the country as missionaries of art.

Now how many of our readers, young and old, can tell how some one thing can be made or done to make home the happiest and pleasantest place on earth?

It may be only the way a photograph is framed, or how to drape a curtain. But let us have it, and we will all be the wiser.

A good many older readers will remember the samplers of fifty years ago. This was a sort of aboriginal effort at ornamentation when "Mary Hannah Jones her sampler 1843 a b c d, etc.," was hung on the wall. Now the world has moved and we would like to hear from those who can improve on Mary Hannah's effort. Let us hear from you.

#### AN APPEAL.

We feel like making an appeal to the charitable 'Nooker who has been blessed in substance in the past year. There are others who have not been so successful, and there are the downright poor, those who will pull through, and but little more. Now a good many of these are 'Nookers, and some have written here their unwillingness to let go, but hard-handed fate is against them, and they must abandon their copy of the magazine. It is

urd to see a boy or girl turned down because honest poverty. It only makes us feel bad get their letters. Someone may say, why at send them the magazine, anyhow? The swer is that we have done our share, fully, at that the business is not our own. It bengs to the church, and we have no right to sburse its property.

We never liked to sit down to a full basket ith a lot of hollow-eved and hungry-looking cople standing around. And we do not ink the 'Nook family do, either. Therefore, consideration of the prisoner in the prison, e poor in the almshouse, and the sick abed, : well as the honest people, struck by poverwho would never think of asking help, we sk for them, that you people who have been lessed in store call to mind St. Paul's talk to ne elders at Miletus that it is more blessed to ive than to receive, and if you feel like it, id a subscription to your own, calling it a hanksgiving Offering, and we will put it here it will do good, advising the recipient f the donor, and the giver of the recipient's ddress.

It may be a dollar less when you go over, r it may be the one thing that will let you in. It, what is likelier, for every dollar you put in the will be two come to you in some unseen ay. So if you wish to help those who need and who will not ask, send us the offering and we will see that it goes straight where it will be appreciated. Or you can as well, and ith equal propriety, send in an extra subcription and yourself name the party to whom he paper is to be sent.

## 

What is a Correspondence School?

It will be described in a coming 'Nook.

Is there such a thing as a burglar proof safe?

Not if the burglars have time. The best afes only guarantee against fire.

What gives old books their value?

Their variety. Age has little to do with it. tarity and their interest to the antiquarian ount. Is an old duelling pistol of any considerable value?

Not unless it has a well-authenticated history.

Why not issue a special Thanksgiving and Christmas 'Nook?

Thanks to you for the suggestion. We'll see.

What is a good plan to remove paint spots on windows?

Rub with a rag saturated with strong vinegar.

Would it pay to put in steam heat in a new country house where fuel is plenty?

So much depends that it is impossible to answer definitely. Steam heat is sure and steady, but expensive originally.

Is there any special virtue in animal fats, such as bear's grease, etc., over other fats for liniment purposes?

Some think there is, but the 'Nook is not sure there is much real difference in curative properties.

What in brief, was the Mexican war about?

Mexico and the United States both claimed a strip of territory, and this was the ostensible cause of the war, but in reality the United States wanted the country owned by Mexico, and provoked the conflict.

Is the Spanish of our colonial possessions the pure Spanish of Spain?

Among the common people, no. With the educated, emigrant class, yes. It is something like the French of Canada and Louisiana compared with Parisian French.

Would you advise a 'NOOKER to go to the Philippines to seek his fortune?

No. The language, the people, and their methods, are so different that it would take a long time to accommodate yourself to conditions bringing with them success.

What is the country in Lower California like?

Far down it is sandy along the coast, and mountainous in the interior, hot and inhabited by wild Indians, and not a very desirable place for real people. It is a good place to keep away from.

#### DYING.

THE surgeon of the bureau of police and fire of Philadelphia, Dr. T. A. Andrews, has probably supervised more autopsies than any other member of his profession in the country, for he has occupied his position for thirty-seven years. He has conducted, according to his own estimate, over 4,000 post mortem examinations in that time and has seen several thousand people pass from life into death. He looked into the eyes of dying men and women and children of every kind and condition, and this is the summing up of it all:

"Death is as much of a mystery to me now as it was when I saw a human being die.

"Nature is never so kind to man as when she is severing the ties that bind him to this earthly life. She removes all fear, ameliorates every harsh surrounding, softens every sound and smooths the narrow pathway to the grave with kindly hands. The easiest thing in life is to die."

"In your experience, Dr. Andrews," was asked, "have you ever found a case in which fear of death rose to the point where men fought and screamed at its approach?"

"Never. In severe sickness death comes in the guise of a welcome visitor. On the battle-field or as the result of accident or sudden shock, when it comes to a man swiftly, who but a moment before was in perfect health and half an hour later will be dead, a fortitude which I cannot describe and have never been able to analyze sustains the victim."

"Do men and women of the higher grades of intelligence exhibit any different emotions, as death approaches, from those gifted with less mental power? Does the professional man or the scientist betray any different feelings or emotions from those exhibited by the day laborer or the most ignorant of men?"

"No and yes," was the reply. "The scientist, the man or woman of keen intelligence and trained faculties, unless their lives have been conspicuous for an exhibition of faith in religion and its teachings, are slower to accept ministrations of clergymen and others. The man of low intelligence yields at the first approach and calls for religious consolation.

"The reason for this is, I think, that the

vast majority of professional men, outside of t clergy and particularly doctors and scientis generally, are not inclined to believe or acce what they cannot demonstrate as a scientifact. And yet, as a rule, these men and wor en willingly accept religious ministratiwhen death is only a matter of hours.

"I recall an instance during the war. Of the most distinguished men in the conferacy was brought to me for treatment. I sat once that his death was a matter of hou only. He was one of the most brilliant as charming men I ever met. I told him that could not live and asked him if he desired talk with a clergyman. He replied in a rath careless way that he did not feel disposed change his views—that death, as he believe ended all and there was no use of draggin religion in at the last hour.

"That was in the morning. He then for strong and clear headed. When I saw him the afternoon he was weaker and, referring our earlier conversation, told me that he his been raised in the Methodist faith and that it teachings had left an impress on his min He asked me to send for a Methodist clerg man, which I did. When I saw him just be for he died he told me what comfort the talk with the minister had given him and that now would face death with a braver heart than I could have done before.

"I merely cite this instance," said Dr. A drews, "to show that there is nothing which influences a man so much in later life and even in the death hour as the environment at teaching of his boyhood days. 'Jimmy' Loguthe notorious burglar and criminal, told in here in my office that a night never we over his head that he did not kneel dow and say his prayers."

"Has there ever been any demonstration physical or otherwise, on the part of all thundreds whom you have seen on the threshol of death which you could interpret as a positive indication of a future life?"

" Not one."

"Have you ever encountered instances which dying persons have told you of vision which they have seen, or voices they have heard?"

"Yes, I recall particularly one instant

was that of a man who had apparently died, at revived for a little time before he finally assed away. He told me about the lights and bunds and chaos of magnificent things he had cen 'beyond the river,' as he put it. Of burse, he believed that he saw them, but it as the hallucination of his disordered brain. ersons of fervid imagination and strong regious convictions may be dominated by some lusion of this kind just prior to death. It muot be accepted as convincing evidence of future life."

Dr. Andrews, it may be remarked, is a nurchman with strong religious views. He explained in connection with the above statement that he was speaking purely from a cientific standpoint. Men and women in extensis, awakening from a semicomatose ondition, cannot be regarded as furnishing eliable testimony of the evidence of their enses.

"I have found," continued Dr. Andrews, that persons of clean life, of honorable, upght religious character, not only do not dislay an indifference to the approach of death, those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a elief from care and toil. There is something bout the approach of death that recontles men to it. The senses are dulled, the erceptive faculties are blunted and the end omes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep.

"In this condition, I mean on the approach f death, those who retain their faculties to any egree become more or less philosophers. They know that death is inevitable; that it is nly a question of hours and they accept the erdict without any demonstration and in a philosophical way. In all my experience I ave never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the nevitable, attempted to fight its approach or ven feared it," said Dr. Andrews.

"It is only in good health that we fear leath. When we become ill, when we have ustained some injury of a very serious nature, he fear of death seems to disappear.

"The one great unsolved problem, before which science thus far has stood disarmed, is he secret and the mystery of the origin of life, ide by side with it I may say is the mystery of death. I have never seen, and I have never

heard of any authentic evidence from the deathbed of anyone, which could be accepted as scientific proof of the existence of a life beyond.

"That is a matter of faith. It has been a matter of faith through all the ages, and I believe that it will be a matter of faith to the end of time. I have, as I said before, discovered this, that the men and women of the purest lives and the strongest faith exhibit that fact conspicuously in their last hours, and in a manner that undoubtedly tends to rob death of even a semblance of terror."

#### TITBITS FOR THE TABLE.

THERE are many viands once highly esteemed by epicureans that the modern chef knows nothing about. As is well known, the ancient Israelites ate locusts, fried in oil, and many modern travelers in Africa have pronounced well-cooked locusts to be both succulent and nourishing, with something of the taste of boiled eggs. The great philosopher, Socrates, who knew several things, considered a dish of well-cooked grasshoppers to be more toothsome than quail on toast, and the French army in Algiers found that grasshoppers, simply boiled in salt water, were not only good eating, but a valuable addition to army diet, and the old campaigners carried the custom back home with them, so that to-day grasshoppers are valued in many French provinces as an article of food. In Poitiers, France, the children catch grasshoppers in the fields and eat the legs raw.

The natives on Lake Nyassa, Africa, catch in nets a small fly called the koungo and make cakes of them. They are said to have the taste of caviar. In many of the South Sea islands spiders are the chief table delicacy In portions of Central and South America caterpillars are a choice titbit and have been approved by some travelers who have tasted them.

The palm worm of India, a white, oily insect, about three inches in length, is considered a delicacy by the natives, whether eaten raw or cooked in various ways. It is sometimes united with flour and made into cakes, or its oil is extracted and used as the base for gravy and sauces, as an appetizer with other

food products. The white ant of India and Africa, fried in butter, is also a choice article of food. In Australia the larvæ of the horned caterpillar are regularly sought for food. They are found in decaying trees and have a value and flavor according to the species of tree they have been taken from. The natives eat them raw, but the civilized tribes prefer them fried. We can imagine the lady of the family, with her market basket, dickering for her favorite brand of caterpillar eggs.

#### WERE MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

In the investigation of scientific problems and in the search after the hidden things in nature scientists have shown that they no more shrink from personal injury or death than does the soldier. Humanity has profited by the discovery of many secrets, though the discoverers sacrificed their lives in the work of adding to the valuable knowledge of the world. Physicians have braved certain and sometimes most horrible deaths that the nature of certain diseases might be better understood and the profession enabled to more intelligently treat them. It can be truly said that science no less than religion and patriotism has its roll of martyrs.

One of these was Dr. Ellenberger, who was willing to subject himself to the danger of certain death to prove his contention that he had discovered an infallible cure for morphine poisoning. This was in 1851, and prior to that time there was absolutely no known antidote for this poison. Ellenberger made an offer to demonstrate the effectiveness of his antidote before the celebrated chemist and toxicologist, Orfila.

At this test Ellenberger took the enormous dose of twenty-five grains of morphine, enough to kill half a dozen men. He immediately swallowed his antidote and experienced no bad results. He contended that the result would be the same if thirty or forty minutes elapsed after taking the poison before the antidote was swallowed. In spite of his belief in his discovery Ellenberger afterward died from the effects of a ten-grain dose of morphine, he having allowed fifteen minutes to elapse before taking the antidote. The antidote of Ellenberger was analyzed after his death and found

to consist of magnesia and carbonate of majnesia.

So died Dr. Male, of Birmingham, England who was experimenting with aconite. He was desirous to find out what the effects would be a small doses of the drug taken at different time but continuously. He found out, for after had taken eighty drops in ten doses in period of four days he suddenly droppedead. This proved that aconite is a druwhich has a cumulative effect. The system will store it up until it has accumulate enough to make a toxic dose and then the madies.

Lyddite and the French melinite—two pow erful explosives of which much is heard now days—have as the basis of the compositio picric acid. For years picric acid was used i the dyeing of cloth and people never suspecte it was explosive. They stirred it with a rec hot poker and poured molten iron into vats d it from a height, but the stuff absolutely re fused to go off. Then came along one of those German scientists who are not satisfied until they have delved clear to the roots of thing.

He tried his hand at the question of the explosiveness of the picric acid and solved the problem in a short time. He took a vesse filled with the acid to his laboratory and detonated a small piece of fulminate of mercury in close proximity to it. His name was Deitz and when they gathered up the remants of the solid stone laboratory which with the fragments of the experimenter, habeen scattered over a large area of country there was no more discussion as to whethe picric acid was explosive or not.

Thuilier, the French bacteriologist, in order to study the action of the cholera germ so successfully inoculated himself with the deadly microbe that he died. Before hi death, however, he had time to make some important discoveries as to the nature and action of the microbe—in fact giving to the world the first reliable data concerning the character and habits of what has come to be known as the "coma bacillus of cholera."

A MAN who married a widow says he has reasons for believing the best man that ever lived was his wife's first husband.

#### CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

FAR away in the Southern seas, some two. indred miles from the coast of the ancient and of gold," and almost one thousand iles from the sunny country of the Golden leece, there may be descried a little speck land. Scientists regard it as an upraised ral atoll, and take a peculiar interest in it om the fact that it is the only known tropal island of any large extent, which up to the st few years had never been inhabited by a wage or civilized race It is called Christas island. Why, no man living can tell. s to the date of its first discovery the past is qually oblivious; yet it has been an object of pasmodic attention on the part of voyagers on ne high seas for at least two and a half centues. In 1666 the wandering Dampier of Holand sighted this small "woody island," and nce that date it has appeared in Dutch maps, ut it was not until 1886 that a British surveyig vessel succeeded in finding an anchorage nd in landing and partially exploring the is-The following year H. M. S. Egeria nade further explorations, and the conclusion f the commander, in the light of what has ince happened, is interesting: "Man has nevr lived on Christmas island, nor would it be a leasant residence, as, apart from the fact that here is no water-the rains sinking into the mestone rock-the extreme discomfort of loomotion, and the absence of any harbor thence the product could be conveniently hipped, will deter any settler from seeking a ome there until other more favorable spots are ccupied." Within ten years or so after this prophecy the island had a population Jiving and thriving on it of some six hundred souls, nd from the phosphate deposits found on it a actolean stream of gold is flowing into the pockets of British shippers, commission igents, agriculturists, insurance agents, and stockholders of the company working it.

The story of the island is romantic and of nore than passing interest. Its discovery in he commercial sense dates from the days of the Challenger expedition. That expedition cost England £300,000, and there have been nany who have carped at the expenditure of so large a sum for results which apparently were of little value in an ordinary utilitarian

sense. The expedition has, however, been the indirect means of adding Christmas island to the British crown, and in years to come Singapore, and the mother country also, are likely to receive from it alone much more than the cost of the expedition.

This upraised top of a submarine mountain, round which seas run down almost perpendicularly from its shores to a depth of three English miles, is but ten miles long and seven broad, with an area of forty to fifty square miles. As already indicated, it rises out of waters, deeper than those which surround any other tropical island. Moreover from a scientific point of view, it is the most interesting island on the face of the earth. When the pioneer inhabitant pitched his tent on the virgin shoreland on the isle he could only discover two species of bats, two species of rats, and a shrewmouse. These were the only mammals.

Down to the very water's edge the surface of the island is covered with vegetation. Slopes, clad with trees, "tall as Norwegian pines." through which nothing is visible but glints of the sky lead to a great central plateau, some eight hundred to nine hundred feet above the sea level, and the highest peak in the island, called Murray point, is 1,100 feet above the level of the Indian ocean. The plateau is covered with excellent soil, so rich that all tropical fruits and plants grow luxuriantly, and a special form of sago may yet find its way to the markets of the world from Christmas island. The plateau is one long succession of blocks of phosphate varying in depth down to forty feet. At present these blocks are picked up from the roots of the trees and exported. They are white almost as snow, and full of pure phosphate of lime to the extent of eighty-five per cent. Great difficulties were for a time encountered in obtaining an anchorage, and as many as ten barges have been lost.

During last year thirty thousand tons of phosphate were exported, giving a profit of seventy-five per cent on the capital; within a year, it is confidently hoped, the output will rise to at least one hundred thousand tons. Even then the wealth of phosphate will only be tapped, and the supply, at a greater rate of output, will easily outlast the term of the lease.

## DOES THE GARB HINDER SOCIAL PREFERMENT?

BY VINA E. SHOEMAKER.

THERE are questions of interest that come to us as individuals which for ourselves we decide either wise or otherwise and our general influence is carried forth to perhaps develop or destroy the good in others who may have had similar thoughts and inclinations. subject has come to many thinking and inquiring minds, a number of generations have passed since it first confronted and perplexed religious denominations. It has been discussed and abused and by many decided that a plain garb is a great hindrance to social preferment. Yet there are thousands who regard their bodies too sacred to sacrifice them at the shrine of fashion and believe the sacred command to adorn ourselves with modest apparel does mean something to those who are truly seeking a higher life.

The idea of preference gives us a feeling of liberty and assures us that the choosing is ours. There is no one who enjoys freedom in its fullest sense as does the Christian, and when a plain garb is preferred as a means to an end in carrying out Christian principles, there is certainly enough social preferment in the line of right that no one need be hindered.

The world is ever seeking for something new in the way of dress and those in a neat, plain garb, have been gazed at as if anxious to know whether they had a new style or an old one, and frequently inquiries are made as to the whys and wherefores of the garb. Often intelligent, reasonable answers, have touched tender chords in heart's that cherished fond recollections of those in plain garb who had borne the burden of what they now enjoyed. The minister of a fashionable denomination who with tears streaming down his cheeks once said to a lady in a plain garb: "I wish to God there were more plain people. Our church was once plain as yours, but, I am sorry to say we have lost it all." No doubt he felt he was in part responsible for something he could not now prevent, and realized that a plain garb did not hinder social preferment, but that a fashionable one did hinder spiritual progress.

The time is past when those wearing plai dress need hold inferior positions in educ tional, professional, or business pursuits.

We remember of hearing men and wome twenty years ago say the time had com "when it was impossible to make a mark" the world and wear a garb distinguished frothat which was generally approved." The accordingly changed their plumage, but the world has moved silently on.

The Christian's aim should be high; even in his garb he should rise above seeking the act miration of the world. Should it be his preserved to attend the theater, the ball-room of other places of similar character the plain gar would undoubtedly be a great hindrance and it might be prudent to make some changebut if the Savior should collect His jewels just that time He would not likely disturb the gay throng to seek those that professed to be long to Him.

A few years ago, while with husband attending a medical association in the city of New port, R. I., we had the pleasure one Sunda afternoon of hearing a lecture given by one of America's most noted women, Julia War Howe and will you be surprised if I tell you she appeared before that large fashionable audience in a plain black garb and a plain white Swiss cap, such as many of our own deal old sisters wear? The lecture was thrilling and well received. It was very apparent that a life of public usefulness is admired and sought, not for the garb, but for what you are able to accomplish.

North Manchester, Ind.

#### ORIGIN OF STATE NAMES.

Alabama is named after its chief river. The name is of Creek origin, and means "Here we rest."

Arkansas takes its name from the Arkansa river. The word is undoubtedly derived from the Indian word Kansas, which means smoky water; the prefix arc being from the French, a bow.

Nickname-The Bear State.

California takes its name from the Spanish caliente fornalla "hot furnace," in allusion to the climate.

Nickname-The Golden State.

Colorado received its name from the Coloralo river and its grand canon; the name signises ruddy or blood-red, the color of the water
of the river, although the river is not within
the State.

Connecticut, so called from the Indian name of its chief river. Connecticut is a Mockea Kaunew word, signifying long river.

Nicknames—The Nutmeg State, the Freeitone State and the Land of Steady Habits.

Delaware, so called from Delaware bay in 1703, which received its name from Lord de la Ware, who died on this bay.

Nickname (on account of its size)—The Diamond State, and also Blue Hen State.

Florida, so called because discovered on Easter Sunday, "Feast of Flowers."

Nickname-Peninsula State.

Georgia was named after George II. of England.

Nickname—Empire State of the South.

Illinois is of Indian derivation, meaning "tribe of men."

Nickname—The Prairie State; also the Sucker State.

Indiana is derived from the Indians.

Nickname—The Hoosier State, a corruption of husher or bully.

Iowa takes its name from its chief river, an Indian name, meaning "the sleepy ones."

Nickname-The Hawkeye State.

Kansas is taken from Kansas river; Indian meaning "smoky river."

Nickname-The Garden of the West.

Kentucky takes its name from its principal river, signifying the dark and bloody ground. Nickname—Corn-Cracker State.

Louisiana is named after Louis XIV., of France.

Nickname-The Creole State.

Maine So called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

Nickname-The Lumber or Pine Tree State.

Maryland—So called in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles II., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, 1632.

Massachusetts—So called from Massachusetts bay and also from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood

of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the "Blue Hills of Milton." "I had learned," said Roger Sherman, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue hills."

Nickname-Bay State.

Michigan—Is an Indian name, signifying "The Lake country."

Nickname—The Lake State; also Wolverine State.

Minnesota—Is derived from the Indian "Minasota," meaning whitish or sky-colored water, as applied to the St. Peter river.

Nickname-Gopher State.

Mississippi—From the river of that name, which signifies "Father of Waters."

Nickname-Bayou State.

Missouri—Is named after river of the same name, also a tribe of Indians. Name signifies "Muddy water."

Nickname—The inhabitants are nicknamed "Pukes."

Nebraska—From Nebraska river. Derived from the Indian ne water and bras shallow, and means "shallow water."

Nevada—Derived its name from the Spanish, which signifies "snow flying."

Nickname - Sage Hen State.

New Hampshire—Name was given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth company, to Capt. John Mason, by patent Nov. 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Hampshire, England.

Nickname-Granite State.

New Jersey—So called in 1664 from the island of Jersey on the coast of France, the residence of Sir George Carteret to whom the territory was granted.

Nickname-Jersey Blue.

New York—So called in 1664 in honor of the duke of York and Albany, to whom letters patent were issued by the king of England.

Nickname-The Empire or Excelsior State.

North Carolina—Derived its name from the original charter of Charles II., to the "Lord Proprietors of the province of Carolina." It is also claimed that it was named in honor of Charles IX., of France, by John Ribault, who built a fort on an island in the harbor of Port Royal in 1562, but which he vacated shortly afterward.

Nickname—The Old North State, or Tar State; also Turpentine State.

Ohio-So called from an Indian word signifying the "Beautiful River."

Nickname—Buckeye State.

Oregon—Derived its name from an Indian word signifying "River of the West."

Pennsylvania-Was named after William Penn.

Nickname—Keystone State.

Rhode Island—So called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Nickname-Little Rhody.

South Carolina-See North Carolina.

Nickname-Palmetto State.

Tennessee—Derived its name from the Indian settlement named Tannassee.

Nickname-The Big Bend State.

Texas—Name probably from the Spanish; though it has been claimed to be from the name of a tribe of Indians.

Nickname-Lone Star State.

Utah-Of Indian origin.

Nickname-Mormon State.

Vermont—So named by the inhabitants in their declaration of Independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French verb mont, the Green mountains.

Nickname-The Green Mountain State.

Virginia takes its name from Elizabeth, queen of England; the "Virgin Queen."

Nickname—"Old Dominion," also "Mother of Presidents."

Washington-in honor of George Washington.

West Virginia received its name from Virginia, being only a geographical distinction from the mother State.

Nickname-Pan-Handle State.

Wisconsin—So named from its chief river, and that from a French word ouisconsin, from ouest; or flowing westward.

Nickname—Badger State.

Wyoming—Is of Indian origin and the Dakotas derive their names from the tribe of Dakotah Indians.

#### GOOD PAY FOR PREACHING.

To be the minister in one of New York's big churches is a lucrative and desirable position. The salaries are large and the perquisites of the double the salary. It was said that the la Dr. John Hall had an income of betwe \$55,000 and \$60,000 a year. Of this his salawas \$25,000 and the rest was for marriage feel and other incidentals.

Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, receives \$25,00 per annum, and his perquisites are quite much as were Dr. Hall's. He has also about twenty assistant curates, none of whom geless than \$2,500 per annum. Not less is the income of Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholmew's Episcopal church, for besides a larg salary he officiates at more fashionable weedings than any other minister in New Yor Dr. Huntington of Grace church probable comes third in the list of high-priced preachers.

Dr. MacArthur of Calvary church is the bespaid Baptist minister in the city, although he salary does not equal that of some of the Episcopal rectors. But his parish is large, and he is in frequent demand at weddings. By a sou of unwritten law among the clergy the minister's wife always receives all wedding fees. They are supposed to be her pin money. Some ministers who are unmarried set this sum aside for charity.

Clergymen who have big churches and wealthy congregations receive a substantial recompense for officiating on these occasions. The custom of giving big marriage fees it every year increasing, and the bigger the feether more complimentary it is supposed to be for the bride. For his services at the christening of the little ones of the rich the rector alsegets a nice check.

When it is remembered that handsome residences are thrown in by the large churches, it addition to the regular salary, it will be seen that a call to a rich city church is not to be despised. The average man who imagines that a preacher has no business ability would do well to consider that he doesn't need to have it. He has a pleasant berth and he is sure of his job as long as he lives.

THE annual loss to France caused by the ravages of hailstorms is said to amount to about 83,000,000 francs. From 1873 to 1895 the figures varied from 40,000,000 to 134,000,000 francs.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

## 1E OPPOSITION OF THE JEWS TO CHRIST'S TEACHING.

BY I. J. ROSENBERGER.

THE measure of opposition that a doctrine ceives depends upon a number of things, ime of which are as follows:

1. The appearance of the author or defender. hrist's appearance was such as would invite position. His appearance was foretold a ing time ago, thus, "He shall grow up as a ot out of dry ground . . . he hath no irm nor comeliness; and when we shall see im, there is no beauty that we should desire in. He is despised and rejected of men."

2. His people, his immediate relationship, vited opposition to his claim of Messiahship. Is supposed father was a carpenter. His other, though highly spiritual, hailed from he lower walks of life. His brothers and his sters were all well known.

3. The place in which he dwelt was against im; that despised town of Nazareth. It was such base repute, that the question once as seriously asked: "Can any good thing ome out of Nazareth?"

4. His poverty was against him: "He had of where to lay his head."

5. His education: "He never learned letters." lence he was without the credit of high titles ad degrees, now so anxiously sought in the terary world.

6. The plain, cutting words in Christ's reaching, and his sharp reproofs of sin, would avite opposition. It is said of Christ's first ermon in his native town, that, "he went inthe synagogue on the Sabbath day, as his istom was, and stood up for to read." proofs were so keenly felt in that address. 1at, "when all they in the synagogue heard lese things, they were filled with wrath, and ney rose up and thrust him out of the city." his was surely very discouraging opposition, or Christ to receive upon his first ministerial isit to his native town. At another time the lews were contesting Christ's words, and they tup the claim that Abraham was their fader. To this claim Christ made reply, "Ye are I your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there was no truth in him." This uncompromising reproof called out so much opposition from the Jews, that "they took up stones to cast at him."

The life and labors of St. Paul indicate that he labored on this same line as did his Master, which called forth similar opposition. At different times his preaching threw entire communities into an uproar. It was said at one time of Paul and Silas: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." It is somewhere said: "When you preach do not tear down other people's houses; but build a better one by their side, and invite them over." The accounts we have of the preaching of Christ and his apostles with their manner of work, leads me to conclude that they did not do that way. They not only built up the temple of truth but they tore down the shacks of sin and error with which they met. It is apparent that in doing so, the sinner would at once see his poverty, and his homeless condition. The first thing that Paul realized in his conversion was that his system lay in scattered fragments around him; seeing his great need, he at once inquired for the building of God, and he obtained one, "not made with hands eternal in the heavens." When Christ entered the temple that time, and his eyes fell upon the painful scene of merchandising within its sacred precincts, he at once with a scourge drove out the intruders with the crushing denunciation: "It is written, My house shall be a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." This was meeting opposition in a bold, fearless manner. As he drove out oxen and sheep and poured out the traders' money and overthrew their tables, I doubt much if he gave them time in their hasty flight, to take their accounts and bills of sales with them. As they congregated together after the sudden event was over, they must have felt homeless, very much as if a hurricane had swept through their community.

Stephen vindicated the same doctrine as did his Master; and his work met with similar opposition. We find these words in his last defense: "Ye stiffnecked . . . ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? . . . of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." This last speech cost him a martyr's death. It is surely right and proper in meeting opposition that we know is in error; to make our opponents sensible of their homeless condition; that, "their garments are moth eaten, and their gold and silver is cankered." For it is then that we may be able to do something for them.

Another consideration that added to Christ's opposition was, that the Jewish system was the shadow, the Christian the substance. The first was a type, the second the antitype. The Jewish system had become corrupted; its priesthood carnal. Christ in his teaching frequently alluded to the principles of the old, by saying: "It hath been said in olden time, etc." He would then follow with some sublime principle of the new; in doing so he made the old book defective and objectionable. The priests and prelates could not endure this comparison which showed up the defects of their system so prominently, and hence they gave Christ and his followers their opposition, averring, "We will not have this man (Christ Jesus) to reign over us."

Again, they had dwelt so long under that degenerating influence, that they had become assimilated, wholly carnal; "and walked as men." Of this St. Paul explains, "The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to the law of God, neither can be." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness to him." This explains the cause of much of the opposition to the truth to-day. They being carnal, have never been "born again," hence are not partakers of his divine nature. What persons don't know, can't comprehend, and have no desire for, they will oppose. So it was with the Jews and so it is with men to-day.

Not only did Christ's appearance and his environment invite opposition, but his teach-

ing and many of his ordinances as well. instance, the sacred meal, feet-washing, th salutation, etc., are very humiliating services too meek to be admitted into the circles fashionable religion Their presence to the natural, invites shame; and shame will at once lea'd to repel and oppose. Woman's praye covering is divine, and is as clearly taught a A, B and C in the English alphabet. Its pres ence to the carnal and unregenerated invite Hence its opposition even in th The teaching, "Be not conformed t this world"; be, "a peculiar people"; "no fashioning yourselves," etc., are all clearly incorporated in the divine code; but they are not in line with the popular, hence invit shame, and therefore are warmly contested Remember that "fashion" means style, cut o shape. It is very apparent that Christ knet that his plain person, his meek life with hi humble doctrine, would incur shame upon he followers, and thus induce them to become hi opposers; hence he left the following warning "Whosoever is ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed." St. Paul, t clear himself on this point, rises up and de clares, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Reader, can you say as much?

As we have seen Christ met with oppositio of the most serious character. As to it source, it came from those whom he callebis own. As to kind or degree, Christ him self called it hatred.

This heated opposition continued, until i resulted in his death; his ignominious death on the cross. Christ told his followers that this opposition would continue. "Ye shall b hated of all men for my name's sake." Christ tells them by way of comfort, that "they hated me before they hated you." All this i not strange to the consecrated, who know that there is a battle to be fought, an enemy to be subdued; a victory to be gained, a crow to be won. St. Paul gives the brief summary of the whole matter thus: "Yea, all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution."





BEEF ROLL.

BY LILLIE G. YEAROUT.

TAKE two pounds of beef, chopped or ound. Add to the chopped beef, four raw nions cut fine, six fresh boiled potatoes copped fine, two or three celery stems cut ie. If the celery can not be had use celery dt, one teaspoonful of butter, crush some da crackers with the rolling pin, season well ith salt and pepper, mix all together, add the ackers after they have been crushed fine, a tle at a time, until the mixture will mould, en make into the shape of an egg, roll over the crackers until it is covered all over, then ently press with the hand. Put into a bake an with a little water and bake slowly.

Put a few small pieces of butter on top. It much nicer to bake almost done in a covered an, then remove the cover and brown nicely, dding a little water occasionally if needed.

Warrensburg, Mo.

#### COLD WATER CAKE.

BY SISTER CORA SUTTER.

Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, nree cups of flour, one cup of cold water, four ggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; avor to suit the taste.

Rub sugar and butter to a cream; add the ggs well beaten, then add the water, then the our and baking powder. Bake in a moderate ven.

Laurens, Iowa

#### VIRGINIA APPLE BUTTER.

BY SISTER MARY MILLER EARLY.

Take five gallons of water, one-half gallon of vinegar and add one and one-half bushels of pared apples. After cooking three hours, add twenty pounds of sugar and cook about one hour longer, or until the water will not separate from the butter. It depends on how fast it is boiled as to how long it is to be cooked.

Another way is to take one and one-half bushels of cut apples to three gallons of sorghum molasses, or if you want it to keep any length of time, take three and one-half gallons of molasses. This, by many, is considered an excellent recipe.

Bridgewater, Va.

#### RICE BREAD.

Boil half a pound of rice in five quarts of water until tender, then beat the whole to a smooth paste. When lukewarm add two quarts of flour and a cupful of yeast. Set near the fire to raise. When raised mould into loaves and bake.

#### COTTAGE PUDDING.

One tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one large teaspoonful of yeast powder, one and one-half cups of flour, flavor to taste. Serve with any liquid sauce.

#### TWICE RAISED BREAD.

Four quarts flour, one pint milk, one pint water, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon lard, one cup yeast. Take three quarts of the flour in bread pan and make well in the middle, into which put sugar, salt and yeast; then mix in the milk, warm with hot water; beat well with heavy spoon, add lard, knead for 20 or 30 minutes and let rise over night. Next morning knead again, make into loaves and let them rise one hour and then bake fifty minutes. Water may be used in place of milk. In such case double the quantity of lard.

#### PERPETUAL YEAST.

Boil six medium sized potatoes, mash fine and cool—add one tablespoonful each of salt and white sugar. One quart of lukewarm water and half teacupful of good yeast. Set away in a stone crock to ferment. Will be ready for use in six hours. Take out one cup of this mixture and set away for starting the next yeast. With the remainder mix flour enough to mold into a soft loaf; when light form into loaves and bake.

#### BAKING POWDER BISCUIT.

One quart flour, one tablespoon lard, one teaspoon salt, milk, three teaspoons baking powder. Let the oven be very hot and pans greased before mixing dough. Into the flour sift salt and baking powder. Stir in milk to make a soft dough, knead quickly; roll one inch thick and cut to proper size. Bake twenty minutes. If cream is used, lard is unnecessary.

#### BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Three cups of corn meal, two of graham flour, one of molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one quart of water or milk, salt. Bake two and one-half hours in a covered dish.

#### GRAHAM BREAD.

One pint graham flour, one pint wheat flour, one pint bread sponge, one teaspoon salt, mix

in warm water. Mix soft, put in deep, rou tins, well buttered, and when light, bake sloly.

#### CHOCOLATE FILLING FOR CAKE.

Two ounces of grated chocolate, five tab spoonfuls of powdered sugar; three tablespoof fuls of boiling water; stir over a moderate funtil smooth and glossy.

××

BLACK cotton stockings should never ironed, as the heat will cause them to farapidly. Dry them in the shade.

3K 3K

If oil is spilled on a carpet, apply blotti paper or heavy brown wrapping paper at one and press it with a warm iron. Fresh ink make removed by using the blotting paper once. Take up as much of the ink as possit with a spoon, says an excellent housewife, at then pour cold sweet milk on the spot and dit up with a spoon until the milk is bare tinged with ink. Then wash in cold water at wipe as dry as possible.

**3**6 3

VERY dirty spots in a carpet should washed out with a scrubbing brush and war water strong with ox gall. Grease spots w disappear under equal parts of magnesia at fuller's earth, mixed to a paste with boilif water. This is put on warm and left for twe ty-four hours, and when brushed off the grea is a thing of the past. Raw starch and wat is another remedy for grease spots and vario stains, repeating the coat of paste sever times if necessary.

FRUIT stains usually may be removed by pouring boiling water through the stain. obstinate, use oxalic acid, dissolving throunces of the crystals in a pint of water. We the stain with the solution and then steam by holding over a kettle of boiling water, or have in the sunshine. The instant the stain disapears, rinse well. Wet the stain with amminia, then rinse again. This will many time prevent injury to the linen. Javelle water recommended for taking stains from whit goods.

# 触MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Ост. 26, 1901.

No. 43.

#### FAREWELL TO ROBIN.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

FARE thee well—the breeze is sighing—Farewell, Robin, southward flying;
Long and long—
Now you leave me must be saddened
All my grove that you have gladdened
With your song.

Every southward-flitting feather
Steals a glint of golden weather
From my skies;
And when fields no longer hearken
To your notes they dim and darken;
Beauty dies.

'Twas you brought me—blithesome rover— Lily bells and bloom of clover Sweet with dew; But since 'tis your carols wake them, So wher'er you go you take them All with you,

Through gray winter's gloom and grieving
In my heart hope will be weaving
Dreams of spring.
When, the year's first joyous comer,
You will bring me back my summer
On your wing.

## \* \* CHINESE TEA NOT PURE.

THE troubles in China and the blood-thirsty nassacres that have occurred have done much bring the tea question prominently before the American people.

Every one who knows the native Chinaman s he really is knows that he is a sharp and uncrupulous trader, and it has been a matter of ommon report for years that the teas shipped rom China to this country were either of the lost inferior variety or teas that had been doctored "after having been used once. In his connection the following from one of the est known English papers:

"The heathen Chinee, who is nothing if not economical, has an ingeniously simple method of eating his cake—or, rather, in the celestial translation, drinking his tea. He drinks the delicate first infusion and then dries the leaves again, packs them in those mysteriously lettered boxes we know, and exports them to the western barbarian, who, he has found out, likes his tea strong and stewed. It is true that the tannic acid apt to come out of the leaf in the second infusion may injure the American stomach, but 'John' cares for none of those things—he knows the beauty and profit of the adulteration."

The reason why the outlet for the pure and unadulterated machine-made tea of Ceylon and India in this country has been somewhat limited heretofore is that only a small percentage of our people use black tea.

Having gathered in a very large proportion of these black tea drinkers, the growers of Ceylon and India saw the necessity of catering to the trade of green tea drinkers, and they are now producing on a large scale uncolored green tea of delicate flavor to supplant the adulterated green teas of China.

Now that a pure green tea is at the disposal of lovers of tea, not only the fact that the Ceylon and India green is a better tea, but the natural repugnance of our people to Chinese methods should bring about a revelation in the tea trade, and in all probability it will not be long before Ceylon and India greens will displace China greens, as have the black teas of the former taken the place of the black teas of China.

TEN years ago homeopathic and allopathic physicians would not mingle. Now many hospitals have representatives of both schools on their staffs.

#### THE CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

WHEN the family of President Roosevelt take up their residence in the white house at Washington there will be a larger number of children at home in the old building than ever before in its history. Since the beginning of the century, when the mansion became the official residence of the presidents of the United States, there have been a coming and going of children as well as of grown people, as the procession of officeholders appeared and after playing their parts made their exit from the stage. In many administrations there were no young children belonging to the family of the head of the nation and then there was a lack of the prattle of infants and absence of the influence of youngsters which is bound to pervade the household, be it humble or great, where they live. In the white house history, as in the homes of the citizen in the private walks of life and in humble circumstances there has been all the joy and tragedy that children bring into the lives of men and women. Children of presidents have been born there, and as in other homes the little ones whose lives were twined among the very heart strings of the parents have died there and the joy of the parents over the new lives intrusted to them and their despairing grief over the ones that were taken away have been witnessed by the walls of the stately old building. As in other American homes, the children have been important people within the white house, and as fathers and mothers in private life make the ordinary business sometimes bend to the wishes and pleasures of the children, so in that residence of the head of the nation there have been little tyrants whose loving and obedient subjects were parents who bowed with joyous submission to their small decrees,

The architects who planned the building under the immediate direction of the father of his country made no special provision for the care and comfort of the children who were to come in after years to live with their parents there. The first president never lived in the place, of course, but like everything about the earlier Washington it was according to his ideas. This lack of the

provision for housing and care of the chi dren in a portion of the building apart from the official apartments has caused the mothers who have lived in the white house to discome ingenious planning. Mrs. Clevelar was obliged to turn a dressing-room into bedroom for her children and a playroo was provided by putting up screens acrossone of the corridors. In the space so should find the children of the first magistrate of cupied themselves with their dolls and to and childish games.

The children of president Adams and those of Jefferson were all grown up when these came to the white house and it was not untended to the president Monroe that childres of the president were permitted to take possession of the place. The daughters of President Jefferson, he being a widower, preside over his household during his occupancy the office and the elder Adams likewise has no small children when he came to Waslington as the first president to live in the white house.

When President Monroe was in office the white house was not as it is now and the children had one of the most splendid play rooms on the continent. This was the magnificent apartment which has been visited since their day by hundreds of thousands a citizens, and where so many dignified functions have been held and which is known at the east room. The small residents of the white house in the days of the Monroes has no reason to be shut off into one end of screened corridor as were their successors, the Cleveland children of seventy years later.

It was in the time of the second Adam John Quincy, that there occurred the first birth of a child in the white house. The was a granddaughter of the president, he father, the son of the president, having been married to Mary Helen at the white house which was the first marriage of any in mediate member of the presidential familiat that place. Little Mary Louisa Adam lived with her parents and grandparents for some time at the white house and was reall the white house baby, though the distinction has usually been accorded to anothe. This rival for the distinction of the title was

rs. Mary Dorothy Wilcox, who was the ughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelson, the other being the ward and the husband the ivate secretary of President Jackson. The tle Dorothy was not only born in the presintial mansion, but she was christened the great east room being held in the ak arms of "Old Hickory," while Martin in Buren, Robert E. Lee and a roomful notable characters stood around the font. is is the child which has come to be known the white house baby.

One of the saddest incidents connected th children at the white house was the reavement of President and Mrs. Pierce st before reaching there. They with their n, a boy of thirteen, were on a train bound Washington, when there was an accident d the son was killed. The sad hearts of the trents were not eased by the adulation of e millions of people who came to receptions id greeted them with respectful salutable during the next four years, and the other never recovered from the shock.

During many of the administrations there ere no children in the immediate families the presidents, though often there were tandchildren and those of near relatives. he era ending with the war of the rebellion as closed with the only bachelor that ever as elected president and remained unmared to the end of his term. During President uchanan's administration the white house as in this respect like any other bachelor stablishment, there was an absence of the ttle ones.

President Lincoln's children made, the ouse once more the abiding place of youngers and in the big rooms and long corriors little "Tad" and Willie made merry ntil the dark day when the life of the later went out in one of the historic chambers. The father on whose patient shoulders the eavy burdens of so many were taken as cruelly wounded by the loss of the boy nd he was never again able to enter or look ito the room where he had died. The little rother and playmate of the boy who died here was left alone in the great building ind a little later on he saw the father rought into the east room dead from the

bullet of an assassin. The little hearts that have been for a time sheltered in the white house have felt their full share of the dark and bloody tragedies that have been a part of its history.

President Johnson's children were grown up when he came to the presidency and it was with the advent of President Grant's first administration that the children again came to the white house. As is the case with the family of President Roosevelt there were several sturdy boys in the Grant households and the one sister. This sister. Nellie. was married from the white house to Algernon Sartoris. After the marriage of the oldest son, now General Fred Grant, he and his family were frequent visitors to the white house during the remainder of the term of his father. The next occupant of the white house, President Hayes, had no small children, and again there was a family with childish members when President Garfield came in. President Arthur was without small children and during the first term of President Cleveland there were none. Before he came back to serve his second four years there was a little girl, Ruth, and a second, Esther, was born in the white house, and Marion during her father's occupancy of the office of president was born at Grey Gables. The Cleveland children during the second term of their father were an important part of the white house establishment and the devoted attention of their mother to their welfare in every regard was one of the things in the history of the presidential mansion that the American people love to recall. She showed that the American woman whose highest type she illustrated was, however high the station in life she might occupy, first of all the mother, and in the respect and love which the people of the country accorded her was illustrated that to any station, however high, the unostentatious exhibition of the affection of the mother lends that station an additional and an added glory.

During the administration of President Harrison the grandchild, Baby McKey, was the pride and pet of the household. In the McKinley family there were no children and the small nieces and relatives of the president

and his gentle wife were frequent visitors and they were given the loving attention that the childless couple loved to show to little ones.

President Roosevelt and wife bring to the white house four sturdy boys and a little sister besides the older sister who entered society at the national capital last spring. The Roosevelt children in the order of their age are Alice, Theodore Ir., Ethel, Kermit, Archibald, and little Ouentin, the latter being four years old. The boys, at least the older ones, are, like their father, fond of vigorous exercise and outdoor life, and it is presumed that the smaller ones will develop on the same lines. The older boys are fond of their ponies and are good boxers. The white house grounds and the parks, and avenues of Washington are likely to see them enjoying such exercise as may be permitted by their school duties. The Roosevelt family has more children in it than any other that has ever occupied the buildingthat is, more of little folks, among whom all may be counted except Alice, the oldest daughter.

## FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

I WILL write the INGLENOOK about our home in the Argentine Republic, South America. My father moved there when I was quite a young girl. Our home was near Parana city in Entre Rios Province, Entre Rios, meaning between rivers. The buildings are entirely of brick, of which they make a superior quality. The houses of the country people are mostly of mud and grass. The country is very level, some places like the floor of a house and other places slightly undulating. The atmosphere is so pure a house ten miles distant looks very near, and distinct. The principal industry of the country is stock raising, for which it is peculiarly adapted, millions of cattle, horses and sheep feeding on the grassy plains, the plentiful summer rains causing a great amount of vegetation. The natives of the country are Spanish and Indian, a very pleasant people in many respects, but very indolent, putting aside everything they can till to-morrow. Some of them are quite ingenious, making delicate lace, and bed covering of beautiful patterns. There are a good man foreigners, German, French, English at Italians, the Italians predominating.

At that time very little was manufactured the country, everything coming from abroad mostly Europe. The principal exports we bones, hides, wool, horns and canned bee The summers are very hot and subject to vere storms, which is not very pleasar When we had been in the country a fe months, we thought we would go to the wood and get some young parrots for pets. Th woods are situated along the banks of the Parana river. We found a charming place beautiful flowering vines festooned over treand shrubs, and myriads of sweet-voiced bird flitting among the trees, some with the gave plumage imaginable. But while admiring th beautiful things you must not forget about th snakes. There are some very poisonous on which are quite difficult to detect, as they a so near the color of the ground. We went see Lago Blanca, white lake, so called from th chalky appearance of the water. It looks very pretty among the green trees. It was perfectly calm, not a wave. Finally we four three downy parrots in a large stick nest, ar we thought they were wonderful treasure So we went home after a very happy day.

Ashland, Oregon.

#### A JUVENILE PEDESTRIAN.

BY J. HOMER BRIGHT.

A FEW days ago a father and mother in or county went to spend a week's vacation fisl ing at a reservoir in a county north of her They left their children at home, among the a little boy of five summers.

Early one morning he was missed, and a the time wore on his absence became more alarming. His brothers and sisters and neighbors began a thorough search for him. He was not even found at his aunt's, two miles away. The next afternoon some of the searching party learned that an unknown litt boy had found lodging at a farm residence about twenty miles south of his home. He had a fishing-pole and a sack of hickory-nuts

Doubtless he imagined he was going to have

fine time fishing, like his parents, and so arted out with his pole and provisions. andered on along highways and creeks, havg nothing definite in view other than a fine me fishing. No one seems to have been atacted by him or had he been asked to ride. bout sundown he stopped at the residence ore referred to, and asked for something to it. He could not give any account of him-If or describe his home-but went to sleep nid questions. He slept till nine o'clock the ext morning, and awoke refreshed. When ked about his tour he claims to have walked e whole way. It is estimated that he walked pout twenty miles, as a crow flies, and seemgly with very little fatigue. He surely ade a world record in long distance walking r juveniles under public school age.

BILLY.

BY D. OWEN COTTERELL.

DURING the summer a flock of pigeons lit in the chicken park, and the chickens, not taking and to the visitors, at once declared war. It escaped but one young bird. This one, which we afterward called Billy, owes his life intervention. For two weeks Billy had to a fed before he could pick up anything to it.

When Billy had become reconciled to the ss of his feathers, and the wounds of battle ad healed so he could get around again, he tought it was time for a bath So one Monay morning, when he found where mother ad poured out the soap suds, he waded right

 And between dirty water, mud, ashes and et feathers Billy looked worse than tar and athers.

Billy is now feathering out again, and his hite coat is more inviting. He has a regular

perch in the bicycle shed, where he struts and coos every time one comes near, and is always ready to pick our hands all we care to stand. But his days as a warrior are ended, for his courage fled on his first defeat, and any chicken big enough to walk may have the whole lot on request so far as Billy is concerned.

North Manchester, Ind.

To which interesting story the 'Nook wants to add that the pigeon wants a great deal of water, and that Billy walked into the soapsuds is only along the line of pigeon action. Often pigeons will not stay at a place, and the reason of it is that they do not have much water. It is not enough to have some for them to drink,—they want to get into it. Frequently putting enough water for them to bathe in within reach will keep pigeons where, otherwise, they would not stay.

SPORT.

"I WHOM some have called a 'female nimrod,' have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals."

"Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he has stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of, alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of deer and its different kind glaze and grow dim as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and I say this: The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I wish I had never done those deeds of skill and cru-



#### DINING ROOM WORK.

#### TOLD BY THE WAITER.

APPLYING to the employment bureau for a situation, I deposited a dollar and the manager of the bureau read over a list of men wanted.

Agents for patents of all kinds, and for books, medicines and stationery; newsboys on railroads, and, last, a young man wanted for dining room work in a large restaurant.

I applied the same day to the manager of the restaurant, for a situation, and after he had read the note from the manager of the employment bureau, he told me I could commence work. I would receive twenty dollars a month, board and room free.

I went to work immediately and was told to carry melons from the storeroom in the cellar to the dining room. This proved to be a task for that afternoon and extremely hot evening in August. After I had carried up several dozen and was beginning to grow very tired I was told to help the head waiter make coffee. The coffee was made in a large can, seventeen gallons being required each day, and was made fresh before every meal. coffee was ground already for use, and was weighed and thrown into the can, which already contained the water required for the amount to be made. After making the coffee I was told that my duties as waiter were to commence.

Waiting on the tables that evening proved very awkward, but before the meal ended I could take several orders at once without making any mistakes. The next day was easier, I-was required to wait on the tables only in the morning and the evening, special waiters were hired to wait at noon when the rush was on. They received seventy-five cents for the one meal, and were called the extra waiters. I was required, during the noon hour, as second waiter, to pass orders in the kitchen. There were thirty regular employes in the establishment, including the manager.

There were two dining rooms, one on the ground floor and one on the second story. The one below was the common one, twenty-five cents paying for any order that was regular, the meat ruling the course. The upstairs room was for rich people, and the orders va-

ried from twenty-five cents to five dollar.
Anything could be ordered that was desired.

All employes ate breakfast at eight o'cloc dinner at two, and supper at nine. All employes were busy between meals, scrubbing washing windows, clearing tables and giving orders for next meal, and were required to lon duty until noon on Sunday. They all received good salaries; the chief waiter received sixty-five dollars a month, the regular waiters twenty dollars,—this included board at room. The chief cook received ninety dollar the fry cook sixty dollars and the other two cooks each sixty dollars for a month's wor. The manager of the store room, the threcolored kitchen boys and the pantry girl were paid by the day.

The stores are ordered by the wholesal such as beans, rice, oatflake, coffee, sugar are all staple groceries. The vegetables, meand bread are bought each day, also the fru and ice cream. The people fed daily average about four hundred, often five hundred of Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and all national ties were fed, but principally western farmed and stock men. The menu is generally good quality, varied to suit any taste and in reach of any poor person.

The work is pleasant. I meet many per ple. I am not occupied with my work a the time, and quite frequently earn an extr fee for carrying a gentleman's grip to the traraising the flag on the restaurant, or carryin the lunch of some regular customer, all the extra money I receive to myself. Take the work with all inconveniences it is pleasant and a suitable job for the winter.

#### RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

BY J. HOMER BRIGHT.

RURAL mail deliveries began in 1896. The were 44 in 1897; 128 in 1898; 634 in 1899, an 1,214 on June 30, 1900, when 879,127 peoplad the benefit of the rural mails. Such has been the progress of a public institution stared in recent years. It has had its antagonis the same as all other innovations. The money appropriated for it in 1894, 1895 an 1896 was not used because the Postmaste general thought it impracticable. Petition

ere sent to Congress where the changes were ing made. Upon investigation village postasters, star route carriers and local storeepers, were found to be the originators of e petitions in their own interests.

Amid all obstacles the experiments proved success. In spite of Congress trebling its propriations each year, the applications me faster than routes could be established. ast year after appropriations were exhausted or three times as many applications reained on file. On March 4, this year, there are 4,517 applications. On same day, \$3,500,00 were appropriated for 1902.

The advance step toward rural delivery was e starting of village deliveries in 1890. A lange of administration brought a halt to it ter two years' existence. This new delivery mails aroused the public and they agitated e question a little farther to benefit all living om one to twelve miles from the office.

The government did its first experimenting rural delivery in 1896 and 1897. They were be started until the most unfavorable part of e year was reached. These experiment utes were started in as many different localiss as possible, to find which were practicable, ome were in the Alleghanies, some on the eat plains, some in the populous New Engnd States, and some in the fruit regions of rizona and California.

Then Carroll County, Maryland, was chosen experiment with rural delivery on a large ale. Sixty-three minor post offices and thir-·five star route contractors were discontined. In place of the old system four two-horse ostal wagons were started out from Westinster, and they supplied the mails to twenrural carriers at specified places. Clerks on ese special wagons had power to issue money :ders, register letters-in fact do as the regur postmasters. This experiment proved accessful. The postal receipts were increased lid the mails were taken approximately to all he homes for less money than by the old stem. The county delivery has been sucessful at other places since, and the service Carroll has taken in territory of the adjoing counties.

The rural carriers must deliver registered ail at the house. They can receipt applica-

tions of money order and get the money order for you, saving you a trip to the post office. They are now authorized to cancel mail and deliver drop letters. By getting government boxes the farmers have government protection over the mail after it is delivered by the carrier.

In order to get a rural delivery in a certain locality some one must circulate a petition and get the names of the heads of a hundred families at least. The route should be about twenty-five miles long, though it may vary from seventeen to thirty-five miles.

It must be so situated that the carrier need not travel over the same ground twice in the same day. The paper should then be sent to your congressman, and if thought practicable he will recommend it. Then a special agent will look over the territory and make a report, having a map of the route accompanying it. The roads must be good and passable the whole year. If there are over three miles of unpiked road on the route, the route will be doomed.

Experiments show: (1) That minor post offices and star routes can be superseded to the advantage of all by rural routes. (2) That postal facilities, as money orders and registered letters, are brought to the farmer's doors. (3) That postal revenues are increased. (4) That the net cost is less to the government than by the old system.

\* \*

A curious feature to travelers in the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

\* \*

THE first gold pens made in this country were all manufactured by hand, the gold being cut from strips of the metal by scissors, and every subsequent operation being performed by hand. These hand-made gold pens cost from \$5 to \$20, and were far inferior to the machine-made article of the present day.

#### LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINEERS.

In a very interesting article about engines and engineers Malcom McDowell discourses in part on the subject as follows:

At first glance a locomotive looks like a very complicated machine. And so it is, yet it is but a couple of stationary engines mounted on wheels, which carry also the boiler, fire box, water pumps and other appliances necessary for the operation of a steam motor. It has a reversing gear so that it can move the "drivers" forward or backward at the will of the engineer. But there are thousands of stationary engines, bolted securely to immovable foundations, which are equipped with reversing gears. The largest locomotive on rails is not so complicated in its parts as some triple expansion or Corliss valve engines which "drive" machinery in factories

With the exception of some pictures of actresses, perhaps, or photographs of pretty girls which the susceptible fireman may have tacked to the woodwork of the cab, there are no unnecessary parts or things about a locomotive. It is stripped for a fight, and like the athlete that it is, it is always in training. Every piece of machinery, every bolt or rivet, every bit of metal in and on a locomotive is there for a distinct and necessary purpose, and whenever it is found that some member is purposeless, it is removed, for it is of no value.

A locomotive, then, consists of a boiler which is bolted to two steam cylinders which, in turn, are bolted to the running gear. The boiler extends back between the driving wheels, and over the rear end is the cab in which are the engineer and fireman. The fire box or furnace is part of the boiler and it extends down between the rear drivers so that the furnace door is just above the level of the cab floor.

All of the appliances used to regulate the engine's movements and operations are within easy reach of the engineer and fireman in the cab. Some of the handles, levers and wheels are attached to rods that run forward to valves, pet cocks, gears and oilers in various parts of the locomotive, but they are so connected that the engineer or fireman can easily operate them. Thus the "throttle," as most people call the throttle valve handle or "starting bar," actuates a rod which opens or closes a valve in

the "dome" which admits dry steam to the steam pipe which leads to the cylinder:

When the throttle is drawn back steam i admitted; when it is moved forward steam i shut off.

The reversing lever, which stands upright the left of the engineer's seat, moves a bacalled the "reach" bar which is connected with the "link motion," which is a device be which steam can be admitted at either en of a cylinder, so that the engineer can stank his engine forward or back. There is a handle for opening the valves of the "sand box," so that sand can be thrown on the rails under the drivers. There is a lever for moving a diaphragm in the smokestack to regulate the draught, and another for opening the cock which drain condensed steam from the cylinders.

These are but a few of the levers and har dles which are arranged convenient to th enginemen. Than there is the steam gauge to indicate the boiler pressure, the gauge to short the pressure in the air reservoir; gauge cock to show the height of the water in the boile and the gauge to give the pressure of the steam in the heater pipes in the cars.

But the principal features of furniture is the cab are the throttle valve handle, the reversing lever, the sand box lever, the handle to the valve for the driving wheel brakes, and the valve for controlling the air brakes. These are the reins and curbs with which the engneer drives his iron horse.

When an engineer wants to make a stop i the shortest time possible, wants to make what is known as an "emergency stop," h shuts off steam by moving the throttle handle forward. As soon as he has done this h moves the handle of the air brake valve known as the "engineer's valve" to the "emer gency" position. This applies the brake hard. Then he jerks back the handle which opens the valve in the sand box, and if it's case of life or death he then pulls back th reversing lever, opens the throttle, and if he i a wise man, who would rather be a live eng neer than a dead hero, he takes a chance an a running jump from the cab, for he has don about all that he can do to stop his engine an train.

But he must perform the several operations described in their order, and do them instantly. Here is where nerve and coolness come in, for it takes a high order of courage and a first-class kind of nerve to do what must be done as it ought to be done in the face of what seems to be unavoidable and frightful death. It is to the everlasting honor of engineers that many of them, knowing full well that they have done all they can to do to stop their locomotives, stick to their post in the vain hope that they may be able to do something more to prevent the collision. These are the men who "go into the ditch" with their engines, who are found crushed and mangled, with their right hand still clutching the throttles. They are the heroes of the rail.

Firemen who jump just before two engines butt each other do the wise and proper thing. They can do nothing to stop the "machine." But they are none the less brave for refusing to be offered up as a useless sacrifice. The fireman is exposed to all the dangers which beset an engineer, and in addition to the nerve-stretching sense of responsibility which make many engineers old before their prime, the fireman performs labor which tests his muscle endurance to the limit. He shovels coal almost continuously from the time he leaves the railway station until he ends his run. Locomotives are always hungry for coal, and it is the duty of the fireman to feed it. With his scoop shovel he takes the coal from the tender, and with a knack only acquired by practice slides his shovel over the iron floor, yanks the chain which opens the door at the proper instant, throws in the coal in such wise that it spreads over the fire evenly, closes the door, and almost instantly has his scoop under the coal heap again. In addition to shoveling fuel into the insatiable maw of the fire box, he must help the engineer keep an eye out for signals, keep the boiler supplied with water, oil up, sweep out the cab, ring the bell and throw coal at tramps who are riding the blind baggage.

#### HE WAS SICK.

"That boy of mine has got to turn over a new leaf," declared the well-known citizen, who it is doubtful really knows how much he is worth. "It isn't so much a question of money as it is teaching him its value. He has been away most of the summer, and the letters he has written home have been short but to the point—more money.

"Growing tired at last of his repeated demands upon my purse I ceased replying to them. Inside of two weeks I received three more demands, but ignored them all. Then he wired me, and I made no answer.

"'Send money quick. Am sick,' he wired again.

"'With what?' I telegraphed back.

"'With waiting for cash,' he answered, collect.

"He got it. But I am going to have a talk with him when he gets back. It is time that he was doing something else besides spending money."

#### HAVE FREE USE OF THE MAILS.

There are two women who may use the mails of the United States without paying for the privilege. Their letters pass through the post office free, and packages they may desire to transmit to friends at a distance go without question and are delivered without cost to either the sender or the receiver. These women are the widows of former presidents. They are Mrs. Julia D. Grant and Mrs. Lucretia A. Garfield. A franked letter goes through the mails without postage, bearing their signature, either stamped or written upon the envelopes instead of Uncle Sam's postage stamps. This privilege is granted the widows of former presidents.

All mail matter sent by Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant under their respective written autographic signature and all mail matter sent to these two ladies will be carried free during their lives. No signature or marks are necessary to the free carriage of mail matter to either of these ladies, the address being sufficient. Mrs. Garfield has enjoyed the privilege since 1881 and Mrs. Grant since 1886.

FORTUNATE is the man who can show a physician's certificate of color-blindness when his wife asks him to match a sample of ribbon downtown.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### TREES BEAR NOVEL FRUIT.

Who ever heard of a tree bearing tallow? Yet such a novelty actually exists. The tallow tree which grows in Malabar owes its name to the fact that from its seed when boiled is produced a firm tallow which makes excellent candles.

The butter tree was discovered by Park. It is a native of the central part of Africa. Its kernel produces a good butter, which will keep in excellent condition for a year.

The Palo de Vaca, or cow tree, grows upon a rock in Venezuela. If incisions be made in its trunk a kind of milk oozes out, which is tolerably thick and possesses an agreeable smell. At sunrise each day the natives of Venezuela may be seen hastening from all quarters with large bowls, into which the milk is allowed to drip after the tree is tapped.

In Madagascar is the traveler's tree, so called because of the copious supply of fresh water which it yields to the thirsty traveler. It is a native of arid countries and even in the driest weather a quart of water may be obtained by piercing a hole in its leaf stalk. These leaves are of enormous size, varying from ten to fifteen feet in length.

Someone has said that a modern department store might be furnished from the date This tree is a species of palm and its every part is valuable. It is a native of tropical climes. The bread fruit tree also supplies many wants. For the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific ocean and the Indian archipelago it furnishes clothing and food. fruit is nearly oval and about the size of a child's head. The pulp is white and mealy and of a consistency resembling that of new bread. It is prepared for eating by being put in a hole dug in the earth and lined with hot stones. It is then covered with leaves and earth and left for half an hour. At the end of that time the outside is generally nicely

browned and the inside is a yellowish pulpy substance, highly nutritive and not very unlike wheaten bread.

A tree called the life tree grows in Jamaica. Its leaves grow after being cut off: Nothing kills it but fire.

A strange tree is the sorrowful tree. It blooms only in the evening, its first bud opening with the first star. As night advances the whole tree appears like an immense, fragrant white flower.

At dawn it closes every blossom and looks blighted all through the day, while a sheet of flowing dust as white as snow covers the ground at its feet.

If this tree be cut down close to the root another plant shoots up and attains maturity with incredible rapidity.

In the vicinity of this tree there usually grows another, almost an exact counterpart, but, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.

## AGED INDIAN WOMEN LEFT TO DIE IN FIELDS.

THE attention of the United States government has just been called to a barbarous custom that is still being practiced among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians in Oklahoma Territory.

The Indians of these three tribes, while living under the management of an Indian agent, are comparatively civilized and do not go on the warpath, but work for their living at farming. But they have no love in their hearts for one of their own people after that person has passed his or her age of usefulness. An aged squaw, after she reaches the age of 80 years, is sent into the fields and left there to die, unless some sympathetic white person comes along and sends the poor old woman to the Indian agency, where she may be taken care of at the expense of the government.

Travelers in the reservation may hear the istressing cries of some deserted woman at tost any time they care to listen.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hon. Lewis M. Lellan, of Gorham, Me., rhile fishing for land-locked salmon in Sebago ake last May was surprised to see a loon rith her young one near his canoe.

The anxious mother was employing every rtifice to call her child away, but the little one wam so near the fisher that he easily took im aboard in his landing net, and holding im on his knee gently stroked his downy oat to the little fellow's evident satisfaction. Jeantime the mother was in an agony of disress. At first, forgetting her native wildness nd timidity in her mother's love, she boldly pproached the canoe, and, rising in the vater till she appeared to stand upon it, uriously flapped her wings, uttering menacng cries. Finding this of no avail she preended she was wounded, rolling over in the vater and finally lying still as if dead, evidenty to attract attention to herself and from her roung one. The fisherman touched by these lisplays of motherly affection, put the young oon into the water, which perceiving, the disressed mother instantly came to life and again ried to entice her little one to go with her, out he liked his new acquaintance so well that he remained near the boat, until the fisherman, with a compassion worthy of good Saint saac himself, rapidly paddled away for a coniderable distance, when he waited to see the butcome of his adventure.

As he withdrew, the mother, with cries of oy, swam to her little one, dove beneath him, and taking him on her back quickly bore him to a safe distance, when she stopped and seemed to be talking to her truant child in very different tones from the "wild, strange hoarse laughter by day and the weird, doleful cry at night" which John Burroughs attributes

to this bird. The fisher says he never imagined the loon could produce such soft, sweet melodious notes as he then heard. Doubtless these notes seemed not less sweet because the hearer's spiritual senses had just been quickened and purified by a merciful act.

#### INTELLIGENT MULE.

The mine mule knows a thing or two quite as well as does the army mule. In one of the mines in the Pittsburg district an ever-patient mule proved himself possessed of an almost human sense of coming danger. A chamber had been closed on account of gas, and the men were thinking of what that might mean, when suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs, and a mule appeared—its long ears quivering, and its intelligent eyes full of terror.

It gave a shrill bray and then was gone down the entry, broken traces flying after it. The men, with one impulse dropping picks, made a headlong dash for the open air. With scared faces other miners joined, and while they were wondering what it all meant, a dull, deep explosion went rumbling through the hollow back of them, followed by wave on wave of noxious vapors. When the bodies of the few poor men who had been hopelessly entrapped were recovered another was tenderly carried out with theirs—that of the little gray mule that sounded the warning.

#### VETERINARY WORK ON THE FIELD.

When wounded in battle, horses are attended to as soon as possible. A veterinary officer with assistants follows close on the fighting line, and those animals with only slight injuries are collected together and sent to the veterinary hospitals, established at the fixed camps. Those very badly are either buried or burned, according to the climate. In South Africa burial is resorted to.



## 個INGLENOOK

#### A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

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'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe wher'er we can;
Fair speech should guide the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But, stop not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
For those that pity starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Will lend a helping hand;
For they that talk, yet fail to do
But build upon the sand.

#### THE AUTUMN COLORS.

A GREAT many 'NOOKERS live where there are few, if any trees, and there are many who would be surprised at the sight of a mountain covered with trees from base to summit. Eastern people cannot realize the strangeness of the sight to the western born who catch their first glimpse of mountain and forest. It is the same feeling that comes over the eastern man who sees for the first time the snow-clad mountain top looking down on the harvest field in midsummer.

It is at this time of year that the mountain country is at its best. In the springtime it is a beautiful sight, budding into its delicate green, shading deeper and deeper, day after day, but

the real flash and flame of color is when the frost has run amuck and painted the maple: and the hickories with Nature's reds and vel A single maple, down in the meadow where it has a chance to grow, is one of the most symmetrical of trees, and when it is turned into a huge bouquet by the touch of the frost, it is one of the most beautiful sights in Nature. It is a difficult thing to describe the coloration of the leaves. No two trees are touched alike. One may be a vivid red in general effect, and picking up the leaves that are silently and continuously falling every hour of the day and night, we see all the gradations of colors, red, scarlet, shading in all the colors of the orchid into the background of vellow. Another has a sombre effect of color; beautiful too, but in a different way. People who live nearest these things come to look on them as commonplace, but they are never that. They are always different, and forever beautiful. Not since the first maple hung out its tassels, brightened into green, and colored and died, have there been two alike, in color and color values.

Happy the 'NOOKER who sees these things, and seeing appreciates them at their full worth in the world of æsthetics. Take a walk alone, down the road, and note the fall colors, remembering as you go homeward that we all do fade as a leaf.

#### THE AGENT'S COMING.

In a short time the regular canvas of the agents for the several publications will begin. Those who have read the 'Nook for the past year know the storehouse of interest and information that it is, and while we would be sorry to lose one of our thousands of readers, it would be a matter of greater felicitation if all the neighbors of the present readers were to join in becoming members of the 'Nook family. A good deal may be accomplished to this end if the present readers will call the attention of their neighbors and friends to the magazine.

We believe that the inherent worth of the publication will win its way wherever it is known, but in order that this be the case it is necessary that it is brought to the attention of people interested in good reading. We ask our readers to do this.

All who subscribe now will receive the 'Nook he rest of this year, all of next, and also get he INGLENOOK Cook Book as a premium. Call the attention of your neighbors to our nagazine, and spread its circulation and influence as widely as possible. It is worth it.

THE following question has been asked: In ase a subscription does not expire till months after this, well into next year, what action nust the subscriber take to secure the Cook Book? It is advised that renewal be made at once, and the Cook Book will be sent at once, and the subscription set forward proportionally. It is simply a case of being forehanded in the premises. The Cook Book is printed in editions of some thousands, and it is intended to go out as a premium to subscribers who renew along about the close and the first of the year. There is enough of an edition printed, or will be printed, to go around to all our subscribers, but those who delay till the very last, and find the edition exhausted, should not plame us for any seeming failure. Renew soon and there will be no trouble about it.

## 

How is President Roosevelt's name pronounced? As though written Roseyvelt.

Who is now the vice president of the United States? There is none.

In case President Roosevelt died who would be next in succession?

Secretary Hay.

In naming a child after a person is it the proper thing to notify him of the fact?

Yes, it would be correct to do so.

How long is it before an accepted article appears in the 'Nook, after it has been passed on and accepted?

It may appear in the next issue, or it may be laid aside for special issues of the magazine. There is no rule in the matter, only that the hand to mouth method has no place in the management of things here. Does the 'Nook believe in corporal punishment?

Theoretically, no, but in practice nothing seems so well adapted to satisfactory results as a warming up.

What is the relative value of gold and silver?

Gold is worth about \$20.67 an ounce, silver about 59 cents an ounce. We say "about" because the price may fluctuate somewhat.

Do the magazines all exchange with each other?

No, the high-priced magazines require an advertisement, and each magazine or high-class paper will exchange even up only with like publications of the same relative value.

What causes the coloring of the leaves in autumn?

The frost is the immediate cause, but the exact how of it is not well known. It is probably due to inevitable chemical changes in the coloring matter of the leaves affected still further by the freezing of the frosts.

By agreement we refer this question to the 'Nook. Two young persons, a man and a woman, go to meeting together. Then, at the close of the services, the young woman excuses herself, without giving a reason, and is escorted home by another. She expects her first young man to call as usual. What should he do?

On the face of the statement the 'Nook would make the "official calls" somewhat far apart.

What is a good time to plant bulbs for next season's blooming?

From this right on. Tulips, hyacinths, and some others, do better put in earlier, but crocus, and some of the smaller ones may go in when the ground is frozen. The writer has planted bulbs by boring in the frozen ground with an auger, and they bloomed all right.

Is there any help for a person seeing only the funny and ridiculous side of everything?

Only being born again into a monkey. We all come to hate the eternal fool. All of the great, important, and serious things of life haven't the ghost of a laugh in them. A little humor is not to be refused, but the everlasting grinning, baboon business, is to be checked. Real life is no joke.

#### UMBRELLA MAKING.

BY WM. A. ZOBLER.

We all know what an umbrella is, how to open and close it, what a good friend it is when caught in a shower of rain, and perhaps never think how it is made or who makes it. To see an old umbrella mender with a few yards of cloth, a few rusty ribs, maybe a few well-worn handles and sticks, and an improvised kit of tools would not give you the faintest idea of how one is made.

There are only a few large factories in the United States: one being Hirsh Bros. at Philadelphia, Pa., two at Lancaster, Pa., the larger being Follmer, Clogg & Co., the other Rose Bros. & Co. Of course there are other factories, but these are the principal ones.

The Follmer, Clogg factory is the largest of its kind in the world. It is an immense building, five stories high. The office and storage rooms are on the first floor. On the second you would find about thirty men mounting, and trimming the handles, and polishing and making them ready to put on the umbrellas. Wiring the ribs on the rods is also done on this floor by about one hundred boys, which is piece work. A boy working hard can wire on about four hundred frames. This may seem almost incredible, but they become very expert at their work by long service.

On the third floor they are finished, receive their final examination, are packed and shipped. The case department is also on this floor, a young man of eighteen years having charge and doing all the cutting. He is quite an expert, having cut 15,000 cases in a single day when very busy. Nearly all of the better qualities are cased.

You would find the cutting room on the fourth floor. No doubt you imagine you see a lot of men half asleep, cutting away with a pair of shears and having a good time of it. But it is the hardest work about the business. The covers are cut with sharp knives, having patterns according to the size wanted, bound with brass. The cloth is in pieces ranging in width from eighteen to thirty-one inches wide, dependent on the size wanted, and the fabric is laid out eight fold on tables, about

nine yards long. Laying the pattern on the goods in cutting, the covers are cut very fast. A good cutter can cut six hundred per day and twenty men do the cutting. There are about two hundred and fifty girls on this floor operating sewing machines, some hemming and others sewing the covers. This is a noisy department and hard on the nerves, the hemming machines making as high as 2,700 stitches a minute, hemming a piece of goods one hundred yards long on both sides in thirty minutes. On the fifth floor are the tippersabout five hundred girls, who put the covers on the frames. Here, also, is the steaming room.

All the umbrellas are steamed as soon as on the frame, which gives them fit and shape. In all there are about 1,000 employes and the work being clean they do not dress carelessly. The wages are not so high, but the work is regular, and but little time lost. In the early spring and summer parasols are made, while at this time of the year umbrellas are made mostly for the holiday trade.

The colors, sizes, shapes and qualities made would surprise you, as they are almost innumerable. They are constantly being improved and changing in style. You may buy an upto-date umbrella this season, and next year you must buy another one to keep to the front. This is especially so of the ladies' sun umbrellas which are made of changeable colored silks. Men's sun umbrellas are made covered with green gingham.

To find the size of an umbrella you measure from the rod to the end of frame. So a twenty-five inch one, would measure twenty-five inches. The sizes range thus: children's, fourteen to twenty-two inches, ladies' twenty-four to twenty-six inches, and men's sizes, twentysix inches and upwards, and there are western orders that call for sizes as large as forty inches with gingham covers. We often wonder what use they have for such large sizes. We have made one one hundred and twenty inches, as large as a camping tent. In the east we never think of buying a gingham umbrella as they do not hold their color, and soon turn as gray as a rat. I do not hope our western 'Nookers' take their lady friends under one like that, or perchance, a new one and have the "black juice" dripping all over her.

A great many sign umbrellas are made for cores, covered with flannel of different colors, enerally red, white and blue, sometimes they re covered with cambric. Others are covered ith bunting, and used for campaigning purposes and these latter are made with six ribs. iearly all the others are made with seven and lght ribs; some few are made nine, ten, twelve and sixteen rib. The latter are very clumsy.

About one-half are covered with cotton loth, and the remainder half silk, and silk. Inch of the cotton goods is mercerized which ives it the appearance of silk. The silk is early all imported and much of the half silk, are cotton is nearly all domestic goods.

The handles are nearly all imported, and is separate industry, the cheaper grades being he congo, and those made of some kind of ulp hard to tell from wood. Many are made f horn, china, pearl, glass and ivory. Of ourse you will bear in mind there are many mitations, hard to tell from the genuine, nany silver and not a few of gold, and some wen have coins inserted edgewise in the handle. They range in price from ten cents to orty dollars.

Few are made with sticks, but steel rods are sed instead. The ribs, by being made hollow, re much lighter and stronger than the old-ashioned, solid rib. They are made to roll ery close, and an up-to-date one with a case in, looks more like a cane. Some are nade so you touch a button near the handle that they open up, others are made to close the same way, and occasionally one is made with a dirk concealed in the rod, and some are even made to fold so they can be put in an ordinary telescope.

Silk ones go mostly to large cities and different makes and sizes go to different parts of the country, the South and West using most of the arger sizes. There is a frame named, "Prairie ting," which the wind cannot blow inside out, which is sometimes ordered from the West.

The retail price of the cheapest is about wenty-five cents, though some are sold for tencents, but that is away below cost and are sold only as special sales in some of the large stores.

A good serviceable one costs about two dolars or less, depending on the kind of handle wanted, but one with a good silk cover costs from three to six dollars. They are beautiful but are not as serviceable as cheaper ones.

In buying an umbrella the cover is of first importance. The very dense goods is not always the best as it becomes water soaked. and is a burden to carry. This is a fact more or less with all cotton cloth. Silk dries in a very short time and never becomes heavy when out in the rain. A nice handle makes it tempting for some one to get hold of the wrong umbrella. People nearly always look at the handle first. Some even buy without opening them, and then wonder why they do not wear well. Like other things you must pay a good price if you want a good one; but owing to competition they are much cheaper with all their improvements than they once were. Nearly everybody has an umbrella now but there was a time they were considered a luxury.

They need very little care, but this does not say they should be put in the coal bucket, or banged out into the wood shed or left out on the porch to dry and have the wind carry them to a neighbor's corn field. Never let them closed when drying; it takes but a short time to dry them. If you leave them closed when wet, with the handle down, water will loosen the handle and spoil it too, and if the other end is down it will rust the wire at the top and rot the cloth. Umbrella stands are very hard on them and will help to shorten their use. With ordinary usage a frame will last many years but even a good cover will only wear a few years.

Some few are exported, mostly to Canada and Mexico, and our Island possessions. Very few if any are imported. Much of the goods is imported, coming from France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, China and Japan.

Follmer, Clogg & Co. have the reputation of sending out the best umbrellas and they are very careful and test them all before they are put on the market, and with their one thousand hands turn out ten thousand umbrellas every day. This is the output of but one factory and the business is increasing every year.

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If you bestow a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

#### GRANDMOTHER.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

SHE sits in a corner in a rocking-chair, knitting. Her hair is thin and gray. She is dressed in a dark-colored print, in a fashion of long ago. She wears a cap, and her spectacles are in hourly requirement. She is seventy years old, and her great-grandchildren are about her. It is not an uncommon picture. It is age-old.

Now what is passing in the old woman's mind? I think that young folks make a mistake when they imagine that the aged are, as it is said, failing in mind and becoming childish. Here is an instance of it. The grandmother looks at her great-grandson of ten. She eyes him carefully, and irrelevantly asks him whether he would like a red apple. He says there are no apples now, and she says she forgot that. And so when he tells it in the kitchen the verdict is that Granny is failing fast these days. Now what are the facts? Some sixty years ago a little flaxen-haired girl was at the old church on the edge of the clearing. She remembers it as vesterday, for when they were kneeling in prayer, a ten-yearold boy opposite rolled across the uncarpeted aisle a red apple which she ate. And ten years later she and that little boy were married, and still later he died and was buried out on the grass-tangled hillside, and years and years after the very features of her husband are repeated in her grandson and, remembering, she asks, would he have a red apple? And they, not knowing, call it failing, when it is only a cameo cut through the layer of years, showing the rosy youth, never forgotten.

Sometimes Grandmother sings:

"A charge to keep I have, A never dying soul to save."

And here she really does fail to see. She has kept the charge, and has kept it well. She is only waiting in the sunny afternoon till the shadows are a little longer grown. She has done her life work, and it has been well done. But she does not know it, and would not know it were she told.

Sometimes she thinks with closed eyes, but her thoughts are either away back, or ahead, rarely in the immediate present. Granny's getting childish, these days! Yes, in a sense The child dreams what it will do in the year to come,—so does the old woman. The chil remembers its joys and its sorrows,—so doe the old woman. But there is this difference Neither of the views or vistas of life, are of the present with the aged. It is either fa ahead or far back.

A great deal of what passes for mental failing is due to a far-seeing charity. The children play about her unheeded. The youn folks engage in their pastimes and she make no sign. It is not that she does not notice but because of a feeling that they should be allowed to enjoy themselves while they can for the evil days are ahead and will surely be reached with the flight of years. The olde one becomes the more lenient he gets. This is why the memory of a grandmother or grand father lingers long after they, themselves, and dust. They were always shielding youthfut folly, always making excuses, and ever sympathetic.

True the minds of the aged wander more of less from the present, and for some reaso: fifty years ago is a clearer field of vision than last week. It is only a reversal of mental processes. The youth dreams of what will be :: the years to come, the aged dream of wha has been in the years that have fled. Th writer believes that if human experience of all peoples, in all ages, were accessible tha they might be studied as the botanist studie dried flowers, it would be seen that language and skies would make no difference. At the bottom human feeling and action would be found alike among all men and women. The cave dwelling woman who wailed out her sor row for the first born that she piled the stone over that the wolves might not get the body and the woman in black silk weeping in darkened room over the lost little one would be in no mental or moral way at all different

And when the grandmother sickens and passes, finally, and is forgotten as it would appear, those who will remember her longes and kindliest are those who play noisily at he feet when she seems forgetful of all abou her.

THE man who thinks little of himself is apto feel disappointed when others do likewise.

#### A SCHOOL GIRL'S ROOM.

BY LOIS G. NEEDLES.

I HAVE in mind the room of a school girl in he dormitory of one of the leading Colleges of the great west. As this girl had attended College before, she thought far enough when packing her trunks to put in a good supply of cards, pictures, cushions, etc., to decorate her little den, for each girl does her best to have ner room the nicest.

The floor was carpeted very nicely and lace curtains hung at the windows, fastened back with ribbons. In one corner was the bed with white coverlet, as you know a school girl's bed room, parlor and study room are all in one. At one side was a well-supplied bookcase and secretary with a few pictures on top to make it look more like home, as a school girl usually thinks of home pretty often. In one corner was a small stand table on which was an aquarium, where four pretty little gold fish played hide and seek among the numerous shells and pebbles. On another stand table was a very pretty palm, placed before the window where a few choice house plants were very prettily arranged, a cactus, and some sweet violets which sent their fragrance throughout the room.

In another corner was a larger stand table which held the lamp, a vase, some books and pictures and also the time piece. On the wall hung framed pictures of friends, groups of schoolmates and pictures of picnic parties, etc.

In one frame were four diplomas, viz., country school diploma, Normal, Oratorical and Academic; and inside of another year, if all goes well, it will hold a Collegiate diploma.

Around the room were placed a few chairs, well supplied with cushions. This room was really a picture in itself, and it would take a better pen than mine to do it justice.

McPherson, Kans.

#### WHERE THE COIN WAS MADE.

Coins and "coons" look alike to most men, but it is easy to tell where any of 25 cent or over was made. There are four places of coinage in the country—Philadelphia, San Francis-

co, New Orleans and Carson City. The first mint was established at Philadelphia, and as the founding of other places of coinage was then unforeseen, there was no necessity for putting a mark on coins which came from that city. But as the country grew in territory, population and wealth, and as the mines in the west were developed more and each year, it became necessary to establish other mints whereby the government could keep track of the output from each place, and, if an error should occur in the coinage could at once locate the mint from which the defective coin had come. All coins are supposed to weigh exactly the same as others of the same denomination. Silver coinage may be pretty well worn before it is liable to rejection, but that is not the case with gold pieces, and a slight decrease in weight necessitates recoinage. It was for these reasons that marks are put on coins made elsewhere than in the Quaker City.

These marks are placed below the eagle or the bunch of arrows. If there be a letter in the place designated it will be either a small s, o, or the two double letters cc. Those bearing the letters are from the mint at San Francisco. Others having the letter o are from New Orleans, while those bearing the letters cc are from Carson City. If you do not find any letter on the coin at all it is an indication that the coin came from Philadelphia.

#### A FAMILY OF MONEY LENDERS.

SINCE 1815 the Rothschild family has raised for Great Britain alone more than \$1,000,000,000,000; for Austria, \$250,000,000; for Prussia, \$200,000,000; for France, \$400,000,000; for Italy, \$300,000,000; for Russia, \$125,000,000; for Brazil, \$70,000,000. In 1895 they took \$15,000,000 of the February loan of the United States through the Belmont-Morgan syndicate.

\* \*

MR. and Mrs. Matthew Low, of Fayette county, Pa., were born on the same day. They were married thirty years ago and were never separated a day during their married life. They died on the same day last month.

#### IN THE NAME OF SPORT.

WITHIN half a mile they found blood on the trail: within another half mile the blood was no more seen, and the track seemed to have grown very large and strong. The snow was drifting and the marks not easily read, yet Yan knew very soon that the track they were on was not that of the wounded doe, but was surely that of her antlered mate. Back on the trail they ran till they solved the doubt, for there they learned that the stag, after making his own escape, had come back to change off This is an old, old trick of the hunted, whereby one deer will cleverly join on and carry on the the line of tracks to save another that is too hard pressed, while it leaps aside to hide or fly in a different direction. Thus the stag had sought to save his wounded mate, but the hunters remorselessly took up her trail, and gloated like wolves over the slight drip of blood. Within another short run they found that the stag, having failed to divert the chase to himself, had returned to her, and at sundown they sighted them a quarter of a mile ahead mounting a long snow slope. The doe was walking slowly, with hanging head and ears. The buck was running about as if in trouble that he did not understand, and coming back to caress the doe and wonder why she walked so slowly. In another half mile the hunters came up with them. She was down in the snow. When he saw them coming, the great stag shook the oak-tree on his brow and circled about in doubt, then fled from a foe he was powerless to resist

As the men came near, the doe made a convulsive effort to rise, but could not. Duff drew his knife. It never before occurred to Yan why he and each of them carried a long knife. The poor doe turned on her foes her great lustrous eyes; they were brimming with tears, but she made no moan. Yan turned his back on the scene, and covered his face with his hands, but Duff went forward with the knife and did some dreadful unspeakable thing, Yan scarcely knew what, and when Duff called him, he slowly turned, and the big stag's mate was lying quiet in the snow, and the only living thing that they saw as they quit the scene was the great round form bearing aloft the oak-tree on its brow as it haunted

the nearer hills.—Ernest Seton Thompson in Scribner's.

#### WHY THE MILK TURNS SOUR.

It is well known that sweet milk will turn suddenly sour during a thunderstorm and the fact is recognized that lightning is the cause of the change. Few, however, understand why this phenomenon occurs. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often great enough to make the milk ferment.

But lightning can and sometimes does make milk turn sour by its action on the air. Air, as everybody knows, is composed of two gases —oxygen and nitrogen—but these gases are mixed together, not combined. Lightning, however, makes the gases combine in the air through which it passes, and this combination produces nitric acid, some of which mixes with the milk and turns it sour.

Perhaps it might be well to explain the chemical difference between mixing and combining. When different ingredients are put together without their undergoing any chemical change they are mixed, as for example, grains of sand of various colors may be mixed in a bottle. But when the property of each ingredient is altered by the union there is a combination, as, for example, water poured on quicklime, which combines with it, so that the property of each is altered.

Thus it is that lightning makes the oxygen and nitrogen of the air combine and the result is no longer air but nitric acid and four other nitrous poisons.

#### WHERE CHICKENS COME HIGH.

MR. JARED G. SMITH, who has been placed in charge of the new agricultural experiment station in Hawaii, reports that an effort is being made to find varieties of oranges and lemons specially adapted to that climate which will ripen before the corresponding California fruits are ready, so as to supply an earlier market. All of the oranges and lemons at present used in the archipelago are imported from California, the former retailing at five cents apiece.

Another difficulty in the islands is with the chickens. A troublesome disease makes it al-

most impossible to raise them. Many unsuccessful attempts on a large scale have been made, but owing to the cause mentioned, prices for poultry are absurdly high. Mr. Smith states that a lot of live fowls from California were sold recently at auction for \$1.85 each, and that eggs commonly retail at sixty cents a dozen. A suitable poultry feed is another problem, as rice is the only grain now obtainable for that purpose.

#### TAKING BATHS IN FINLAND.

A PRIMITIVE sort of Turkish bath is indulged in by some of the Finlanders of northern Norway. In winter in this part of the country the thermometer averages 40 degrees below zero and water bathing is not practicable. These Finlanders, unlike the Lapps farther north, have an instinct for bodily cleanliness and manage to preserve it after the following fashion: Paul Du Chaillu, who knows from personal experience, declares the method fine. Each hamlet has a bathhouse for common use. It is perhaps 15 feet long by 12 wide. It boasts no windows and only when the door is opened can air or light enter.

Bathing day comes once a week—Saturday. Early in the morning of that day wood is brought and a fire started. When the stones become hot the fire is put out, the place cleaned, a large vessel of water and some slender birch twigs brought in and the preparations declared complete. As no dressingroom is provided, toilets are unmade and made in the various homes. It is scarcely necessary to add that no time is lost in the progress from the home to the bathhouse. No clothes and a temperature of 40 degrees below zero are incentives to haste.

When all the men and boys are in the bathhouse and the door closed water is thrown upon the hotstones until the place is filled with steam. Perspiration pours from the sweltering bodies, yet more active exercise is demanded and switches come into play. Each bather lays on his neighbor with a will until "Enough!" is cried. Again water is thrown upon the stones, more steam raised and another switching indulged in. As may be imagined, the bodies are now as red as boiled lobsters and the blood circulating actively. A roll in the snow completes this novel bath.

#### TOO LATE.

The minister of a Scotch parish had a great wish that an old couple should become teetotalers, but they were in no wise eager to comply. After much pressing, however, they consented to try the experiment, but laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes.

About a fortnight after John began to feel his resolution weakening, but he was determined not to be the first to give way. In another week, however, he collapsed entirely.

"Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awfu' pain in my head. Ye micht gie me a wee drappie, an' see gin it'll dae me ony guid."

"Weel, guidman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the hoose I've been bothered sae wi' pains i' my heid tis a' dune, an' there's nae drappie left."

#### MORTGAGING THE BAD LANDS.

In consequence of the abandonment of lands in the arid region there is now a deserted belt, on which are situated empty towns and vacant homesteads. New England, which has lent most of the money for the building of the West, lost enormous sums by the desertion of these farms. The shrewd New Englanders had for so long a period found excellent security and high interest-paying investment in Western farm mortgages, that, being ignorant of arid-land conditions, they readily offered their cash to help the settlers of the plains. In many cases clever swindlers, realizing what was sure to happen, took up homesteads merely for the purpose of putting mortgages on them, after which they abandoned them.

"CREDIT to whom credit is due," is an old saying that the scissors editor frequently overlooks.

A MAN seldom knows what a woman doesn't mean until after she has spoken.

#### TABBY IN COLD STORAGE.

THE fame of Pittsburg's cats has spread to the far east and it is now proposed to import some of a special breed into the Philippines. The immense cold storage depot just finished at Manilla is in need of cats and it is the intention to supply that establishment with Pittsburg animals.

For years the managers of the Union Storage Company have been worried by rats. At first they confined their depredations to the goods in the milder climate of the general storage-rooms. Here nature came to their aid and in a few generations the rats and mice became so clothed in black fur that they seemed impervious to cold. To rid the warerooms of these pests was a troublesome task for the owners of the storage-houses. They could use cats in the general ware-rooms all right and with success, but when they placed the cats in the cold storage-rooms they soon contracted pneumonia and died.

The damage done by the rodents was very great and about five or six years ago the Union Storage Company experimented with a view to finding some breed of the feline tribe which could live in the cold climate of the storagerooms. It tried a pair of high-bred cats, but they soon sickened and died. Finally a pair of white felines without a pedigree were obtained and placed in the general storage-room for a time and then taken into a room where the temperature was gradually lowered.

The cats showed no ill effects and soon could stand a temperature as low as zero.

The offspring of these cats could stand a temperature much lower than their parents and their fur was much thicker than their predecessors. A few generations later a distinct breed of cats resulted, able to stand the lowest temperature ever maintained in the storage rooms. The question of killing off the rodents was thus solved.

The company now has about fifteen of these cats and it ships them to such of its five warehouses as need them.

The cold storage cats are short tailed, with long and heavy fur, the hair frequently being an inch long. Their eyebrows and whiskers are long and thicker and stronger than the ordinary cat's. The cold storage cat looks

much like the Angora, but does not thrive when taken from its accustomed atmosphere.

#### AMONG THE TAR HEELS.

BY BERTHA WASSAM.

NORTH CAROLINA is a wonderful State. It is hundreds of miles long, from Currituck to Cherokee, as it is sometimes said, that is from the extreme east to the west of the state. It has a good climate, and good people. The natives in the interior have methods of speech that sound queer to strangers. They "make" crops, they don't grow them, and all the products of the farm are said to be "made." A man in speaking of the cotton he has raised calls it "making." They "carry" the horse to water, carry children to school, and carry a person to town. In some of the mountain districts there are customs and forms of speech that are out of the ordinary.

The people are hospitable, and the country is a good one for agriculture. One can have all sorts of surroundings in the State, from the ocean along the coast, to the mountains in the western part. Along the coast there are many engaged in the fisheries, and in the west some of the best tobacco in the country is raised, or "made" as they say.

Come down here and we will give you a southern welcome.

Melvin Hill, N. C.

### \* \* THE BIRD HOME.

Our in the Pacific ocean is a small island about three miles long, and nearly as much wide, where there are millions of birds, which make it a home for nesting and raising their young. It would be a paradise for the 'Nook boy who could hardly walk through the bushy grass and the little palms without crushing eggs and birds at almost every step.

There are some three species of birds that frequent the place, which sing, but there are countless others that make the air discordant with their quacking, croaking, screaming, and all the other noises characterizing their kind. It is difficult to assign a reason for this extensive choice of a special place by the birds, as the immediately adjacent islands are not so populated with bird life.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE MIRACLES HE DID.

BY J. W. WAYLAND.

THE sacred narratives record at least thirtyfour miracles of Christ: but these are only a small part of the whole number he performed. What remarkable things might have been told of that sunset scene at Capernaum, when all of a great city's afflicted one's crowded up to the Great Healer at Simon Peter's door! Picture to your view that other rejoicing multitude, diverging homeward into every district of Syria, who but lately were diseased, and tormented, and palsied, and possessed with devils! But the evangelists were not aiming at sensations; they were simply recording a few characteristic facts; therefore, although Jesus did many other signs in their presence, they passed them by, telling only a simple story that bears the truth upon its face. And we believe it. We accept the miracles of Christ as real occurrences, though supernatural, and, therefore, inexplicable; and they have been attested by the skepticism of two thousand years.

The miracles of Christ may be grouped in two general classes: first, those wrought upon objects in external nature, such as the multiplication of loaves, 'the stilling of the tempest, and the turning of water into wine; of which class there are nine recorded; and, in the second place, those wrought upon man, a much larger class, of which twenty-five are recorded, such as the restoring of sight to blind Bartimæus, the healing of Malchus' ear, and the raising of Lazarus from the dead. nearly half of these recorded instances the Master does not wait to be appealed to, but upon his own initiative does the act that he sees will be for the good of a sufferer, or for the furthering of his purposes. On the other hand, in nearly every instance, faith is made the essential condition to miraculous interven-This faith is sometimes expressed, more often implied. For example: At the healing of the Roman officer's servant, Christ himself calls attention to the centurion's faith: at the feeding of the five thousand, it is not

stated that anybody had faith in the Master's ability to feed the people; but the faith of the disciples is indicated by inference, from the fact that they assisted him as he directed; and that of the multitude, from the fact that they arranged themselves in the expectant positions he commanded them to assume. Again, this faith is sometimes manifested by the persons themselves that desire help; sometimes by others associated with them.

In the case of the paralytic borne of four, the four friends have the overcoming faith, such a faith as is also manifested by the Syrophoenician mother; but even in these instances we may presume that the sufferers themselves were not without faith. In the case of those from whom evil spirits were ejected, I think the same principle obtains. Of course, the evil spirits cannot be credited with a saving faith in Jesus; and evidently so long as the human victims were fully dominated by the demons, no faith was possible; but in these cases there seems to have been a double personality, that of the man and that of the demon, and moments in which the man was in possession, so to speak, of himself. For example: It was the demoniac legion in the poor Gadarene that urged the vigorous protest, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus?" but it was the man himself, in momentary possession of himself, and with faith in Jesus, that a moment before fell at his feet and worshiped him. In only two instances do I find a miracle that seems to have been performed without a desiring faith on the part of someone interested. The miraculous blighting of the fig tree is one instance. But even this miracle is employed as an object lesson to stimulate faith in the disciples. The other instance is the healing of Malchus' ear. It is not probable that either Malchus or his master had much faith in Jesus; yet Jesus healed him. This voluntary act may have been impelled by the same spirit of mercy and love that, a few hours later, broke forth in a prayer for the heartless crucifiers; or it may be that the Savior wished to give unmistakable evidence to his followers that his kingdom is not to be established or maintained by the sword. We may be sure he had a sufficient reason for this act; he who could have called legions of angels to

his rescue, did nothing without a purpose, or merely for vain display.

But what is a miracle? This is a muchvexed question, and numerous answers have been given. Many have said that it is an "interruption" or a "violation" of the laws of nature. But neither of these words quoted seems wholly satisfactory. Besides, the terms, "laws" and "nature," are very vague. "Signs that no man can do, except God be with him," we might almost give as Nicodemus' definition; and as one which, we believe, is very nearly correct. It recognizes a supernatural power as essential. Miracles are "signs"works with a purpose-and not "interruptions" or "violations;" and we have noted above that Christ did no miracle without a well-defined purpose. As a definition, therefore, in a more amplified form, I think we may accept the following: "An intervention of the energy of the Divine Will upon the established order of nature, at a particular time and for a special purpose." Just as the inventor and master mechanic, inexplicably to us, though before our eyes, may lay his hand upon some part of the complicated system of machinery that he has designed and constructed, and remove a clog here, reverse a motion there, or accelerate a movement yonder, so may God, the architect of the universe, superinduce energy where he will and as he will, modifying, according to his purpose, that energy which he already has created, and which he alone directs and controls.

The miracles of Jesus, then, were wrought with a purpose. They were, in the first place, a seal of his divinity. Nicodemus acknowledged them as such. Peter at Pentecost called upon his hearers to witness that Jesus of Nazareth had been approved of God among them by miracles and wonders and signs. Yes, his miracles were signs, signs of his authority, and only pride and prejudice could interpret them otherwise. Christ refused to change stones into bread at Satan's proposal, and he bitterly upbraided his other wicked and adulterous tempters that demanded a sign; yet

when John the Baptist, that sorely-tried servant of God, sent his messengers, asking Jesus, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" Jesus said: "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have good tidings preached to them." "Believe me, John," he would say, "that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake."

In the second place, the miracles of Jesus were but the outflowings of his divine spirit of sympathy and love. He came to aid suffering humanity, and he went about doing good. See him pause beside that pitiable sufferer at the Pool of Bethesda; behold the beam of compassion in his eye, and hear the strain of pity in his voice, as he bends over the poor cripple and says: "Wouldest thou be made whole?" See him again, at the gate of Nain; hear him say to the bereaved and sorrowing mother: "Weep not;" then imagine, if you can, the sympathetic tenderness with which he touched that bier, that sad altar of a widow's hopes, and said: "Young man, arise."

Finally, the miracles of Jesus were not only signs of his authority and fruits of his love, but they were also natural types of spiritual things. A brief notice of two in this respect will illustrate the rest. In the beginning of his miracles at Cana of Galilee, he touched, as it were, the water-pots of the law and brought forth the new wine of the Gospel, and in such abundant quantities, too, as to symbolize the depth of the riches of heavenly grace; and in that last miracle by the Sea of Galilee we behold, in the unbroken net full of fishes, and in the feast prepared upon the shore, a prefiguration of the success that shall attend obedience to the divine "Go ye;" of the power that is not strained in saving to the uttermost; and of the feast that shall finally be spread for the faithful, when the Lord shall gird himself and shall come forth and serve them.

(To be continued.)





#### A FEW HOME ESSENTIALS.

BY FELICIA E. SHAFFER.

A PLEASANT home requires that therein twell a home-maker. The embellishment of a touse does not make a home. Neither do tomes make themselves any more than some other things do Home-making is an art, and when home-makers are as persevering in attaining proficiency as those of other arts there will be more homes and fewer places where oeople "just stay."

Contrast two tenement rooms in a city, each occupied by husband and wife. Room number one has a clean, bare floor, plenty of light, good fire, clean white bed, white cheeseloth curtains, table laid with white cloth. The effect is comfortable and cheery.

Room number two has carpet neither dirty nor clean, white bed slouchily made, smouldering fire, dark shades partly drawn. The effect is dingy and dreary. Lady of room number two calls on lady of room one. She said, "Why is it your room seems more home-like than mine?" Now, why was it? The one woman made her room her home, while the other simply "stayed" in her room.

The artist requires the aid of only a few material things in the production of the most beautiful picture. The sculptor sets free from the marble the perfect image with the aid of only a few instruments. Thus can the artist homemaker, with the aid of only a few of the material things of earth, bring forth in her home a pleasantness and beauty emanating from no one thing in particular but pervading all as insidiously as the perfume of flowers.

Order, cleanliness, warmth, and light:-These are the instruments of the home-making art. All other things are accessories, and may be meagre or luxurious, but with these as a foundation it is the innate artist home-maker that can put into the home that undefinable. indescribable sense of "hominess" that one feels, rather than sees, upon entering some homes and feels it so conspicuously absent in others. Let us strive to make our homes "homey." It can be done in dugout or mansion, and the children will not need personal dens with color schemes, to keep them from thinking other and perhaps more lavishly furnished homes more attractive than theirs, and the occasional guest basks in the light and warmth of such a home, feeling that indeed he has entered a haven of rest.

Morrill. Kans.

#### SALMON SALAD.

BY MRS. J. O. MICK.

TAKE one can of salmon; drain off all oil and remove large bones and pick fine. Have four hard boiled eggs, take the whites and chop fine, and two stalks of celery chopped, or, if celery cannot be had, one-half dozen of pickles cut fine will do. Then take yolks of eggs, add one-half teaspoonful of mustard, salt, and pepper and make a smooth paste by adding one-half tup vinegar, then pour over the salmon, and it will be ready for the table.

Cold boiled potatoes served in same way will make a very nice salad.

Goshen, Ind.

#### HEAD CHEESE.

#### BY ANNA M. STANTON.

TAKE a pig's head. Remove all bone and skin. The flesh will be in thin, small pieces. Place in a stone jar with salt and saltpeter. For a small head three ounces of salt and two grains of saltpeter will be enough.

Let stand a few days. Then wash it to remove brine and blood. Let it remain in cold water an hour or two. Cook until well done. Remove to a chopping bowl; but do not chop fine.

Season with pepper and sage. Add half as much bread crumbs as you have meat. Place in an earthen bowl or granite basin. Reverse a plate over it, and press with warm flat irons. North Yakima, Wash.

#### CHOPPED PICKLE.

BY CORA B. BYER.

CHOP fine one gallon of cabbage, and one gallon of green tomatoes. Sprinkle salt over tomatoes and let stand. Then drain, and add four tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, two of ginger, one of ground cloves, one of mace, one of cinnamon, and two of celery seed, add three pounds brown sugar. Mix and cover with vinegar and boil slowly till done.

Albert City, Iowa.

#### TAPIOCA PUDDING.

BY SUSIE A. WAMPLER.

One cup of tapioca, one quart of milk, whites of three eggs, and yolks of six, one table-spoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, and flavor as desired. Boil the tapioca (soaked over night in water) in milk until clear; then add sugar, eggs, butter, salt and flavoring mixed together, and cook as thick as desired.

Brazilton, Kans.

#### RALSTON COFFEE.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

GET scoured wheat at the mill, or clean from the threshing machine. Brown in the oven to a golden yellow, then to every quart of wheat add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and two teaspoonfuls of butter. Let it absort and brown a little longer. This gives it the flavor and color of coffee. Boil without grinding for ten or fifteen minutes, one tablespoonful for a cup. This makes a healthy and palatable coffee, said to contain more nourishment than beefsteak.

McPherson, Kans.

IRON rust can be removed from white goods by using salts of lemon, or even by wetting the spot with lemon juice, sprinkling with common table salt and laying in the sun for a short time.

To remove sunburn rub the face with the white of an egg well beaten and allow it to remain on for fifteen minutes—then wash off with soft water. Apply this several times during the day.

To salt almonds, first blanch by pouring over them boiling water, then spread on a smooth baking tin, add a few small pieces of butter and stand in the oven until nicely browned, then dust with dried salt and stand away to cool.

For making coffee a drip coffee-pot is best, as with this the water can be poured through the coffee as often as necessary to acquire the desired strength without allowing the grounds to soak in the liquid. Keep the coffee hot, but do not let it boil.

To brew tea properly. The greatest draw-back to tea as a beverage is the poisonous tannic acid it contains. To avoid extracting this as much as possible, pour the water on the leaves at the monent of boiling, and allow the tea to stand a few minutes only before serving.

For cleaning and renovating rugs, hang them on a line and beat with a rattan, etc., then lay on a flat surface and sweep on both sides with a clean broom dipped lightly in water and ammonia. The highest proof kerosene also is used in this manner to brighten rugs, but salt and water or ammonia and water are better for the purpose.

# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Nov. 2, 1901.

No. 44.

#### WEAVING.

SOMETIMES He gives me threads of gold To brighten up the day;
Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,
That change the gold to gray;
And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
With threads both gold and gray,
And on I toil till daylight dies
And fades in night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,
And I shall cease to spin,
He'll open wide my Father's door
And bid me rest within.
When safe at home in heavenly light,
How clearly I shall see
That every thread—the dark, the bright—Each one has need to be!

#### COMPENSATION.

A MAN can not speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will, he draws his ortrait to the eye of his companions by every ord. Every opinion reacts on him who uters it. It is a threadball thrown at a mark, ut the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at a whale, nwinding as it flies, a coil of cord in the bat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not ell thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersan in twain of to sink the boat. You can not be wrong without suffering wrong.

The exclusive in fashionable life does not be that he excludes himself from enjoyment, the attempt to appropriate it. The exusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to out out others. Treat men as pawns and nineins, and you shall suffer as they. If you have out their heart, you shall lose your own.

#### TRIFLES AFFECT MEN'S LIVES.

INCIDENTS of a trifling character have influenced the career of many successful inventors. E. J. Manville was a hard-working machinist, living in Waterbury, Conn., when one day he heard a woman complaining because she had pricked her finger with a pin. A pin that would not prick fingers, he thought, would have a ready sale. A week later he had worked out the safety pin and within five vears his invention had made him rich. Carlos French, another Connecticut mechanic, in the course of a railway journey noticed the jarring and jolting of the car and fell to thinking how they could be overcome. The problem kept him awake nights for some two years, but in the end he solved it so successfully that his car spring is now used on all the railroads of the land.

George Westinghouse was led in a somewhat similar manner to invent the air brake. He was the son of a manufacturer and possessed a marked mechanical bent. Once he was in a railroad collision, the result of a brake's failure to do its work. He immediately started to devise a brake that would operate more quickly and with greater certainty than the ones then in use, and, like Carlos French, he was completely successful in his efforts. His air brake brought him great wealth and for thirty years he has constantly added to his fortune by inventing new devices of his own and buying those of other inventors. The result in life saving has been simply enormous.

Engineers are indebted to the clam for the idea of using a water jet to drive piles in the sand. The clam sinks itself in sand by throwing a jet of water beneath itself, thus washing the sand to one side and allowing it to sink.

#### REINDEER.

Since the discovery and exploration of the gold mines in the far northwest of the continent has scattered over the interior of Alaska small and far divided settlements of American citizens, the problem of the government has been to establish and preserve the usual lines of communication. It has been a principle of the post office department that wherever there is an American settlement on American soil there shall be a mail service. But the carrying out of this principle was beset with astounding difficulties in a country where for half of the year all trails are blotted out of existence by ten feet of snow. Horses are absolutely useless under such circumstances. Dog teams were tried, with only partial success. Sometimes they reached their destination with the precious mail bags safely, and on time. More often they were days, or even weeks, late. Sometimes they didn't come at all. At the best, the system was not a success. The government cast about for a substitute for the dog and hit upon the rein-

At first the idea was hailed with derision by the Klondikers. Reindeer couldn't do the work, they declared. All of which was based on the rather unsatisfactory results of an importation of reindeer several years before. Having once become interested in a project the government is not easily discouraged by criticism. A test was determined upon and the outcome forever established the pre-eminence of the reindeer for arctic mail delivery.

A reindeer team with a Lapp driver was selected to carry one of the mail bags over the Nome route, and to return with the outgoing mail, the round trip being about 500 miles. Two days before the reindeer started, three well-equipped dog teams started. The route lay through a country without road or trail, and the conditions were as harsh as heavy snowfalls could make them. Early on the fifth day out the reindeer team caught up with the slower of the dog outfits, in a stretch of soft, drifted snow. In this the dogs had been bemired and their desperate flounderings had so weakened them that they were making but little progress. The powerful reindeer plowed

through the drifts with little difficulty. That afternoon they passed the second dog team. The Lapp brought his mail into the terminus rested his deer thirty hours, started on the return trip and fifty miles out met the fore most of his competitors.

Even more remarkable was a mail trip of 1,240 miles through a trackless wilderness made by reindeer, the teams making as high as 110 miles a day under the most favorable conditions.

Now that the value of these animals has been fully established the United States has en tered upon a new and curious field of industry and has become an importer and breeder of stock and will bring in the next few year thousands of reindeer into its northern posses sion. There are now in Alaska eight herds comprising about 3,500 head. By January thi number will be increased, through importation, to more than 5,000 head.

Getting possession of these draught horse of the northlands is by no means an easy matter. In the first place, money will not bu them. It will not buy anything in that par of Siberia where the finest reindeer are found for the simple reason that the Siberian is to practical-minded to care anything about money That hard, cold bit of rounded metal or th flimsy green paper that represents so much t civilized man means nothing to him. what he gives up he wants a return in of viously utile form; so barter is the only meth od of getting his reindeer from him, and bolt of cloth, knives, canned foods and variou utensils must be shipped up there as mediut of exchange. Even then he parts reluctantly with his domestic animal. To the Siberia the reindeer is friend, milch cow and railroad all in one, when alive and a hundred other things when dead. There was a general en pression that the beast would not survive a se voyage, but the first experiment showed that they throve on it, and large exportations from Siberia followed.

At first the whites in Alaska were not successful in handling the animals. They also scarcely comprehensible by the Caucasia. The reindeer is easily frightened and easily offended and it is impossible to tell how have in either case. Sometimes he will behave in either case.

sh at the offending person and strike him wn with his sharp powerful forehoofs, or deavor to rip him open with a quick descent his formidable antlers. Again he will balk, k and even pine away. Between the Sirian and the reindeer there exists a sort of inity; the animal will obey his accustomed ister when a white-skinned man can do nothwith him. So a number of herders were ought over from Siberia and young Alaskan kimos put under them to learn the business. re Alaskan natives have taken the greatest erest in the introduction of the reindeer and many occasions delegations have traveled om 300 to 400 miles to inspect a herd which looked upon as opening a new avenue of alth for them. For a time it was feared at the Alaskan dogs, unless checked, would inifest a disposition to scatter and destroy e reindeer herds, but the herders were armed d had strict orders to fire upon any dog infering with a herd and, after a number of addlesome dogs had been shot down, this urce of annoyance disappeared almost altother. A few reindeer are killed each year wolves.

Even more expert than the Siberians in the re and training of reindeer are the natives of ipland. Accordingly, a score of full-blooded ipps have been induced by liberal offers to sigrate to Alaska, where they form a little lony. With them have come a number of eir dogs, remarkably intelligent animals, to not only herd and guard the reindeer, but 10 assist in training and breaking them to rness. The dogs are very courageous and 'll fight wolves, mountain lions or any other ast of prey that may attack the herd. Any the Lapps may upon application to the govament have the loan of 100 head of reindeer ran interval of from three to five years, at e end of which time the borrower returns e 100 head of deer to the government, rening the increase as his private property. is significant that nearly every one of the ipps has hastened to take advantage of this fer. The government has given, loaned or ld herds of reindeer to mission stations all er Alaska.

The breaking of a reindeer is only slightly is exciting than the same operation in the

case of a broncho on the western plains. When the deer is lassooed, the loop being thrown over the antlers, he often becomes infuriated and, rising upon his hind legs, strikes out viciously, with his forefeet. It is then in order for the man to beat a hasty retreat. Watching his opportunity he runs in, seizes the horns, one in either hand, and dexterously throws the deer upon his back. He lies passive. When once down the animal immediately gives up the struggle. A halter is fastened on his head and with a long rope or strip of untanned leather made fast to a moss hummock he is allowed to run and jerk for several days until he finds out what it is to be fastened. Now comes the most difficult task of all-that of harnessing him. Generally it is necessary to throw the animal before the harness can be put in place. When the deer finds that he is fastened in a new way, feels the tug rubbing against his legs and the pressure upon his shoulders, he makes his greatest demonstrations and most terrific struggles for liberty. This performance is continued for days and finally the deer is driven for miles at a time until he becomes thoroughly accustomed to his driver, harness and sled. Once broken to harness he is docile, intelligent and possessed of indomitable pluck and endurance.

N N

LIFE is sacred and should be protected against the result of carelessness. The fool who does not think at all kills more people than the miscreant whose thoughts are evil. The idiot who rocks the boat, who leaves a loaded rifle in the house, or who snaps a revolver which is not supposed to be loaded in the face of a friend is more to be dreaded than the murderer.

UPON seven different occasions persons attacked Queen Victoria with the intention of killing her. The crime is punishable by death in England, but at the Queen's request each one was sent to an insane asylum for life. Why not? They were insane.

\* \*

GREAT Britain has one small comfort in the Boer war. Enlistments in the army and navy have reduced the number of tramps about 75 per cent.

#### HOME ADORNMENT.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

THERE are many ways to adorn a home, with little expense, if a person will only mix a little ingenuity and taste with common sense. Take a girl's room, for instance, or a boy's room as well. I will commence with the bed. Get an old castaway bedstead with a low footboard, just even with your mattress, and with low posts, or you can saw the posts off even with the foot-board, if the bed stands high. If it needs paint then paint it white and make a canopy top for the head of the bed. This can be made with common lath. A frame work can be nailed fast to the head posts of the bed and extend up about four feet high, and about twenty inches over the head of the bed. Cover or drape the whole with a cheap, light-blue, pink, or any color to taste. Cover that with a scrim and some lace, or silkaline shirred, drape with a curtain around the bed, and you will have a very pretty piece of furniture at little expense.

For a washstand take a box the right height, say twenty-eight inches. If the box is not large enough on top, nail a board on it, extending over the box. Make a few shelves on inside and then take lath and make a frame work on the back for a splasher. Cover the frame with a cheap cambric, in a tasty color, and drape with silkaline or scrim. Cover the top board with white oilcloth, drape around the box with a curtain and you can hide away shoes and other articles. Two cracker boxes laid on the side, on top of each other, form a cheap and very pretty article.

For a stand there are several pretty ways. Take a common barrel, or a half barrel. Tack boards on top to extend over the top. Drape around with a curtain. If a corner stand is wanted make the boards fit the corner and drape the curtain across the front of the shelf to hide the barrel. Have a large hole cut in the side, on the front, and you have a place for your mending patches. Another pretty way is to take three old broom handles and tie them together in the middle with twine, and spread apart to form legs. Nail a board on the top, round or square, and paint the legs white. Tie ribbon over the twine. Cover the

top with a nice cloth, and this makes a ne stand. Put up a bracket shelf. Get in braces, and a common board draped wi crinkled tissue paper. This makes a precishelf for your trinkets.

To frame pictures use the crinkled tissue, in strips a few inches wide, and several inch longer than your picture, gather it a lit where the corners cross, and making a lit rosette at each corner. Fasten on your piture and tack on the wall.

A wardrobe can be made with lath fram work like the canopy of your bed, in a corn where you hang your clothes. Make a fram work, cover on top with cambric and curtai around to the floor which will keep the du off its contents.

A stool can be made by taking a box with lid. Cover the lid first with a rough materistuff with excelsior, or cotton, and then cov with bits of new carpet or patch work, tacki it on. You will then have a neat stool and convenient place for many little article. Have a place for everything and everythin its place. The keeping of a room is, affall, the greatest part of the adornment.

Any girl with a knack in the use of hammand saw, can make all these articles, or she make there big brother to help her. Paint the floor, lay down a few pieces of carpet or rule and you will have a nice little cozy room take your girl friends. Tell them you did the all yourself and they will catch the spirit a will go to work to make their rooms the sand Don't neglect your brothers. Fix up the rooms just as pretty and tasty as your ow and show them how to keep them nice keeping your own nice.

McPherson, Kans.

HONEY.

BY S. R. E.

Not the delightful product of the beemeant, but a shivering and long-legged lan born into the world of an unnatural moth who straightway refused to have anything do with him.

So the lamb was taken into the house a given into my charge, and as the first thing do was to give him a name he was at on

istened "Honey," in memory of a lamb ry, dear to my childhood days. For the t few days Honey's career was clouded and chances for his reaching his majority med slight, but at last, after much patient ort he seemed to have taken a firm grip on and from that time, went steadily along.

It first he was fed many times a day a little k with a spoon, and as his capacity for k grew, a bottle and rubber cap were seed, and the way he would empty it was iderful. He would trot around after me day, and if the doors were left open, into kitchen he would go. One evening after fires were kept up in the fall, I found him ding in front of the parlor fireplace, watchthe flames, and contentedly chewing the of reflection. Finding that he was too blesome in the yard, he was put out with milch cows, in a field adjoining the house, re I still fed him, but by this time I used g wine bottle without a cap. Whenever aw me coming he would stand up against fence, and as soon as the bottle neck came ugh he would seize it, swallow the milk walk quietly away.

hen cold weather came, he refused to e the cows, and it put out with the oth-heep would stand all night at the gate, ting. He always followed the cows into stable at night, and helped himself liberaltheir food, and until he was sold, the foling spring, he never left them nor paid the attention to the other sheep. Since then we raised three other lambs on the bottle, none of them were so affectionate or inter-

est Elkton, Ohio.

#### PLEASANT LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

BY J. I. MILLER.

TE INGLENOOK, under date of Oct. 12, is pest I have ever seen, and as well as I reper we have not missed one issue since sorn. I get so much information from istorical and descriptive, that I would r get otherwise! Now I want to tell the k readers I am not a well-educated man not an able writer, but if the 'NOOKMAN

will think my old-fashioned way telling things of any interest to his readers I can write a few short articles and in so doing will only give facts.

We live right in the heart of the great rice belt of Southwestern Louisiana; and it is such a wonderful industry, and carried on on such a gigantic scale, that my feeble pen would make a poor attempt at any description. this writing, Oct. 14, we are in the midst of harvesting and thrashing rice. In the past twelve months hundreds of wells have been put down, from 150 to 250 feet deep, and in size from six to twelve inches. Sometimes two, three and four are put down from 50 to 100 feet apart, and all are connected with one pump, while some use a pump on each well, for irrigating the rice. The pumping is all done by machinery. Ten H. P. engines are used, up to 125 H. P. Three years ago, when we came here, there was not one of these plants within seven miles of us. Now there are twenty or more within a radius of five miles. And the thousands of acres that were then raw prairie, furnishing fine grazing for wild or native cattle and ponies, are now one immense field of golden, yellow rice.

Now this article is long enough, and if accepted I will write another on the prices and handling of rice, and on the great oil find so recently made. Then I would like to write one article on gardening and truck farming in the South. And what I write shall be true facts. But I feel sure when I give the true facts as to what can be done here in the truck growing line, and what we have done, it will be doubted in the minds of many of the 'Nook readers in the far North.

Roanoke, La.

[Give us facts, not opinions, and we will be glad to hear from you.—Ed.]

An old Scotch farmer, being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school, and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gie me t'other day for haudin' yer horse!"

#### ABOUT HIGH JUMPERS.

The other day there was a cry in the office here, and looking out we saw a balloon sailing up into the air. As far as we could see from the 'Nook office there was nothing but a big bag, pear-shaped, sailing into the upper regions. When at a great height, a thousand feet or more, something dropped from the lower end of the balloon. It resembled a stick which presently opened out into a parachute, simply a big umbrella, but there was a human being, a woman, dropping with it. It was an eerie thing to look at, a human being dropping from the clouds.

Those who know something about the matter estimate that there are now from three hundred to five hundred persons in the country who are dependent upon parachute jumping for their livelihood. Not all of these are men, as the ranks of jumpers were quickly broken into by the women who dared the dangers and pocketed the returns. The public rather approved of the new field of work for women and there was an added excitement to the thing when there was a prospect that a woman might fall a thousand feet. The occupation has never been considered so safe as to make balloonists desirable risks for life insurance, but the modern jump with the parachute has hardly added to the dangers of the æronaut. It has, in fact, enabled him to avoid some very ticklish places that under the old system he had to go into whether or no.

As the parachute jumpers increased in numbers and the public became accustomed to the sight there were introduced a number of features to add to the attractiveness of the original plain jump. One of the first of the innovations introduced was the addition of another parachute and a man and woman to make the ascent and each descend by his or her own chute. There were as many variations of this team work of the man and woman as the ingenuity of the balloonists could contrive. First the man and woman rode on the same bar and when the proper height had been reached the woman cut loose her "chute" and descended. This, of course, sent the balloon up with a rush when her weight was taken off and then the man made the dive from the greater height.

Before the addition of a second bar, which the woman rode, both man and wom used the one parachute and came down ridi on the same bar. Another variation of t performance was where two parachutes we attached to the one bar. There was a fancy one time for the balloonist to carry up a d a dog or some other domestic animal and: it adrift, attached to a chute calculated carry its weight. But the trick that caud the popular fancy strongest was that of t man who left the ground seated on a bicywhich he was pedaling as if his life depend upon it. The rapid working of his f he kept up as long as he was in sight of crowd, but he stopped it when they could longer see what he was doing. The secret the popularity of this feat, like that of jump itself, lay in the fact that it looked d gerous. It really was not dangerous and add no new perils to the performance.

The demand of the populace for somethi new kept the balloonists on their metal tryi to invent some peculiarly attractive feature be introduced, and there was always the centive of a preference being given to the n who had the most tricks to show. The d who fired himself and the "chute" from cannon while in midair came in obedience the demand for a novelty. This was an ceedingly taking turn and it had about good deal of the fake. The "chute" fol up, was first placed inside the big tube of painted black to make it look like the iron it purported to be. This "cannon" mounted on stanchions and carriage of same flimsy materials as itself, every part ing carefully made to resemble the real th by the application of black paint.

Then the performer crawled in. He concealed in the breast of his "leotard," half coat used by tumblers and trapeze art a pistol, provided with blank cartridges. balloon was released in the ordinary mar and when it reached a proper height æronaut exploded his cartridge and the "man cannon ball" dropped into view.

Another enterprising caterer to the dem for something new devised a light frame accessories of a farm wagon on which mounted, adding to the realistic effect erching on the front seat with whip in hand nd lashing at his imaginary horses as the big alloon soared away toward the clouds. Big alloons capable of carrying a team of four men each with his individual chute attached a long bar was devised. From this the men ne after the other cut loose and descended in rderly procession in their drop. Other "ridres of the bag" carried up pigeons and other tirds, which they let loose at intervals as they rent up.

The sensations of the man who makes the dive from the clouds," as the posters call it, ave been described by them time and again. After a half dozen short swings to and fro the scent is almost directly upward. The man ho is quitting the earth is, curiously enough, ne only one who doesn't feel that he is doing nything of the kind. As he sits in his trapeze nd gazes downward there is no sensation of 10tion or of giddiness. The earth is dropping way from him. He is sitting still, suspended rom nothing. It is just as though he had set imself in a high swing and dropped a broad bject downward. To the novice it is a wonerful sight. The earth seems to be saucer haped. Just beneath seems the lowest point, thile the horizon appears to be coming up to neet you. You are looking at the earth brough the small end of your opera glass and omeone is rapidly turning the focusing bar.

The first two or three seconds after cutting bose is the time when terror is felt. No mater how many times the parachute jumper epeats the experience, he cannot escape the ensation, the complete goneness at the pit of ne stomach. When he is ready to let go he akes a long, full breath—several of them, in act—and sets his muscles hard. After he oes cut loose one dares not breathe. To do to would cause suffocation, a fainting spell. If the chute did not open at all he would never feel the pangs of death. He would have

lost all sensibility long before the earth was reached. Sometimes when the chute is slow in unfolding consciousness is lost, but it is only momentarily.

As seen from the bar of a parachute all things on the earth are grotesquely small, but distinct and clear cut. The appalling thing is the silence that prevails. A dog's howl or a bird's song is heard last of all as one ascends. After that a great silence comes. If there is a strong wind blowing the æronaut does not know it. It never passes him. He goes with it and just as rapidly as it travels. A match can be struck in midair in the fiercest wind.

The spectacular part of the ascension is to be found in the acrobatic feats while the outfit is mounting. This is nerve-racking to the spectator, but not disconcerting to the performer. It must be remembered that he feels no sensation of the rush through the air. To him everything appears stationary, save the earth, which is dropping away from him. If he dangles by one hand he knows, though the crowd doesn't, that the web bandage which secures him by the wrist will grip him secure, and if he hangs head downward he knows that a pair of horses could not pull him away from a trapeze in the corners of which he has planted his toes.

At the same time it is a hard business. The man who faces danger daily may say that he becomes so accustomed to it that he fears it no longer. Externally this may be true, but the nervous system has its limitations,, and if the warnings it sometimes sends out are not heeded death may come in a horrible shape. The ranks are swelled to-day by the young and daring; depleted to-morrow. Few men grow old in the profession. They marry and their wives will not hear of another ascent. They become crippled or frightened into something that promises longer life.



#### FAMOUS WHITE HOUSE PRESENTS.

Anyone who has traveled in lands beyond the sea will recall that amongst the treasures that make beautiful the stately palaces of European monarchs one finds great malachite vases presented by the autocrat of all the Russians—that country being the great malachite producer of the world. When the czar wishes to perform an act of congratulation or amity, it takes the form of sending one of these magnificent vases, four or five feet high. The brilliant green of the malachite seems almost garish in contrast with the delicate mingling of colors that one finds in the Chinese, or the exquisite tints of the soft and beautiful Sevres of France.

In wandering through the White House, as I have lately been permitted to do, through the kindness and courtesy of Secretary Cortelyou, it was interesting to study in detail the gifts which have been made to the country through its different presidents, and which now ornament the White House-and to notice that the greater number of these have come from our sister republic, France. Perhaps the most beautiful objects in the Red room are a pair of vases presented by the French government to President Pierce. The ground is the beautiful soft pink peculiar to old Sevres, and which now seems almost impossible to reproduce. Upon one of these is painted an exquisite picture of Charlotte Corday, before the Tribunal, receiving her sentence; the other represents Marie Antoinette, as she appeared before the tyrant Robespierre. Both are very perfect specimens of that art which has culminated in the production of old Sevres.

On the chimney piece in this room are the candelabra presented by Napoleon to President Jefferson. On the pedestal is placed a ball on which is the figure of a woman in graceful drapery, whose upturned hands support the candelabra. The pedestal is adorned with shields, helmets and armor thrown out in low relief. Beneath, on either side of the chimney, are two large vases of Royal Worcester, presented by Tiffany of New York, to President Arthur. These are splendid specimens of fine coloring. In one a beautiful girl looks forth from a bower of roses; in the other is a similar figure in a latticed window.

Directly over the fireplace is a large ovar plate of great beauty. It is of old Vienn ware with a border of exquisite gold work which is the distinguishing mark of the Vien na ware.

The andirons of burnished brass and antiquing design are from the time of Washington. Be fore a long mirror, between the windows, are the clock and vases purchased by Presiden Van Buren for the White House. These are of alabaster and gilt and very chaste in design On a table is a basin and ewer in black repousse on gilt ground, very ornate. It was found in the garret by Mrs. Grant. Here, too is the screen presented to Mrs. Grant by the Austrian government. It had been exhibited a the Philadelphia exhibition of old Gobel tapestry. The coloring is of such beauty that in its gilt setting it has the effect of a mellot old painting.

In the next room, which is the most home like and comfortable of all the public rooms is the White House, is another screen presented to General Grant by the Grand Army of the Republic. It shows the arms of the Uniter States, painted on a gray ground, with a half wreath of flowers at the base, the whole splendidly framed in gilt. Nearby stands the lacquer cabinet presented by the Chinese government to General Grant. It is of interesting and unique ugliness, as so many Chinese curios are.

A pair of bronze gilt candelabra, suppose to have been purchased by President Van But en, bear a certain degree of interest from hav ing been used at the Cleveland wedding.

In the Blue room the mantel is decorate with the Lafayette clock and vases presente to Washington. These are of very soli bronze gilt. The hands of a beautiful woma encircle the clock, her reclining figure is gracefully draped and the Phrygian cap of the republic adorns her head. The vases are talend slender, the designs in low relief, representing scenes in the history of France. The are of great beauty and delicacy, characteristic of the brass work in the seventeenth century.

On the other side of this room are the gree vases presented by President Faure to Pres dent McKinley. They are undecorated saw for a touch of gilt on the handles, but are the Royal Sevres blue, which overlays a white ground that the deep color of the blue half reveals and half conceals. The large Chinese vases presented to President Arthur stand on either side of the fireplace. Another gift from the French government is a large steel shield placed in the hall leading to the president's office. This represents Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and triumphing angels with waving wings as they enter the heavenly portals.

One of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the president's house is a bookcase made from the timber of that fine old frigate, the "Constitution." This was the most famous of our frigates in 1798; it carried forty-four guns. After many splendid sea fights it vanquished the "Guerriere," wrecking her in thirty minutes. The victories gained by this splendid ship greatly strengthened the Americans in self-confidence and prestige. In 1812 she fought the "Java." Afterwards she was called "Old Ironsides," and we recall Oliver Wendell Holmes' fine poem beginning:

"Yes, tear her tattered ensign down, Long has it waved on high, And many a foe has quailed to see Her banner in the sky,"

giving voice to the indignation of many at the proposal to dismantle this fine old ship. The bookcase has been in the White House for eighty years.

#### OUR ENEMY, THE RATTLER.

THE rattlesnake, whose favorite haunts for many years past have been among the rocky wastes of Arizona, seems doomed to extinction. Not only do the human beings living in those regions wage a relentless warfare upon the venomous reptiles, but enemies of their own kin and birds of the air prey upon them both night and day, so that the lot of the rattler is far from a happy one. The places that once resounded to his blood-curdling rattle now know him no more and only in isolated spots is he found in any considerable number.

Much resembling, but more lightly constructed than the fighting cock, the road runner is one of the most dreaded enemies of the rattler. In fact, so great are his snake-killing proclivities that heavy penalties are provided

by the territorial statutes as a protection to him from the gun of the hunter. Apparently immune to the venom in the poison sac of the rattler, the road runner attacks the largest snake with impunity, and was never known to lose a fight. Frequently, indeed, the road runner has been known to battle with and kill a pair of large diamond rattlers whose total weight was five times that of his own.

Herbert Housland, a prospector, had an experience with a rattler, a king snake and a road runner which he will not soon forget. He was with a party in the Bradshaw mountains, south of Prescott, and was guarding camp for the day. He had lain down to sleep, when he was suddenly aroused to find a great rattlesnake coiled upon his breast.

"I almost suffocated from fearing to breathe lest I should be bitten," he said. "The snake was greatly excited and in a minute I saw the cause. A king snake was trying to excite the rattler to combat and my person was the chosen battleground. The king snake had probably forced the rattler to refuge upon my body, and, following up his aggressive tactics, was running in a circle around the rattler very rapidly. He crossed my body from left to right and my thighs from right to left and within less than a foot of the rattler's body.

"The velocity of the snake was most wonderful. It seemed to be one continuous ring and part of the time I could seemingly see three or four rings at once. I made a slight movement with my right foot, which attracted the rattler's attention for an instant, and that was fatal to him. At that one false movement of his eyes the king snake darted in and seized the rattler by the throat close up to his head and began instantly to coil around his victim.

"They rolled off me in their death struggle and became one tangled mass for ten minutes, when the rattler's sounds died away gradually. While I lay exhausted from my fright a road runner darted out of a bush and, grabbing the two snakes in his beak, began to drag them away. The weight was too great, but he killed the king snake by a blow from his long bill and ran away as I arose. I threw the two reptiles into the bushes and there the bird and his mate devoured them."

# NATURE



# STUDY

#### MONTEZUMA'S WELL.

One of the most pleasing natural curiosities in Arizona is the pool of water known as Montezuma's well. It is situated 15 miles northeast of the abandoned military post known as camp Verde.

It is 250 feet in diameter, and the clear, pure water is about 60 feet below the surface of the surrounding country. Some years ago certain military officers sounded the pool and found that it had a uniform depth of 80 feet of water, except in one place, apparently about six feet square, where the sounding line went down about 500 feet without touching bottom.

The well empties into Beaver creek, only about 100 yards distant, the water gushing forth from the rocks. The well is undoubtedly supplied from subterranean sources, possibly through the hole sounded by the army officers years ago.

The sides of the well are honeycombed with caves and tunnels, permitting sightseers to descend to the water's edge.

Montezuma's well contains no fish. The flow of water from it is the same throughout the seasons. Popular opinion has attributed the origin of the well to volcanic action, but as the rock surrounding it is limestone it is more than probable that the action of the water is responsible for its creation.

#### EGGS OF A RARE QUALITY.

A MEDICAL journal of Berlin announces that a new method of invigorating the blood has been discovered by a German scientist. The process is rather a roundabout one, but is said to have remarkable effect in strengthening the system of patients suffering from nervous exhaustion. Carbonate of iron mixed with sugar is stirred into the mush fed to hens. The iron ultimately forms part of the eggs. The

human beings who eat the eggs take the iron into their circulation in precisely the form needed for a tonic. Chemical analysis proves that the blood of those who eat the medicated eggs receives a considerable percentage of iron and the most casual observation shows that their strength and health is improved. The "cheeks grow redder and their eyes become noticeably clearer and brighter."

#### YOU CANNOT DROWN AN ANT.

It is a singular fact, recently demonstrated by experiments made by French scientists, that you cannot drown an ant. The purpose of the experiments was to determine how long the insects would be able to resist asphyxiation after they had been submerged in water.

An ant immersed in water doubles itself up and becomes absolutely inert, but upon being restored to the air comes to life in a period varying with the length of its immersion. After a ducking of six or eight hours it requires half an hour to come to and three-quarters to an hour to recover when the submersion has been continuous for twenty-four hours.

#### INSECT PLAGUES.

THE insect plagues of summer are no matter of jest. Man must strive with them as he strives against the other hostile forces of nature. He must fight the Hessian fly or the wheat crop will not be garnered, he must fight the weevil or the grain will perish in the bins, he must fight the army worm or the cattle will starve in the pastures, he must fight the tent caterpillar and the borer or his forests will wither and the streams disappear. The entomologist, therefore, wages the war of civilization against forces all the more terrible because of their minuteness and apparent insignificance.

#### SPEAKING OF SEAWEED.

Though seaweed is most often seen on rocky shores, it is found elsewhere in great quantities. There are, so to speak, vast meadows of it in the gulf steam, where it is called sargasso, covering a space of 3,000,000 square miles in green and yellow patches. A smaller mass occurs in the North Pacific. In Tierra del Fuego one weed reaches a length of 360 feet, being well named the giant kelp. Seaweeds having no roots, they cling to rocks by a kind of sucker. They get their food from the sea, and in turn supply food to countless multitudes of animals, one as big as the whale, the rest mostly so tiny the human eye cannot detect them.

They grow so quickly that a perfectly smooth rock has been covered with themmany of the weeds being from two to six feet long-in less than six months. Some of them contain matter that in other forms is valuable. Poor folk on the coasts of Ireland and the western highlands used to make a living collecting seaweed and burning it in pits. The brown, glassy-looking cakes of ashes, called kelp, were sold to makers of soap, glass and other things for the soda they contained, but as soda is now got from other sources cheaper and in larger quantities the kelp gatherers have lost their living. Some weeds contain so much sulphuric acid that when cast up on the beach and left to rot the silver in the houses near becomes blackened. This has happened at Copenhagen, for instance.

#### THE HUMMING BIRD'S FLIGHT.

The flight of the little humming bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wing supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body. His wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight, and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in midair, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine-stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never

alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming bird moth, of which he is very jealous. Nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem in his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.

#### CAN EAGLES BE TAMED?

THERE are a few cases in which eagles have been made pets, so that we may suppose that if the birds were commoner they could be tamed at least as easily as bears. An imperial eagle, taken from the nest, accepted caresses, answered to a call, and did not try to fly away when at liberty. At Alva there used to be an eagle kept on a chain, which shows, perhaps, that it could not be trusted to roam about the country. A golden eagle, caught when fully grown, was successfully domesticated, but its wings were cut when it was first taken, and so it had time to get accustomed to its new home and new life. Sometimes it went off for two or three weeks, but always came back. It was fed on crows, shot for it. Whenever it attempted to seize a crow on its own account it always failed, "Jim" being much too artful a dodger.

#### HOW OLD SPIDERS LIVE.

OLD spiders, which have neither web nor the materials to make one, often hunt about to find out the webs of other spiders, younger and weaker than themselves, with whom they venture battle. The invader generally succeeds, and the younger spider is driven out to make a new web, and the old spider remains in possession until a stronger spider invades the web and drives it out. When thus dispossessed, the spider seldom ventures another attack, but tries to subsist upon the few insects that may fall accidentally into its clutches and eventually dies of hunger.

# \* \* DOGS THAT NEVER BARK.

THERE are varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dingo, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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#### SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

It takes two for a kiss,
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership, Grief weeps alone: Many guests had Cana, Gethsemane had One!

#### TWENTY TO ONE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MR. BRODERICK, British Secretary of War, has just made an instructive statement of the British forces now operating in South Africa.

In round figures he says there are 200,000 British troops and 450 guns in the field, and 100,000 men under training at home to furnish reinforcements. He declares there is no scarcity of troops or of supplies of any kind. In proof of this he says the Government is providing daily supplies for 314,000 persons in South Africa, all directly or indirectly employed in the war; is feeding 248,000 horses and mules, maintaining a four months' reserve of food for men and animals, landing 10,000 new horses every month.

Alongside these formidable figures place the British estimate—doubtless not an underestimate either—of the total Boer strength, which is 11,000 men. And yet, though the war to date has cost Great Britain nearly eight hundred millions, the third year of fighting has just opened with a British confession that no date can be fixed for its termination. The Boers, barring intervention, cannot hope to overcome the overwhelming odds shown by the figures just quoted. But they have made a record of resistance by a small to a gigantic power that has no parallel in history.

#### HAVE A PURPOSE.

A GREAT many people have no purpose in life. They start out bravely in some given line of action, stick to it for a short time, and then flop into something else, ever learning and never becoming proficient in any one thing. There are the thin soil people spoken of in the Bible. They are the jacks of all trades and masters of none.

Now what is wanted, especially with young folks, is to think the matter of a life-work all over, up hill and down, and then, having settled on it, go bravely to work till every detail is mastered and one becomes an expert in his calling. This applies equally to all departments of human endeavor. It is the thoroughly well-qualified who win, and it is the specialist and expert that come out on the top in the shaking of events and people. There is a tendency, these latter days, and it will become more and more so, to specialize along given lines. If one has an eye to be cut out he does not go to the cross-roads doctor, who is well enough in his place, but to the oculist, and even among oculists there are those who make special lines of work their study. pretty much so in all the professions.

The reader should remember, further, that back of this special knowledge there must be the general knowledge, more or less accurate. In no instance is there any special demand for hit or miss knowledge.

An hour of action is worth a week of explanation.

#### TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

HERRING, OHIO.

itor of the Inglenook :-

WE received the INGLENOOK Cook Book sterday. I have not thoroughly tested it but hasten to express to you my apprecian of it before you are overwhelmed with ters from people who must be impressed in the book as I am. It is a real gem. It the next thing to having a chat in the chen with those sisters who have contribed of their culinary knowledge.

shall take the Cook Book with me to our i Society next week and see whether I can ure some INGLENOOK subscribers.

BLANCHE LENTZ.

# ?????????????

Vhy is a language called dead?

Because it is no longer spoken.

the Cook Book ready?

les, ready for all comers, if subscribers.

s perpetual motion possible?

No, it is not, never was, and we do not see wit ever can be.

Who appoints the general Thanksgiving day?

The President's name goes to the proclaman, but it is a matter of usage and common sent.

whisky always made of rye?

beventy-five per cent of whisky is distilled m corn, and the drink may be made from grain, and many other substances.

the Trio Specialty Company advertised in the OK a reliable concern?

From personal examination we believe they I do just as they say, and we regard them able.

/hat is the best way to learn a foreign language?

By living among people who speak it and hing else. Learning a language out of a bk is possible, but most unusual in its sucs, or even available working quality.

How does a blind person regard sight?

It is impossible that he should have any idea at all as to what it is like.

Why are some people born mechanics, cooks, etc?

Because of being possessed by nature of the requirements necessary to success, while others, not so gifted, have to learn laboriously what comes to the others without effort.

What is the most intelligent breed of dogs?

Authorities vary. Probably a collie comes the nearest to it. The question can not be clearly answered because eyes, nose, speed or strength, may be considered the standard.

Is it safe to answer the published advertisements for correspondents with a view to matrimony?

Again and again we have cautioned against these advertisements. Getting tangled with that class is very likely to get you into trouble.

Is there any sure cure for toothache beside extraction of the tooth?

Yes, a solution of aconite, on a little cotton, will instantly cause the pain to cease if it can be got into contact with the nerve. Aconite is a deadly poison taken internally.

Is there any good and reliable antidote to carbolic acid poisoning?

Vinegar, if administered within a few minutes, or freely poured on a burned surface, will effect a cure, or at least secure immunity from the greater share of evil results.

Would a cat farm pay?

That depends. Cats will not breed in numbers like stock. They are predatory and solitary by instinct. A few may be kept together and bred for sale, but they can not be raised in droves.

What is the method of procedure in getting into the mission service of the church?

Bring the matter up before your home church, secure its endorsement, and, additionally, secure recommendations from adjacent elders, and send the papers, together with your application, to the Secretary of the General Missionary Committee of the church at Elgin, Ill., and wait the action of the Committee.

#### NEGRO CHURCH MUSIC.

#### BY N. R. BAKER.

One who hears the regular "old time, down South" negroes sing will never forget it and will probably never be able to exactly describe what he has heard.

As is well known the colored race surpass any other people in mellowness of tone, and ability to sing with ease.

But the white man's way of singing does not suit the black man.

He may be given the best new tune. He will learn it with ease. A congregation will learn to sing it in half the time that their white brethren would learn it. They have no need of studying harmony. It is inborn among them. There is never a discord in their singing. But in using the new hymn a dozen times their leader will begin to introduce some changes. In these the others seem to naturally concur. Ere long the tune is full of interludes, slurs, and inflections which change it so completely that it is almost unrecognizable except for a few prominent or characteristic strains.

While this change in the tune has been going on changes in the words have been made also. The words are worked over and made easy of comprehension. The "Apostle Peter" is changed to "Brother Peter." The "patriarch Moses" is changed to "old man Moses," and "Hear the ringing of the bells" is changed to "Caint ye hear dem bells a ringing?" etc., etc.

While they sing their hands keep time, their feet tap time, their bodies swing time, and their heads nod time.

The preacher prays as he sings and sings as he prays.

As the sermon proceeds there is music in the amens and other responses of the listeners. Pick up a song book and it will be like any other hymn or Sunday-school song book—filled with ordinary well-written church or Sunday-school music. Their singing, their tunes and words are never written. It would contain harmony, perhaps, but not meter. But the harmony of to-day would not be the harmony of to-morrow. Let them become engaged in a successful revival and the time will differ entirely in sound and movement

from the same time on an ordinary day whi a collection is being taken for the ministe salary. Hence the collections, "negro songs "negro melodies," etc., frequently sold or a vertised throughout the North are misnome and far from true to life. Most of them a written by Northern musicians who real know very little of the real negro dialect peculiarities.

Every negro can sing, and every one de sing. One among them who can not sing very rare indeed. When a congregation three hundred begins to sing, three hundr black mouths open, three hundred red tongu are seen, six hundred rows of white teeth a pear, six hundred eves are turned heavenway and three hundred clear, melodious, resonal ringing, mellifluous voices raise with one cord and fill the room with their volume sweet sound, and how those three hundr voices rise and fall and glide and slide a slur and advance and retard and harmon and swell and diminish, without direction without previous learning or practice, a almost without leadership is more than I d describe.

This free and easy mode of singing, the changing of word and tune, is not always downwhere they are being educated that mode singing is going out of practice. But it is stated general way of singing in the far South.

Whistler, Ala.

#### WHERE DIVERS ARE BORN.

The village of Leigh, at the mouth of thames river, supplies more marine diversition all the rest of the United Kingdom cobined. The occupation seems to "run in the families" living there, for it has been follow by generation after generation for hundreds years.

Although Leigh has but 2,100 inhabitants has 900 of its sons engaged in working beneat the sea, scattered all over the world. Bei brought up from early youth, from father son, to the business of diving, the men Leigh have remarkably developed lungs a ear drums, which have so adapted themselved to submarine conditions that they do not a fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other means the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other means the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other means the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other means the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other means the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of their career, from the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the beginning of the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the submarine conditions that they do not so fer, even at the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions that they do not so fer the submarine conditions that the submarine conditions the submarine conditions that the submar

then they first go down in diving suits. eart action and everything else seems to be diusted to diving purposes with this race of eople.

The world pays to the men of Leigh every ear the sum of \$700,000 for diving, and there scarcely a country bordering on the sea there a man from the village cannot be found ngaged in his hereditary labor. It is claimed nat a Leigh man can stand 60 per cent more f this trying work than other men because of is peculiarly-developed physique. After a nan of Leigh has made a little competence he eturns to his native village to settle down and ie. The divers' families intermarry and so he breed of submarine workers is kept up. 'he Leigh people claim that they control the rages for diving all over the world and that he village furnishes eight-tenths of the divers f the world.

The amount which the world pays Leigh for ts divers, however, cannot compare with the mount of tribute levied by Cornwall by neans of its miners. At the last account there vere 17,000 miners from Cornwall working n foreign mines and drawing an estimated vage bill from the nations of the earth of \$15,-00,000 a year. Nearly all these 17,000 miners ame from the two parishes of Redruth and Bodmin, little places with a small population f stay-at-homes. There are 4,000 of these Cornish miners in the United States.

North and South Shields, on the River lyne, not large places, have betweeen them 1,000 marine engineers at sea, rolling over the vaters in ships of every nation under the sun.

#### WHY IS A TURKEY CALLED A TURKEY?

As a matter of contemporaneous human inerest, we copy from our esteemed contempoary, the Washington Evening Times, the suboined piece of philological information:

"Why the turkey is called a turkey has been much discussed without reaching any lefinite conclusion. One theory is that the urkey named himself by his peculiar cluck, vhich sounds like 'turk, turk, turk.'"

The turkey cock named himself gobbler when he said "gobble, gobble," but he connection of his alleged cluck or call of turk, turk, turk," with the nomenclature of the bird is merely a fanciful supposition which was once put forth by a writer in Notes and Oueries.

Another far-fetched explanation refers to the deep-red color of his wattles: Turkeyred, hence turkey. This may be dismissed along with the other theory. Both are unsatisfactory and unnecessary.

When this glorious American bird, second only to the bald-headed eagle in the affections of the people, and on certain occasions perhaps even more beloved because more edible. was introduced to the notice of Europe in the first half of the sixteenth century, it received various names indicative of a geographic origin. It was very strange and foreign; and it was variously styled cock or hen of India. cock or hen of Calicut, and Turkey-cock or Turkey-hen. In English usage Turkey-cock or Turkey-hen has been shortened to Turkey. In French the coq d'Inde and the poule d'Inde have become dindon and dinde, that is to say, turkey, male and female. The obvious derivation of dinde sufficiently proves the parallel derivation of turkey in the English.

#### WHEAT STACK STANDING SINCE 1873.

THERE is a remarkable wheat stack on a farm near Stradbroke, England. It was built in 1873, and the owner made a vow that he would never thrash it until it realized 25 shillings a sack, a price which has never been offered. The stack stands on an iron support, two feet from the ground and is in an excellent state of preservation. It is estimated that the stack contains 250 bushels.

#### x x THE DEAD ONE.

An old colored woman was "taking on" the other day over the death of her baby as she was going from the church to the hack which was to take her to the cemetery. A white woman who knew her happened to be passing and said sympathetically:

"Which one of your children is dead, Aunt Eliza?

"The one in the hearse," moaned the negress.

THIRTY thousand people in the United States make their living from the growing silk industry.

#### ARIZONA BEES.

The greatest crop of honey ever known in Arizona is that of the present year. The average product of the territory is somewhat in excess of 2,000,000 pounds. This year it will be far in excess of that amount—probably double. The greater part of this honey will find a market in Chicago.

Strange as it may seem, the mesquite and cactus, which flourish without water, provide the bees with a honey far superior to that from cultivated plants, and the blossom and fruit of the cactus are even better than the mesquite The most handsome of desert flowers grow on the hundreds of varieties of cactus. One of the most beautiful is that of the Cereus Giganteus, the organ cactus, generally known by its Spanish appellation of the "Saguara," Arizona's most typical plant, that towers in great, green, fluted shafts, the most conspicuous and oddest subject on all the plains. In the late springtime each saguara is crowned by a mass of brilliant, silken white flowers, sometimes over 100 in a bunch. Each blossom is about four inches across. Nearly all develop to fruit, the "petahaya," the most palatable of the wild products, and in the blossom and the fruit the wild bees and the tamed ones find the essence of honey. The prickly pear, the night-blooming cereus, the cholla, the doubly-barbed terror of the desert, the ocatilla and many others give honey to the bees, while the wild roses of the rocks and the thousands of smaller flowers aid in furnishing the most delicately-flavored honey known to the apiaries.

In the Salt River valleys bees work for a longer period than in any other locality, a crop of 200 pounds of honey to each hive being not unusual, while an average of 100 pounds for the season is maintained. From Phænix and Tempe alone are shipped about 1,000,000 pounds of honey each year, nearly all of it being separated or strained.

The wild bees of the desert and mountains provide an interesting study and honey-hunting is a most unique sport, which is not without its dangers, but with recompense sufficiently delightful to repay one for its difficulties. In the cavities of the highest rocks the bees gather in great swarms and store their

supply of food. With remarkable sagacit they choose the most inaccessible spots an frequently find places which baffle all ingenui ty of even the Indian, the most persisted seeker of honey. Frequently great hoards d honey are found in caves and down the side of steep cliffs, where thousands of bees have stored their products for perhaps scores d years, and sometimes as much as a thousand pounds of honey are taken from such places The Indian bee hunter many times risks hi life to obtain the nectar of the wild bees, and swings himself at the end of a frail rope, fal down the sides of a steep precipice. Neithe is his danger ended there, for if not well pre tected from the onslaught of the bees, some times in dense swarms of thousands, he likely to become a victim of the angry defend ers. Indeed, not long since a Papago youn man was stung so badly while robbing a will hive that he died soon after his comrades had pulled him up to the top of the cliff.

On the desert, too, the bees make their homes, sometimes swarming in the shell of the decayed cactus and often in caves alonarroyos and the beds of the large streams Very often they swarm close to the agricul tural districts and it is a frequent and ver easy thing for the ranchers to gather ther into hives and hold them. One rancher, a fee miles southeast of Phænix, has on his propert a small isolated butte, near the top of which is a small cave. From this piece of rock th owner has gathered honey enough to pay for his ranch. Several years ago a great swart of bees settled in the cave and the owner ha gradually tamed them, and each year gath ers from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds of honey from them.

#### **GRAVES OF OUR PRESIDENTS.**

The depositing of Abraham Lincoln's remains in what is intended, after twelve previous removals, to be their final resting place at Springfield, Ill., occurring so soon after the funeral of William McKinley, recalls the fact that all our departed presidents are buried at the places which were homes to them while they lived.

It was at one time proposed that Georg Washington's body should rest forever withi

the national capitol, and the capitol guides make a point of showing visitors the crypt which was prepared to receive it. But the father of his country was buried at Mount Vernon, Va.; while John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, sleep in the little Unitarian churchyard of Quincy, Mass.; Thomas Jefferson on his own estate at Monticello. Va.: James Madison at Montpelier, Va., and James Monroe at Richmond, in the same State Counting in John Tyler, whose grave is also in Richmond, Virginia holds the dust of five presidents, who, together, were at the head of the government for nearly thirty-six yearsalmost one-third of the time since it was established

New York, until Mr. McKinley's burial, stood next to Virginia in the number of her presidents' graves, of which she holds four. Martin Van Buren sleeps at Kinderhook, on the Hudson, where he was born; Millrad Fillmore at Buffalo, where he died in 1874, having lived for twenty-one years after his retirement from the presidency; while Ulysses S. Grant rests in the most imposing of all our presidential tombs, at Riverside park, and Chester A. Arthur in a very modest one at Albany.

William Henry Harrison, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, and William Mc-Kinley all have graves in Ohio—the first named at North Bend, the second at Columbus, the third at Cleveland, and the fourth at Canton. Jackson, Polk and Johnson are buried in Tennessee—"Old Hickory" at near the Hermitage, Polk in the same city, and Johnson at Greenville.

The roll call of presidents' graves is completed by saying that Franklin Pierce rests among his fellow townsmen at Concord, N. H.; Zachary Taylor sleeps at Louisville, Ky.; James Buchanan near Lancaster, Pa.; Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis, Ind.

THE highest known tides are in the Bay of Fundy. The lowest are at Panama, where the rise and fall is less than two feet.

THE ancients had the art of tempering copper, but the art has long been lost. The man who can rediscover it will be able to ride in his private yacht.

#### MUST SPEAK IN ENGLISH.

PENNSYLVANIA Dutch is spoken to such an extent in various parts of the Keystone State as to have become an issue that has created some feeling. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company has recently offended some of its patrons by ordering all crews on its lines to use only the English language while on duty. The order says that "under no circumstances shall Pennsylvania German be spoken," and it is said to have been issued for the reason that recently a serious collision nearly resulted because a conductor gave directions to his crew in this language, and a brakeman who did not understand it perfectly shifted the cars to the wrong track. As the rules are printed in English, the railroad officials are plainly in the right insisting that this language shall be exclusively used by its employes while on duty.

What kind of a language is this Pennsylvania German tongue, which requires such an unusual order to be issued to railroad crews? It is a strange combination of English and the German dialect spoken in northern Bavaria.

A quarter of a century ago it was said that this language was dying out and would soon be no more. Such prophecies, however, have proved to be false, for it is now spoken more widely than ever before. Two millions of people in Pennsylvania, and probably a million more who have emigrated from Pennsylvania to the middle west, use it in daily conversation. Even in cities like Allentown and Reading no merchant can be successful in business unless his employes are proficient in its use. On the trolley lines and in the railroad yards employes may be heard employing it constantly in social conversation. These men speak English well, but it is easier for them to chat in this strange dialect, which is governed by no rules of grammar. seems that they are using it even when on duty, but the safety of the public demands that this practice shall be stopped, and the employes themselves will doubtless all agree that the Lehigh Valley Railroad has done a good thing in issuing the orders.

34 3K

Have you seen the Inglenook Cook Book?

#### HOURGLASSES.

" Most people think that hourglasses went out of style years ago," said a clerk in a store, "along with perukes and knee breeches, but as a matter of fact we have more calls for them to-day than we have had at any time within the last ten years. That this renewed popularity of the hourglass augurs its universal acceptance as a timepiece by the coming generation I am not prepared to say, but if such a renaissance were to become assured it would be no more surprising than some of the other recent fads based on a revival of lost customs. Anyway a brief study of the hourglass will do nobody harm. There are thousands in this generation who have not the slightest idea what an hourglass looks like, and it won't hurt them to broaden their education a little along certain lines.

"Of the hourglasses sold at present the three minute glass is in the lead. This glass is used almost exclusively to measure time in boiling eggs, and its usefulness naturally places its sales a little in advance of the more sentimental varieties. Next come the five, ten and fifteen minute and full hour glasses, which are bought chiefly by musicians for piano practice and by lodges and secret societies.

"The sand used in an hourglass is the very finest that the world affords. The western coast of Italy furnishes most of it, as it has done for ages past. The cost of hourglasses is regulated by the ornamentation of the frames. A glass set in a plain rosewood case can be bought for \$1, while a mahogany frame comes to \$1.50 or \$2. Of course, the price can be brought up still higher by fancy carving and decoration. Swell lodges sometimes go to this extra expense, but most people are satisfied with the cheaper grades."

### ONLY VEGETABLE DYES ARE USED, AND ALL ARE MADE BY HAND.

In a recent report the British consul at Azerbaijan, Turkey, gives a detailed description of the manner in which Persian carpets are made. Eight or nine boys, whose ages range from eight to twelve, sit at the looms, and, armed with the wool, which they pull from reels suspended above them in their left

hands, and a flat knife, crooked at the point in their right, wash, with three movements, the thread through the web strings, hook it into the desired knot and cut off the surplus ends, starting another knot before the spectator has realized what has been done.

Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work for the first two or three feet, these boys rely on their memories for the remainder of their task, for on only two or three looms is the design of the carpet to be seen affixed, and then only its plain penciled drawing.

When nearing complicated parts or medallions a boy aged from twelve to fourteen, the foreman of the loom, who has the design seemingly imprinted on his mind, walks up and down, calling out in a quaint, sing-song manner the number of stitches and the colors of the thread to be used.

A copy of the famous carpet from the mosque of Ardabil, which is now at the South Kensington museum, London, is being made by one firm. The design, flowering and coloring of the original are said to be unique and here, although the boys were working without the design, and at the rate of from thirty to thirty-five stitches a minute, a careful comparison of the hand-painted copy of the original showed the most minute attention in every detail.

Nothing but hand work is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs and none but natural or vegetable dyes are used, and it is in this latter fact that Persian carpets and rugs are supposed to owe their reputation and lasting colors, although it is said that the secret of the beautiful dark blue dye used in the older days has been lost. The dyes in general use in Persia are cochineal, madder root, indigo, yellow berries, yellow root, walnut and pomegranate husks and gallnut.

#### METAL EGGS FOR COOLING DRINKS.

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an ovoid capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with water. For use, it is frozen, so that its contents become ice.

If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy, you may drop it into the glass, and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature. In the same way you may cool your cup of coffee, if it is too hot, and the idea is equally applicable to any other drink.

Many people nowadays are disinclined to use ice in their drinking water, because it may contain germs. All danger is avoided by dropping one of these metal eggs into one's tumbler.

The refrigerating egg is a little less than full of water, so as to allow for the slight expansion of the liquid in freezing; otherwise, of course, the capsule would burst. After being filled, the capsule is sealed so perfectly that no one can tell where the opening was, and thus it is absolutely water-tight.

Such an egg, of metal, it is said, can hardly be broken, and ought to last forever.

#### STRANGE SCENE IN THE CITY.

RECENTLY, a large crowd of people gathered about a horse which was hitched to a wagon. At the rear end of the wagon box a large swarm of honey bees had gathered and many of the bees were swarming about in the air in every direction. A man who knew about the management of bees happened to be passing. This man detached the horse from the wagon and then secured a hat box from a neighboring store and attempted to thus hive the bees, but the round hat box would not stay in position. Thousands of bees were swarming about this man's head, but he did not seem to be at all disturbed. Later the buggy was drawn into a side street and the entire swarm of bees was induced to enter a soap box in which they were carried to the home of the lucky bee man. I afterwards learned that this swarm of bees came from the neighboring town of Sodus, about twentyfive miles distant, having followed an electric street car this entire distance into the heart of the city. When the street car stopped at one of our principal corners the bees left the car for the wagon box, a strange incident indeed.

#### IMPURE FLAVORS FOR SODA.

The use of adulterated and harmful flavoring sirups at the soda fountains is by no means as uncommon as many people suppose. Analysis has shown that even the cheapest of these are often far from wholesome. Most people who have been taught to ask for lemon or vanilla flavoring for the alleged reason that those sirups were less liable than others to adulteration will be surprised at the assertion that there is no extract for which substitutes are more often used than vanilla. This is said on the authority of the Massachusetts board of health.

The true vanilla bean costs from \$12 to \$16 per pound, and were there no substitute it could not be used so freely and so extensively as at present. Vanillin, the active property of the extract, can be made from other substances at a cost of about \$2 per gallon. The artificial compound is chemically identical with the vanillin found in the true vanilla extract and therefore has come to be used extensively by manufacturers and dealers. It has been made for commercial purposes from turpentine, but more satisfactory results are obtained from oil of cloves or benzoic acid. There is some comfort for confirmed soda water drinkers and a general warning for others in the further statement by the Massachusetts authorities that the metallic contamination of the water used in a glass of soda is far more detrimental to the health than any adulteration.

26 26

An interesting story is told by the New York World as follows: "There never was a prouder rooster than that of Phineas Robinson, of East Patchogue, L. I., when one of his wives came off the nest a week ago with a brood of twelve beautiful chicks. There never was a sadder one when, two days later, the mother hen sickened and died. He brooded in grief half the day, then roused himself to duty as the nearest surviving relative. Giving his best imitation of a clucking hen, he led the brood out for food. He scratched like a prodigy, he worked like a Trojan. He fairly stuffed the chicks with fat worms. At night he led his downy babes to the coop, stretched his wings over them and put them to sleep. This he has done ever since.

#### IN THE LAP OF THE MINISTRY.

BY REBECCA BOWMAN.

LITTLE Nan had a number of brothers and sisters, but she not being the oldest daughter, the duty of entertaining company usually fell to her lot when visitors came, and as a large majority of these visits were from the ministry of the German Baptist church, she had many opportunities of learning the faith and teachings of these simple, earnest-minded people.

Her greatest delight, and one that she rarely missed while a child, was an invitation to sit on the lap of each guest that came, and with her warm, confiding little body nestled in the stranger's arms, she would answer all the questions relating to her own childish life, or sit quietly listening to the conversation of the older ones about her. Thus she grew from childhood into young girlhood, and though loving her books and games as most children do, her dearest delight was in the company of her elders, and a romp held no charm if allowed a low seat or quiet corner where she might be a listener unnoticed, only to be near that which she most loved,-the Brethren with their Bibles.

While yet a child she united with the church, and though weak and full of failings, as all things human are, yet over and above them all remained steadfastly that deep, abiding love for the church, loyal and pure, which had settled in her heart as a child and grown with her growth until her whole life was permeated with its influence.

Entering the high school at eighteen she was thrown much of the time among people whose ideas were entirely adverse to the pure Scripture's teaching, yet these things were as naught when arrayed against the memory of those earnest, quiet talks of her childhood, which now, in their close relation to the Word, proved a mighty bulwark and strong defense.

At home from school, Nan, now a young woman grown, would never, if avoidable, lose an opportunity of hearing the Brethren discuss some absorbing Bible subject, and more than once was chided for leaving the company of young people to listen to the preacher's talk.

But now we come to a time when an air of mystery begins to hover about the quiet farm home, a time when a neighbor entering, unannounced, will cause dismay to strike to Nan's heart as nothing else will while she hurriedly tries to conceal her work from a curious, yet evidently amused pair of eyes, for the wedding that every one has become so interested in, is duly approaching.

On the morning appointed the schoolmaster, arrayed in solemn garments, arrives with the other guests and seats himself in the big rocking chair to await the wedding party. And sitting there, apart from the others, with a neatly-folded paper in his hand, his mind goes back to the day when Nan first came to school, clad in a homespun dress and gingham apron and a nice new primer in her hand. Afterwards he remembers her a thoughtful, demure little maid, with more books under her arm, and then again he sees her,—

"Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet."

Then suddenly a whisper, "They are coming," reaches his ear and, rising to his feet with the rest of the company, he stands to repeat the solemn marriage ceremony. Three times the low, firm response is distinctly repeated, and then with her hand in her husband's, Nan bows her head for the benediction uttered by the preacher in tones tremulous with emotion with these closing words, "May holy angels guard you from all danger and lead you in the ways of holiness and righteousness is my prayer, Amen."

And now, though a number of years have passed since her wedding day, and sorrow and pain have often found a place in Nan's home, yet the power of those early influences that became a part of her life when a child, remain unconsciously with her yet, leading strongly into paths of earnest endeavor for all that is pure and just and right.

Harrisonburg, Va.

It is only before those who are glad to hear it, and anxious to spread it, that we find it easy to speak ill of others.

\* \*

THERE are 8,000 tons of gold coined or in bars.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE IMPENDING STORM.

BY T. T. MYERS.

The healing of the impotent man at Bethesda was probably the turning point in the life of our Lord. Jesus had every motive at this time, to avoid attracting attention in Jerusalem, for it might rouse the open hostility of the church authorities, which already only waited an opportunity. The pitiful plight of the sufferer, however, awoke his compassion, and he healed him by a word, telling him to "Rise, take up his sleeping-mat and walk."

The priests and Rabbis found an opportunity in the cure at Bethesda for parading their hollow puritanism, and at the same time raising a charge against Jesus, for the man had been healed on the Sabbath, and had been told to carry his sleeping-mat with him to his home.

Jesus seems forthwith to have been for the first time cited before the authorities, on the formal charge of Sabbath-breaking. In his defense he threw the assembly into a paroxysm of religious fury by claiming to work at all times for the good of men, since it was only what God, his Father, had done, notwithstanding the Sabbath law from the beginning. As his Son, he was Lord of the Sabbath, and was not to be fettered by that law nor subject to it. The assembly saw what this implied. He had added to his Sabbath desecration the higher crime of blasphemously making himself equal with God by calling him specially his Father. The excitement must have been great, for Orientals give free vent to their feelings under any circumstances.

The authorities had never had such a prisoner before them. They knew not what to do with him and consequently let him depart unharmed. They had not yet summoned courage to proceed to open violence.

Till now Jesus had enjoyed a measure of toleration and even of acceptance, but, henceforth, all was changed—Jerusalem was no longer safe for him, and even in Galilee he was dogged by determined enmity. The shadow of the cross darkened his whole future career.

A fresh occasion for accusation could not be long of rising. The very next Sabbath, when his disciples plucked a few ears as they passed through the fields and ate the grain after rubbing it out in their hands, the scribes and Pharisees again exclaimed against this violation of the Sabbath. But Jesus showed them both from the example of David and the constant practice of their own priests, who never omitted the necessary works of the temple on the Sabbath day, that works of necessity and acts of mercy were permitted, even though they broke a ritual command. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and "The Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." Such a retort and such claims may well have startled his accusers, but they only deepened their hatred, for bigotry is blind and deaf to any reason. Charge was being added to charge, accusation to accusation. He had claimed the power to forgive sins; he had associated with publicans and sinners; he had shown no zeal for washings or fasts, and, now he had a second time openly desecrated the Sabbath.

Jesus necessarily had prophetic work to do, for he was compelled to interpret the nature of the kingdom of God and vindicate his method of establishing it. He directly antagonized the Pharisaic teaching that salvation is the reward for fastings, almsgiving and Sabbatic observances, and taught that salvation flows from the immeasurable goodness of God. Such teaching seemed to annul the law and the prophets. In consequence the authoritative Teacher had to say, "Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy, but to fulfill."

Jesus then assumed both a positive and a negative attitude towards the Old Testament revelation. His affirmative position is seen in his constant appeal to its authority, in his rebuke of the scribes for their perversion of its meaning, and in the fact that he held himself amenable to its requirements both in teaching and conduct.

His negative position is illustrated in the declaration that the Mosaic enactment concerning divorce did not adequately declare God's will; in the revolutionary statement: "There is nothing from without the man, that

going into him can defile him; but the things which proceed out of the man are those that defile the man;" and in the bold claim to be more authoritative than Moses, he himself was the standard. He knew that he knew perfectly well the will of God, and that in himself was the perfect revelation of God. Jesus then tested the law by his own knowledge of the Father and discovered that it failed to reveal truly the divine perfections. He who was consciously superior to Moses, Solomon and Jonah, and who claimed lordship over the temple and the Sabbath, could, without selfcontradiction, assume authority to pass judgment on the legal literature of his people. Iesus could not but oppose the popular Jewish teachers and schools. This aroused extreme antagonism since no antagonism is as violent as that which is called out by the challenging and opposing of the life doctrines of a system.

Christ's conduct naturally alienated the socially respectable and stirred them to hostility; but he cared nothing for conventional customs of society, nor for theological opinions sanctioned by generations of religious teachers, if by disregarding them he could put man in his rightful place. He therefore seemed to delight to heal on Sabbath days, for in this way he most effectively taught that man is of more importance than any national institution.

The appearance of Jesus as a miracle worker so different from themselves excited the Rabbinnical schools greatly. The cure of a man blind, dumb, and possessed, was so astounding, that the Rabbis ventured to spread their malignant slanders very widely. He read their faces and knew their words, "This fellow, unauthorized, casts out devils under Beelzebub, as their prince." "If I," said he, "cast out devils by the power of Beelzebub, by whom do your disciples cast them out? You do not attribute their works to the prince of devils, why do you do so with mine? But if I do these things by the power of God, I prove myself to be sent from him, and to be his Messiah, and where the Messiah is there also is his kingdom." The arguments of Jesus were so irresistible that the Rabbis could say nothing. But their anger raged within them.

The opposition of Jesus was gradually but surely spreading. It was reaching out more into the rank and file of the people. He, however, was given a royal welcome into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. But when on such a splendid occasion, he still was unwilling to be made king, they who cried, "Blessed be he that cometh . . . the king of Israel . . in the name of Jehovah," were soon ready, in their disappointment to cry, "Crucify him."

The cloud is overhanging, the storm which will sweep Jesus to the cross is ready to burst forth.

Germantown, Pa.

(To be continued.)

## \* \* THE WORLD'S OPINION.

A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation.

Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark, those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that best way to please one-half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."

PROFESSOR CROOK, the Northwestern University instructor, bears the Christian name of "Alja." This name is a combination of the initial letters in the name of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson Professor Crook's father was a great admirer of Lincoln and Jackson.



#### HOME ADORNMENT.

BY AMY REDDICK

AT a country home where I frequently visit, the lady is quite talented In the whole house is an air of harmony. We will only notice a part of it. As we pass into the stairway and on up and glance about we cannot help but say, "How pretty"!

She explains that she did her own painting and papering, so as to better suit herself. The woodwork is of soft pine, so each room has its own special color in paint. In the guest chamber it is painted a light blue. The room is of medium size so she chose a blue tinted paper with a small design. The carpet was a pattern of autumn leaves in rich brown and yellow colors. On the windows were dotted Swiss curtains, that she had made in two parts, with scant bias ruffles on the outer edges, which were edged with narrow lace. The ruffles were cut on the bias so as to save material. Each half curtain was crossed and looped gracefully back.

The oak bed was all in white. A ruffle of Swiss, the width of the goods, across the head of the bed, was for pillow shams.

On bureau and washstand were Swiss covers with ruffled lace edges. The covers were cut the curved shape of the furniture and lined with pink material, also a piece of sheet wadding. On each were found the usual belongings tastefully arranged.

Two comfortable chairs were also found there, while a box with a frill of cretonne around it with a padded and covered lid was used for a seat and also for the extra bedding for the room.

On the wall were enlarged pictures of two of the children. The whole arrangement was one of economy and taste.

Sheridan, Mo.

RUGS.

BY MRS. JOHN E. MOHLER

I AM old-fashioned enough to enjoy homemade rugs, and so to start on I will tell you to make a hunt all over the house for every stray bit of soft wool goods and cotton, which you should put upon separate piles. Cut the rags twice as wide as carpet rags, lengthwise of the goods, and if you have much of one kind sew it together like carpet rags on a ball by itself. The rest hit-and-miss. Get father or one of the boys, or in a pinch yourself, to whittle a strong, large crochet hook from tough wood. Then take your ball of hit-and-miss and begin to crochet with tight plain crochet stitch, either a round, oblong, or square rug. When large enough add a border of plain goods from the ball saved for that purpose.

Of course make your rugs of either all wool scraps or all cotton, and they will make nice, soft, warm stepping places for bare feet on a cold morning—much pleasanter than Brussels—and if you happen to have nice material the rugs will be quite pretty.

Warrensburg, Mo.

RECEIVED the Cook Book. Highly pleased with what little I have been able to look at.—
Hattie Y. Gilbert, Daleville, Va.

#### THE OLD COFFEE MILL.

#### BY KATHLEEN M.

An old coffee mill that had outlived its days of usefulness as a grinder was utilized as follows by the daughter of the family:

The handle was removed and a pretty pincushion made and fitted on the bowl of the mill. The mill was painted with copper paint and when finished looked quite handsome, and reposed in state on top of the bureau.

The small drawer in it was handy to hold small articles, such as combs, shoe buttons, and the like, and even the Sunday-school pennies were stored there.

#### SCALLOPED POTATOES (KENTUCKY STYLE.)

#### BY SISTER CARRIE SHELLEY.

PARE and slice raw potatoes thin, the same as for frying. Butter a pan or earthen dish. Put in a layer of potatoes and season with salt, pepper, butter and a bit of onion chopped fine; sprinkle in a little flour. Now put another layer of potatoes and the seasoning. Continue this way till the dish is filled or you have the amount desired.

Just before putting into the oven, pour over a quart of hot milk.

Bake three-quarters of an hour.

If the onion is disliked, it can be omitted. Ollie, Iowa.

#### WHEAT PUDDING.

#### BY SISTER EMMA BROWER.

Take whole wheat and clean carefully, then grind through a coffee mill, tolerably coarse. Take one cup of the ground wheat, one-half cup of sugar and three quarts of sweet milk. Bake in a moderate oven four hours, stirring occasionally. It is best to bake in a covered baking dish. To be eaten with cream. This is well worth trying.

South English, Iowa.

Lemons will keep much longer if immersed in cold water which is renewed each day.

#### CROUP.

#### BY MARY A. SELL.

FOR croupy children saturate a woolen string in turpentine and lard and tie it around the child's neck. If it wears off before the child is well, put on another. Keep it well saturated with turpentine and lard. The cure is simple one and costs nothing. Try it for the child's sake. It helped mine.

Newry, Pa.

[There is sense in the above. The turpentine acts a a counterirritant, bringing the inflammation to the outside. It is not a "cure" but, as the writer says, it help and it would be equally efficacious in the case of a sor throat or hoarseness from common colds. The strinhas nothing to do with it, only to hold the lard and turpentine.]

A COLD water compress is an excellent remedy for sore throat. Ring out the bandage fairly dry, wrap around the throat and cove with a dry piece of flannel.

LAMP chimneys, if placed over the fire in mersed in cold water which is gradually brought to the boiling point, will not crack streadily.

FALLING hair can often be checked by wash ing with very strong salt water. Bathe th scalp with this every day until a cure is enfected.

For polishing brass an excellent mixture and one which does not tarnish quickly, is par affin and emery powder worked into a past

A FEW drops of benzoin dropped into water until it looks milky makes a pleasant wash for the face, and is very good for the skin.

Insomnia may be relieved by laying on the back of the neck a towel rung out of ice wate—this will also often relieve headache.

AFTER baking a cake always let it stand few moments before removing from the tiand it will slip out much more readily.

To cut warm bread or cake use a thin shar knife which has been heated by dipping it int hot water.

# 颱INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Nov. 9, 1901.

No. 45.

#### DON'T GRUMBLE, GROWL OR MURMUR.

If fortune seems to frown on you,
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
If ill fates all your plans pursue,
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
Just grit your teeth and work away;
Just wear a smile, let come what may;
There'll come a better time some day—
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.

The sun may burn your growing grain,
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
The fields turn brown from lack of rain,
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
Some day the rain clouds fast will fly
To wet the fields now parched and dry;
There'll come a good time by and by—
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.

We yet may lean on God's strong arm.
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
His promises will shield from harm.
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.
In other times when sorrow fell
We read his Book and heard it tell
That God still lives and all is well—
Don't grumble, growl or murmur.

#### WAYS OF WOMEN.

'MRS. ROOSEVELT is "first lady of the land," at numerous things which she may not do now ere possibilities with her before she took essession of the White House. There is, awever, a compensating advantage in the fact at restrictions by which she is bound make r position easier than it would otherwise be. ie can attend few private entertainmentsfew that it practically shuts her out of genal society. Mrs. Harrison during her stay in e White House went to not more than half a zen private parties. Mrs. Cleveland scarceexceeded that number. Mrs. McKinley ever went to any. The official dinners given the cabinet officers to the President and s wife are necessarily dull, being made up of

the same small and intimate circle, meeting on that occasion in the most ceremonious manner.

Mrs. Roosevelt is prohibited by custom, as the President is, from entering the house of any ambassador or envoy whatever, such premises being, technically, foreign ground. If she goes to the theater she must sit in a lower box. She may go to one ball in the year—the annual charity ball—when, if disposed, she may walk through two or three quadrilles. But if she should venture to dance a round dance it would mean a cataclysm. So would it be if she were to appear in a carriage sitting anywhere else than in the left-hand corner of the back seat if the President is with her, or the right-hand corner if he is not with her.

#### THE MATRIMONIAL RAFFLE.

WE have often heard of the matrimonial lottery, but a matrimonial raffle is not quite such a common-place. Russia, which rejoices in so many singular products, has invented this also.

It seems that when a girl is unable to secure a husband in the ordinary way she gets up a raffle for herself. She sells, say, five hundred tickets at ten shillings each, and the winner captures not only the girl, but also the two hundred and fifty pounds.

If he does not wish to marry her he can dispose of her and the sum for a share in the latter. If, on the other hand, she refuses to accept the winner, she can give him half the money and cry quits. After that she can start another raffle of the same kind.

It occurs to one that some of our penniless beauties with a turn for finance and a number of adorers might easily get up several of these raffles, halve the stake with the winners and finally marry the man of their choice with a very comfortable dowry.

#### HOME DUTIES.

BY HOWARD MILLER SELL.

ONCE in a while some Rip Van Winkle awakens from his nap and gives utterance to the venerable aphorism that women, with each succeeding year are becoming more and more careless regarding their home duties

When we remember that clubs like the Chicago Woman's Athletic club, with a membership of 3,000 women, and a building costing upwards of \$300,000, with proportionately large membership and costly buildings in New York and San Francisco branches, and the Empress Club, of London, which outshines all others with costly buildings and large membership, with thousands of smaller ones in all parts of the civilized world, we need inquire no further why domestic duties are so shamefully neglected.

It is natural for the man to blame his failures and misfortunes on his wife after the example set him in the Scriptures by Adam. To lay things off on the weaker one by saying, "The woman thou gavest me," seems so sneaking and small. But we have always been painfully conscious that the woman does exercise a powerful influence upon the home whether it be for good or ill.

By doing away with the club life, there is nothing more certain than that women will stand by their babies and provide a day nursery for them; it means giving to their fingers the beautiful employments of the kindergarten; it means teaching her sons and daughters to do things as well as to know them; it means the abandonment of truancy schools; it means furnishing home libraries, home baths and home gymnasiums.

To stand by the homes means to supplant the blue cow of Eastern legend, or the tortoise, or Atlas, and bear the world, not only on one's head and shoulders, but on one's heart as well.

It requires no sounding of loud timbrels or blowing of trumpets to require this; women all over the world are doing it, but the tendency is the other way.

When a building is to be constructed, the foundation is built. The strength of the building all depends on how firm the foundation is.

Clubs which take women from their hom have a foundation built of sand and must fa Why not then administer a helping stroke raise them and awaken women to a sense their duty?

This accomplished, the inevitable good w follow, which would comprise among its man benefits those already mentioned, togeth with the abandonment of all the abominab practices of fashion which tend to render makind miserable.

McKee Gap, Pa.

#### THE BAUBLE TREE.

BY A. EBEY.

One of the most useful trees of western I dia is the bauble. It is put to many use some of which I shall tell.

It resembles the common American loculatere in some ways, but in others it does not less that the locust. It is quite hardy. The leaves a green in a dry time. The roots penetrate veldeep to find necessary moisture. It does not grow to a large size. It has a small leaf and yellow flower, which develops into a pod.

The bauble make excellent fuel. There is gum in the wood which seems to make i heating power greater. This gum is itsel useful. Mixed in water it forms an excelled paste. We find it better than most read made paste.

The bauble supplies the natives with too brushes. They would not think of using subrushes as we do. They say tooth-brushes a unclean. So, however untidy they are other ways, they must have new "doturus bauble-sticks, toothbrushes every mornin Little sticks are cut from the tops, about long and thick as a lead pencil. Then t user squats down and chews one end until becomes like a brush. The teeth are scours beautifully white. Nearly every native h sound teeth. This is partly due to the litt meat eaten, but more to the exact care take to keep the teeth clean. In this respect the put Americans to shame.

The bauble is very thorny. These are use in many ways also. Many fences are made them. The thorns are very hard and sha en dry. Animals avoid them. A fence de of bauble brush is a better protection ainst animals than rail, board, or wire. onkeys are cunning and know the bauble rts, so they never climb or jump upon a able tree. They are bad fellows upon tile of as they break the tiles and throw them wn. As a precaution dry bauble brush are used on the roofs, and also on lamp-posts ich are under pine or banyan trees.

Bauble brush are often put in native graves ar the top to keep the jackals and other imals from despoiling the graves.

The people often make leaf plates and cups. rge leaves are pinned together with bauble orns. These are about three inches long d grow in pairs. They are nearly at right gles. Woe to the barefoot boy who steps a dry "konto" thorn! They sometimes go three-fourths of an inch. Then it is a sore eration to remove it.

But praise the bauble. It forms a refreshshade, gives firewood, toothbrushes, muage, fences, protection from animals, and a eful kind of pin.

Jalalpur, India.

#### LIVE LONGER THAN MEN.

WHEN the temperature rises during the mmer season and the mercury seems determed to boil over the top of the tube, men compelled to acknowledge that woman, spite of her much criticised method of less, teaches us a valuable lesson upon this lint. Look at woman in hot weather; no atter how hot it may be she looks cool. Alough woman understands the art of never pking the way she feels, it must be acknowled

Man, on the other hand, looks like a boiled bster as soon as the thermometer chases ward a few points. Man, with his undertar, stiff-front shirt, waistcoat and coat, feels e way he looks—sticky, nasty, uncomfortate and hot. Last season the "shirtwaist an" made his appearance; then it was hoped at this year this method of dress would be me fashionable. However, from present incations we will be compelled to suffer as retofore.

Light, airy clothes are not only more com-

fortable, but greatly improve the general health. Woman suffers less from colds, etc., than man. The percentage of women who contract consumption is far less than that of men. Women are physically superior to men in every respect. Statistics show that women outlive men. There is little doubt that woman's superior vitality is due as much to her sensible method of dress as anything else. As little children they are dressed lighter than their brothers, and as years roll on man deteriorates more and more.

I firmly believe that vanity alone prevents man from wearing light clothes. The truth is that he is ashamed to shed his pads. After being broad shouldered all winter it is rather embarrassing to appear in a negligee shirt minus pads. Shoulder padding has become such a universal practice that a well-built athlete with nineteen or twenty inch width of shoulders has to pad in self-defense.

#### HE GOT IN.

A POOR man who was looked upon as being very simple applied to a church whose membership was of what is called the wealthy class for admission as a member. He came before the appointed officers for examination.

As it was an aristocratic church, they did not like to accept him into membership, but, of course, they adopted the tactics of their class, and asked the poor, simple applicant if he was sure the Lord wanted him to become a member of the church. He replied that he was sure, as he had prayed over it for six months.

"Well," they said, "better pray over it three months longer, and see what the Lord wants you to do."

He assented, and at the end of three months he applied again.

The officers asked him if he was still of the same mind. He said, "Yes." They asked him also if he had asked the Lord about it. He said he had. Then they asked him what the Lord said to him.

The poor, simple applicant replied: "He told me not to be offended with you, brethren, for He Himself had been trying for the past twelve years, since the church was built, to get in, but He had not succeeded yet."

#### GRANDFATHER.

THE 'NOOKMAN.

One grandfather is not a very amusing sight, but when two of them get together and go over their youth it is a thing to sit by and listen. Every goose that swam on the lake of Long Ago is a swan now. People are not what they used to be. They are less honest. Why, every paper one takes up now is full of robberies and murders. It wasn't that way when they were boys. Oh no. And sometimes Gaffer gets off a whopper. It isn't in the nature of things for one man in the long ago to take his axe and go out on a winter day in the untouched forest and cut and stack up a hundred cords of hickory wood. But that's what the old man did, at least he says he did. Instead of "sputifyin'" with him it is better to ask whether he loaded it all on one sled and took it to town with the white-faced oxen he is always telling about.

There are some things Gaffer is touchy about, and he doesn't want interfered with. One is the spoon that must always be put in his cup of coffee. His grown daughter says that one spoon is as good as another, but he wants that one, and isn't going to be put off. None of them know that the spoon was the one his dead wife used, and the dent in the bowl of it is the mark of the teeth of the first born who died in the west, years and years ago. And he is particular about his cane. It is nothing but a crooked stick, cut from the hedge, with a knob on the end, but to him it means the cane he cut fifty years ago as he was walking home with the girl he married later. When he is gone the spoon and the cane will be lost in no time. That's the way in this life.

Gaffer's strong point is in his love for the grandchildren. They like to go walking with him. He takes them out, sits on a stump or a stone, and lets them run and enjoy themselves. And if some red teaberries are emptied out of a sticky hand into a withered palm he eats them in his slow, munching fashion, and never scolds them at all. If they want to play in the sand, or heap up dirt, he has no word of objection. Why he will even tell them the story of Noah and the ark when they are tired

out. Or he will let them listen to the tick a wonderful watch, one of the good old kind with a leather strap to it. "Turn it base twenty minutes at night, and half an hour the morning and you have a real watch, watch as is a watch." He is afraid to trust to the watchmaker in town, as the man houly been there for eleven years, and is negand no touch to Sam Myers who used to f watches and make guns. Only Sam is denow, and he hates to trust a new man writ.

Gaffer has a rifle set with wonderful design in silver in the curly maple stock. He has taken this gun to the woods several times, and when the frisky gray squirrel ran up a trand flattened out on a limb, Gaffer locate him, and told the grandson to hold on till hashowed him some fancy shooting. The orgun snapped twice, and then he put on a necap, and sighted again, this time at a bump in a adjoining tree, and the whip snap of the reposent the squirrel running, and the old make said it was all the fault of the powder. The don't make powder as they used to. Who once he went out after turkeys with that guetc., etc.

There are several big days in Gaffer's calendar. One is Thanksgiving day, when the family all come home and everybody speal him fair, and nobody stops or contradicts him his story of the Thanksgivings of his yout though they talk across the table to one all other during his story, and say yes to all the puts forward.

One of these days he will go out into the land of eternal youth, and they will clean on his room, divide up his rubbish into kee sakes, and only the children will lament lon and they will forget in time. It is the way the world, nothing to cry over or smile about it is human life, and that's all it is. Happy you come to it.

#### NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT.

Anton Colman, a veteran dynamite man, perhaps one of the oldest of all the old-time and has been looking after high explosives for the last twenty-five or thirty years. He has been on most of the big jobs in Massachuset and in many parts of New England and has

d many hair-breadth escapes and exciting ventures. Mr. Colman is about seventy ars old and was born in Maine.

Dynamite and the blasting powder which have to-day is much different from what it ed to be in the days when I first started in business," said Mr. Colman, "and I am not well posted on everything as I might like be, but there are some things about hanng powder that when a man learns them ce he never forgets as long es, and no matter what kind of powder is ed or how much the style changes it is all same; they will still be careful and watch ir business mightily close. Of course, of the explosives nitroglycerin is the most ngerous and the hardest to get along with. has as many moods and is as hard to mansometimes as the spoiled child or a womwho wants her own way.

'I never got over my great respect for this plosive, and even to-day I treat it with ever deference, and will be as gentle and peace, in its presence, as any tyro. A man can ver get any experience in handling nitrocerin; the more he handles it the less he liable to know about it, for he realizes are and more how uncertain it is.

Why, even the kegs that nitroglycerin mes in are white elephants on a man's nds, for they are mighty hard to get rid of, ell you. The wood has been so thoroughly urated with the stuff that it cannot be rned and cannot be broken up, and they i't be left lying around loose, for someone sure to come along who does not know anyng about them and bang something into m and off goes the roof.

I remember a fellow out in the western rt of the State several years ago who came ong with a hammer in his hand. He sat wn on an empty nitroglycerin keg and playly amused himself by tapping the staves. In his hammer. I saw him and ran to a safe and tried my best to warn him by shout-

ing, but it was no use: the keg finally blew up with a loud report and the poor fellow lingered in the hospital about two weeks before he died.

"I am even more afraid of these empty nitroglycerin kegs than I am of the explosive itself or of any other kind of powder or dynamite. You can always tell when to be careful when the real stuff is around, but if someone happens to leave an empty keg or barrel in the way you might not know it until you had dropped a crowbar or sledgehammer into it or tipped it over, and then after you found it out you would be in no condition to tell anyone of your discovery.

"The only way to get rid of those empty kegs or barrels is to take them out into an open field and fire a pistol at them from a safe distance, and even that sometimes is not an undertaking that I would advise a person to try, for I remember a case of a fellow who went out with three kegs, and instead of placing them side by side and letting one shot do the business I guess he was anxious to see them blow up one by one, for he placed the first keg and left the other two on the team.

"He fired his gun and the bullet did what was expected of it, but the keg exploded with such terrific force that the man was horrified when the concussion caused the two remaining kegs on his team to follow suit immediately, killing his horses, wrecking his wagon completely, while he himself received a splinter in his face that ruined the sight of one eye. After that if he ever went out I am sure he was more careful.

"I have known of a fellow who lost his foot by the explosion of a drop of the terrible stuff, and another man who lost his hand by suddenly hitting a board on which a can of nitro had rested and a drop or two of the liquid oozed out. It is mighty bad stuff and I am afraid of it, and if I live to be 200 I will be more afraid of it than ever."



#### WHAT TO DO WITH EX-CONVICTS.

BY NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

THE present prison population of the United States is about 280,000, which is nearly double that of ten years ago. This shows us that the criminal population is increasing much more rapidly than all other, which is largely due to the fact that very many prisoners return to a life of dishonesty and crime after being released, and serve more than one term of imprisonment. If all ex-prisoners were reformed or converted men, the number would probably be much less than half its present dimensions. Out of every 500 of our population one is an ex-convict; which, allowing five persons to a family - the usual estimate - would make about one out of every one hundred men an ex-prisoner; as the prison population is mostly composed of men.

Seeing that so great a number of men are of the class referred to, mostly poor, homeless, friendless and all without reputation, all struggling for another "chance" to become honest men, to earn an honest living and obtain a place in the world, it behooves us to consider what may be done toward helping them to become honorable and self-supporting citizens again. They need food, shelter and raiment. These demand money, to obtain which, a man must have employment. But the latter is not easy to obtain among strangers even when one has recommendations, which the ex-prisoner has not. If these can not be obtained, the man is forced to return to his former life. He needs more than literal food, shelter and clothing. He needs kindness, encouragement, home. His hands are tender from years of indoor employment, so that he can not at once make a full hand at the hardest toil. His employer should have Christian patience and love for his employe. But how obtain all these?

In the vicinity of every prison Christian people should form a committee, or society, if they prefer to call it such, composed of men and women whose love for their fellow-men is so great that they will bestow their services gratuitously. There should be a president, superintendent or manager, an assistant, and a secretary. Certain members of this committee or society should learn from the warden or

chaplain, when prisoners are to be discharge whether they have friends or means. The they should call upon the friendless prison previous to his discharge, and invite him to Christian home, which they or other members have previously found for him. Here I should be received as a friend and equit reated with tactful consideration, and kinness, given suitable employment if possible, such may be found for him elsewhere, which has his home with his Christian friends.

His past life and sad experience should nevbe mentioned to him or anyone else, unle he first mentions them. He should be treat as a brother. For is he not one of God's litt ones for whom Jesus died; and of whom I says, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of tileast of these, ye did it not to me?" The should be associate members throughout eal State, ready to do for such as desire to go their locality; with whom the general secretary may correspond.

When we learn to love our fellow m (neighbor) as ourself, according to the seconommandment, we will consider it a bless privilege to visit him in prison, and care I him in time of need, to receive him, though stranger, into our homes, and treat him just we would love to be treated under similar documstances. Having thus helped him a lit while, he will soon become self-supporting honest, industrious, useful, and a blessing, stead of a burden to society. Besides this, will have gained a life-long friend, and a procious, worthy friend.

Canon City, Colo.

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

BY E G. D.

If you have never been in a fight I a affaid you will not understand. There is much to see, particularly in so heavily wood a country as the Philippines, where my lit campaigning was done. When both sides u smokeless powder the whole performance a pears rather tamer than a Fourth of July pformance—until it is all over and you have care for the dead and wounded.

About the middle of January, in 1900, about the middle of January, in 1900, about fifty of us were sent back after rations and h

the native ponies with their pack-saddles led high with hardtack and bacon. We exceed to be attacked before we reached Sanublo, but walked into an ambush just the me.

The natives were hidden in the forest rough which the trail ran, and poured in a siley from a distance of about fifty feet. The ponies were scared—several of them aunded—and they promptly stampeded, addg to the confusion. Our boys dropped to e ground at the first volley and returned the e. The natives were almost perfectly contaled, and numbered about three hundred.

For about a half hour the noise of the firing as deafening—still no sign of smoke, and it few signs of life, for everybody dropped to the grass and took advantage of every ee and rock. If a native showed himself he as "plugged" as surely as a jacksnipe is opped by the hunter, and of course some of pr boys were hit also.

As the natives had the most men they finalsucceeded in flanking us, and we were orred to retreat. A man was sent back for inforcements, and by rare good luck he ran e gauntlet for nine miles and reached the parest American troops.

The coolness of our commander, Lieutenant alston, of the 30th United States Volunteers, rabled us to square accounts pretty well bere we left the field. We retreated only bout fifty yards from the road, and the naves made the mistake of thinking we had ed. They rushed into the road and began to ther up the rations and to cut up two of our ad. Then we turned the tables on them and oured in a deadly volley. They rallied and ied to charge, but in spite of their superior ambers we beat them off. We hastily collect-I our wounded and fell back on the road our inforcements would come on if the messenir had succeeded in getting through. We on met a company of the 30th Infantry, U. S. olunteers and cleared the country thoroughly. eventeen of our original fifty men were killed, ounded, or missing. The native loss we arned after the province was quieted and the atives gave up the foolish struggle, was renty-two killed and about fifty wounded.

Picking up our dead—terribly mutilated—was a job I will always remember. That is the bad part of war—the fight is exciting, and I have never seen a man scared during a brisk action—but when you think of the needless loss of life and of the suffering mothers and sweethearts at home . . . well, it makes you feel pale.

A few days after this skirmish we were in a fair-sized battle—over a brigade of our troops assaulted a fortified mountain, held by about four thousand of the natives.

While we were waiting for the orders to charge I was scared cold—and there were other pale faces, too. It was all right when we got into it, but the waiting was hard on the nerves.

Now, I don't want any readers of the 'Nook to get anxious to experience the excitement of hunting and being hunted by men with guns. You'll live longer and be happier if you don't shoot your neighbors and they don't shoot you.

Co. C., 30th U. S. V.

#### CAN'T BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM.

A FEW days ago a couple of well-known men were standing on the corner, when they were joined by Mr. Nebergall.

"We were just talking about the ups and downs of life," remarked one of the party. "Now, I contend that any man can commence at the bottom and work up. I could name a dozen men who started in at the foot of the ladder who are now at the head of banks, railroads, or who hold very responsible positions. They are—"

"I'll have to disagree with you, gentlemen, before you go any further," interrupted Mr. Nebergall, "for I have seen some men who could not commence at the bottom and work up. Just take my business, for instance. How could a man ever—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Nebergall, but what is your business?" inquired the third member of the party.

"I'm a well-digger," replied Mr. Nebergall, smiling.

#### EELS.

The eel is a perpetual puzzle to pisciculturists. Connected with the United States fish commission are many learned men, some of whom have made a profound study of the eel, its nature, haunts and habits, but none of them can, for the life of him, tell whether or not the female eel lays eggs as do other fishes and many reptiles. If these wriggling creatures do lay eggs mortal man has never beheld them, and to get hold of any is quite out of the question. In case you want to establish eels in your water preserves you can buy young ones by the pailful at a cheap rate and they will grow big enough to eat or send to market in three years

It may fairly be said that the eel, as to its breeding, is the most mysterious animal in existence. Its method of propagation has puzzled science for centuries and has been a subject for more speculation among many peoples for thousands of years. The ancient Egyptians had their own theories regarding the matter.

Some authorities have contended that eels grew up from horse hairs, which in some strange manner became vitalized. Others have held that they were generated spontaneously from slime, while others still have gravely advanced the belief that they came from the skins of old eels, or even from similar exuviæ of water snakes.

That eels mate with water snakes is very generally accepted as truth. Most popular with people who get their living from the water, however, is the theory that eels are the progeny of various other fishes. The Sardinian fishermen assert that they are produced by a certain kind of water beetle, which for this reason is called "mother of eels." The Greek poets, who fathered all children otherwise unaccounted for upon Jupiter, declared that this god was the progenitor of the eel.

All this mystery about the eel, as science has learned in recent years, is due to the fact that it lays its eggs, or brings forth its young alive, in the sea, where no one has a chance to observe the process. Other fishes, like the shad, leave the ocean to spawn in fresh water streams, but this curious and slippery customer does precisely the reverse. The young

eels, newly born or hatched, leave the sal water and make their way in armies up the rivers inland. Obstacles, apparently insurmoun able, they use the utmost ingenuity in passing, even traveling considerable distances up dry land in order to get around obstructions.

In the spring and summer any visitor at N agara who descends beneath the great sheet & water at the foot of the falls will see literall hundreds of cartloads of small eels wrigglin over the rocks and squirming in the whirlpool Of course, it is impossible for them to get ove the falls, and thus it happens that, althoug eels have always been plentiful in Lake Or tario, there were none in Lake Erie until the were planted in the latter body of water art ficially.

Inasmuch as eels must go to the sea in orde to propagate their species they are found not to multiply, at all when placed in ponds that are landlocked, although in such places the will grow rapidly and be healthy. It costs a little to purchase young ones by the quantit that this is no obstacle to the usefulness of stocking inland water with these fish. The have many very important advantages from the economic point of view, inasmuch as they will feed on anything, dead or alive, will thrive it clear water or muddy, and at any temperature and require no looking out for.

In all probability eels lay eggs just as d nearly all other fishes. The only difference i that they deposit them in the sea instead of i fresh water. It is believed that the mothe eel dies soon after she has spawned. For couple of centuries past efforts have been made by eminent scientific men to discove the organs of generation in male and femaleels. It is only possible now to discover the difference between the sexes by microscopic examination.

#### ART OF THE HINDOO FAKIR.

CAPTAIN JAMES E. PARKER, a well-knowl English traveler who has just returned from India, has added an entirely new and remark able chapter to the many stories of Hindol fakirs. It tends to bear out the charge that the fakirs hypnotize their audiences and cause them to imagine they see things which are not. "The acknowledged greatest of all Hindoo ystic performances," said the captain, "and e one that has been told by trustworthy peras too often to be doubted, is the one in pich the fakir throws a ball of twine into the above him, while he holds the loose end of e string and then climbs it, with a knife beeen his teeth, following the boy assistant, to has preceded him. In this performance e spectators, surprised when both boy and an climb out of sight, are horrified when e boy's severed head, arms and legs, folwed by his trunk, fall to the ground, with e man sliding down close behind. tonishment is increased when the fakir gaths the quivering members and restores the v to life.

"Well, I saw this performance once and ace I didn't see it, and the latter experience as more wonderful than the former.

"I had some London friends visiting med after having left them for a few minutes the broad veranda of my bungalow I saw as was returning the same fakir and his assistit whom I had seen perform the trick standing out forty feet in front of them, apparently eparing for their performance. As I was out the same distance behind the Indians, do had not been observed, I stood quietly here I was.

"The man placed a drawn knife between his eth, took the usual ball of twine in his right and, made a motion as though throwing it in e air and then stood perfectly quiet. My lends on the veranda were looking into the oper air with astonishment pictured on their ces, which in a minute turned to a look of arror as their eyes came back to the ground. another minute their countenances lit with easure and they loudly applauded.

"They could not say enough about the wonrful performance they had seen and were tonished beyond measure when I told them had been as near the fakir as themselves and d seen nothing of what had so wonderfully ipressed them."

#### LARGEST OF EARTH'S GUNS.

THE biggest gun in the world is now praccally completed and awaiting its carriage in e shops of the army gun factory at Watervliet, New York. It was planned ten years ago and has been over five years in process of construction. It is the most powerful engine of destruction known. When compared to it the largest gun built in the civil war times looks like a toy cannon. This new weapon is known as a sixteen-inch breech-loading rifle and it is intended for harbor defense. Forty of these monsters were recommended by the Endicott board for the harbors of New York, Boston, San Francisco and Hampton Roads. New York was to have eighteen, Boston eight, San Francisco ten and Hampton Roads four. According to present intentions this number will be somewhat reduced.

Some idea of the size and power of this gun may be had from the fact that it throws a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds. It requires 1,176 pounds of ordinary powder to do this, or 576 pounds of the new smokeless powder. The cost of a single firing of the gun is over \$1,500, of which the projectile alone costs \$1,000. The gun has a range of twenty-one miles. It has a penetrating power that will, it is estimated, bore 42.3 inches into hardened steel. The missile which it hurls is nearly as long as a man, five feet and four inches. will throw this projectile, if aimed at an angle of 45 degrees, to a height in the projectory of over five miles. If Mont Blanc were set on top of Pike's peak this gun would shoot over them, clearing the top, it is computed, by 500 feet. The time between the shell's leaving the gun and its striking earth will be a minute and a quarter.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL MIXUP.

"What do you know of Juan Fernandez?"
This was the question propounded by the civil service examiner.

And this was the answer laboriously written out by the man who wanted to be considered an applicant for a position:

"Juan Fernandez was a noble Spaniard, who discovered the fountain of perpetual youth in Florida. He was afterward cast away on a desert island in Pitcairn's sea, where his descendants may be found to this day. They are very religious, and subsist chiefly on hogs and vegetables."

### NATURE



## STUDY

#### FUR PRODUCT OF AMERICA.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that 75 per cent of all the furs worn in the world are of American product. The only ones of importance which are found in Europe are Russian sable, ermine, silver fox and mink. Persian lamb comes, as its name indicates, from the Orient, as do also the astrakhans. No furs are obtained in England, France or Switzerland. A few baum martens and coneys (the latter the old English name for rabbits) are obtained in Germany. Seal, Hudson bay sable, otter, mink, beaver, fisher, lynx, every kind of fox and bear and wolverine are all at their best in America.

Russian sable, otter and seal skins are the most valuable furs and are always, because of their durable qualities, a good investment, sable after fifty years of wear still showing the luster for which it is famous.

More depends upon the care given to furs while they are not in use than upon the actual wear, the heat from the body rendering them soft and pliable and in that way acting as a preservative.

The best sable was originally retained for the exclusive use of the czar's family and the very dark skins are consequently known as "imperial" sable. Some of the Hudson bay sable is dark and rich and so much like the Russian that only an expert can detect it. The light skins of both the Russian and Hudson bay are colored in a skillful manner and are often sold for the natural skins, but they lose their color rapidly.

The stone marten is a relative of the sable and is found in the mountains of Greece, Valencia and adjacent countries. The fitch, which is used largely in Europe for coat linings, is another member of the same family.

The mink is larger than the weasel, but resembles it in shape and movements. The finest skins come from Labrador and the northern part of Canada, those of mot southerly sections being of a lighter hue. The skin of the mink is used as a totem by the Indians. It is said that the little animal easily tamed and becomes much attached thuman friends.

The skunk, which is known to commerce a the black marten or Alaska sable, produce the best and most durable medium-priced fu in the market. In this, as in other animals the darkest skins are most valuable.

Chinchilla, the most delicate and exquisit fur in the world, is obtained in South America. The little animal which wears it and which resembles a Lilliputian kangaroo because of it extremely long hind legs, is found in greanumbers between the hills of Chili and Bolivis. To its strict vegetarian diet—for its food consists almost entirely of bulbous roots—is as cribed the silky texture of its fur.

The rarest and most costly of fox fur is the silver fox, and although it is found on bot continents not more than 2,000 skins are procured annually. The cross fox ranks next i value, the darkest skins of which can hardle be told from the lightest ones of the silve fox. The beautiful brush and rich color d the red fox make it popular always. The fall of the blue fox, which is of a purplish slat color, is obtained in Greenland, Labrador and the Alaska islands. Only in the frozen re gions of the far north is the white or arctifox found. The fur of this animal is pure white in winter, except for the tip of its tail Virginia and many of the Southern States produce the gray fox.

#### THE BUFFALO.

THERE are known to be a few wild buffaloe, in existence on the border line of the British Northwest and the United States. They are extremely wary, remote from civilization hard to track and harder to kill. The here

th which they travel is not supposed to be er a hundred strong, and is probably an fshoot of the buffalo so carefully kept in the allowstone Park by the government.

A great many precautions have been taken both the American and Canadian governments to prevent the killing of these animals, it daring hunters will slip in on them and casionally get a head and pelt for the rich fancial reward involved in selling them, tese hunters carefully conceal their identifical with purchasers only through agents, dit is next to impossible to ascertain who ey are.

Outside of Yellowstone Park it is not known at there are any wild buffalo in this country less some of the Canadian beasts at times ander to this side. When Buffalo Bill, the rand Duke Alexis and other celebrities enged in the last great American buffalo hunt e number of buffalo in the United States is placed at 6,000, and most of these scatred in small herds.

How many the ducal party killed has never ten accurately told, although it is believed at at least 1,000 fell victims to their skill id the prowess of the Indians with them. Ibsequently blizzards overtook the survivors, ttle ranges cut off their grazing grounds and last a few crossed Montana and Idaho and lught refuge in the colder north. A few hers remained and were herded by law in ellowstone Park, and there we have the end the best days of the buffalo in this countries.

#### A BROBDINGNAGIAN DAISY.

THE newest floral wonder is the "Shasta lisy," originated by a flower grower of Calirnia. It measures a foot in circumference, id when one was exhibited recently in a flort's window in San Francisco, people literally beked to see it.

It is really a new kind of flower, and has en produced by several years of crossing id selection, three different kinds of daisies sing used—the common American species, e larger and coarser European sort, and the panese daisy.

There are three rows of petals of the purest hite, and each blossom is upheld by a single

strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

One advantage of the Shasta daisy is said to be that it is exceedingly hardy, enduring much cold, so that it can be grown out of doors. It is claimed that it prospers in almost any kind of soil, blooms all summer long (in California nearly all the year round) and may be rapidly multiplied by dividing the roots.

A peculiarity of this new and beautiful blossom is that it sometimes shows colors, indicating that daisies of various hues and of gigantic size may be placed on the market before long.

#### RELICS OF AN AGE LONG PAST.

The petrified forests of Arizona were recently examined anew under the direction of the general land office. The silicified logs lie in the greatest abundance within an area of eight square miles in Apache county. In some places they lie more thickly than they could have stood while living as trees, and it is thought that they must have been carried there by a swift current of water in the mesozotic age.

#### THE ARCTIC WEASEL.

In cold countries where snow prevails during a long winter many of the animals change the hue of their coats to a white tint. The arctic bear and fox are white throughout the year. The northern hare is brown in summer and white in winter. The weasel is especially curious. It retains its brown coat until the first snow appears and then whitens in a few hours.

#### USES OF THE BANANA.

An acre of bananas will produce in weight 133 times as much as an acre of wheat. Banana flour is coming into use. Brewers are experimenting with bananas as a substitute for barley. From the fiber of the plant, rope, canvas and thin clothing are being made.

Bamboo is to the Chinese what iron is to the American. It is the framework of most of the houses, the material from which bridges are made, provides a delicacy for the table, is manufactured into paper and used in boat-building.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-NOOK.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

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(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers
Grow ripe for blossoming.
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love and spring.

#### THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

THE mail order business is something that has sprung into wonderful activity in the last few years. By this is not meant the business done by the great city department stores, but the advertisement and sale of some catchpenny thing by the individual. It is reduced to a system.

One of the ways that it is accomplished is by the publication of a so-called magazine. Some enterprising genius in a large city prints something that he calls a magazine, and he will put on a specially printed cover, and put in a page of advertisement for anybody, and send out a thousand, or as many as are ordered and paid for, to the party who is ambitious of owning a magazine. Suppose that he lives in Texas, and wants to call his magazine "The Screech Owl." The accommodating city publisher will furnish him all he will pay for, and each

copy will have his name as Editor and a pasadvertisement of the patent churn, or the hai producing compound he has invented or dicovered. Then he sends out his magazin putting a cent stamp on each copy, and waitill the trap is sprung and he gathers in his victims. There may be twenty other magazines all the same as his in as many different sections of the country, but they are not at to conflict, for they do not reach the samparties as a rule.

There is nothing specially wrong about the transaction, but it seems to the 'Nook that the countrymen who bite are not of the brighted class, and that the one who makes the most money is the original furnisher of the "magizines." The inside of the advertising business is a world unknown to the average reade. In a future issue we will tell how some of the great business houses manage their advertising It is as interesting as a novel.

#### WRITING YOUR NAME.

Strange that any person able to write at a should need instruction about writing he name so that people not familiar with it at able to read it, yet that it is a fact is some thing well known to all who have extensive correspondence. It is especially an attribution of youth to want to flourish their names. The result is often that there is much difficulty if deciphering what was intended. The write knows a case in point. An unreadable tangle of flourishes was pronounced Graves by one Groves by another, and Greener by a third What the youth intended was Williams. He ingenuity in twisting it out of shape was remarkable, if not commendable.

The thing to do, no matter how well yo know your own name, is to write it so the people who do not know it at all, and who never heard from you, will have no difficulty at a in reading it. It will save many an awkwar blunder.

SISTER N. J. ROOP, of Missouri, familiarl known as Aunt Nannie, is as smart as a six teen-year old high-school miss, even thoug she is a little past that in years. In a lette just received, she says, "The Album Coo Book came all right, . . . After one has

cooked for fifty years, as I have, the romance is all burned out, but the sisters' names make the book an album to me." Now there are perhaps 25,000 people who read the Inglenook, first and last, and it never occurred to any but her to call it an album cook book. That's what it is, and why didn't we know enough to give it that name in the start? Sometimes we think we need a guardian, and we will remember this forgetfulness of ours when occasion arises again.

## ????????????????

What was the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris?

It was 985 feet high, and cost a million dollars.

What was the cause of the war of the rebellion?

At the bottom of all of it was the matter of human slavery.

Please settle this for us: Was Jefferson Davis married?

Yes, and his widow now lives in Richmond,

Is there much whaling done these days?

Next to none at all. Other oils and substitutes for whalebone have killed a once flourishing business.

What is it that is known as the graveyard of the Atlantic?

The immediate vicinity of Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, where many wrecks occur annually.

What will be the end of the war in South Africa?

If nothing happens out of the ordinary and expected, England will win, but the cost of it will, as Oom Paul predicted, stagger humanity.

I am a boy given to reading and study, and have to submit to a good deal of guying and ridicule by other (boys. Is there any remedy?

Keep right on with your reading and study. The time may come when some of those boys will be hanging around outside your house wanting a job in the garden, while you are in the library.

When did people first begin voting by ballot?

We don't know when, but it was practiced at times in Greece and Rome.

What is the difference between a narcotic and a hypnotic?

A hypnotic is an agent that produces sleep without being an excitant in a previous stage. Alcohol is an excitant and then narcotic. Chloral is hypnotic because it causes sleep without being a preliminary excitant.

Who is the Elder and family on the front page of the old cover, etc.?

This is a rather belated question, but we will answer it by saying that the man was intended to represent an Elder in the office, here, and the family the artist made up. The correct guesser lived in a town in Northern Illinois and got his paper as promised.

Why do not divorced women use their maiden names after the separation?

There are several kinds of divorce, one from bed and board, and one from the bond of matrimony. Whether or not the maiden name is used depends on the kind of divorce secured, and whether it carries with it the right. It is a matter the court settles. Divorces are not all of the same kind, and in different States there are different laws about it.

Who is Mark Twain?

It would be supposed that every reader of the 'Nook knew that Mark Twain was a humorist. His real name is Clemens, and he is still living. The words Mark Twain is a phrase used by steamboatmen in sounding the depth of the rivers. The humorist used to be a riverman and adopted the phrase as a pseudonym, and it stuck, and is known the world over.

Why does lightning always strike on the edge of the woods, and not in the body of the timber?

It does strike in the body of the timber, also out in the open. The writer has seen it strike a shock of wheat, in the meadow, into the water out at sea, down a fence post, and almost anywhere. As a rule the higher the object the greater the chances of being struck. Trees in the depths of the forest may be found, all torn to pieces with a lightning stroke.

#### PROFESSIONAL HOUSE OPENER.

The inventiveness of the modern woman argues well for the fortunes of the sex. She is continually devising new avenues of activity in which her talents may find play and bring her a means of comfortable if not elegant subsistence. There is one woman, a resident of New York, who has solved the problems of her own life by undertaking the occupation of a professional house opener. A recent conversation heard at a fashionable resort brought this woman to the notice of a newspaper representative.

" I am always glad to be at home once I am fairly settled," said a woman, "but I hate the getting home and putting the house in order. The prospect of opening up a house or an apartment that has been closed all summer long is not a cheerful one and sometimes it is much worse when it has been occupied by a masculine member of the family, who has attempted to keep bachelor's hall during the vacation. Invariably, too, a spell of hot weather sets in just at that time and it makes things doubly disagreeable and disheartening. impossible to leave things of this sort to servants and then servants are scattered during the summer and have to be hunted up always when one gets back to town,"

"You can avoid all that trouble this year," said a woman who sat in the group, "if you are willing to pay well for a comfortable house on your arrival, with perfect cleanliness guaranteed, a stocked larder, dinner ready and even servants hired for you in advance. This is one of the comforts that are part of the twentieth century.

"One young woman with brains, anxious to branch out in a new line of work, has made it her vocation. She attends to the opening up of houses and apartments that have been closed all summer, and she also undertakes the closing of residences on the departure of a family. She is absolutely reliable and is responsible for everything. She is busy all the year round, for she prepares country houses at Christmas and Thanksgiving for house parties and closes them after the family departs.

"In this way the working staff of servants at the out of town house or country cottage is not disturbed in its regular work. A hostess

can give a dinner party the night before she starts for one of the many living places necessary for a fashionable establishment nowadays, and she can have cards out for a luncheon at the new dwelling place if she wills.

"The house opener has her own staff of trained helpers, and pays them good prices for their work. She sees that rooms and beds are aired and made ready, halls swept and covers removed from furniture and statuary. Brass work, silver and glass are polished and table linen and silver and china made ready for use. She is on hand to greet the owner's return with her helping maids ready, or else with a new staff of servants installed in their places. This valuable service is doing away with the old custom of putting up at a hotel while the house is got ready, for the new service consists in the absolute lack of care on the part of the returning travelers, for the young woman who has invented the vocation does not wait for orders, but goes about and sees that things are properly done."

#### HOW PRINCE ALBERT DID IT.

THE young prince stood, one day, in his room in the palace at Windsor, at the window, the panes of which reached to the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young prince said, "I don't want to." "Then," said Miss Hillyard, "I must put you in a corner." "I won't learn," answered the little fellow, resolutely, "and I won't stand in a corner, for I am the Prince of Wales!" As he said this, he knocked out one of the windowpanes with his foot. At this, Miss Hillyard rose from her seat and said, "Sir, you must learn, or I shall put you in the corner." "I won't," said he, knocking out a second pane. The governess then rang and told the servant who entered to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his Royal Highness immediately, on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once and heard the statement of the whole matter, after which he turned to his little son and said, pointing to an ottoman, "Sit down there, and wait till I return."

Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. "Listen, now," he said to the Prince of Wales, "to what the Holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." Hereupon he read Galatians 4: 1 and 2: " Now I say that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be the lord of all, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may become a man of high position, and even after the death of your mother, may become king of England as she now is. But now you are a little boy who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you another saving of the wise Solomon, in Proverbs 13: 24: 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth his son chasteneth him betimes.' "

Hereupon the father took out a rod and gave the heir to the throne of the mightiest empire in Christendom a very decided switching, and then placed him in the corner, saying: "You will stand here and study your lesson until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out, and never forget that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under the law given by God."

#### STARVED TO DEATH.

A PITIFUL misfortune befell the five-year-old daughter of W. B. Matthews, of Prosser, Wash., who lost her way on the prairie and starved to death. The child's body was found half hidden in a badger hole, with mouth and hands stained green from the grass on which life had been sustained for five days. The little girl missed her way a week ago when she was about five miles north of her home, and the little corpse was found seventeen miles southwest, the child having wandered a distance of at least twenty-two miles in her vain attempt to find human habitation. During the week that passed after her disappearance, practically the entire population was out

searching for her on the dreary waste of Horse Heaven plains.

The girl and her seven-year-old brother were out together the day she was lost and, returning, became confused. Each decided to try a different path. The boy reached home in safety, but his sister failed to appear. Being bare-footed, the little girl's feet were cut and torn in her wanderings and she tied wisps of the prairie grass about her feet to protect them from the rough ground. She had been unable to secure any food or water and the grass and flowers were eaten when her hunger became too great.

She had starved to death, and in her hand was found a bunch of the wild grass at which she had been nibbling. Mary had been dead about thirty-six hours when found. Her body was almost hidden from sight by the badger hole into which she had crawled, apparently to escape the heat of the sun.

#### VALUE OF HAWKS.

A NATURALIST says that every time a farmer shoots a hawk he throws a \$50 bill into the fire, for although the bird takes an occasional chicken, it destroys at least a thousand rats, mice and gophers every year. Prof. Hodge, of Clark University, estimates toads are worth \$18 each for their work as destroyers of cut worms.

THE best safeguard for coin is its weight. Just to illustrate this point it may be mentioned that the \$152,000,000 in silver now held in the strong rooms of the treasury weighs nearly 5,000 tons. A million dollars in gold coin weighs about two tons and it would take a very strong man to carry off \$50,000 worth of the yellow stuff. Though a gold brick the shape and size of an ordinary building brick represents \$8,000, its "heft" is something astonishing. Suggestions have been made that it might be practicable to burrow beneath the treasury by tunnel and thus pillage Uncle Sam's coffers by a sort of rat-hole method, but even if this were accomplished it is difficult to imagine how it would be practicable to remove much of the coin.

#### BUTTERFLY COLLECTING.

It is one of the fascinating features of butterfly collecting to make a particular study of the mimicry of these transients. Protective mimicry occurs in all animal life and one is prepared to find it among the butterflies to an extent. The wonder of it lies in the extreme to which it is carried among insects. The butterfly which is eaten by birds, will be the same color and have the same markings as the fly which is unfit for eating. More than that, kind nature has formed an affiliation between these two flies, and the fly which is unfit for eating will be closely followed and mimicked by its less fortunate brother. The flies which cling to the trees are marked and colored in imitation of the tree bark. Some flies are so like leaves that it is nearly impossible to detect them; others are like flowers.

It is the last of these which show the most wonderful colors and forms. The orchid butterfly of the southern countries has all the soft tones and velvety appearance of the flower which they imitate with such accuracy. They are for the most part large and furry and all of them have the two long thin wings lying parallel with the body to form the slender cup of the flower. When the butterfly alights these slender wings come together. The other wings rest half open, spreading at the top and closing somewhat at the base, where the cup wings begin.

"These are the most wonderful and the most beautiful," said Mr. Denton, in talking of his treasures. "The orchid butterfly is as varied as the flower it imitates, and really I think more beautiful."

As he spoke he held a delicate lavender fly in his hand and its dainty color showed in odd contrast to the gaudy king fly, which he held with it. It has never been estimated how many of the orchid butterflies there are; they come from many countries, but particularly from India, where the largest and finest are to be found.

"But how do you get them?" some one asked the butterfly dealer.

"We go for them," was his laughing answer.
"There are people in every country under the sun gathering butterflies to sell to the collectors. You know it is a strange thing, but more

famous people have had the butterfly hobby than have taken any half dozen other forms of the collectors' mania. England's new king has one of the finest collections in the world, and he is very proud of it. I doubt if he ever had a hand at the collecting of his specimens, but the czar of Russia, who has a great fondness for them, has collected himself many rare specimens. He has thousands of them and has agents in every country hunting for rare specimens.

"They say the collection owned by the czar is the finest on the continent and that is saying a great deal, for there are many fine collections over there."

"Do you find many collectors in this country?" questioned an interested visitor.

Mr. Denton was holding to the light a brilliant green fly with yellow stripings. It was one of his rarest specimens, and was valued at \$25, although there was no buying it at any price.

"The collectors are for the most part in the east," he said, "although in the west there are some good collections. The collection at the Field museum is, of course, Chicago's best and it is good, but there are some good private collections and a number of young collections which are growing rapidly."

It is a good deal like the stamp craze; people get it and they can't get over it; they collect and trade and buy and in that way get a large assortment of flies. There are over a hundred thousand different varieties, so one can see there is plenty of room for the growth of a collection.

The Denton Brothers, butterfly dealers, and one of the three firms of this nature in the country, have a novel means of mounting specimens. It consists of a plaster of Paris base, which is hollow in the center and fitted with a glass cover, which is passed over like a passepartout. The hollow in the plaster is of the size and shape to admit the body of the fly, the wings lay over the flat surface and in close contact with the glass. By use of this frame the necessity for a pin is avoided and the specimen need never be touched, and there is no chance for dirt or moths to get at the specimen.

Like the stamp maniacs, the butterfly collectors have a directory containing the names of ill the prominent collectors in the world. This list is revised every year and the names of those wishing to exchange specimens or to ouv are so marked. In this way the collectors are able to communicate with one another and o exchange such specimens as they have duolicated. The missionaries, particularly in Afica and South America, are named in these ists and make considerable sums from their outterfly sales. A collection of several thouand specimens was sold not long ago in Boson for \$40,000. One of the museums procured the collection and considered it a bargain at the orice.

#### A GREAT ROAR.

Many years ago a party of Indians were passing through a portion of New York State, which was at that early date a vast wilderness of forests. These Indians were not familiar with the territory they were traversing, as they belonged to a tribe located farther west. One day as they were proceeding eastward, they heard a strange sound, a mysterious roar. At first these Indians thought it was the voice of thunder they heard, or the roar of the ocean, but it did not sound just like either. The roar was constant and continuous. As they continued eastward the sound increased, until finally the very earth beneath them trembled and they hesitated about advancing further. Surely, thought they, we must be approaching the home of the Great Spirit, for none but the Great Spirit could speak with such a loud voice and make the earth trem-

Finally one of the party, more venturesome sthan the others, volunteered to proceed alone and investigate the source of this mysterious sound which so alarmed them. After a long absence this venturesome Indian returned and reported that he had discovered a marvelous waterfall, and that the roar they had heard was caused by the falling of vast quantities of water over such a high precipice that it seemed as though the river was being poured from the skies.

The other Indians of the party could scarcely believe this report, thinking it impossible that any waterfall should cause a sound like thunder, which could be heard many miles distant, or that the water thus falling should cause the earth to tremble. But finally the party reached the falls of the river, when a sight met their eyes which has been seen by few mortal men, and that was the Falls of Niagara, when the land on both shores was covered with dense forests. Imagine for a moment the feelings of these wild men of the woodlands, gazing for the first time upon this, the most beautiful and awe-inspiring natural scenery that the forces of nature have produced.

We, who to-day visit Niagara Falls, knowing what we are to look upon, viewing the scene tamed as it is from its early surroundings, are struck with awe, and we must have vivid imaginations indeed if we can form any idea of the feelings of these Indians who first saw Niagara and heard its roar.

#### ABOUT OZONE.

Many people talk about ozone without so much as knowing what ozone is. There is a prevalent idea that it is something you get at the sea and that it is good for the lungs. What that something is, however, few people have sufficient curiosity to inquire. Ozone is what chemists call an allotropic form of oxygen—that is to say, it is oxygen in a highly active and concentrated condition. In ordinary pure air ozone exists, but only in what chemists call "traces"; larger amounts are found in ocean and mountain air. It instantly disappears when brought in contact with decaying matter, dissipating itself, as it were, in the act of oxidizing that matter.

Ozone is known to occur more plentifully during thunderstorms, and we have, of course, the analogy of its being artificially produced from oxygen by electrical discharges in the laboratory. On the body ozone is believed to act as a stimulant, hence the popular notion of its beneficial effects as experienced by the sea, but in any greater amount than mere traces it is a violent irritant. One authority goes the length of asserting that it is doubtful whether it is beneficial to animal life at all.

earth life, and be transferred to the Morningland of the soul."

And did I do those things?—the man spoke. "Not so," said the Angel. "All that you did to let you in here was that once in the cruel winter, as you sat by the fireside there came a knock at your door and when you opened it the beggar stood shivering and asked alms of you. And out of your scanty store you divided with him. It was to the Lord and Master you gave." The man was silent, ashamed of his life of emptiness, and his great reward. Then the woman spoke and asked what she did that this honor should fall on her. And the Angels told her of the time she watched by the bedside of the stranger at midnight, and gave him but a cup of cold water, and inasmuch as she did it to the sick and the unfortunate she had given drink to the dying Christ on the cross. And the woman was overawed.

Then both spake to the Court of the Angels, and asked whether opportunity would be given them to help those left behind, and they were told that they could do so. So they chose, each one, a child of the earth, and guided them in the way of life and peace and love, for love is not love without service, and where love is work never ceases nor grows aweary.

#### LIFE IN AN OFFICE BUILDING.

PEOPLE who live in villages or small towns and rarely or never visit the larger cities can hardly conceive what a large office building really means in the business economy of a city. In the matter of mail delivery alone, some of these big buildings have a daily delivery of over 75,000 pieces per day, with a per diem population of more than 3,000 people, more than are embraced in your entire town.

This requires the services of as many carriers for the mail as would a town of an equal number of inhabitants, more perhaps, for some of these offices are occupied by firms which do an immense business, involving—in one case we know of—as many as 3,500 letters per day, on an average taken for an entire three months period.

So, when you think how your town is growing, and are inclined to boast of it as a "fu-

ture New York," stop and think a minute how long it will be before you can count such buildings by the score, as they are in several, of our larger cities.

#### HOW HUNGER IS ANALYZED.

WE feel hungry when the blood vessels of the stomach are comparatively empty. When food is taken and digestion begins there is a rush of blood to the stomach and the hunger is appeased. Many anæmic patients have no appetite even when the stomach is empty, but the blood vessels of the stomach are not empty in such cases, but rather congested. healthy people lack of blood in the stomach acts upon a special nerve and all the characteristic symptoms of hunger follow. this hunger nerve and the nerves of the mouth and tongue are branches of the same nerve trunk. Hence a stimulus applied to the tongue by a spice, for example, creates or increases appetite. On the other hand, when the nerves of the tongue are affected by a diseased condition of the mucous membrane of the mouth, the patient has no appetite, though his stomach may be empty and he may be in actual need of food.

#### EXPRESSIVE PHRASES.

What are the most expressive phrases in colloquial English? Of the dozens that slip off English-speaking tongues in the course of a day some must be better suited for their purpose and more characteristic of the race that originated them than others. When foreigners come to this country, they catch certain expressions almost immediately and long before they can attempt to speak the language have made them part of their vocabulary. It would seem that these phrases must be the most expressive in English and that they are peculiar to the language and "fill a long-felt want."

MRS. MAY CAMPBELL, of Oconee county, South Carolina, aged twenty-six years, is a grandmother. She was married at the age of eleven, was the mother of a daughter at the age of twelve, and this daughter is now a mother.

#### THE COURT OF THE ANGELS.

THE 'NOOKMAN.

THE group of angels gathered apart, far from all human things, or earthly surroundings. The order had come to call home the fairest and best of earth. These men, for they were all men, sought out the class called for from among their earthly acquaintance, and the decision was made. Let it be remembered that only in art and in literature are angels winged women. In the Bible they are men, and they are simply messengers, servants, and that is all they are by the record. Popular opinion is otherwise, but the record is unchanged. The Book tells of them as men, and the artist makes them as winged women with a robe and flowing hair, but it is not in the Book in that manner.

On the earth was a home where a man and woman dwelt happily with their three children, Frank, Edward and Grace. He was a workingman, and their home was one of peace, and hope, and love. The husband was the one who was chosen. Silently, in the midst of the night, as they slept, the Messenger, or the Angel, if you will, stood unseen by the bed-side and touched the brow of the sleeper, and breathed on the woman's hair and was gone.

The next day the man was stricken, and in the early morning sobbed out his life, and he was what the world call dead. His wife sorrowed bitterly, and meanwhile the children slept on unknowing. And then came all the hideous dream of the funeral, and the burial. Then she sat down to the problem of feeding the three children and making a home for them. People said that it was hard, and they helped as they could.

The man woke as a child in the early summer when the bluebirds are singing in the apple trees. The Angel was by him and he wondered, sorrowing for the family he left behind him. Then his Messenger explained to him.

"This thing men call Death is only transition. You are in the world where there is no more death, where life is eternal. Those you left behind will soon be here, too. In this state you can see what has been, what will be, and what might have been. You may look at those you have left in their earth environment, and see that in a short time your wife will pass away from the earth life, and you will hear the lament and moan of the people who gather around her dead body, and they will wonder what will become of the children, now that the father and the mother are taken. It will seem cruel and heartless that remorseless death has smitten both, and that the children are cast on the charities of the world."

" Now," said the angel," see what might have been." And as he looked the man shuddered at the developed life pictures of his family. Frank was a murderer, Edward was a thief, and Grace walked the pave at midnight. All this would have happened through no fault of theirs or the parents, but through the miseries of unfortunate environment wholly beyond their control. The man was silent. Then the Angel told him to behold what was to be, and he saw Frank stand on the rostrum and swav the living multitude to loving service, Edward was a man trusted by all who knew him, and Grace was a ministering angel among the fallen. Each had been led to their chosen lifework by circumstances that hinged on the death of the parents. And it was not because the parents were evil, but that other doors were opened, and other springs of action brought into effect that produced conditions that were impossible otherwise.

And the man who fought death that he might be a help to his family, and the woman who clung to mortality that she might be a mother to the helpless children, lifted up their voices in adoration to the Most High for his blessings and mercies. And they asked the Angels that do continually watch over the earth-bound if there was no way whereby their friends they left below could not be told of the goodness of God that they might better enjoy life and not fear death.

And the Angels answered and said, "You have not been here long enough to know that this is an existence of progression. And in your neophyte state you have forgotten the story under the blue Syrian skies. For nearly two thousand years it has been told the world that following in the footsteps of the Son of God would bring its reward of life and love, and those who did so would be blessed in the

#### FIRES CAUSED BY NAILS.

SPEAKING of insurance matters," said a listener, "I suppose the plain, old-fashioned nail has caused more fires in the big establishments where machinery is used in many and complicated ways than any other little thing in existence. The only thing needed is for it to come in contact with some other hard material with sufficient force to cause a spark and heat generation. Nails have really produced a heavy per cent of the cotton fires of the country. During recent years, on account of steps taken by the owners and conductors of the larger cotton and byproduct plants at the instance of insurance men, the nail has not been such a prolific producer of fires.

"A way has been found, for instance, in cotton gins, cotton mills and in plants where cottonseed are put through manufacturing processes, of extracting nails and other weighty and flinty substances that may find lodgment in these inflammable products.

"Gravity is the natural force used. Nails and rocks and materials of this kind are heavier than cotton and its byproducts, and they have a tendency to force their way to the bottom of the heap. By allowing these products to pass over a rolling belt arrangement these heavier materials filter toward the bottom and are finally extracted, so that when the cotton or the cottonseed passes through the grind in the various manufacturing processes there is but little danger from fire so far as these things are concerned."

#### A DRIED CUP OF COFFEE.

For soldier's use, and for employment under circumstances where fresh milk, coffee and chocolate are not easily obtainable, a dried preparation is now being manufactured which serves excellently as a substitute.

Skimmed milk is evaporated by the help of an air blast to the condition of a paste, and, after being dried, is reduced to powder by grinding. Then it is mixed with powdered chocolate, half and half, and is either put up as dust or compressed into cakes. When wanted, water is added, the resulting fluid is boiled, and all that is needed is a little sugar. There are several varieties of this peculiar is kind of food mixture. Cocoa (the roasted and ground chocolate bean deprived of fat) may be substituted for the chocolate, or coffee may be employed instead. If coffee is utilized, only one-fourth of dried milk is put with it. In any case the ingredients are powdered separately and then mixed.

In a dry state the mixtures of milk and chocolate are pleasant to the taste and highly digestible, affording an admirable condensed food.

One advantage of this kind of food is that it is cheap, the skimmed milk being almost a waste product. It is composed mainly of the "proteids," or flesh-forming ingredients, of the milk and cocoa or coffee beans, with enough fat and starch to make it a well-balanced ration. If desired, the requisite sugar may be introduced into the original mixture.

#### A MODERN LIFE BUOY.

An inventive foreigner has just perfected an ingenious device for life-saving in the shape of a collar for persons who by shipwreck or otherwise are thrown into the water.

It is intended to take the place of the lifebuoys and cork jackets now in use. In appearance it resembles the large ruff of Queen Elizabeth's times, but it is certainly a most convenient form of support for persons who would be drowned but for such aid. Fitting closely around the neck, it leaves the limbs quite free, and, apart from this, it keeps every part of the body but the head submerged.

Further advantages claimed for the new invention are that it is impossible for anyone wearing it to capsize (life-belts have been known to slip below the waist and actually drown their wearers), and also that it can be fixed instantaneously, and even placed on the necks of those in the water.

MR. HOLABIRD, who died in the Cincinnati hospital recently, suffered from double pleurisy, with fluid in the chest; pericarditis, endocarditis, peritonitis, ædema of the lungs, tuberculosis of the right kidney, chronic Bright's disease, cystitis, with pelvic abscess, contraction of the right hip and tuberculosis of the intestines.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

THE BETRAVAL OF JESUS, OR JESUS ALONE.

BY S. A. LONG.

THAT Christ should be betrayed, that a iriend should be false to Him, or that one of his chosen twelve should seek to do him harm s all so inconceivable, so mysterious and so shocking as to be at first incredible.

But standing face to face with the fearful reality of the crime, perplexed, amazed, the numan mind reeling with astonishment seeks only for an expression of condemnation of the criminal and, gasping for breath to denounce the fiend, in the moment forgets the subject of the deed.

We need to remember that Judas Iscariot is not the central figure of the betrayal. Think rather of Jesus betrayed than of Judas betraying. There is a deeper significance than the mere fact that Judas said to the priests, "How much will you give me," or that he headed the band of soldiers, or that he greeted his Master with perfidious kiss. There is a sadder truth than that one of the twelve was a devil. There is a deeper gloom than the night shadows in which the deed was plotted.

The sad truth is that there was here not a single traitor but a nation of traitors; that not tonly Judas, but all the people had so utterly failed to grasp the thought and purpose of the great life, that they could and did somehow conceive, in their hearts, the expediency of this infernal plot.

Headstrong and selfish, the chief priests and Pharisees having blinded their eyes to the light, now lost in the labyrinth of their own narrow ideas, no longer knowing the right from wrong, or the good from the bad, suddenly reel as from a precipice into untold depths of sin, bearing with them an ignorant and thoughtless people. And as this avalanche of crime thunders to destruction, cunning fiends laugh through the conspirator's whispers, and the tinkling of thirty miserable coins rings out the death knell of Israel's hope.

The betrayal shows the great breach between God and man, the fearful yawning abyss be-

tween life and death, a chasm so deep, so wide, that naught is long enough or strong enough to bridge it save the cross of Christ buttressed on earth by a tomb and in heaven by a throne.

Year after year the incarnate Son of God had lived and taught with men; but now at the close of it all he stands friendless and alone. There is no one to offer sympathy, there is no counselor, there is no friendly help in all the world. But there are instead enemies, traitors and assassins Can it be possible that the whole nation should prefer to do evil because it is evil? Does Judas long to abuse his best friend? No. They actually think they are doing the right thing.

In fact it is doubtful whether a man ever commits a premeditated crime without having first concluded in his own mind that it is the rational thing to do. A man is not always what he thinks he is but he is what he thinks. Whatever the motive that prompted the betrayer, whatever he anticipated the outcome would be, he had doubtless, by some manner of thought, conceived the propriety of the act. There was a reason why he was willing to be hired and there was likewise a reason why he was hired. The life of Judas, or his way of thinking if you please, gives answer to the former as does the heart of the Jewish people to the latter. The sedate Pharisees' best thought of Christ was His betrayal, for they were strangers.

It seems to us that the most discouraging thing to Christ as a man, for he was a man as well as a God, was the fact that though dwelling among men, traveling in their company, visiting in their homes, laboring with the instruction of the twelve, healing the hundreds, feeding the thousands, pressing through the throng, riding with the multitude that for one short hour cried "Hosanna," beaten, cursed and spit upon by the angry mob that sought his life, or bleeding upon the cross, he lived and even died absolutely alone.

There can be no companionship except with minds that think the same thoughts. There can be no friendship except between hearts that vibrate to the same feelings. There can be no pleasant associations without some common property of soul.

The Holy One had shed abroad enough light in his pathway to have illuminated every Jewish mind. He had shown enough love to have fired every heart with holy affection.

But alas! the poor Jew busied with his priestgiven forms and rites, his cleansings and his sacrifices, lived far, far below the higher life. His every breath was a betrayal, his every thought a condemnation, his every word a denial, his every act a crucifixion of that life, in the light of which his senseless adherence to tradition cast a shadow darker than the gloom of sin.

No man is sure that he is not betraying the Son of Man until he can, in some small way, think with the Christ mind, feel with the Christ heart and know that his own soul is part and parcel of the good. Herein lies the difference between saint and sinner. Herein lies the answer to the "Be ye separate." Oh the loneliness of the great and the good!

Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio.

(To be continued.)

#### REST.

Who has not thought, desired, and prayed for rest? From the roughness of the path; from the wildness of the storm, from the darkness of the night; like travelers, one and all of us have at times looked away to a day of rest. But rest is best found here in the continuance of duty. I like what Mr. Edward L. Goff has said on this theme: "Is there any possibility of finding rest? If there is, it is not in change of residence. The wings of a dove and the wilderness will not give it.

"The Indian turns his longing eyes from the glories of our highest civilization to the mountain, forest, stream and wigwam. The country boy looks to the great city and sighs, 'Oh, that I could escape from the dull monotony of this rural life, and live amid the crowds, the activities, the amusements, and the opportunities of the metropolis;' and the wealthy and wearied merchant leaves his office, saying, 'Would that I were a boy again on the old farm, and in summer, barefooted, could go nutting, fishing, berrying, and in winter coast down the snow-mantled hills, or, binding steel to my feet, slide over the ice-covered pond, or, to the merry jingle of the bells, follow the swift horses along the glib roads. Oh, for the wings of a dove, to land me in the midst of my father's farm!'

"But the farm would not give rest to the merchant, nor the city to the boy. If ever you find rest, it will not be in your residence, but in yourself."

The man who thinks that by escaping toil he can secure rest, makes a great mistake. Toil is man's normal condition. He who shirks toil usually shirks duty, and he who shirks duty is guilty of sin. An old writer has said, "It would have been more manly for David to have wished for the strength of an ox to bear his burdens than for the wings of a dove to fly away from them." Justice and chivalry demand that we shirk no duty and throw down no burden, which, because of our neglect, a weaker must face. To do such a thing would be to seek rest at the cost of manliness and a good conscience. There is only one true way of finding rest, and that is by adjusting ourselves to God's great purpose for us in life.





#### PICTURES.

BY MRS. JOHN E. MOHLER.

Long ago I used to think I would not desecrate my walls with cheap pictures. They must all be things of real artistic value. How long ago that does seem to me now! I will tell you of a wall in our dining room that is given over to the children for their "art gallery."

It contains landscapes, pictures of children, lambs, dogs, etc. Also a couple of clear black-and-white prints of "The Good Shepherd." Some are mounted on stray bits of academy-board painted a dull green, others mounted on unglazed, stiff pasteboard, painted.

In preparing your pictures leave a white margin and then paste carefully and squarely. The dull gray cardboard used by photographers is the best and prettiest thing to use in this work. Hang the pictures with narrow ribbons, or wire rings glued to the back with little strips of muslin.

Along with the pictures the children festoon their walls with pretty leaves, long strings of all sorts of acorns, and colored kernels of field corn. I do not advocate filling all the walls of the house with anything and everything, but to just give the children a place they may call their own.

Any girl, also, can find enough pretty prints to make her own private room more cheerful and attractive. Like J. G. Holland says, "Beauty has its use. Whatever elevates, inspires, refreshes any human soul, is useful to that soul."

Warrensburg, Mo.

#### ROAST BEEF.

BY NANCY J. STUTSMAN.

Take a loin roast, six pounds, and beat it thoroughly. Lay in a roasting dish, baste it with melted butter in a well-heated oven, and baste frequently with its own fat, which will make it brown and tender. If growing too brown turn a glass of German cooking wine into the bottom of the pan and repeat this as often as the gravy cooks away. The roast needs about two hours' time to be done, and must be brown outside, but inside still a little red. Season with salt and pepper, squeeze a little lemon over it, and also turn the gravy upon it after skimming off all fat.

Johnstown, Pa.

#### BAKED SWEET POTATOES.

BY MRS. S. A. LONG.

Pare your potatoes, then take one table-spoonful each of flour and sugar, a little salt and pepper and mix thoroughly. Roll the potatoes in this and place in your skillet, in which you have previously melted your butter and lard. Put in the oven and bake half an hour or until soft, turning them over as they become brown. You can also stew them first and then warm them in the oven this way.

Dayton, Ohio.

#### CARAMEL PIE.

BY SISTER LIZZIE McFARLIN.

TAKE one cup of brown sugar, put in skillet and brown. Then take three eggs, saving the

whites of two for icing, two tablepoonsfuls of corn starch, one tablespoonful of butter, three cups of water, one cup of milk and stir all together and pour over the browned sugar.

Stir until it comes to a boil. Have crust baked and fill with above ingredients. Cover with icing and brown.

Altoona, Pa.

#### SOME PRACTICAL FACTS.

BY LOVENIA S. ANDES.

Rust in white fabrics can easily be removed by saturating well the spots with lemon juice, mixed with salt, and then placing it in the sunlight to bleach.

INK stains in carpets and tablecloths, or articles of clothing, can quickly be cleaned by immediately applying sweet milk and rubbing well with a cloth. Repeat the second time with clean cloth and clean milk, then wash well with cold rain water, and wipe as dry as possible.

FRESH paint can immediately be removed from any kind of material if rubbed with gasoline before it dries into the garment.

A GOOD way to sweep carpets is, to first soak newspapers in water, then tear and strew them over the floor. This helps to gather up the dust, and prevents it from rising and settling on the wall. Tea leaves also serve the same purpose.

Lancaster, Pa.

#### APPLE SANDWICHES.

These are especially nice for evening entertainments. Here are several sorts. For the first, chop fine a pint of firm, full-flavored apples, mix them with one quarter as much celery, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar two saltspoonfuls of salt, half a saltspoonful white pepper, a little nutmeg and three tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil. If you wish at especially piquant flavor, put the whole mixture in a bowl which has been rubbed inside with the least suspicion of garlic. Cut brown bread very thin, butter well, and spread with apples. Lay the slices together, press them firm and cut to shape.

For the second, chop tart, juicy apples very fine, then mix with their own bulk of pot cheese softened with a little sweet cream Season well with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Butter bread either white or brown, very thickly, and spread with the mixture. For the third sort mix the chopped apples with either peanuts or English walnuts, also chopped very fine, season with sugar, salt, a dash of tobasco and a little onion juice, and work the mixture well into its own bulk of double cream cheese Butter the bread lightly, spread with the mixture, then dot the surface sparsely with pickled capers, or shreds of olive.

THE juice from fruit pies will not run out in baking if a small roll of stiff white paper is inserted through the crust, in an upright position, when the pies are put into the oven. The tube acts as a vent for the steam.



# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Nov. 16, 1901.

No. 46.

#### SONG OF THE HUSKER.

HARK! Far in the field over yonder
'Tis the corn husker merrily sings.
Oh, why is he happy, I wonder,
As the ears in the basket he flings!
As he plucks the dry covers asunder,
And reveals the smooth grain gleaming under,
As the ears in the basket he flings?

"Ah, here is a plump one, and yellow,
And here is another as fine,
And that was more fair than its fellow,
And this has a color divine;"
So his voice, by the distance made mellow,
Is as clear as a violoncello,
With a swell and a cadence divine!

Blithe husker, cease not from your singing,
Though my sadness I cannot control;
While the ears you are carelessly flinging
I think on the state of my soul.
These words in my brain keep a-ringing:
"What harvest to God am I bringing
Should death tear the husk from my soul?"
-George Horton.

#### VISITORS ARE NOT WANTED.

GREENLAND is governed in a grandmotherly ray by Denmark, but, as it consists of a group of colonies which would not under any circumtances attract many tourists or traders no outsider complains of the exclusiveness of the Danish authorities. Trade always has been not still is monopolized by the state and only overnment vessels are allowed to sail in areenland waters. For foreign travelers also breenland is a closed country unless the traveler in question has beforehand obtained the are distinction of obtaining the permission of he Danish government.

The monopoly of the trade is said to protect he Greenlander from being deceived by uncrupulous merchants. The administration ettles a fixed price both for the goods the Greenlanders purchase and for the products they sell. In this way all are treated in the same manner and the business being carried on by the state is a guaranty that the natives are not imposed upon.

Furthermore, the members of the administration are enjoined to take care that the natives do not leave themselves short of produce by selling more than they can dispense with, so that they are not destitute of needful food and clothing when the slack time arrives. The native Greenlander never has been, neither is he now, able to purchase a single drop of spirits from the administration.

The exchange of goods between Greenland and Denmark is as a rule carried on exclusively by means of the nine vessels belonging to the Greenland Company—viz., five brigs, three barks and a small steamer, having a total register of about 2,000 tons net. Several of these vessels, which are suitable for sailing through drift ice, make two voyages a year, and the steamer as a rule three voyages. One of them, the brig, named the Whale, is nearly 100 years old.

#### NINE TELLERS MAKE A MAN.

"NINE tailors make a man" grew out of the old custom of bell-ringing. The ringing of bells was formerly practiced from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. "tailors" in the above phrase is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession. Six were rung for a woman and three for a child. Hence it came to be said by those listening for the announcement, "Nine tellers make a man." As this custom became less general and the allusion less generally understood there was an easy transition from the word "tellers" to the more familiar one "tailors."

#### SANE MEN IN ASYLUMS.

"I was reading a case in the paper here," said the man with the bad cigar in the hotel lobby, "about a man perfectly sane who had been kept in an asylum for ten years and just got out. I'll bet there are lots of cases like that."

"Don't bet too much," ventured the man in the Raglan overcoat, who was luxuriating in the nearest leather chair. "I know a little something about that and I'd advise you to save your money."

"How is that?" asked his friend with the bum weed, "were you ever at the foolish farm yourself? Maybe that accounts for it?" he said, turning to the third man in the

group.

"No, but I happened to be mixed up in a little business that gave me an insight into the matter," said the cautious man. "I was in New York some years ago and one night in a club just exactly such a discussion as this Somebody told about hundreds of people being locked up in private asylums by relatives who wanted to get rid of them for one reason or another and the thing was argued back and forth pretty hotly. Finally the people who insisted that such was the case got rather the better of it and there was so much feeling that one of the clubmen said: 'Here, there's only one way to settle this thing. Let's go around and visit these private asylums and see if they can find any cases of sane people under lock and key. If they can, this club ought to go to any expense to get them out.'

"Well, the proposition met with favor and a committee was appointed. I happened to be made a member. We had no difficulty in getting into the private asylums to investigate. The managers wouldn't dare bar us out, because we would have taken that as evidence of fraud and sought legal means to enter. However, that part of it was easy and we began the rounds. In one of the first places we entered we were turned over to a pleasant young man who conducted us all through the place. He was exceptionally well educated and had been connected there so long that he knew the manias of all the patients and told us what they were.

"'That old fellow over there,' he would say, 'thinks he has invented a flying machine and he is always making models out of newspapers. We humor him, of course, and every day I go around and ask him how he is getting on. He is perfectly harmless and seems to be rational on every other subject.' Then this young fellow would point out someone else and tell us what his wheel was and so we went over the whole place until we came to the last patient.

"'This is one of the worst cases we have, this young fellow says, 'and I guess it's incurable. This poor man believes he's the Emperor Napoleon, when everyone knows

that I am.'

"He shouted the last words and we turned in amazement. His appearance had undergone a complete change. His eyes blazed and his cheeks were flushed and he was as crazy as any madman there when his particular mania was touched upon. We thought he was an attendant, but he was a patient and the keeper afterward said he had sent him around with us so our committee could see how easy it was for insane people to fool those who go investigating.

"But that wasn't the only experience we had," went on the man from New York. "At another place when our mission was made known one of the committeemen was sought out by a patient who took him aside and said: 'Now, I know you gentlemen have seen a lot of insane people in your tours through the various asylums and I suppose it's an old story to have patients tell you they are not insane. That is why I hesitated about saying anything in front of the whole committee, But I've been here several years now and I'm afraid I will eventually become insane if I stay here much longer.'

"'Then you are sane?' asked the committee; man.

"'As sane as any of you,' said the patient,' and he looked it.

"'Well, if you're sane we'll go to work and get you out of here,' this committeeman says: 'that's what we're here for.'

"'No, I don't know whether you'd better do anything about it,' said the patient, 'because if you gentlemen should start a court inquiry ito my sanity and should fail to prove me ane it would kill me. Then I would go inane surely.'

"'Nonsense,' this committeeman says, 'we're ot going to have sane men like you locked p here,' and he told the rest of the commite. While we were in that asylum we met a ouple of queer characters among the patients nd this has a bearing on the rest of the tory. One of the patients believed he was nade of glass and wouldn't let anyone touch im for fear he would break him. Another ne thought he had a machine in which he as going to the moon and over in one corner as an old fellow who called himself the emeror of Asia. He had a paper crown on and little circle marked out in chalk around his eat was his territory. He carried a stick for scepter and he used to smash anyone with who stepped on his territory.

"Well, we started a court inquiry in a few ays and had this man I was speaking of rought up and examined and he was declared berfectly sane and ordered liberated. He was he happiest man you ever saw when we took im back to the asylum to get his things and ave him discharged. He was nearly dancing with joy and started to walk out with us when one of the committee said: 'Ain't you going o say good by to your old friends here you've pent so many years with?'

"'Oh, yes,' this fellow says, 'I was so glad o get out that I forgot all about them. So he vent around and shook hands with everybody and told the glass man he wouldn't break aim and told the fellow with the star machine o tell him when he was going to start and ie'd make the trip with him. Finally he came o the emperor of Asia and held out his land.

"'Well, emperor,' he says, 'good by. I'm joing to leave you now. I'm going back tome again.'

"'I'm glad of it,' the emperor says with a narl; 'now I can extend my territory over to hat other corner.'

"'I'll stay here for life first. That's my erritory over there and you nor no other emperor can take a foot of it.'

"Well, sir," went on the man in the Raglan toat, "he was just as bad as any of them when

we struck his particular wheel, you see, and we had to leave him there."

#### IMPROVE THE HUMAN RACE.

When we examine into the origin of the English people we find the ancient Britons fighting and mingling with the Romans, and subsequently with the Picts, Scots, Danes, Saxons and Normans. For more than 1,000 years these various breeds of men have been molded into that homogeneous mass that we know as Englishmen.

Turning to the United States, we find the foundations of a new nation laid by the sturdiest and most enterprising of these same Englishmen. They landed on the then distant shore, conquered the wilderness, organized a new government closely akin to the old and invited the people of all the world to join them. The Slavs, the Germans and the Latins mingle together and in a few years become neo-Anglo-Saxons, or what may be more properly termed Anglo-Americans. The evolution going on in the United States is also going on in Canada, in South Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand and in other smaller places scattered around the world.

There is thus being formed on a gigantic scale a new race of men, built on the strongest lines on which it is possible to construct human beings. The different sections of this new race have a common language and literature, the same laws and customs, and the trend of industrial civilization gives them identical political interest.

#### A LOST ISLAND.

The Bangkok Times announces that a large floating island on the Mekong or Cambodia River, in Siam, recently slipped its moorings and has not been seen or heard of since. There were a number of trees three feet in diameter on the island, and the land was under cultivation. The owner has been hunting diligently for his property but has not been able to hear any tidings of it. It undoubtedly went down the river with a freshet and has either stranded or gone to pieces.

#### WHERE COB PIPES GROW.

Washington, Mo., is the center of the limited district in which the true cob pipe grows. Corn, and corn which grows on cobs out of which pipes may be made, is found in flourishing condition in many of the States of the union. The loyal Missourian will not, perhaps, contend that the corn of other and less favored sections is not as good, or, at least, nearly as good, for the ordinary purposes of life, such as feeding hogs, cows, mules, making "sour mash" or dodger, but he stands firmly in the position that nowhere else on the face of the earth can be found cobs that make pipes equal to those of Washington county's production.

As has been called attention to, there are peculiar conditions of soil and atmosphere which tend to produce certain well-defined results in animal and vegetable growth and development. The Kentucky bluegrass region, just about the area, by the way, which is included in the cob pipe region of Missouri, has produced horses of superior speed, mettle and bottom for generations. The expert can tell in the same state whether the corn which produced the article before him was grown in the Green river, the Elkhorn or the Kentucky river section of the State before the skill of the distiller converted it into a liquid suitable for the drunkard's comsumption. It is well known to dealers in corn that in certain sections where large quantities of the grain are grown there is a liability of early frosts coming before the grain and cob are hardened by the natural process of ripening is completed. This makes "soft corn," which may be good, or even better, for feeding purposes, but the cobs would not make desirable pipes. The cob for pipes as made by the factories must be hard and close grained. For the production of such cobs the corn grown on them is of secondary importance in this connection; it is evident that there must be a certainty of such climatic conditions as will insure the thorough ripening of the plant in all There must not be too much rain, and drouth must not shrivel it. An agricultural chemist will not be necessary to tell that added to all these favorable conditions for a hard, firm cob the peculiar adaptability of the

soil for the perfect development of this product will be important. Having all of these things long before the first corn cob pipe was thought of, as Washington County had, it is evident that in a region so blessed there would be grown a cob that would make a good pipe. In fact, the cobs grown there would be uniformly the best to be found anywhere.

This was the condition which the genius, who started the first "Missouri meerschaum' factory found. The gold was there in the ground, he merely had the keenness of sight necessary to distinguish it from the ordinary pebbles. After he started his factory and began to sell his pipes faster than he could increase his capacity for making them the farmers began to cull their seed for the ears which made the best and most salable cobs. and thus the pipe cob was developed still further until a new variety was produced. Working with this natural advantage and the improved variety which the experience of the farmers had developed, the pipe factories of Washington County held the lead over all the world, which they had obtained in the start.

Efforts have been made to duplicate the Washington county pipe by transplanting the seed to other sections, but these have not been entirely satisfactory, and the above brief sketch of the reasons for the superiority of the original Washington County pipe and its successors will readily explain this partial failure. The experimental tests in other sections have left out the local conditions of soil and temperature of Washington County and the generations of development of the pipe cob, and training of the farmers in growing it before the factory came. It is true the farmers did not know in all those years that they were developing a variety of corn for cobpipes, but they were, and the inevitable result was no less certain because they knew not what they did.

The value of the cob product of the peculiar variety which goes into the pipes soon became an important matter to the farmers. The corn, carefully shelled from the cobs so as not to injure the latter, was just as valuable for feeding purposes as if the cobs were thrown to one side as waste material. It brought the

armer as much or more on the market, and hen he had the added profit from his cobs. Good prices made careful handling, and the everage farmer gets for usable cobs from 15 o 25 cents for those from which a bushel of torn has been shelled. This adds almost 100 per cent to the money-making value of the corn crop. The farmers of the section have become richer by reason of this added value, which is largely added profit, although the ine quality of their corn lands had made them a rich community before. It is said that the neaviest buyers of United States bonds and other safe security investments in the State of Missouri, outside of the principal city, is this community of farmers who raise the cobs which make the cob pipes that are smoked all over the world.

There is another very practical, but sometimes overlooked factor in the successful making of first-class cob pipes. This is the care and skill in handling the cobs before the process of manufacture begins. The cobs in the Washington County factories are carefully "culled," the defective ones thrown out, and then the selected ones are dried and seasoned for two or three years. The raw material is then ready for the turning and boring which removes the outer husk and the inner pith. The stem hole is made and the final polish put on the bowl. All of this is by specially made machinery. It was some time after the first pipes were made before the original maker hit on the plan of covering the outer surface with a coat of varnish. Just before that his favorite finish had been a coat of plaster of Paris rubbed into the little depressions which are left by the sockets in which the grains of corn grew. This plaster coat was not exactly what the public or the manufacturer wanted and the new finish has been in use exclusively for several years.

The Washington County genius was not the inventor of the cob pipe by any means. He only made a business out of what had hereto-fore been left to the individual hands of the smoker. For generations—in fact, since the first settlers began to grow corn and tobacco side by side in the Virginia colony under the patronage of Elizabeth's favorite, the courtly Raleigh—the weed has been smoked in the cob of the corn.

#### TAMES THE WILDEST HORSES.

MRS. MINNIE AUSTEN, a typical woman of the plains, has recently been giving exhibitions of equestrianism at Portland, Oregon., and has astonished many, even among the experienced plainsmen by her daring feats. She is an absolutely fearless horsewoman, who delights in feats that seem hazardous and in risks that appear dangerous. The crowd of cowbovs who were performing at the carnival during the horse show were so confident of Mrs. Austen's ability that they were willing to back her to the extent of \$100 to ride any four-footed animal sent to the grounds. During the week Mrs. Austen has been nightly doing a tandem hurdle act that has proved immensely popular with the carnival visitors. With two spirited horses going at the utmost speed that vigorous whiplashing could get out of them, she went tearing around the track, taking the three hurdles as clean as ever any famous hunter cleared a brush or fence.

Mrs. Austen explains her love for horses and her ability to handle them comes from the environment of her early childhood. Her father was Thomas Thorpe of southern Oregon, well known throughout the State as one of the largest dealers in horses in the west. In speaking of her experiences to a reporter Mrs. Austen said:

"From a toddler I have been used to riding, and I presume that it is my constant association with horses that has given me the confidence that makes me believe I can stick to any horse that can be brought to me. At home I soon learned the tricks that count the most in subduing the vicious range horses and cow ponies, and at no time can I remember feeling any degree of fear in handling them. It is exciting and perhaps dangerous, but no horse has yet thrown me, and I have had sufficient experience to assure me that I can tame the worst of them.

"For over three years I worked for Portland cattle dealers and did the same work that was given to the men. I would go into the country, get a drove of wild cattle and bring them into the city without losing a single one. I did this sort of work month after month, and always had plenty of engagements ahead, which

ought to argue that I did the work well. But the part that I most enjoy is breaking wild ponies. There is an excitement and thrill in the work that compensates for the exertions and dangers. I have worked alongside some of the best cowboys in the State and have stuck to my saddle until the wild horse became a tame one and could be handled by anyone.

"In breaking a horse I prefer a man's saddle but in other work I use that conventional side saddle. The tandem hurdling act is full of excitement, but I have never met with a serious accident. The other night the horn of the saddle broke and for a moment, until I recovered my balance, I didn't know what was going to happen. But the spectators never knew that anything was wrong, and I sent the ponies over the timbers as fast as they could go. I have abandoned (cattle-driving and broncho-breaking and expect to get into the show business in the future. I have trained one of my tandem ponies to take the hurdles through a ring of fire and other feats that are rather out of the ordinary."

#### LIVED UPON HUMAN FLESH.

It may not be generally known that cannibalism was once prevalent over large areas of the American continent. Such was the case, however, and, in fact, the very word cannibal is but another form of Caniba, or Cariba the proper name of the Carib Indians, the dreaded scourge of the Antilles three centuries ago, among whom the Spaniards on first landing found human limbs hung up to dry in the sun for food. Many of the tribes of South America were cannibals, and some of the unconquered savages in the dark forests of the upper Amazon still feast upon human flesh. The practice existed also in Central America and Mexico, as readers of Prescott are well aware. but rather as a sacrifice to the god of war than from any depraved taste for such food. As a war ceremony it was found also among nearly all the tribes of the eastern United States and Canada.

The Miamis had a cannibal society, whose members were under obligation to eat any captives delivered to them for that purpose, and the Kiowas, with whom I lived for some time, had only a few years ago a secret brotherhood, each member of which was pledged to eat the heart of the first enemy killed by him in battle. The old war chief in whose family I stayed was one of this society.

All the tribes of the Texas coast and back country were reputed cannibals, and with good feason. One of these was the Attakapa, from whom the Louisiana parish gets its name, which signifies "man-eaters" Another was the Karankawa tribe, on Matagorda bay, with whom French captives from La Salle's expedition witnessed many a barbarous feast. In 1760 the priests of the old San Antonio mission drew up a catechism for the use of their Indian converts and among the questions to be asked in confession the first one was, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

But the worst cannibals of all were the Tonkawas, who lived about San Antonio, just back from the coast. To all the other tribes even to the present day, they are known simply as "the man-eaters." They were strong. athletic men, brave fighters, good hunters and inveterate rovers. Unlike other tribes of that region, they planted nothing, having a tradition that their first ancestor was a wolf, and that they must always be like him, shifting about from place to place and getting their living by hunting. They had a pantomime dance in which the performers disguised as wolves, scratched a man out from the ground, where he had previously been concealed in the loose earth, gave him a bow and arrows and then recited to him the tradition, ending with an injunction to be a wolf always. Other Indians would make no terms with them, and the Tonkawas were an outlawed tribe among all their red brethren, with every man's hand against them. They retaliated by acting as scouts and guides to the whites in their expeditions against the hostile tribes.

When the Texan missions were established, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the good Fransciscans began the heavy task of transforming wandering savages into industrious Christian subjects of the king, we find some bands of Tonkawas among the score of tribes gathered into San Antonio, San Jose and the old historic Alamo. It is probable that only a few were thus brought under re-

straint, for the love of the old free life was strong in their hearts, and long before the missions were abolished, in 1812, we find the Tonkawas again roving over half of Texas.

#### HUNT FOR WILD BEES.

THERE are few sports more fascinating than that of searching out the home of a colony of wild bees in the forest, putting a private mark on the tree, and, late in the fall, when the first flurries of snow come, felling the tree and robbing the bees of the honey they have gathered drop by drop during the long summer days from the flowers in wood and field. At least that is the point of view of old bee hunters.

It requires a wide knowledge of woodcraft and years of experience to become an expert beetree hunter, and novices make sorry work of it. In every country town in the timbered regions of the United States there are bee hunters and would-be hunters, and thousands of bee trees are cut every fall. In western New York alone there are more than one hundred beetree hunters. Few of them hunt for profit, and more wild honey is given away to neighbors than is sold. Western Pennsylvania is a paradise for bee-tree hunters. For miles in the denuded timber tracts the hills are covered with honey-suckle and blackberry bushes, making an excellent feeding ground for the bees. Before the pine timber was cut away some of the logging camps employed a hunter each season to supply the camp with wild honey and venison. That was before the hounds and sawmills had worked havoc with the deer.

Before selecting a home in a hollow tree the colony of bees about to move sends out scouts to pick out a location. If a tree has more than one opening the one nearest the top is selected, in order to be as far away from natural enemies as possible. Often openings are found one hundred feet above the ground, so hidden by foliage as to be most secure from observation. The size of the cavity and the strength of the swarm determine the amount of honey that will be found. Sometimes a tree will contain two hundred pounds, often less than sixty pounds. The fascination of matching the hunter's wits against the wits

of the bee attracts the bee hunter in the same manner the trout fisherman is drawn to the mountain brook in the spring.

The wild bee gets at work in the spring almost before the snow is off the ground, or as soon as the water elms are in blow. The next food supply comes from the pussy willow blows, then from the soft-maple blows and dandelions. About June 10 in Western New York white clover is in blossom, and the untamed bee likes nothing better, though fond of basswood blows, which are ready to give up honey about July 10. In August the buckwheat fields are a mass of blossoms, and there are hundreds of varieties of wild flowers to sip honey from. Red clover contains more honey than white clover, but it is harder for the honey bee to work. Bumble-bees are fond of red-clover blossoms. Golden rod is another favorite of the wild bee. The wild aster is the last flower in Western New York woods that produces honey, the bees often working on it until late in October.

Only two varieties of the wild bee are found in the western New York woods, the common black bee and the Italian bee. Every season hundreds of swarms of tame bees desert hives on the farms and seek homes in hollow trees in the woods. A colony consists of a queen, the workers, as the females are called, and the males or drones. The males never work; in that respect they are not unlike the wild Americans, who were here when Columbus came. The queen lays the eggs and a colony will hatch out from one to seven swarms in a season. After a swarm is hatched out the queen leaves the tree and takes with her the old workers and drones and sets up a new establishment. The queen in the new colony follows the example of the old queen, hatching out a swarm of young bees and going away if it is not too late in the season. Otherwise she will remain in the old home until the next year.

When winter comes on the workers attack the drones and drive them out of the tree, tearing off their wings and crippling them so that they are helpless and die. Hunters often find dead drones about the foot of trees when they go to cut them. The life of a worker is about thirty days during the working season. They wear out their wings from overwork and drop by the way. The workers gather honey during the day and build comb at night. They leave the tree at daylight and make their last trip in with honey when night comes on. Sometimes when caught by darkness a long distance away they camp out all night on the blossoms they have been working on, returning to the tree at daylight. Some colonies contain 50,000 bees.

Last summer and fall I made several trips to the woods with a man who has hunted bee trees for twenty-five years; cut hundreds of trees and is an authority on the habits of the untamed bee. He carries his kit in a small pine box. It consists of a quantity of bee comb, a bottle of strained honey, a bottle of anise, pieces of red, yellow and white chalk, and a smaller box with a sliding glass cover. The last he realls his bee box. In his pocket he carries a telescope.

As soon as we left the main road and crossed a meadow that bordered the woods we found wild bees at work on the flowers. After following an old trail in the woods for a quarter of a mile we came to a little clearing; which abounded with wild flowers. Here he unpacked his kit, placed the box on a stump, and took out the small box with the glass cover. After a little skirmishing he brushed a bee off a wild flower into the box, closed the slide, and walked to the stump. He poured some honey from the bottle on the comb, took the bee out of the box and set it at work on the comb. The operation was repeated until there were half a dozen bees at work on the comb.

One by one, as fast as the bees secured all the honey they could carry they circled about the stump until above the tops of the trees, and then darted for home on a straight line with the speed of an arrow, returning in a few minutes with other bees until there were forty or more at work on the comb. The hunter then took a piece of red chalk, pulverized it, dampened it with saliva, and with a small brush marked the business end of a bee about to fly away. As the bee arose in the air the hunter took out his watch and timed the journey. The red bee was back in six minutes.

"That means that she did not travel more than a mile," he said,

Another bee was marked with yellow chalk and another with white and timed until the hunter was satisfied that their home was no more than half a mile away. With his telescope he watched the bees rise and noted the direction they pursued. Then he imprisoned the marked bees in the box and marched up hill in the direction in which they had been flying. In another open space he released them and within half an hour with the aid of his telescope, he had located the colony in a hollow maple tree on the west of the ridge.

The entrance was sixty feet above ground, not larger than a silver dollar, and so securely hidden by foliage as to escape observation except from the eye of an expert, reinforced by a telescope. The hunter cut his initials in the side of the tree and wrote the date with a lead pencil. This was to inform other hunters that the colony of bees was working for him, and that in the fall he intended to come and carry off the honey. Sometimes a hunter has to adopt crossfire tactics in lining a tree in a dense forest and may be obliged to spend two or three days in locating one swarm. Hunters often follow a bee three miles through the woods before reaching the tree.

Bee trees are not cut until the wild flowers are all dead, and the bees have ceased making honey. A cool day is usually selected, for then the bees are likely to be less fierce in their attacks on the men who come to rob them. My first trip to the woods last fall was made early in November. We carried axes, pails, a long spoon to scoop out honey with, a small bundle of straw, and some matches. The hunter insisted on taking along the bee kit he carried to the woods earlier in the season; why, I was unable to imagine, as the bees had ceased working some time previous. After twenty minutes of vigorous chopping the tree, a big maple, sound at the butt, toppled and fell. The hunter made it fall across some saplings in order to break the fall and prevent the honey from being smashed.

When the broken limbs had ceased falling about the hunter put on his hood of wire and cheesecloth, and walked down the fallen tree to the spot where the bees were buzzing about, and cut an opening in the shell in order to take out the honey. The bees crawled all

over his clothing, and buzzed about like a slabsaw in a dinky sawmill. He has been stung so many times that he pays no attention to stings, so he says, but I noticed that he had a rubber band around the bottom of each trousers leg. A few well-directed blows of the ax exposed the layers of honey to view. He placed the straw on the ground under the opening, and set it on fire, to smoke out the bees, which were quiet after that.

This tree yielded fifty pounds of as fine honey as I ever tasted. Wild honey has a woods flavor that is as far superior to the flavor of honey made in a patent hive on a farm as venison is to a cut of corn-fed Texas steer.

After the hunter had robbed the bees they seemed broken-hearted, clinging to the side of the tree by the thousand, seemingly not knowing what to do or where to go. Some of them, he said, would join other colonies, but most of them would starve or freeze. The smoke suffocated hundreds of them. After the honey was in the pails I prepared to start for home, but the hunter detained me. He said he was waiting for a band of robbers that would be due in a few minutes. The robbers he spoke of were bees from other trees, and they soon began to arrive and to carry off the honey that was left by the human robber.

When they got nicely at work the hunter placed his kit on a stump and went to work to get a line on the home of the robber bees. In two hours he had located the robbers in a basswood tree a mile away on another ridge. He said that the bees had received a wireless telegram and hurried to be in at the death of their neighbors. Some colonies are full of fight; others are very docile. The old hunter told me that he was once stung by seventy-five bees while robbing a big swarm, and that he was ill for two days. In order to avoid trouble some hunters cut the trees in the night.

#### MAKING STONE.

ARTIFICIAL stone is coming into use more and more widely every year. For pavements it is rapidly supplanting all other materials, including brick and the natural article, and much of it is being utilized nowadays in the building of houses, newly-discovered processes having so far improved the product as to render it actually more durable than real stone, and in some cases quite as handsome.

There are several patented processes for the manufacture of sandstone, the raw materials employed being chiefly sand and lime in one shape or another. Granite is reproduced artificially by grinding ordinary granite to a powder, mixing it with clay, and then subjecting molded blocks of it to the action of intense heat.

Imitation marble is obtained by mixing oxide of magnesium with chloride of magnesium, the former being obtained by burning the mineral called "magnesite," and the latter by treating the oxide with hydrochloric acid.

Artificial marble is also produced from ordinary plaster of Paris, hardened by an admixture of borax and certain other ingredients, and agreeably colored with mineral oxides. For this purpose the oxides of iron and copper are sometimes employed.

It will be observed that the processes used are substantially the same as those employed by nature in the making of rocks of various kinds. In some cases water is the agent, as with the sedimentary rocks which are laid down, so to speak, at our very doors by skilled artisans with trowel and measuring string. In other instances, as in the case of the imitation granite, the aid of fire is summoned.

Common bricks, as well as the china dishes we use on our tables, are in this latter category, being merely different forms of artificial stone, in the manufacture of which heat is utilized.



## NATURE



## STUDY

#### A BUTTERFLY'S HOME.

There are not many gardens where caterpillars are welcome, but there is one in Brooklyn, New York, that has been called "Caterpillars' Paradise," because there a caterpillar is a thing of value, and its wants and rights are considered. In this garden, tended by Mr. Jacob Doll, everything is grown with reference to the caterpillar. There is no other place like it in America. Mr. Doll is assistant curator of the entomological department of the Brooklyn institute, and has probably raised more butterflies and moths than any other man in the United States. To his garden many of the large collectors of butterflies and moths owe some of their rarest specimens.

Trees, shrubs, vines and herbs grow in sufficient variety in Mr. Doll's garden to provide food for nearly all the species of this latitude. Large, wire-covered frames shut in the occupants of whole bushes, protecting them from birds, reptiles and other deadly enemies. There are large bottles, jars, bell-glasses and wire-covered boxes, in all of which, kept fresh in water, are branches upon which caterpillars in all stages of growth are feeding.

The raising of caterpillars is not an easy business. In speaking recently to a writer in the *New Voice*, Mr. Doll said:

"Caterpillars are hard to raise. They are subject to epidemics. If one occupant of a cage dies, you may expect all the rest to follow in a day or two, no matter how vigilant you may be. Then there are the ichneumon flies, some of which resemble wasps and some giant house flies.

"These are the greatest foes of the caterpillar, which is always in danger from them. The fly lays its eggs upon the body of the caterpillar, and when the almost microscopical worm is hatched, it bores its way into the caterpillar's body, but with seeming intelligence avoids the organs necessary to the cat-

erpillar's life until the chrysalis is completed. Then it falls to and consumes the pupa completely, and thus becomes sole proprietor and occupant.

"Many a time I have watched a chrysalis for the appearance of some valuable specimen, only to see a very common fly walk out. I once sent home from Arizona, to a person who had ordered them, three hundred chrysalises which had cost me great labor. Not long after I received a letter from the gentleman, saying: 'What did you send me? I have three hundred ichneumon flies, and nothing else.'"

#### FEAR OF ANIMALS.

BOTH wild and tame animals, four-footed or with wings, have a deep-seated aversion to wet weather. Even water fowl will seek a dry place when it rains.

Did you ever watch the actions of cattle before a big storm? If so, you must have seen them grow more and more uneasy as the clouds gathered. You also saw them run up and down the field, as if seeking to escape some impending danger. Finally, when the storm breaks, they draw close together, and, with lowered heads, present a picture of despair.

Domestic animals, when it rains, always keep indoors, or, failing that, they seek shelter by the barn, or under trees, or beneath the hedges and thickets; in short, in any convenient place where they may not be entirely exposed to the downpour.

It is the same with fowls; they dislike the rain, which soaks their feathers. They seek sheltered places, and creep under wagons, or behind boxes and boards. Chickens do not mind getting their feet wet, for they will scratch the ground soon after a shower in search of worms and beetles.

Wild birds do their best to keep out of the rain. Some of these build a roof over their

nests; others choose a home under the eaves, or under a projecting cliff, where they may be safe from the discomfort that the rain brings.

But most of them are without shelter provided in advance by their own forethought. These take refuge in any place that they happen to find at hand. If you watch them before the storm you will see them looking for such a place. If the storm comes suddenly, the small and helpless ones seem bewildered, flying from tree to tree, and from limb to limb, quite unable to make up their minds exactly where to hide themselves.

#### OWNS LARGEST BUFFALO HERD.

PROBABLY the largest buffalo herd in the United States is owned by "Scotty" Phillips, a ranchman who lives on the west side of the Missouri river in the central part of South Dakota.

A short time ago he purchased what was known as the Dupree herd, consisting of sixty full-blooded buffaloes and about thirty or forty half and quarter breeds.' Dupree, an old French "squawman," spent many years gathering the herd, and the animals were sold by the administrator of the estate after the death of Dupree. Phillips paid \$500 each for the full bloods.

Phillips is the owner of 1,000 acres of land, all of which is fenced, and in this space the buffaloes roam at will. The fence posts are as large as telegraph poles and are set five feet apart. The fence is seven feet high, constructed of heavy woven wire, with three barbs on top.

Phillips intends to exhibit the animals to the public at a nominal charge. He will establish a stage line between his ranch and the nearest railroad point.

A Denver dispatch says that the "crazy buffalo" of Lost Park, said to be the largest of his kind in the world, is coveted by the emperor of Germany, according to a letter received by the state game warden. The authorities are asked to permit the removal of the brute from Colorado, as it is a remnant of its powerful race, driven from its kind by reason of its savage disposition,

which rendered it an object of terror to the almost tame buffaloes that are kept in the park.

#### HOW FISH FLOUR IS MADE.

One of the newest things in the way of foods is fish powder, which, it is claimed, is a highly nutritious article, easy of digestion, and therefore particularly suitable for invalids. It is intended, however, for ordinary household use.

The process of preparing the powder consists in steaming fresh fish in their own moisture, then cooling and drying the mass thus obtained, exposing it to certain vapors for the destruction of any bacteria it may contain, shredding it, and finally freeing the material from fat, glue and mineral matter by treating it with alcohol and citric acid. Boiling, drying and grinding complete the operation, the resulting substance being a sort of fish meal or fish flour.

This fish meal may be utilized in a great variety of ways. It has neither taste nor odor, and accordingly it is not intended that it should be used to give flavor to dishes, but merely to add nutriment in a highly condensed form.

#### TIMBER 4,000 YEARS OLD.

PROBABLY the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that found in an ancient Egyptian temple, in connection with stone work, which is known to be at least 4,000 years old.

A CIVIL engineer who is in Alaska has written home to Chicago that the rails on the Chilkoot Pass Railway expand with the cold, instead of contracting, as they would be supposed to do. A temperature ranging from twelve to forty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, would not appreciably affect the rails, but severer cold than that would be attended with expansion. This is certainly an exception to a law of nature, although water shrinks as it cools until thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit is reached, when it begins to expand.

## 他INGLENOOK

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#### LITTLE THINGS.

SEE the penny as it travels
Giving joy on every hand;
See the dollar lying idly
Waiting for some great command:
Would you rather, if you could,
Be the penny doing good,
Or the dollar lying still with smile so bland?

If the penny keeps on moving,
Doing good from day to day,
If the dollar keeps on waiting
For a larger need to pay,
Don't you think the penny brightens
While of course the dollar tightens
In the hand of him who holds it hid away.

#### PRIDE.

PRIDE is usually described and regarded as a worldly demonstration in the way of dress. But that is a small part of the manifestations of vanity. People dressed in very ordinary garb may have, as a part of their natures, a most consuming vanity, a pride that shows itself in ways that are often ridiculous and sometimes sickening.

It seems to be a part and parcel of weak humanity to want to push to the front and get in view, not where they can see, but where they can be seen. It shows itself in the desire for publicity. Some people are so constituted that they are never happy unless they are riding on the band wagon, and they feel better if they have the biggest horn in hand. Whether it is their great personal beauty, or their high intellectuality, that seems to demand admiration from the public, is something never accurately determined. But it is a sure thing that they are uneasy if not in sight. When they are absent personally, necessarily so, the thing to do is to get "their picture took," and then, though absent in the body, the good and the beautiful are still accessible to the wondering many.

The 'Nook is not objecting. Everyone has his little weaknesses and if it is any satisfaction for a grown-up to put his features and form on exhibition for study and admiration, why, let him do it, by all means. It is the duty of all to make it pleasant for the next neighbor, and if the said next is fond of sweets, instead of grudgingly dealing out the saccharine, give him ladlefuls of the black molasses of adulation. It costs nothing and makes him feel good, and visibly swell. At the same time, as said in the start, it is often ridiculous, this fly in the ointment.

#### AS A SCHOOL BOOK.

In quite a few places the 'Nook is used as a school text. The teachers get the magazine, and read articles to the school as a matter of information. The idea is a good one. The 'Nookman was a teacher for years, beginning with the country schools and working up to the college. He even has the conceit to think that he could do it yet. This leads him to make the following suggestion:

Let the teacher first master some of the longer articles in the 'Nook, then explain to the most advanced reading class what is coming, and get the scholars to talking about it in a way that will bring out their ideas on the subject. Naturally they will be crude, and then have the class read aloud the article, criticising the reading, and noticing the discrepancies between their ideas of the matter and the account as read. After the reading there might be a sort of quiz questioning to see

hether what was read was remembered. Or the teacher could read the article aloud for the benefit of the entire school. Either way ill be productive of good and relieve the onotony of the afternoon.

#### HOW THEY LOOK AT THE 'NOOK AT HOME.

rethren Publishing House:-

PLEASE send to the following addresses the IGLENOOK and the Cook Book: (Here follow in names.)

I think the 'Nook is the most readable and structive publication of the day, and I want I of my young grandchildren to have it. nclosed find my check for ten dollars in payment of the above.—D. F. Barclay, Wholesale and Retail Hardware, and Manufacturer of the above and Supplies, Elgin, Ill.

\* \*

In last week's Inglenook, in what is technicly known as the "make-up," there was a bad and inexcusable error made with the article atitled, "The Court of the Angels." Instead f being carried over to the next page, the ading of the article was put on the precedig page. As a very general thing the 'Nook clean and well made, but the possible and nexpected always happens in a printing office you "look the other way" for a minute, he writer of the article in question has foreven the Editor, who was not to blame, and oth unite in this explanation and apology to he readers.

## ????????????

Will apples grow in a tropical country?

Not very well. They thrive best where it is old in winter, but not too cold.

Is the number of chickens in the country known?

Yes. Statistics give the number in 1890 as 58,871,125, and these laid 819,722,916 dozens f eggs.

Are figs ever canned as northern fruits are?

Yes. There are canneries at New Orleans, and Biloxi, Miss. The fig tree will grow wild in the south.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Where in the Bible is this to be found?

It is not in the Bible at all. It was written by Laurence Stern.

I have a knack, as I think, for making pottery, having the clay at hand. Can I sell my work if it is well done?

Yes, and at a high price, too. Better send for a book on the subject and study it, and others like it, thoroughly well.

Are there any countries, besides the United States, that grow enough wheat for home consumption?

There are six such countries, Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. This country supplies Europe's deficiency.

What is the 'Nook's opinion of capital punishment?

We do not believe in it. There are cases where people are not fit to live with others, but why not deport them instead of killing them?

What is a cyclone cellar?

Simply a convenient hole in the ground, roofed with earth, and near the house where the people can hide when a "twister" is seen coming. People in the east, or those who have never seen a healthy cyclone, have not the same respect for it that the western man feels, especially if one has operated in his neighborhood.

What is the common nettle in the theory of evolution? Is it a plant? Can you describe it?

The above was received, apparently from New York City, but unsigned. That throws it out, but if the querist will send his name, and the salient reasons for asking, it will receive attention. There is no use in sending unsigned queries, and we have said so over and over again. Sign your questions.

What is meant by standard time?

The time of a place, say at noon, is dependent on its position east or west. Thus every town, more or less east or west, would have a different noon hour. To remedy this confusion the country is marked off into broad bands in which the clocks, correctly running, all tell the same time, jumping an hour, more or less, when the next strip is entered or left. It is a very great convenience.

#### SPEARING EELS.

BY J. A. SEESE.

The time for spearing the eel is in the Spring and Summer, for then they come out into the smaller streams, but toward Fall they go down stream to larger bodies of water.

The place where the writer engaged in this novel experience is among the foothills of the Allegheny in the northwestern part of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where the streams are small and shallow, for a person could not accomplish much at spearing in deep water.

The "outfit" for the sport may be varied, depending somewhat upon the "taste" and circumstances of those engaging in it. The most important parts are the spears and lights. The spears generally have four or five prongs, two and a half inches long, and a shaft, or handle, about six feet long. Light may be had by several means,-by faggots, oil-balls, or torch. A faggot is made from dry pine splints bound up in a bundle. Faggots are not much used. Oil-balls are made by winding cloth, torn into narrow strips, around an iron rod, and then soaked in coal oil. Their size is something larger than a man's fist. They furnish the brightest light, but are rather expensive. All things considered, a good torch is the best kind of light. We usually went in companies of from six to eight. Two or three would have spears; two would carry the light by turns; and the rest would carry the eels which usually proved a light task.

As to clothing, it was a time when one lost all sense of pride in dress and all regard for fashion. Any wornout garments would do; in fact they were preferred, and shoes having plenty of holes so that the water could readily run out; for the spearers must wade the water continually, and the others quite frequently.

We started so as to reach the water about dusk and after all was ready proceeded upstream. The eels remain in hiding during the day in the bank, under stones, or in the deep waters. But as night approaches they come out to the shallow waters where they have a better chance to catch prey. They like to stay in meadow land where the banks over-

hang the water, as this affords them a good retreat.

After getting started we proceeded a quietly as half a dozen boys could, until preiently down shot a spear and the next thing w would see a serpent-like form winding aroun it; or perhaps he missed his aim and the englided away unharmed.

Spearing requires not a little dexterity. And the writer well remembers his first a tempt at it. He saw the coveted prize lyin perfectly still in a few inches of water. He began to "count his eels," and made a plung with his spear, when to his chagrin the ensurement was a swam away.

After an eel is fast it is hard to get out of the water, for it is very slippery and can be held in the bare hand. We used a pair of blacksmith tongs and found them to work admirably.

We would follow the water till about mid night; when tired, wet, hungry, sleepy an sometimes disheartened at our success(i we directed our steps toward home; an once there it required no opiate to induc sleep nor a tonic to give us an appetite fol breakfast; to which our parents will testify a any time.

Being engaged in at night the sport has adventure and excitement in it, and a singula fascination which is very attractive to boys.

'As to its healthfulness, the writer has never known anyone to be injured by it, since on is kept in motion continually; while it does produce a refreshing sleep and a healthy at petite which no medicine can give.

Arden, Pa.

#### ODD WAY OF MAKING MONEY.

Among the singular means employed by women for earning a livelihood that of Mrs. Elizabeth Shuey Southward of Minneapolis Minn., is perhaps the oddest. She is what may be called an organizer of libraries. The work of planning and cataloguing collection of books appeared to Mrs. Southward peculially adapted to women, and so she determine to try her hand at it, and she has succeede far beyond her expectations. Mrs. Southward is the first woman to constitute herself a traveling librarian. By several years of work she

s won a high standing as an organizer. hen a new library is to be started in a town college the superintendent sends for her d says:

"We have so many thousand books here in topsy-turvy state. We want them indexed, ranged on shelves and the whole library put to shipshape. What will you take to do the ork?"

Mrs. Southward names a round sum, and ually her terms are accepted.

Mrs. Southward got her training in a library hool at Armour institute, Chicago. After at she held the position of head cataloguer the John Crerar library, Chicago. She had apped out a career for herself, when suddenshe changed her mind and got married. The settled down to forget all about library ience, when one day she got a letter from e executors of the estate of the late Bishop rry, of Davenport, Iowa. The bishop had ft a valuable library which would sell for a tof money if put into proper shape.

Mrs. Southward took the job. Since then e has worked at itinerant cataloguing and rns more pin money in a week than the erage woman gets in a year. She always targes a lump sum for her services, and somenes spends as much as five months on one took collection. During the summer she anages a training school for librarians in the hiversity of Minnesota.

A woman who expects to be a successful brary organizer, says Mrs. Southward, must an accurate bookkeeper and accountant. Ther ideas of figures are misty, no matter how uch of a bookworm she is, she is not cut out r managing libraries. She must be quick, we a college training if possible, and read english, French and German.

Aside from summer schools, there are four gular library schools in the United States—e State school at Albany; Pratt institute, rooklyn; Drexel institute, Philadelphia, and the University of Illinois, in Springfield.

#### DO YOU WEAR A CORSET?

THE woman in search of a bargain in corts can find one that will fit her figure and urse, no matter how large or small either

may be. If she wanted to get the cheapest article obtainable fifty, thirty, or even twenty-five cents will suffice, or she can find in the immense stocks displayed others that will cost her \$75 or \$100, to which a few hundred more can be added by reason of the substitution of gold and diamond hooks and buckles which the deft fingers of the women in the workroom will sew on while she waits. There is a wide difference between the appearance of the two extremes, almost as wide as the difference between the modern female garment and the original belt of grass or wild animal skin which was the root from which the corset sprang.

It was among the Greeks, perhaps, that the corset in its form of a garment that not only gives support and strength to the body but graceful outline to the figure, was first evolved, but it was from the idea of the working woman's girdle that it was framed. When the ladies of the higher classes of Athens and other Greek cities began to adopt the girdle the corset was begun. There have been many changes since that time and the medical authorities have alternately deplored the use and recommended the wearing of the garment. The advocacy or condemnation of it has never appreciably affected the popularity of the corset with its principal wearers, the women, for the reason that the aim of corset-makers has been to adapt the garment to the office of properly setting off the figure in the particular styles of other clothing that chanced to be in fashion at the time. As long as they did this the contention of some physicians, that they were injurious to the health and all that, was lost on the women to whom it was directed, for the latter at once saw that these opponents were entirely missing the case. They were erroneously assuming that women would consent to make themselves dowdies in order to prevent possible injury to health.

Finally the objections of the opponents of the corset were met, it was claimed, by the fashioning of a garment that would not bring about the supposed evils complained of and the finishing stroke to the enemies of corsets was given when the *London Lancet* a few years ago gravely and with all the authority that accompanies the utterances of this arbiter of things medical that with a properly-built cor-

set a woman could safely endure three times more physical exercise on the golf links, the tennis court or in wheeling than if none is worn. In later days the tables have been completely turned on the opponents of the corset and the triumphant advocates of the formerly maligned article are now triumphantly taking the aggressive and declaring that good health is not to be attained by ordinary women unless they wear them. Many of the objectionable features that were formerly found in the shape and manner of wearing, have, the makers claim, been left out of the new models. During the past half year there has been, it is claimed, a complete revolution in the detail of the shaping and form of the corset. Mrs. Morton of the corset department of Marshall Field's store holds to this opinion and explained the reason of the high cost of the newest model of the article.

The difference between the extremely cheap, those that cost only a few cents, and those that cost \$20 and up is caused primarily by the skill with which the shaping is done. The French makers are credited with being far and away the best in the world in meeting the ideas of the corset experts in these regards and from France come the highest priced ones. Even in a case where a corset with the desirable points of shape and arrangement of the stays comes up to the highest standard, the substitution of a cheap material and absence of the dozens of pretty little things like lace borders and so on do not bring the garment down to as low a figure as would be expected.

One of these creations of the brain of the French manufacturer with the stays so arranged that the figure of the wearer is properly fitted according to the latest ideas of fashion has the outer covering of Dresden brocade satin, with taffeta silk lining throughout, lace trimming around the top and with arrangement for lacing at front and back. Such a garment costs from \$35 to \$40 and represents the acme of the corset without any of the more costly trimmings and their adornments.

On the framework, such as has been described, there is added sometimes hundreds of dollars to the cost of the article by the addition of solid gold hooks, in part, for the support of the skirt, gold fastenings in place of

the usual steel arrangements on the stays at heavy gold fastenings on the jartelle. The are to be seen to-day some of these where the solid gold hooks and "steels" and fastening are replaced by diamond-studded hooks at buttons and the covering adorned with har work in embroidery that runs the cost of the whole article up toward the \$300 or \$500 mar In fact, there is no limit to the cost that ma be piled up except the taste and purse of the purchaser. The great bulk of the fine corset however, are probably with the \$100 limit of cost, and range from this down to the 31 mark. All of these are increased in price above the \$25 figure probably entirely by the ornamentation and not by the perfection the shape or fit of the garment.

This matter of fitting the individual figur is as essential in corsets as in the coat of the sterner sex. Experts in the art of cors making and fitting are employed in the worl rooms to fit, suggest alterations and change that will suit the garment to the particula figure it is intended for. Just as the taild cuts and fits the coat to the peculiarities the customer these corsettiers adapt the co sets. It is claimed by the dealers that owing to the skill of these and the ingenuity of the manufacturers in adapting the general pattern to the long and short, the stout and the thi models it is easy to procure a perfect fit from the stock and much less expensive than have one made to order of the same qualit and style.

#### THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

LITTLE Ina had always lived in the countruntil her parents moved to the seat of the State Normal College. Ina was sent to the "practice school" of that institution, where during one hour of each day she was taughby members of the senior training class. When asked how she liked the school she replied: "I love my regular teacher dearly, but I don't much like it when those false teacher come in."

WHEN a boy begins to wash his face withou being told he is passing through the ordeal a his first love affair.

#### TURKISH TABLE CUSTOMS.

In a conservative Turkish household, rich or nor, no tables are used and chairs are untown. Instead, there is a huge wooden ame in the middle of the room about eighten inches high. When the family—the men ily—assembles to dine, cushions are brought, aced upon the frame and on these the memors seat themselves tailor fashion, forming a rele around a large tray.

The tray is a very large wooden, plated or ver affair, according to the financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a pacious bowl. About it are ranged saucers sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare and sweetests. Interspersed with these are goblets of erbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and axwood spoons.

Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the rvice, but each has a napkin spread upon his nees, and everyone, armed with a spoon, alps himself.

The bowl is presently borne away and anher dish takes its place. This time it is a inglomeration of substantials stewed togeth, such as mutton, game, or poultry. The ess has been divided by the cook into porons which are dipped up with the aid of a noon or with the fingers.

For the host to fish out of the mess a wing leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is nsidered a great compliment, and for a Turk high degree to roll a morsel between his legers and put into the mouth of a visitor is oked upon as good manners.

#### TRAPS TO CATCH TIGERS.

ing adopted in Sumatra and is proving allost invariably successful. As soon as a tiris lair has been found natives are employed construct a wooden fence nine feet long defour feet wide a short distance away from and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. narrow entrance leads into the inclosure and tere, deftly concealed under earth, leaves and bughs of trees, is placed a strong steel trap, nich is so designed that any animal that

places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as the tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.

#### HOW NEW ZEALAND PUNISHES CRIME.

New Zealand fits punishment to crime more nearly than most countries. Thus, at Wanganui, when certain sawyers troubled their neighbors by their drunken freaks, the delinquents were made to pay the fines imposed in such labor as they were accustomed to and were set to saw wood with which to build a prison. The result was that, rather than transgress again, they vanished from the locality as soon as the edifice was complete.

#### GOTHAMITES A MIGRATORY LOT.

NEW YORKERS move oftener than the people of any other large city in the world. The city directory shows that on an average 65 per cent of the residents change their addresses in the course of a year. High rents and the apartment system of living are largely responsible for the many changes, but real estate agents hold the prevalent system of permitting a tenant to occupy a flat or house rent free for a few weeks or more as an inducement to move into it to blame for the nomadic tendencies of a large proportion of New Yorkers.

THE record height for a kangaroo jump is eleven feet. The deer record is nine feet six inches.

#### FIRST SIGHT OF THE SUN.

At the time of the recent strike of the mine firemen in the anthracite coal fields hundreds of mules from the various mines were brought to the surface. Most of the animals had not seen daylight for many years and some of them had quite forgotten all they ever knew about pure air, green grass and blue sky.

It was a pathetic as well as an amusing sight to see these animals turned loose to graze in the fields. The daylight dazed them and it was with difficulty that they could be forced from the cage and driven to the fields, and there their antics were pitifully humorous. Crowds lined the fences each day.

The mules, free from the driver and the whip, stood for a long time seemingly afraid to move. To them the soft springy ground, so different from the ties and rails and rocks of the mines, was insecure. The air, the grass, the space, the unbounded room to move, bewildered them. They walked slowly and with hoofs tapping the ground many times before a step was attempted, and it was hours and sometimes days before they gained sufficient confidence to run and tumble and roll. But when they realized that the strange surroundings were harmless and actually enjoyable they reveled in their new-found freedom, heehawed, kicked up their heels and gamboled very much in the manner of the schoolboy set free after a long and arduous school term.

The grass was the greatest mystery to them. Instinct doubtless told them it was good to eat, it smelled inviting, but it was so strange, so new that it was long before they gained courage to nibble and to eat it.

Air and light made many of the mules study for hours before they knew that the novel world into which they had been raised was not a thing of mystery, and that they felt better by breathing and could see better after the novelty had worn off than they ever could see in the dark and narrow passages of the mines.

The extent of the fields, too, was a source of great wonderment to them. Here they did not knock their heads against the roof, for there was no roof; nor graze their sides

against the rib, for there was no rib; on space above and about them, unlimited incomprehensible space, a new, strange thin with which most of them had to get acquainted by degrees.

Those who had enjoyed the freedom for day, as they met the newcomers, bumped int them, to see them lose their balance on the yielding ground, rolled under their nose kicked up their heels and played with the much as a boy swimmer will play with younger one.

In the days which the strike lasted most in the mules experienced new sensations which they may never repeat, for they were hustle after their brief freedom down into the dar depths and narrow, iron-paved passages when their only light is the faint flicker of the miner's lamp, their air the gas and smok stained heaviness of the mine, their food the hay and oats and much which tastes litt like the green, fresh grass, and their gambo ing confined to the narrow space of a five-footstall.

#### **GETTING BIOGRAPH SCENES.**

"BR-R-R-RING! Br-r-r-ring!" a quick coinection with the desk-phone of the city manager, and in another moment it is known abiograph headquarters that a fierce fire and series of explosions have devastated a down town business block and that the loss of life estimated at 300.

The camera operator and his assistants in ceive word; there is a scamper for fire badge and two minutes later the biograph outfit, which takes 2,000 pictures a minute, is handed into the emergency wagon, which has been waited all day for just such a call.

The city manager arrives on the scene to a range with fire chiefs and police sergeants for a favorable position for the picture-taking as paratus. The camera is set up on its triposthe film boxes attached, the lens focused at the operator begins to turn the crank. Three minutes, five minutes—the shutter snaps at every movement of the exciting scene is faithfully recorded. The film, which may be from 160 to 300 feet in length, is then carried to the biograph factory, where it is developed in a centirety on reels that carry it through developed.

oing solutions, dried by power fans and a positive" is printed from it by electric light. he process takes from two to four hours.

That night the catastrophe of the afternoon, ojected on a screen, seems almost as real to e theater-goer as the actual occurrence was those who witnessed it.

#### VIRTUES OF STALE BREAD.

New bread is well known to be less digestie than stale bread, although it need not be There can be no question, however, of the stly superior flavor of the former, and hence e preference of many people for hot rolls for eakfast. So far the palate would appear not be a safe guide to digestion. Hot rolls, owever, when masticated properly, should not fer any difficulty to the digestive organs. A ice of stale bread on being broken with the eth resolves into more or less hard, gritty articles, which, unless they were softened by e saliva, would be almost impossible to swalw. The particles would irritate the throat in the gullet.

The fact, is, therefore, that man is compelled toroughly to masticate and to impregnate ale bread with saliva before he swallows it. his act, of course, partially digests the bread at thus makes it in a fit state for digestion had absorption farther on in the alimentary act. This is why stale bread appears to be ore digestible than new bread.

New bread, on the contrary, is soft, doughy plastic, and there appears to be no necesty to soften it with saliva, hence it escapes to preliminary digestive action of the ptyalin f the saliva. New bread, in other words, is reality "bolted," and "bolting" accounts many of the ills arising from dyspepsia.

#### SULPHUR FROM A VOLCANO.

JOHN J. HABECKER, general manager of the hiladelphia Crude Ore Company, announces nat mining of crude sulphur from the crater f Mount Makushim, an extinct volcano on nalaska island, will be undertaken by his ompany this summer. Vast beds of sulphur re found at the top of the volcano. Not less nan 200,000 tons are said to be exposed in ne part of the crater, where rising vapors

have kept away snow. Beneath great snow fields covering other portions of the summit lie vast quantities of sulphur.

#### GOLD GALORE IN ASIAN SOIL.

It is difficult to realize that in Asia "the cradle of mankind," the oldest portion of the earth's surface known to historical research, there should exist beds of gold-bearing sand which have never given up an ounce of their valuable contents, and great reefs of gold-bearing quartz which have never yet been struck by a blow from the miner's pick or shattered by a single pound of giant powder. That such deposits do exist, not only in Siberia, but in Mongolia and Manchuria, is a fact attested by all explorers and engineers who have visited the countries in question and have taken the trouble to investigate, even in the most superficial manner, the conditions which exist there.

#### HOW NIAGARA IS RECEDING.

THE falls of Niagara eat back the cliff at the rate of about one foot a year. In this way a deep cleft has been cut back from Queenstown for a distance of seven miles to the place where the falls now are. At this rate it has taken more than 35,000 years for the seven-mile channel to be made.

#### THREE CHAIRS IN CHURCH.

The story is told of three Protestant ladies who walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during mass. It was raining and they had gone in for shelter. The priest, one of nature's gentlemen, recognized the ladies, and, stooping down, said to an attendant: "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." It was a kindly thought, but the priest must have wished he had never thought it when the man stood up in the church and shouted: "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" It was over in a minute—the cheers were cheered and could not be called back, but it was one of the most uncomfortable moments in the good priest's life.

THE man who boasts of being able to spell every word correctly may not be much good at anything else.

#### AUTHORS LIVE TO OLD AGE.

THE general idea that literary production of a high order is hostile to long life by reason of the nervous wear and tear it necessitates would seem to be erroneous. Scott wore himself out at the age of sixty-one by excessive work, and Dickens no doubt lived at too high pressure—possibly the same might be said of Thackeray - but in the great majority of cases literary men possess that balance which avoids nervous exhaustion and the literary life is a wholesome and moral one. In our own country the average life of twenty-nine leading writers, from Jonathan Edwards down, is sixty-six years. In nearly every case, too, their productive powers have remained unimpaired by old age. The short life of Edgar Allen Poe is, of course, not to be attributed to the fact that he was a writer, but to the nervous worry resulting from false pride and shame at being unable to resist temptation. Bayard Taylor worked too hard and Lanier was broken by exposure in the civil war.

Dr. Holmes and Whittier enjoyed the longest lives of any one of our writers, each passing his eighty-sixth birthday. Emerson, Longfellow and Bryant lived long and tranquil lives, and very few, perhaps not one, of American literary men shortened their lives by excessive devotion to their natural pursuit. It will be noticed that the average length of the lives of great American writers is greater than that of their English counterparts by nearly four years, though two of the Englishmen. Carlyle and Newman, lived longer than any one of the Americans. This would still be true by a slightly less figure even were the exceptional cases of Keats and Shelly excluded from the English list. The reason is probably that literary Englishmen drink much more beer and wine than Americans do. The habitual use of alcohol even in moderation is sure to result, in men of sedentary habits, in liver and kidney disorders about the age of fifty. At least, no other explanation of the greater longevity of American writers suggests itself.

It is but fair to add that the average age of American writers would have been reduced nearly a year had Stephen Crane and Richard Hovey been included. Both of these, though young men of great promise, had accom-

plished at the date of their death hard enough to warrant including them in the cat gory of "great writers."

The living American writers who seem have done enough to entitle them to admissis to our literary Valhalla are Henry James, Bt Harte, Howells, Donald Mitchell, Weir Mitchell, Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, Fiske, Cab and Clemens. They average now sixty-fi years, and we hope that they will increase the general longevity materially. There is evereason to say that they will do so. They has already proved that devotion to the literal life does not sap vitality. The wild-eyed, consumptive, hectic literary artist is a thing of the past. Did he ever exist except in the imagination of sentimentalists?

#### THE MICE.

S. Y. GILLAN, publisher of educational jou nals, and himself one of the prominent educators of the northwest, has children who many ways may be said to show their ancest in a marked degree. The small boy himself the second from church, and to his parent surprise showed an unwonted interest in the second.

"The man," he said, "told about a poor o woman who caught two mice and put them a box."

"What?" asked the father. "I do n remember anything of that kind in the Bible

"That wasn't what he said," interrupte the lad's elder sister. "It was mites I talked about, not mice. What are mite father?"

"Mites were money in those days," r sponded Mr. Gillan. "The story of the wi ow's mite is one of the most interesting in the Bible."

But the boy could not see it in that wa When it came to putting two mice in a be there was something that interested him, b he did not care anything about a gift money.

A west side business man is so scrupulous exact in all his transactions that every time to pays a visit he insists upon taking a receiptor it.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE LAST SUPPER.

BY M. M. S.

THERE have been some happenings in the orld's history that for tragical movement, reful results, and far-reaching effect, stand t prominent over and above all others. Perps the most momentous of these are those ginning with the Last Supper, as it is called, our Lord and Master. The noble life, the life ministry, and the mission of Christ were pidly nearing the end. And He, knowing it, t apart a time and a season for himself and s immediate followers that included in its ents some of the gravest things the world s ever seen or ever will see.

The old city of Jerusalem was in a tumult as as a crowd could make it, and the priests are worked up to that pitch where men deperately plan murder, and successfully carry out. The Master knew that the end was at and. Earth has witnessed some sad scenes its eventful history, but none more so than e incidents of the few days just before the ucifixion. And Christ, knowing the day, e evening before held a series of ordinances, what were intended to become such, that we come down to us in sacred history in such way that they constitute the very elements, e fundamentals of the church of Christ on orth.

His disciples were with him, and it was alays and forever a wonder that they knew so tle, and misunderstood so much of the innt of the mission of Jesus, and utterly inexicable on any other ground than the existace of a personal devil, is the action of one them to be accounted for. All were uncerin of their standing, and none could have reseen how we, too, thousands of years ter, are stirred in every fiber of our being were the expression of human nature in the vents of the last hours of Christ on earth.

The Passover was at hand and the disciples ked the Lord if it were his will that they would prepare a place for him to observe it. answers them telling how they should

proceed in the matter and they did so. It was the custom of the householders of the city, and of the time, to allow the use of their rooms for family groups, and then, as now, the principal rooms were in the second story of their houses. It was at one of these the Master and his disciples met, and the last supper was eaten, the ordinances co-ordinate with it fixed, and of all earth's solemn seasons there is none recorded to equal it in solemnity and importance.

Story and song, and her starred comrade, art, have united to describe the scene. All have seen some reproduction in engraving form of Leonardo Da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper, showing the critical moment of the betrayal by Judas. We know that the representation of the scene is in error, in showing the group seated at the table, when we are sure they reclined according to the oriental custom. But it is not with technicalities that we wish to deal. Let us consider the true import of the Last Supper.

It was not the Jewish Passover that the Lord instituted on that fateful night, but a substitute for it, the Christian example that was to take its place. Several things were taught by it. In all the ages of the world, among all peoples, sitting down together and eating a common meal is representative of a community of feeling, a family gathering that means a common brotherhood. This was not the idea of the Jewish Passover, which had reference to an entirely different matter. The moral precepts of Christ are enforced and reinforced in the case of the most important of them, by some external observance charaterizing them. The brotherhood of man, and the family relations of the Christians toward each other, seem to have been misunderstood in the Last Supper. At it those who follow the teachings of the Lord and Master exemplify in their partaking of a meal with their brethren that they are all brethren and sisters together in the church. And the communion with the bread and wine shows, or is intended to show, that those who partake of it are one with Christ. Woe unto them if in their hearts is anything kept back. Not alone do the ordinances instituted at the Last Supper indicate a common family. They go farther than that, and show that while we

were a common family, before God there are no such differences as those born of the world.

In Christ there is no such thing as master and man, lady or maid, all are masters and all are servants. The family is on a common level. Whatever of difference social status, or money, or ability, confers in our worldly relations, one with another, in the church of Christ, the one He established, there is none of it. Strange that in the passage of the ages this fact, and this ordinance representing it, instituted in the last hours of Christ on earth, should be utterly forgotten.

Aside from the vivid cruelty of the actual crucifixion the most momentous of the incidents of the life of Christ occurred at the Last Supper. Every phase of human weakness, and human and superhuman strength of character, stand revealed to public gaze. The treachery of Judas, the impetuosity of Peter, the blind fealty of the others, and over all the calm teachings of Jesus, so soon to suffer death, make it a page of heart history unequalled in the annals of the human race for its dread importance and its undiminished interest to all of us.

The stars looked down calmly, the night watch patrolled the narrow streets, and from an upper room floated out on the night air the words of the closing hymn, and then, one by one, the participants in the Last Supper wended their way slowly, each possessed of his own thoughts, to the appointed place of meeting. Till the stars shall shine no longer men will eat and drink and followthe ordinances He established, even though there be but a remnant.

(To be continued.)

#### THE WYCLIFFE BIBLE.

The Commoner published some weeks ago an article written by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Merriwether for a St Louis paper regarding the origin of the phrase "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Mrs. Merriwether traces it to the Wycliffe Bible. Her statement was challenged by a reader of The Commoner who insisted that the date given was prior to the invention of printing.

The editor has investigated the matter and

learns from Mrs. Merriwether that her state ment was made upon the authority of War H. Lamon's "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. On page 176 of that volume thes words are found: "In the preface of the ol Wycliffe Bible, published A. D. 1324, is the following declaration: 'This Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people.'"

Mrs. Merriwether believes, however, that the date should be 1378 instead of 1324, a Wycliffe was but a boy at the latter date. She also quotes the "American Britannic Encyclopedia" as saying that "Wycliffe mad the first complete version of the Bible," and that "Wycliffe's translations of the Bible and his numerous sermons establish his indisputable position as the founder of English writing."

To the objection that the Bible was not the printed she replies that, while the art of printing had not then been invented, written book had been in existence for a long time, and the many copies of the Wycliffe Bible were in circulation.

#### THE BUTTERFLY'S ADVICE.

#### BY A. G. MILLER.

A HUMMING BIRD met a butterfly, and bein pleased with the beauty of its person and glor of its wings made an offer of perpetual friend ship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply "as you once spurned me and called me crawling dolt."

"Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "bu when you insulted me I was a caterpillar, an let me give you a piece of advice. Never in sult the humble, as they may some day be come your superior."

Walton, Kans.

Occasions do not make a man; they only show what there is in him.

Some men are considered narrow-minde because they make a specialty of mindin their own business.



#### IN THE MATTER OF PICTURES.

BY BARBARA CULLEY.

THE selection of the pictures that adorn a ome calls for greater wisdom than the selector of the food placed on the family table. pretty picture is not to be despised because costs little or nothing—not even if it comes y saving soap wrappers.

The art of picture making has reached such effection and magnitude that the humblest pme-maker cannot offer the money cost as a excuse for bare walls.

Reproductions of the most famous works of t are easily obtainable and can be framed or ade into albums by the outlay of a few cents and a little taste and ingenuity.

A picture lover who is saving a collection of productions of art given away weekly with he of Chicago's daily newspapers will use em thus: She will cut two pieces of mat pard, or heavy watercolor paper, a fraction rger than the pictures, punch holes along one dge at regular distances, paste a strip of linen pe about an inch wide along one edge of each cture, place the boards on the outside of the ack for covers, lace some silk cord or narw heavy ribbon through the holes and corsponding holes in the tape and tie in bows. she wields the brush the covers will probay be decorated with some artistic design or nciful lettering, and the pictures will be prerved in a convenient and attractive form, to grace any parlor table.

At least one first-class illustrated magazine, addition to the Inglenook, for the young cople to read is a good investment and oc-

casionally between its covers will be found an exquisite full-page picture worth looking at every day—too good to be hidden away in the files of old magazines. A good way to use them is to frame them with passepartout, and hang them in groups on the walls. Passepartout (pronounced pass-pa-too) is a ribbon-like adhesive paper that can be bought for the purpose at almost any bookstore, or any store where art materials are sold, and is inexpensive.

Use glass the size of the picture you wish to frame, and pasteboard the same size. Place the picture smoothly between the glass and pasteboard and bind the edges neatly together with passepartout. For hanging the picture prepare the pasteboard in this way: before framing, cut two small slits in the pasteboard where you wish to fasten the cord or wire. Have two small brass rings and two short pieces of tape. Pass the tape through the rings. Through the slits in the board pass the ends of tape and paste securely to the board. When the first picture is framed and hung on the wall it may look a little lonesome but not for long. Others will soon keep it company and if they are well chosen they will prove silent workers for good and you will often think of the old saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Chicago, Ill.

#### SAMPLER HEARD FROM.

I saw in the 'Nook where they talked of a Sampler made in 1843. I have one that was made in 1820 by my Grandmother.—Mrs. A. E. Wolfe, Sterling, Ill.

#### CINNAMON ROLLS.

#### BY LAURA HARDMAN.

TAKE a piece of bread dough, one teacupful and a half of sugar, and a half cup of butter, and work into the dough and let raise. Roll out thin and spread butter all over it, sprinkle sugar and cinnamon upon it, and roll up. Cut an inch thick and put into a buttered pan and let raise and bake.

Polo, Mo.

#### SHOO-FLY PIE.

#### BY FRANEY CLANIN.

LINE three pie pans same as for custards. Then take one cup of butter, or part lard will do, four cups of flour, one cup of sugar and rub all together smooth. Now take one pint of sorghum molasses, one pint of boiling water and one teaspoon of soda. Mix and pour into your crust, and cover evenly with the crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven.

Ipava, Ill.

#### EGG PIE.

#### BY MRS. J. NICODEMUS.

MAKE a crust like you would for a short cake or cream biscuits. Line a deep bread pan with it and crack as many eggs in the bottom as thick as you would to fry in a skillet. Then pour in enough sweet milk to fill the pan as for any pie and drop in butter the size of hazel nuts all around over the milk. Pepper and salt to taste; then cover with another crust and bake one-half hour.

Norcross, Minn.

#### APPLE TAPIOCA.

#### BY MARY LENGER.

SOAK half a pint of tapioca in a quart is water for several hours. Pare and core nough sour apples to line an ordinary bakind dish, fill the hollow part with apples, suga and shred a lemon very finely over it, taking out the seeds. Pour the soaked tapioca over the top and bake in a moderately hot over To be eaten cold, either with cream and sugar or without it.

Pickrell, Nebr.

#### SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

#### BY BERNICE ASHMORE.

ROLL enough crackers fine to cover the bot tom of the pan or dish. Then put in a laye of oysters, with salt, pepper and bits of butter. Then another layer of crackers, then oyster with the seasoning, till there are as many a wanted. Pour over all the liquor from the oysters and cover with sweet milk. Place if the oven to bake till done. Be sure and no have them too dry.

Mansfield, Ill.

Hor milk taken at night just before retiring will often produce sleep in those who suffer from insomnia.

Soiled spots may be removed from whit silk or satin by rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in alcohol.

To absorb any unpleasant odors, as those from cigar smoke or from fresh varnish, oil o paint, set a bowl of fresh water in the room over night.



# 颱INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Nov. 23, 1901.

No. 47.

#### A COLLECT FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

I THANK Thee, Father, for this sky, Wherein Thy little sparrows fly; For unseen hands that build and break The cloud-pavilions for my sake,—This fleeting beauty, high and wild, Toward which I wonder, as a child.

I thank Thee for the strengthening hills, That give bright spirit to the rills; For blue peaks soaring up apart, To send down music on the heart; For tree-tops wavering soft and high, Writing their peace against the sky; For forest farings that have been; For this Fall rain that shuts me in, Giving to my low little roof The sense of home, secure, aloof.

And thanks for mornings's stir and light, And for the folding hush of night; For those high deities that spread The star-filled chasm overhead; For elfin chemistries that yield The green fires of the April field; For all the foam and surge of bloom; For leaves gone glorious to their doom,—All the wild loveliness that can Touch the immortal in a man.

Father of Life, I thank Thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,—
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away;
For faith that held on to the last;
For all sweet memories of the past,—
Dear memories of my dead that send
Long thoughts of life, and of life's end,—
That make me know the light conceals
A deeper world than it reveals.

#### HOW SOME NAMES ORIGINATE.

THE name of France is derived from the ranci, or Franks, a people of Germany who eized that part of the country nearest the thine and settled there. Later on they sub-

dued Paris and made that the royal seat of their increasing empire.

The origin of other geographical names is interesting and will serve to enlighten us when we read of, for instance, Hibernia for Ireland. Hibernia is said to be derived from a Phœenician word meaning "farthest habitation," there being no country known to them west of Erin.

Portugal obtained its name from Porto, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal because the place was known as the portus Gallorum (the port of the Gauls). The name was finally extended to the whole country.

Russia took its denomination from the Rossi, or Russi, a people of the south of Russia, who possessed themselves of the country in the declining days of the Greek empire. Being the predominant inhabitants, they imposed their name on all the rest.

#### WALKING MATCH ON SHIPBOARD.

A FEATURE of the voyage of the steamer "Coptic", from China to San Francisco, was a five-day walking match. Sixteen of the passengers entered the competition. The deck was measured, and from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening the contestants walked, encouraged by the plaudits of more sedentary passengers, who drew up their deck chairs close to the space allotted to the walkers and watched the match. Lieutenant Heinrich of the German army was the winner, walking 128 miles. A. J. Flaherty, of the Pekin consular cadets was second with a score of 116 miles.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A THANKSGIVING.

THE 'NOOKMAN.

In western Pennsylvania all this happened long ago. If you can't get filled up on a Thanksgiving in that part of the country you might as well give it up. A peculiarity of the immediate section was that there was coal under the surface, though the people did not know it. The landowner was rich and didn't have hold of it. The surface of his farm was worth, perhaps, \$25 an acre, and when the railroad came what was under the surface was worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre while the surface increased accordingly, and those who sold and went to town were rich, though they lost more in other ways. They probably never had as good Thanksgivings as when they scrapped with Nature and the hillsides for a living.

But the Thanksgiving! The gobbler strutted his last the day before, a noble fellow with bronzed back, and when he was hung on the steelyards he balanced an even twenty pounds, dressed, which is not bad for a turk anywhere. The day was clear and cold, and it seems to the writer that the Thanksgivings of an earlier day were colder than now. It may be a notion, but that is the way they come up. I taught the school in the windy, rickety house, on the hill, and was a guest. In the morning the big boys, with a lesser one or two, and the farm dog, ranged the hills with an old gun for rabbits and squirrels. It may be glorious sport for half a dozen healthy young pagans to stand around a hole in the ground in a quiver of expectancy while old Towser digs out a bunny, lying in the far corner, in a shiver of fear, but it looks different to Graybeard working a typewriter years and years later, in a Publishing House.

Then came the dinner. The table was in the big kitchen. As I recall it there was no carpet on the floor, which shone in all the cleanliness of wood worn with sand and soap for twenty-five years. About one o'clock the flat to assemble went forth, and ten of us marched into place and sat down. It was along about my first experience with the Brethren, and I remember that on the chair of the lady of the house and her buxom

daughter, opposite, hung a cap of flimsy, an that they adjusted it in place on their head before returning thanks. I didn't know wha it meant at the time, and was too ignorant i ask. There came the long grace, followed be the badinage as to who should do the carving which fell to the head of the house, who proceeded to do it, keeping most of the turkey of the plate and off the tablecloth.

While the carving is going on let's reca the spread. There was the twenty-pound tui key, flanked with mashed potatoes, lim beans and dried corn. Down a little furthe was a big rattlesnake coil of sausage, and plate of fried ham, for anybody supposed t be hollow throughout. Beside these wer plates of sweet potatoes, cold slaw, and appl "sass," and in between were dishes of wonder ful preserves of one kind and another, tw kinds of applebutter, and on a big blue-edge plate stood the monument of half a roll of golden butter. There were other things, be I don't recall them, and the only reason whi there was not more to eat was because the did not happen to think of it. That's th Dunkard of it. There was never a woman ye who wore the bonnet, who felt at peace with herself if she didn't stack things up beyon the wildest capacity of the eaters. And th 'Nookman rises to remark that it is a vast dea better than the other way of it. It must als be in the picture that there was a side tabl and on it was a heaped pile of doughnut the crisp, crumbly kind, apple pies, mind pies, pumpkin pies, and some wonderful cake made "out of a book." Also a lot of big reapples, selected for the occasion.

Then we fell to. Grandpop, with wagglin hand, was feeding himself with mashed potatoes, his teeth being like the last lovefeas "now a thing of the past," and he was telling in a thin, piping voice of a wonderful Thanks giving day back in the long ago, and nobod listening. The woman of the house was seeing that everybody got enough to eat, the man was enjoining all to lay hold, the children were pulling at wings and legs, while the teacher had one eye on the plate and the other on the big girl who was trying to appear unconscious. The whole kit of us never hear of dyspepsia, and probably couldn't have toles.

hether it was an island in the ocean or some we kind of store goods.

But there is a limit, and an end, even to pacity. And then came the blessed rest of e afternoon, the somnolent, good-natured their, and the final dispersing. The party has ostly gone over and the children, those left ive, are settled in the city, and have probaly forgotten the pewter spoon days since the coal was sold, but perhaps not.

What a pity it is that these things come aly once in a lifetime, and are so lightly held, ll the mist of years hangs between, when they om up like an etching against the back-

round of time.

Work faithfully, and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness.

SOME FREAKS OF A SCHOOL REGISTER.

BY N. R. BAKER.

On my register containing nearly 300 names, ontrary to expectation no doubt, the leading ame is neither Jones, Smith, Miller, nor Myrs, but the comparatively uncommon one of ochran. There are eight by that name.

It contains however fourteen "Willies" mong the given names, three of which belong pirls.

There is a John George and a George Johns, William Johns and a John Williams. Two pioice in the cognates of William Williams.

In one class there are but six boys. Three f them answer to the name of Henry. Since tudying English History they are called by neir classmates "Henry I., Henry II., and Henry III."

The name of one about the least liable to ise in his studies is Risor. Forestry is recogized by Crabtree, Woodie, and Ashworth. Imong animals I find the Griffin and Wolf nly are represented. Classical literature is ecognized in the names Ben Johnson, John hilpin, Morris, Everett, Saxon, Cameron and Percy.

Some of the queer names are: Pullen, mms, Liversage, Lawshe, Gaston, Gosson, laney, Rabby, Huey, Pringle, Goleman, Chadck, Hiserodt, Cronier, Pate, Vigor and Scanan.

The patronymics are the common ones of Johnson, Thompson, Tomlinson, Peterson, Williamson, and Davison.

[This matter of names is a funny one. Often those that seem unfamiliar to us are very common in other places. Not a thousand miles from the writer of the above is a section of country where the population is pretty evenly divided between the Shakerags and Tailholts.—Ed.]

The poorest boy can make every spare hour rich in opportunities for an education through books.

A MODERN ARK.

BY J. A. SEESE.

One of the most remarkable occurrences of which the writer has ever heard took place in Page County, Virginia, in the early seventies.

There was an immense freshet in that part of the State, and the headwaters of the Shen-andoah river spread far beyond their banks, carrying away everything in their course. A family by the name of Petit lived in a house near the river, and as the water rose, it was lifted from its foundation, and carried down the river for about ten miles, where it floated out into Isaac Long's bottom, and as the water receded, settled on its new resting place.

The family was in the house all the time, which received but little damage and is standing even to the present day.

Mr. Long gave them, free of charge, a small plot surrounding the house in which the family remained, and enjoyed its protection all the more since it had carried them safely through the dangerous flood.

Aden, Va.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person that comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves when their time comes.—John Ruskin.

#### HOW IT IS DONE IN HOLLAND.

"Nor long ago I was privileged to become a member of a family living in Rotterdam," said an American woman yesterday. "For me the opportunity was fraught with innumerable benefits in the study of Dutch housekeeping and the relation between mistress and maid, their duties and their attitude toward each other, so widely different from our own.

"The house where I visited was in the city, and had many modern accessories. people reading of Holland picture only the court or peasant life, ignoring that of the middle or professional class. Artists have so frequently represented the Dutch peasant kitchen that we are familiar with its details. Imagine now, if you can, a fair-sized room on what we consider the parlor floor, for most of the houses are built over a store or office, only the very modern dwelling houses having basements. A stove, not a range, of heavy black sheet-iron, such as we frequently see in the toy kitchen of German importation, stands beneath the wide chimney place. The trimmings are of nickel or brass; two compartments hold the 'turf' which they burn in the place of coal. The object of the two grates is economy. Above the stove is a mantel shelf, from which hangs a full ruffled curtain of calico, and here against the wall are the articles so dear to the heart of every proper minded Dutch cook. Here are the brass or copper pan, the rings, match box and lamp, all exquisite in their high polish. I doubt if these articles are ever used, but the tradition of the kitchen demands their presence, and conspicuous, indeed, to the eye of a Dutch cook would be their absence; in fact, I doubt if one could engage a reputable servant without these outward and visible signs of gentility.

"Our Dutch kitchen boasts of no oilcloth, but in its place a tiled floor of marble, with a platform at one side or possibly in the middle of the room and raised about half a foot from the floor. On this is a cocoa matting rug, with the table for the servants' meals, where after the dinner at night they may sit sociably around the lamp, drinking their tea with all of the comforts, if not the luxuries with which the mistress partakes of hers in the drawing room.

"How often have I sighed for the cleanly slab of gray marble which does service for the work table, with the sink at one end. There is only cold water on tap, however.

"The cook acting as laundress is impossible, for all of the washing is sent out of the house so that her duty is in nowise complex. She is a specialist, and is so respected.

"A woman of the upper classes in Holland never goes to market; all commodities are brought to the house, the cook generally making the purchases. She pays all current bills from a sum given her by the mistress once a week, for which she must render an account each evening. For this she has a neat little book, in which the guilder, stuiver and dubbelti must agree.

"' Betje,' the cook, never bakes bread, muffins, cake or pie-these are all sent from the caterer, but who can equal her soup, vegetables, savory dishes and relishes? The tea and coffee are always made at the table. halls, not small in size, of marble, with a narrow strip of carpet in the centre, and the long, often winding stairs, are under her special care. It is no mean task to keep them up to the required standard of cleanly Holland. In many households the runner is taken up each morning, halls and stairs washed and carpet relaid. The cook only prepares breakfast for herself and maids. The family meal, consisting of bread and butter, cheese and sometimes a fresh egg with tea, is prepared by the mistress of the house at the table.

"The servants have their distinctive dress, but by the cap one can see at a glance whether one is cook or waitress. The cities have their own design. In Rotterdam, the cook dresses in the regulation blue and white cambric, with white linen apron and cap heavily fluted in the front, white stockings and soft shoes.

"The cook washes the marble 'stope,' and, by the way, that is a word that we have inherited from our Dutch ancestors. She keeps the brass knocker bell and handle polished, then she pins up her skirt, and donning a pair of heavy wooden shoes she washes the street, drawing the water from a convenient faucet, placed on the outside of the house, and oh, how lavish she is with that water!

"The Dutch cook is, therefore, picturesque

h the extreme, but she is also delightfully tractical and useful: she has been well trained. nd assumes nothing she cannot fulfill. Many right memories remain to me of her presence -her bargaining with the farmer who brings is cart to the door piled high with vegetables, arefully raised, and most temptingly displayed in flat baskets; her standing ready to eceive the milk from the milk woman, with er cart drawn by the big, friendly dog; her vaiting to remove the muddy overshoes and o clean them as she welcomes you home."

It sometimes happens that a woman's hair is a bit of fiction founded on fact.

#### A MOUNTAIN CITY THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

Two Morrison Coveites, John Replogle and Henry Miller, stood talking on the steps of he hotel in front of the station in Altoona. The Pennsylvania Limited had just rushed in; lisposed of a few of her passengers and taken on a few. There were the usual rolling of lravs and rumbling of ice-carts under the long hed as the baggage was changed and the water coolers replenished.

"Henry, suppose we go up to Third Avenue and see how Sam Jones is getting along, until

our train is due."

"All right, John, glad you mentioned it. The last thing my wife said, was, 'Now Henry to try and hunt up Jones' and see how they ire getting along."

Away they went, over Twelfth Street bridge, down the steps on the Ninth Avenue side, hence up Twelfth Street until they had al-

nost reached the top of the hill.

They found their friend sick with the rheunatism. He had not worked for six weeks. His wife earned what she could in whatever way she could. But her best efforts barely kept the wolf from the door.

As they wended their way down to the station, 'Henry," remarked, John, "I never dreamed of now much I have to be thankful for until I saw the destitution of that family. Day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving and it nearly preaks Mr. and Mrs, Jones' heart to think that pread and molasses are all they can offer their children for dinner. Now, what I want to know is why can't we demonstrate our gratitude by taking those children out to the country and giving them a square meal?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that," replied the other, "but I was thinking about putting a barrel of apples, a few bushels of potatoes, some turnips, beets, cabbages, celery and a couple chickens on my wagon and hauling them in and unloading at Iones' for my thankoffering. But why can't we go together and do both?"

"That's a bargain, I'm sure our wives will do their part," responded Henry emphatically.

Early on Thanksgiving morning Miller's wagon, well laden with country produce, stopped in front of Jones', and after explaining to Mrs. Jones that he wanted to take her four little ones out to the country to spend Thanksgiving, Mr. Miller began unloading his wagon. His only reason for doing so was that the Lord had abundantly blessed his brother in the church and himself.

The Iones children were treated to a good, old-fashioned country feast-turkey, mashed potatoes, baked apples, cold slaw, stewed raisins, pumpkin pie, marble cake, ginger bread, cranberries, apples, grapes, oranges, bananas, ice cream and candy.

Little Bess wanted to carry her fruit home to mamma and her cake to "poor papa." This little six-year-old, with eyes so blue, and golden curls, proved herself so winning as to cause Mrs. Replogle to want to adopt her. Mr. and Mrs. Jones reluctantly consented to let her do this, and thus, what started in an idle thought in the Altoona station resulted in everybody's being helped and a child's getting a good home.

Elgin, Ill.

A NOVEL WAY OF DRIVING.

A MAN riding a bicycle and driving a horse at the same time startled people on a Philadelphia street the other day. He held the reins in one hand and guided his machine with the other. His feet rested upon the coaster and the horse did the rest. In and out among the other vehicles he guided the animal and all along the street people stopped and gazed in wonder.

#### LAYING AN OCEAN CABLE.

THE laying of an oceanic cable is a work of stupendous magnitude and cost. In the first place the cable must be constructed with a view to the strain it will have to sustain, and in order that this may be done it is necessary to have correct soundings of the ocean's bed along the entire route. An instrument for the taking of soundings has been devised that meets all possible contingencies. It is very simple, consisting only of a cannon ball pierced with an iron rod and held in place by slings. As the ball goes down swiftly it drives the rod into the bottom like the point of a spear, when an opening at the end catches the ooze in its iron lips. The same instant the slings loosen, the ball drops off and the naked rod with its "bits" is drawn up to the surface.

The cable must be constructed with care, not only as regards strength, but as to continuity of connection and perfect insulation. No moisture must reach the metal, else corrosion would speedily destroy it. It consists, in the first place, of a core which comprises the conductor, made of a strand of copper wires and the insulating covering, generally made of gutta-percha, but occasionally of India rubber to prevent the escape of electricity.

Then comes a layer of tanned jute yarn laid over the gutta-percha to protect it from the sheathing of steel wires over which come again jute yarn and a bituminous compound. The sheathing varies in type with the depth of the water in which it is laid. The deep-sea type has a sheathing of many small steel wires; then through several intermediate types the sheathing wires become gradually larger until finally at the shore end the deep-sea sheathed cable is again sheathed with strands, each made up of three steel wires set triangularly. It will be noticed, however, that the core is the same throughout.

The copper wires for the conductor are twisted up together or stranded. They are then passed through the covering machine, by which the gutta-percha is squeezed round the conductor in a continuous envelope touching it throughout. The coil is then served with

jute yarns, which are laid spirally round if forming an elastic soft bedding for the sheath ing wires. These latter, as well as the outer serving and compound, are put on in one The served coil passes through a hollow shaft of a circular skeleton frame work of iron on which are mounted bobbins filled with steel wire or jute yarn, as the case may be. This framework can be rotated and the cable at the same time being drawn along. the wires or yarns are wound spirally round the core. The bituminous compound is ap plied by the cable being passed under a spout from which the melted compound runs The finished cable is then coiled in large cir cular iron tanks, in which it is kept under water.

Despite the care necessary in its manufacture, the rate at which the cable is made it remarkably rapid, being for the deep-sea type more than five nautical miles (a nautical mile 2,029 yards) per machine in twenty-four hours and as the manufacture is carried on continuously day and night, with ten cable-machines in operation all at once, it will be seen that from fifty to fifty-five nautical miles can be turned out in every twenty-four hours

The last cable that was made for Mr Mackay, several years ago, which stretched across the Atlantic 2,201 nautical miles in length, aggregated a total of 5,460 tons in weight, made up of the following compound parts: Copper wire, 495 tons; gutta-percha 315 tons, jute yarn, 575 tons; steel wire, 3,000 tons and compound and tar, 1,075 tons. Over three times as much material will be required for the Pacific cable.

The cable ship itself is a vessel of strange interior arrangement, especially designed for the purpose. It is not only a huge storage department, but a big floating workshop at well. In the hold there are three immense iron tanks, similar to the land tanks at the manufactory, thirty-four feet in diameter, for the storage of the cable, each having a conical core for guiding the cable when it is being paid out. The space within these cores is utilized to hold fresh water. The capacity of its tanks in the regular cable ship is about 1,400 tons of cable, this being the equivalent of about 100 miles of inshore cable, weighing

ourteen tons to the mile, or 700 miles of the leep-sea type, weighing about two tons per mile.

The cable tanks are all connected by "ways" or troughs, so that a transfer may be made rom one tank to another or from any tank to either of the huge paying-out machines. Handling of the cable made necessary by such ransfer is usually done by means of a small engine connected to a drum, and all mounted on a truck by which it may be moved about he deck.

As the cable is brought from the tank it casses over an iron sheave, fastened to the framework of the hatchway, thence around mother larger deeply grooved iron sheave, and the friction of the cable at this point acts is a tension. It then passes several times around the giant drums of the great dynamometer, over several pulleys on the deck and out over the sheave of the stern to its resting place at the bottom of the sea.

The dynamometer indicates the amount of strain to which the cable is subjected at any moment and also enables the man în charge of the brake wheel to regulate the strain put on by the brake to suit the varying conditions of laying. After leaving the dynamometer it passes under and over several large retarding wheels before wending its sinuous way into the sea.

When all the available cable has been laid the end is carefully sealed up and, having been attached to a rope, is lowered to the bed of the ocean. A buoy is attached to the other end of the rope and is left floating on the surface of the water to mark the position of the end of the cable until the ship can refurn to port for a new cargo.

Sometimes a break or a "fault" will develop in the laying and steps have to be taken to locate the defect. Scientific accomplishment, which is in reality nothing short of wonderful, has made this a comparatively simple matter.

The conductor of the cable offers a certain amount of obstruction or "resistance" to the passage of the electric current. 'Apparatus has been devised for measuring the amount of this resistance. The unit of resistance is called an ohm, after the great German physicist who discovered and expounded the laws

of electric current. The exact resistance per nautical mile of the conductor of any given cable is known to the electrician in charge. Resistance practically ceases at the point where the conductor comes in contact with the water, and experiment has proven the resistance per mile to be two ohms and the measuring apparatus indicates a total resistance of 800 ohms, the position of the break will be 400 miles from shore, or from the cable ship, as the case may be.

With this information the captain of the steamer is able to determine by his charts the course of the cable, the latitude and longitude in which the break has occurred and can proceed with certainty to effect the repair.

Being satisfied that the ship is at the right place, a conical flat-bottomed buoy is dropped overboard and anchored to make a point from which to carry on operations. The ship leaves the buoy and steams away to a convenient distance from the supposed broken end of the cable. A heavy grappling hook is lowered and the ship steams back at right angles to the line of the cable until the dynamometer gives notice that something has been seized. If the strain be erratic the grapnel is probably only engaging the projections of an uneven bottom, but if the strain steadily increases the cable has been caught. This is an interesting process, especially in water over three miles deep.

> It's difficult to love thy neighbor as thyself if the aforesaid neighbor has a mania for borrowing things.

> > **%** %

"What did your son's course in that eastern college cost you, Mr. Rockingham?"

"About \$11,000, as near as I can recollect."

"Do you think he got the worth of the money?"

"Oh, yes. He learned to say 'ah' for 'r' and his mother gets more than \$11,000 worth of enjoyment out of that alone every time she hears him talk in company."

\* \*

SAID an Irish physician of a patient: "If he lives till morning he may pull through; but if he doesn't there is no hope for him."

#### RUBIES.

ONE advantage gained by the victory of the British over King Thebaw, of Burmah, some years ago, was the acquisition of the famous ruby mines from which had come the finest "pigeon-blood" stones in the world, and it was expected that an immense treasure of these gems would be found in the royal palace. But, although in the looting of the monarch's hastily-abandoned residence, jars filled with rubies were discovered, nearly all of them were of little value, being flawed and in other respects poor specimens.

It was a great disappointment. Nevertheless, confidence in the resources of the mines was unshaken, and capitalists in England were so eager to buy shares in a company organized to exploit the ruby fields that the police were obliged to defend, with drawn clubs, the officers of the concern against a swarm of half-crazed would-be investors.

Shares in the enterprise were boomed to astonishing figures, but tumbled alarmingly when news began to leak out that the ruby craze was likely to prove a bubble. Mining had been begun on an extensive scale, but somehow the gems did not materialize, and it looked as though the fields were much less valuable than had been supposed, or as if the deposits had been exhausted. After some years investors made up their minds that their money was as good as lost. Hence the great and delightful surprise conveyed by the recent intelligence that the mines have begun to pay dividends.

Experience has taught improved methods of mining, and an electrical power plant has been set up by the company for washing the ruby-bearing earth, called "byou." This byou is widely distributed throughout the Mogok Valley. Natives have worked the upper crust of it for centuries, and the idea now in view is to get at the lower levels and dig down to bed-rock, where, because of their weight, the largest crystals are likely to be found. A fine stone of twenty-eight carats was picked up recently, and its value may be imagined from the fact that a ruby of one carat is worth four times as much as a diamond of the same size.

The British company (as reported by Mr. G. F. Kunz to the Geological Survey) is now producing fully one-half of the world's yield of rubies, and its leases are said to include practically all of the ruby-bearing territory of Burmah.

In this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a frece of work the doing of which is of with consequence to the welfare of mankind.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

#### PICK UP USEFUL TRICKS.

"Animals show great aptitude in learning things that are of peculiar interest to them in the struggle for existence," said a gentleman from one of the near-by parishes, "and I have been very much amused at times at the little things they do in an effort to comfort themselves and to make life's burden as light as possible. They are very astute at times.

"We have an old bay horse which is an expert when it comes to slipping the bridle, and ever since we have discovered his peculiar trick it is almost impossible to keep him hitched on account of the proficiency he has acquired by long practice. He is one of the best natured horses I ever saw, and it is the easiest thing in the world to catch him. Really, he will meet you half-way in the pasture if he believes you are coming after him. He probably does this because he delights in slipping the bridle and getting away from you and probably causing you to walk several miles after sunset. For a long time I could not understand the ease with which he would slip his bridle and get away.

"I was always extremely careful about the throat latch and would buckle it up so tight it would seem almost cruelty to animals to force it any further. In spite of this precaution, in a short while after the horse was hitched he would slip the bridle, leave it dangling from the post and gallop playfully down the road. Frequently I would have to walk miles in order to get back home.

"I finally concluded to make a closer study of the fellow in order to find out just how if was he could slip his head through a throat latch that had been buckled so tightly under his neck. I learned how it was. He had a way of swelling the muscles of his throat and neck until there was probably a difference of several inches at the point where the throat latch circled his neck near the head. He would keep his throat in this abnormal condition until he was hitched and the rider was out of sight. Then he would relax the muscles, rub his head against the post until the top of the bridle slipped over his ears, and then, because of the laxity of the throat latch, it was an easy matter for him to pull his head through the frame of the bridle and skip out.

"In spite of the discovery, the old bay still slips the bridle and I suppose he always will. He seems to enjoy it more than anything else in the world, and I never punish him for it now, as this is really the only fault he has. But it is very trying to a fellow's patience when a fellow is forced to splash through the mud for several miles, and after dark, at that."

It's easy for the man who suffers no pain to talk of patience.

#### LATEST THING IN BEES.

The latest fad in bees is a strain with long tongues that can extract the nectar from the deep tubes of the red clover blossoms. Beekeepers have for a long time coveted the honey in the red clover blossoms, and the Italian bees when introduced into this country were supposed to be able to reach it, and the job was placed in their hands. But after a lapse of time it was discovered that but a small per cent of them did any work on red clover blossoms.

Of late the fact has been developed that some bees have longer tongues than others. Various ingenious contrivances have been made to get the exact measurements of the bees' tongues, and it has been found that they vary in length all the way from 15-100 to 20-100 of an inch, the last-named being very rare. If I am not mistaken, a few, perhaps, have exceeded this. It seems that the required length is about 25-100.

Every beekeeper of note is now busy improving his stock along this line, and if you were to pick up a bee journal of the present you would find in most of the advertisements of queen breeders the announcement of the tongue length of the breeding stock. Everybody is confident that it will require but a little time and patience to add a length to the tongues of all bees, for there has been so much attained in breeding bees in other ways that this does not seem impossible. It is well known that the common red clover is perhaps the heaviest nectar-producing plant known, and honey from it is of fine quality. The value will not altogether lie in the honey crop, but the complete fertilization of the bloom will add greatly to the seed crop, thus benefiting the farmer.

Laughter is the sunny side of a man's existence.

#### FALSE TAILS FOR HORSES.

False tails are extensively made for horses, old favorites especially, whose caudal appendages present a wornout and moth eaten appearance, like Petruchio's "old mothy saddle," and his prodigiously mothy get up ("Taming of the Shrew," 3, 2). They are also worn by funeral horses, and by other horses of exquisite outline selected for a particular kind of work, but which are somewhat spoiled in appearance by the possession of a rat tail (bald, like a rat's).

These useful appliances, however, are not constructed exclusively for harness horses. I have seen rows of bogus tails, artistically joined on to the crupper, hanging up in a cavalry barracks ready for instant service, being slipped on just like a finger stall. The "fine ends" or false tails used by nobody but "horse copers" or low swindlers are most ingeniously fastened on the animal's bare back by invisible means.

A dealer in horses never looks at a horse with a bad tail, and he always goes to the best markets only.—Chambers' Journal.

"SHE came upon him unawares," read the teacher. "Can any little boy or girl tell me what 'unawares' means?" Up went the hand of the youngest pupil. "I know!" he cried. "It's what we wear next to our skins."

### NATURE



### STUDY

#### LOON AND THEIR YOUNG.

THE young, on their appearance, take immediately to water, swimming and diving in a manner to convince one that the water is their proper home from the first. They quickly learn, under the tuition of their parents, to conceal themselves, and in addition to this are also taught to ride on the backs of their mothers. It is most interesting to observe the movements of a family soon after the young appear, and it has been my good fortune to twice observe them. Nothing could appear more appropriate than the perching of the young ones on the broad back of the parent, presumably the female, and in this position I have observed them with perfect security, propelled by the tireless paddles of the old bird.

When the old bird apprehends danger she dives, and the little ones disappear with her. It was natural enough that the young should attempt to follow their parent's example, but after hearing that the young ones reappeared with their protector, I was convinced that the old one must in some way aid her offspring in their flight, as we may call it, through the water. The good fortune came to me at last to witness a part of the performance, that portion that mortals are allowed to see.

An old bird, accompanied by two young, was seen in a little bay on the lake, and we hastened to press her to dive, hoping to secure the young for examination after they were left alone. When first observed the young were at some distance from the mother, but were quickly brought to her by a warning deep, stridulous note, when she observed the approaching boat. She then lowered her body in the water, and the young loons quickly secured a position on her back. We now rowed rapidly, when the old bird dived, and we distinctly saw the young disappear likewise, each chick evidently having seized hold of the

feathers of the mother's body, presumably the tail feathers. It is fair to say that the tail feathers are the ones selected as tow ropes by the young, as the little fellows were relatively in the same positions at the old bird's rear when they came up. At least it is fair to judge that the young catch hold of the feathers of the old one to facilitate removal from places of danger.

#### CRYING HORSE.

"DID you ever see a horse cry?" recently asked an equine expert. "Many people believe that horses do not weep. But those who have had much to do with those faithful creatures know that on certain occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow, in the most heart-breaking manner.

"In certain regions, where the hardiness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common, when the weather is extremely cold, to have an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearing zero, and while its owner is transacting business. In this case the suffering is evidenced by cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles.

"When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in a most distinct manner.

"I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed."

#### A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

THE most formidable and repulsive creature of the submarine world is the spider-crab, who s a master of the scaled and finned things hat live in the ocean's depths. It is alike nideous in appearance and habits, and more han one daring coral hunter and pearl diver as found death in its terrible arms. The spiler-crab flourishes and attains its greatest size n the warm waters of the Japan seas. An idequate idea of the hideousness of the creaure's appearance can only be formed by those who have come across the monster in its lair. its shape bears a strong resemblance to the amiliar spinning insect. The long legs, which often exceed forty feet in length, ure thickly covered with coarse black hair. The body, often fifteen feet in circumference, s also covered with hair, in which barnacles and tiny shellfish make their home. When atacked, the spider-crab exudes an overpowerng odor, which permeates the water around it, and the creature lashes its long, hairy arms intil the water seethes.

Japanese pearl divers assert that the touch of the spider-crab is as fatal as the sting of the cobra's fang, but the usual fighting method of the monster is to embrace its enemy, ish or human, with its hairy tentacles, when leath by suffocation is the inevitable end.

#### ROBINS PLAY AT BEING DEAD.

ONE morning a well-known naturalist was greatly surprised to see a robin lying on his back, evidently dead, being rapidly pulled cound and round by another bird of the same species.

The naturalist at once came to the conclusion that he had come in time to witness the end of a deadly encounter, and that the live obin was indulging in the cruel triumph of dragging his victim's lifeless body over the tones.

But he was mistaken, for suddenly the live pird went down upon his back, his wings and egs were stiffened, and he gave every appearance of being dead, while the other robin, who had been shamming death hopped on his legs and proceeded to serve his companion in the ame way as he had done him. Finally the two birds flew away together to a neighboring tree.

#### WILD ELEPHANTS.

NEAR Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Avuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn round. Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth. the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, as enraged elephants sometimes crush their would-be captors under their

#### A FREAK CHICKEN.

#### BY MARY A. HIMES.

A NEIGHBOR of mine has a chicken that is a wonder. It has four legs, two where they ought to be, and two coming out of the back near the hips. These four legs are perfect, and the chicken is growing, and runs about as well as the others. It is a little larger than a quail, and is growing. The same neighbor has another chicken in perfect health, which has one leg off at the knee, born so, and it hops about and gets along as well as any of the rest perfectly formed.

McCune, Kans.

#### HATCHED IN SHORT ORDER.

THE mosquito eggs are, it is said, hatched in from four to seven days, according to the warmth of the weather.

MR. GUY LOVEGROVE, of Tennessee, writes the 'NOOK, about a tomato plant which he grew this summer and which is still growing at this date. It is eight feet and four inches in height. This is not so bad for a tomato plant, but it would have been of further interest to know whether it produced fruit proportionately.

# 他INGLENOOK

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RUGGED strength and radiant beauty, These were one in Nature's plan; Humble toil and heavenly duty, These will form the perfect man.

#### AN OLD YARN.

NEARLY all young people have heard it dinned into them that if they go quietly ahead and qualify themselves thoroughly their merit will be sought out. It reads all right and sounds well, but as the alleged truth is put it conveys a wrong impression, Let men or women be ever so well qualified for a place if they do not have personal push or influential backing they are not likely to get it. The final authority, stuck off in the bushes, is very likely to stay there if he has no petition in or friends to boost him.

Push and persistence seem to count for more than great ability. Whenever you hear of a man telling how the place was forced on him you are to take the story with several grains of salt if there is either honor or emolument connected with it. For every such post there are a dozen schemers doing their level best to get in, and it is generally the one with the longest legs, the biggest mouth, and the most friends who gets there.

It is all well enough to tell young folks to go ahead and fit themselves for good places. It is eminently the thing to say and do. The 'Nook wants to add that it will help most materially to get as near the dispensing power as possible and keep the bowl turned right side up and in place when the porridge fall takes place.

He, who, having lost one ideal, refuses to give his heart and soul to another and a nobler, is like a man who declines to build a house on the rock, because the wind and rain have ruined his house on the sand.

#### THE HIGHER PLACES.

The head of one of the greatest business combinations in the country is credited with saying that there never was a time in the history of the country when men of ability were so sure of positions. He further said that the trouble was to find men for these places. There is a lesson in this; also a caution.

The lesson is that overmastering ability is bound to win in life, and the caution is to remember that great ability is rare, so rare indeed as to make the places of great honor and profit go begging for men to fill them. The old-time speech of the school director telling the boys that they can all be president of the United States is well enough in its way, but it is hardly true. The men who can manage a property of \$100,000,000, and handle 100,000 men are not found everywhere. Moreover they are like poets, or what is said of poets-born, not made. There is this consolation, however, and that is no person knows what is in him till he is tried. Added to ability it also seems an essential to be able to catch opportunity by the forelock when she passes.

Avoid everything which tends to lessen your vitality, for this is your success-capital, and if it is lessened or impaired, your life-work will be, in that proportion, a failure.

#### PROVED HIS INNOCENCE.

An amusing story is told of a clergyman who, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote

part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half-crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with emotion that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you doan't mean that ould half-crown of mine! Why, I've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years."

\* \*

A MISUNDERSTANDING is abroad in the matter of the oilcloth covered Inglenook Cook Book. Those who want this style of Cook Book should remit fifteen cents extra at the time of subscribing, and not after they have subscribed and have received the regular paper covered edition.

\* \*

I RECEIVED the 'Nook Cook Book and want to thank you for it. I know personally, a good many of the contributors, and have fried several of the recipes, and they are all right.—
Mollie F. Switzer, Roanoke, Ill.

## ??????????????

Is the insulation of lightning rods a necessity?

No. In some houses they are laid right into he building.

Can a widow be deprived of her dowry by law?

No, not unless she signs away her rights in he premises.

Would it do any good to address a memorial to the tovernment to do away with war and war-like prepara-

Not the slightest, as the 'Nook sees it.

What are mast-fed hogs?

Hogs that fatten wild on acorns and nuts. The meat is superior to that of grain-fed aninals.

What causes the rings or layers in a beet root?

They bear some relation to the number and disposition of the leaves, but what it is, exacty, does not appear well known.

I have read of savages producing fire by rubbing two sticks together. How is it done, if at all true?

It is true and the 'NOOKMAN has seen it done, but it is not accomplished at all in the way the words suggest. We will write it up sometime in the future.

What is osteopathy?

A comparatively new system of medicine in which the bones play an important part. If some reader who knows will give a brief statement of its claims we will gladly find a place for it.

Can the provisions of a will be set aside by the heirs?

In the division of property, yes, if the parties are of legal age and all agree to it. It should be carefully set forth in writing and the interests of all protected. Sometimes the provisions of a will work out injustice unintentionally by new conditions that arise wholly and unforeseen by the party making the will. The moral principle involved is to do about what the testator would agree to if alive.

What is meant by the phrase "the survival of the fittest"?

A hen with a dozen chicks may be taken as an example. Some are born dead, others die early, and some later. The strongest live and the very strongest live longest. These survive because they are best fitted for overcoming adverse conditions that they meet with and this is a case of the survival of the fittest. It is applicable to all animate things, but does not necessarily mean the survival of the best, except in a physical sense.

A few of us would like to start a local paper here Can you suggest a good method of procedure?

Find the exact cost of the printing outfit. Then ascertain the weekly cost of your edition and multiply by fifty-two, adding about one-third more to it. Then canvass the country for subscribers and advertisers, and add the income and subtract from the cost. It is a risky business in a new location, but thousands succeed. A great deal depends on whether you are going to do your own work. That will help most materially.

#### YOUNG GIRLS OF COREA.

MARRIAGE does not bring happiness to girls in Corea any more than to those in other parts of the Far East. When young a girl is allowed a freedom which is denied her later, and it is not till she attains the dignity of being a mother-in-law that she begins to enjoy life again.

The daughter of a Corean house is of little consequence, while a son is of great importance, and his advent into the family circle is always welcomed with joy. When very young the boys and girls play together, but when they reach the age of eight or ten a great distinction is made. In the families of wealth where none of the women of the family are obliged to do any of the housework or toil in the fields, the daughters are secluded in the part of the house reserved for the women, into which no men are allowed to enter. Their brothers dwell in the men's apartments, where they are free to do what they please.

Education in Corea is provided to a certain extent for the boys and young men, but it is almost an unheard-of thing for a girl to be allowed to learn anything outside of the purely domestic accomplishments. The girl is a mere chattel: she is not even considered a unit of society. As an illustration of how far this idea is carried it is interesting to note that the girl has literally no name. When she is a mere child a surname is given to her for convenience, but when she marries she gives it up and merges her identity in that of her husband. Her parents call her by the ward or district in which she contracted her marriage; her parents-in-law call her by the name of the village from which she has come. Later on, when she has children, she is named the " Mother of So and So."

It is safe to say that the small Corean girl does not appreciate the blessings of her childhood until she grows up. That many of them are capable of a much broader existence has been proved by some women missionaries in Southern Corea who have made experiments in their education. They built a bungalow in the midst of the old city of Fusan, and lived right among the people, learning to know them in their homes. It was not long before their attention was attracted to the pitiful case

of a little orphan girl, and they decided to take her in and care for her. Soon they heard of others, and the little band increased until it numbered seven or eight. They hired native teachers, both men and women, the latter giving the children lessons in sewing, cooking and all the other branches of industry with which Corean custom demanded that they should be familiar, and the former teaching reading and writing in both Corean and Chinese.

This was a great innovation, and the result of it was watched with interest. The little girls proved themselves quite unhandicapped by the suppression which their sex had undergone for centuries, and learned with greater facility than the small boys. They developed many lovable traits of character, the most distinctive of which was their thoughtfulness of each other.

In Corea there is a special dress for every particular occasion, and the little girls who correspond to our bridesmaids are clothed in a way fearful and wonderful to behold; but their everyday dress is simple and hygienic enough to meet with the approval of the most ardent dress reformer. In appearance the girls and women of Corea are often attractive. Their black hair grows very thick, their eyes are bright and intelligent, and their rather swarthy cheeks are tinged with a color which may be artificial, but is often the sign of robust health.

A woman's prematurely gray hair is often the result of marrying a man to reform him.

#### MAIDENS OF MOROCCO.

Young girls have been said to be more in harmony with nature in Morocco than anywhere else in the world. The country abounds in color. There are miles of delicate white broom, pale blue convolvulus, purple thistles, and bright poppies, bathed in sunshine and perfume, and the Moorish girls are like brighthued flowers in the midst of this natural display. They have a stately carriage and grace of movement, the effect of which is heightened by the soft folds of their muslin dresses. In the open country, where they may be seen with unveiled faces, they work and chatter with the utmost lightheartedness.

Unfortunately the period of girlhood is hortlived. The marriageable age is twelve ears, and a father seldom keeps his daughter fter she has reached fifteen. The age of the ridegroom does not matter, and a child of welve frequently receives a husband of sixty. Vith the betrothal the careless life of beauty ended. When a girl becomes engaged it is er parents' duty to fatten her, and she is put ato training for this.

"Every morning," says The London Daily Telegraph, "she takes the soft part of her heaten bread and rolls it into long, round ieces about twice the length of her little finer and of the girth of her thumb. After each all meal she eats three or four of these, radually increasing the dose. At first she is llowed to wash them down with milk or reen tea. Later on liquids are forbidden. Iost girls manage in time to put away fifty or xty of these aids to obesity every day. By the time the wedding day comes around brides ave wholly lost their slimness, and after a two years resemble huge sacks of down.

"Weddings always take place in the evenig, and the long procession is an indispenible part of the ceremony. The woman is eatly enveloped in gauze and muslin, and acked into a trim little red box, just as if she ere an automatic doll or the newest thing in ats, so that she can no more be seen than a iamond wrapped up in wadding and shut in a asket. The box is fastened on the back of a ule or a horse, and when these details are itisfactorily settled the procession starts. Il her kith and kin, as well as the relations ad friends of her future lord, ride in state or plemnly march on foot to the sounds of weird usic, which would madden a European. The struments are ear-splitting. But the loo-looo and lee-lee-lee shrieked out with shrill pices by the women to wish the couple good ck are terrible. And if the families have a proper sense of what they owe themselves they are not satisfied even with this, but invest in gunpowder and keep firing all the way to the bridegroom's house.

"There are no religious ceremonies at the nuptials of the Moors. When the motley crowd reaches the house of love they make ready for vociferous amusement and 'high tea' at the expense of the happy bridegroom. If no awkward hitch occurs, the marriage is duly registered, and the woman is his lawful spouse until death or divorce severs them. Then the festivities move apace, lasting half the night, and are begun every day afresh for about a week."

It is a difficult matter for an outsider to visit a harem. The wife may freely receive her women friends, and while these are present her husband may not enter the apartment. A red slipper at the threshold is a sign for him to keep away.

A Moorish woman who has become a Christian is reported as summing up the disadvantages of her former condition and the improvement brought by her change of religion in this wise: "Here we are not our husband's better halves, nor any half at all—merely fractions who are neglected. Whereas, when a Christian, I can have a husband all to myself, and many friends as well."

Conquer your foe by force, and you will increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow.

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FATHER (meaningly): "Who is the laziest boy in your class, Tommy?"

Tommy: "I don't know, pa."

Father: "I should think you should know. When all the others are industriously studying or writing their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

Tommy: "The teacher."



#### ANTS AS MATCHMAKERS.

Who ever heard of ants in the role of matchmakers? Yet in the island of Sulu, one of Uncle Sam's recently acquired possessions, in the Philippine archipelago, the maidens cannot find husbands without their intervention. A gentleman who recently visited the island has this to say of the curious state of affairs:

"A most curious custom is to be found in that island. It obtains only among some of the more savage tribes of the far interior, called the Kakkohattochochka (I won't swear to the spelling) tribe. These savages are very primitive people indeed, and very savage in all their manners of life. There are not above 10,000 of this tribe, and they live in the mountains of the interior. The way their young women are given in marriage is worth going miles to see. I saw the ceremony last month and I shall not soon forget it.

"When a young woman comes to the age of fourteen she is deemed marriageable. A notice is given out by the town crier that on a certain day the young woman will be given in marriage. This day is within a month of the fourteenth birthday of the lady concerned, and is chosen by her, according to ancient custom. And the choosing of the day, by the way, is all that the bride has to say about the marriage. The crier also, a few days later, calls out the dowry of the bride and proclaims her charms aloud in the market place. So all the population is notified and a goodly crowd of admirers gather to take their chance for the fair lady. The near relatives of the bride and the contestants-who have previously given their names in to the father of the girl-and a crowd of perhaps 100 persons, if the young woman is the daughter of a man of importance, gather to see the show.

"On the morning of the marriage the bride is taken out by her maids and crowned with lilies and clad in white. Then with much drum beating she is led forth and passes among the suitors and kisses each in turn. Then she is wreathed with more flowers and is seated to watch the fun.

"Now, on that island of Sulu they have a

kind of ant that puzzles the scientists, for i has a double set of mandibles, one above and one below the head, and both entirely independent in action. These ants play a leading part in the marriage ceremony. The nigh before the ceremony the village priest goe out by the light of the moon and opens an an hill with secret rites and carefully selects some ants equal in number to the number of suitors. These are kept with care.

"After the bride has kissed all the suitor in turn they go out to the hut where the ant are kept. The priest is there and he takes a ant by the body and allows it to fasten th lower mandible to the forefinger of the right hand of a young man. These ants are about an inch and a half long and have the most fe rocious bite you can imagine. Then, eacl suitor with an ant hanging to his forefinger the young men go back to the presence of the Then there are long and elaborat rites, while the young men go around an dance before the bride, each with a monstrou ant hanging to his finger. Then she is blind folded and the young men are lined up for the selection.

"The drums are beaten with renewed vigo and the bride goes along the line of the suit ors and inserts her forefinger in the upper mandible of the ants that hang to the finger of the suitors, each in turn. The first ant the closes his pincer on the digit of the fair lad wins her for the man to whose finger it hanging. Then the chosen bridegroom strike the ant to the ground and crushes it with heel, and in comes the priest and marries the couple. Afterward the ants that have been used in the ceremony are taken out an cooked and a portion is given to each guest to be eaten like the wedding cake in civilized lands."

The difference between a mediocre work and a masterpiece is measured and marked by trifles.

#### A WONDERFUL LAKE.

In the vast inland seas between the Unite States and Canada is stored not only an iner haustible supply of cold pure water to slak the thirst of the millions who live along the shores; but a supply of food which, if available to the shores in the shores is a supply of food which, if available to the shores in the shores is the same than the shores in the shores in

ce shall keep its hands off, will never be exhausted through all the centuries to come.

Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario have a combined area of nearly one undred thousand square miles; without Lake Michigan, lying wholly within the United states, about seventy-five thousands of square niles, with a shore line several thousands of niles in length.

To catch the fish of these great inland seas calls for the labor of many thousands of men, for the annual expenditure of many hundreds of thousands of dollars; it calls for many ships and tugs and smacks and boats, for millions of fathoms of nets, for large store-houses of ce, for trains of refrigerator or express cars. The value of the annual catch runs into milions of dollars.

So cold, so deep, so very cold and deep, is his greatest lake on the globe (Lake Superior) that no corpse comes back from its greenalue depths. Many a tale may you hear as you pass up and down the lake, in whatsoever tind of craft you sail, of this relentless prison-touse of the dead.

And whether you are on some one of the great passenger boats, or flying along the course of a pleasure yacht, or even tempting Providence in an Indian's birch-bark canoe. you need not be surprised that not a man of he crew who makes his livelihood on this immense body of water can swim. Winter and jummer, so cold is it that no bathing is possible, and the boys grow into men along its ocky north coast without ever having an opportunity of learning to swim. It would be of cant avail, however, if they should know how, or no man could live in these icy waters even n midsummer. If you hold your head above water in Lake Superior half an hour, or even ifteen minutes, without something to cling to, ou may be sure you have sterling powers of endurance.

White-fish and lake trout—these are the oadstones that draw the fisher-folk. There we other fish of importance: the pike, the sismowet (though of less value because of its excessive fat), the sturgeon, and the herring, his latter coming more and more into prominence as a commercial fish; but the leaders are the trout and white-fish, so hard and firm

their flesh, so toothsome, so easy to preserve through long journeying.

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If the power to do hard work is not a taient, it is the best possible substitute for it.—James A. Garfield.

SOME USES OF BORAX.

It is a pity that more housekeepers do not realize what a very useful and beneficial agent borax is in the home. Until within recent years the price of imported borax was so high that its use in the household was not common. Now that we furnish our own supply it is within the reach of all; the most convenient form for domestic purpose is the powdered borax which is sold in boxes.

For laundry work it is invaluable and the washwoman of Belgium and Holland, so famous for the beauty of their work, use it instead of soda; it is a neutral salt and will not injure the fabric. In washing, a handful of borax to ten gallons of water will save nearly one-half that ordinary quantity of soap, and will make the clothes beautifully white and clean. It is especially good in washing silk, woolen materials, lace and delicate fabrics. Many laundresses also stir a little into the starch as they claim it gives a better finish and makes the starched article easier to iron.

In dish washing and kitchen work it possesses the advantage over so many other articles of common use of not injuring the hands; on the contrary, it is beneficial to them, as it is one of the ingredients which compose nearly all good salves and washes for the skin. It is excellent in driving away ants and all kinds of summer pests, and used about presses, refrigerators and sink is exceedingly purifying.

For the toilet its good offices are manifold; it relieves chapped hands, tender feet, weak eyes and removes dandruff from the hair. It is very soothing to burns and bruises, and as a mild antiseptic cannot be surpassed.

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THE imprudent man reflects on what he said and the prudent man on what he is going to say.

#### FIRE IN THE FOREST.

Few people know that in California at all hours of the day and night a force of government policemen are on duty, walking regular beats in the heart of the mountain forests as they would in a populous city, making occasional arrests and regular reports to headquarters, quite in the style of the modern policeman. In many cases these beats are so isolated and lonesome that the policeman does not see a soul for weeks save the men on the adjoining beats. But it is not to preserve order that the national government employs this force and pays them, but to guard against forest fires, which have yearly been increasing in number and destructiveness. Millions of feet of valuable timber are burned every year as the result of the carelessness of hunting parties in leaving camp fire embers behind them. Drouth has followed drouth until the whole Sierra Madre country seems likely to burn up, and not only is there an immense loss in standing timber, but the removal of the trees allows the springs and creeks which feed the rivers to dry up, the winter snows are not conserved for irrigation and the effect is felt hundreds of miles away.

The government has endeavored for many years to control these destructive forest fires, but during the fall of 1899 and 1900 the situation became so alarming that it took up the matter much more energetically and systematically than ever before. The ranges are now subdivided into smaller districts than formerly, and each district is under direct supervision of a superintendent or warden. Each warden has under him deputy wardens or rangers, who patrol smaller subdistricts several times a day during the summer and fall months and report regularly to the warden under whom they are working.

For this patrol service the government pays its men \$2 a day and expenses. The work, aside from the actual fighting of fires, is not so very hard, but it soon becomes very monotonous, and it is sometimes very hazardous. It consists in patrolling a given beat several times a day. The patrolmen are clothed with police power and have orders to arrest anyone who has done anything that would cause

a blaze, or who has in any way disregarded the regulations of the forest reserve commission.

It is also the ranger's duty to keep a sharp lookout for incipient blazes; to extinguish them, if he can, alone; and if not, to report the fire to his superior and the nearest known help in that particular neighborhood.

There are various causes for the forest fires Some are started by accident, some by thought lessness and some by deliberate, criminal care lessness. By far the most frequent cause the smoldering campfire, carelessly left by hunters and others. Recent laws make it misdemeanor to leave any embers from campfire which the next rising breeze migh fan into a flame. The matter of taking timber unlawfully from the forest reserve also come under the direct attention of the forest rangers. With the improved facilities now being established all fires will be reported mon quickly. Moreover, trails are now being made over many slopes which have heretofore beef almost impassable or along which a patrolman could at best make but very slow progress

There are few grander or more awe-inspir ing sights than that afforded by a mountain forest fire at night. A few years ago one o the fiercest of the Sierra Madre fires raged i the Cucamonga mountains. This fire had it origin in the operations of some lumbermen down near the foot of the mountain. gotten beyond their control late in the even ing. When it was first started there was scarce ly a breeze astir, but before it had burned long the superheated currents of air had create such a gale that the hungry flames were carried right on up the steep mountain slope with al most incredible rapidity until there was on continuous wall of flame several miles long, ex tending nearly to the top of the mountain The night was quite dark and the beautiful re flections thrown back from the clouds and ski were something never to be forgotten.

On another occasion a hunting party in Deccanyon, in the Sierra Madre range, witnessed one of these tremendous outbursts of flame which raged for miles. Deer canyon is a long uneven rocky gorge which extends nearly to the top of Cucamonga peak. Beginning a the foothills it is quite wide, but it gradual deepens until its upper part is quite shadow.

nost of the way. At that time both slopes of his canyon, from brink to ridge, were densely rooded with gigantic pine, redwood and ther varieties of large mountain trees. The ndergrowth also was thick and dense. It ras during the month of September and at hat time Deer canyon offered great inducements to hunting and camping parties, as here was every natural advantage—shade, pring water, variety of mountain and plain nd abundance of game. As its name implies, here were quite plentiful and it was not an unommon thing at that time for the more darag hunter to bring in a mountain lion or a rizzly bear.

A member of the hunting party, who took a and in the fight on the fire, thus described it: "Our party had gone into camp well up the anyon, and had been thoroughly enjoying ocating the favorite haunts of some of the arger game, when on the evening of the ourth day there broke out one of the largest nd most destructive fires that ever invaded hat part of the government forest reserve. his fire broke out near the mouth of the canon. It originated from a campfire left by a arty similar to ours, who had gone away the lay before. Our party had just returned to amp from our morning tramp, at about 2 clock in the afternoon. We were all tired, ot and hungry, and were making 'hasty preprations for strengthening the inner man, when re noticed dense clouds of smoke beginning o roll up over the hilltops. At first it seemed o rise like dark pillars of clouds toward the ky, but by the time we had finished our meal he columns kept spreading wider and wider, and to our dismay the kindling breeze set in oward us, thus driving the head fires right in ur direction.

"The nearest patrolman to this locality was he Ontario ranger, but he was at that time aghting an incipient fire on the other side of he range in Santana canyon. It so happened hat the Azusa ranger, whose beat was adjoining this, saw the fire about the time it first started. Hastening to the scene at once, he succeeded in summoning quite a large company of men to battle with the fiery element. By the time this force had arrived the fire had made considerable headway and the heat was so intense that it was almost impossible to get nearer than a quarter of a mile from the flames. The roar of these as they leaped from pine to pine was almost deafening. Their resinous limbs, bark and foliage could withstand the fury of such flames but for an instant, and when the head fires had passed on to further destruction all that was left was the great, blackened trunk, with outstretched arms -a charred mockery of what a little before was one of nature's most beautiful bowers.

It took all that night and most of the next day to bring that fire under control. Even then it could not have been accomplished had it not been that the wind shifted to a more favorable quarter, permitting a judicious system of backfiring to be used. Many of the fighters were prostrated by the heat and labor, but by working the volunteers in relays of only a few hours each and taking advantage of the shifting wind it was found possible to double the head fire back onto its own path. But even after the fire was under control it became necessary to keep several men on patrol duty there, as the fallen trunks smoldered for many hours and might easily have been fanned into additional flame upon a favorable shift of the prevailing wind.

Fortune greatly favored our party in that the direction of the head fire was turned before it reached our camp. The hunting was much improved after the fire, as a great deal of the game from the lower slopes was driven ahead of the fire higher up the mountains into our vicinity. It is surprising to those who have never had the opportunity to investigate the matter how destructive these mountain fires are to the animal life whose haunts they invade.

Our life is always deeper than we know, is always more divine than it seems, and honce we are able to survive degradations and despairs which otherwise must have engulfed us.

#### THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

During the sad week of universal anxiety and general bereavement, when, for the third time, the nation was called upon to stand by the bedside of a murdered chief, the searchlight of public attention cast its rays on no more interesting figure than that of George B. Cortelyou, the secretary to the President. Intellectual, energetic, dignified and courteous, this man seemed endowed by nature and fitted by training to perform the duties and meet the emergencies of his particular work.

The position of secretary to the President of the United States is an arduous one. In the rendering of its multitudinous services, it calls for the business qualifications of a methodical and systematic clerk, in the performance of the daily routine of official work, and the finesse of a practiced diplomat in meeting and satisfactorily adjusting situations which naturally come before him as an intermediary between the president and an assorted public, each individual of which believes himself entitled to a portion of the time and interest of the chief executive.

The task of handling and answering the White House mail is in itself no small one, the president receiving from two hundred to one thousand and two hundred letters a day. Important or not, each of these communications receives due attention, the secretary carefully sorting and classifying them; presenting some to the personal attention of the president, referring others to the department or person to which each properly belongs, while all receive courteous acknowledgment from the president's representative.

The secretary is also required to meet and dispose of the numerous visitors who call on the president at times not set aside for his public receptions, and whose business ranges all the way from that relative to the appointment of a supreme court judge or the governor of a turbulent territory, to the obtaining of the presidential autograph for a school-girl's album.

To deal with this heterogeneous mass in such a way as to best serve the ends of both business and courtesy, while economizing his own time and easing the strain on the president's personal attention by selecting the

really important from the trivial quest—sorting the grain from the chaff,—giving offense to none, and sending all away with pleasant words and smiling faces, requires endless resources of tact and good judgment.

The secretary is also expected to keep at his finger's ends the details of all the official business of the executive office, and the president is likely to send for him frequently each day to consult him regarding official engagements which have been made by him, to seek information and advise with him upon some matter under consideration, or, at a moment's notice, to bring papers and data in some case demanding immediate attention

Mr. Cortelyou worked his way to his pres ent high position through sheer ability and determination. He is still a young man, un der forty years of age, and his success may be regarded as an indication of a still more progressive and brilliant career in the future He began as a stenographer, and, as a court reporter, was considered one of the most rapid and accurate in the country. In 1801 he be came private secretary to the fourth assistant postmaster general. Toward the close of the Cleveland administration he was transferred to the White House. He was for several months a stenographer to the president, and was then appointed executive clerk, which position he held until the beginning of Mr McKinley's second term when he was made private secretary.

While in Washington Mr. Cortelyou improved his spare time in the study of the law and, in 1895, was graduated from the George town University Law School. The following year he took a post-graduate course in the Columbian University.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of everyone who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.—Benjamin Har-

THE first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., in 1777.

ACETYLENE black, produced from the car bon of acetylene, is coming into use in the manufacture of India ink.

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#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

#### THE INSTITUTION OF FEET-WASHING.

BY CHAS. M. YEAROUT.

"For I have given you an example, that ye should do is I have done to you."—John 13: 15.

THE Lord had now been with the twelve ipostles a little over three years. He had been teaching and qualifying them for the important work He is about to commit to them is ambassadors representing His kingdom in all the world. The legal time for the observance of the Jewish passover is drawing near, he sun is fast sinking behind the Judean hills on a Thursday evening. Jesus sends two of this disciples to make the preliminary preparation for the observance of the passover on the following (Friday) evening.

They enter a large, upper room, and here the Master gives them His final instruction becore yielding up His life for the sin of the world. He spends the fore part of the night n solemn feaching by precept and example, and institutes several new things in his church for her future observance, and among these things, to the utter astonishment of the apostes, He girds himself with the towel, pours water into a basin and begins to wash the disciples' feet and dry them with a towel wherewith He is girded, and tells them they should do to one another as He had done to hem.

The exemplification of this beautiful service by the Lord was never heard of among the cings and potentates of earth. While Christ was destined to become King of kings and Lord of lords He condescended to the most owly service, in order that He might teach His loving disciples how to love and serve one mother.

This Christian rite is beautiful, because of he compact: serving one another, and bringing all upon an equality in Christ Jesus, indicating their brotherly love and humble, submissive wills to their heavenly Master. This service has a tendency to destroy the caste spirit, and instead of exalting one class and abasing another, all egotistical aspirations and selfish aggrandizements are erased, bring-

ing all together in one great and grand Brotherhood.

Thus, "the whole body (church) fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love," and groweth up into Christ her living Head in all things.

This unifying Christian service should not be confounded with Jewish customs. Peter was a Jew, and understood all about Jewish rites and ceremonies; but did not comprhend or understand the import of Christ's teaching on this subject. "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Because Peter did not understand the meaning of this feet-washing he flatly refused to submit to it: but his refusal severed his relationship with his Lord. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." The penalty for Peter's refusal was a severe one, but no more so, however, than will be meted out to those who live in disobedience to the gospel requirements.

It was the custom in those days for persons to wash their feet before entering the reception room or guest chamber, and water for this purpose was usually provided on the outside. The apostles having complied with this requirement before entering the room, Peter could not see the propriety of again having his feet washed, and that by his Lord. Jesus gave him to understand that what He was doing was not for the cleansing of the flesh, for they were already clean, every whit. There is a spiritual cleansing associated with feet-washing, as with every command given by the divine Master. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

By obedience to the teaching of Christ we are sanctified,—set apart to the service of God. If this washing had been for the cleansing of the flesh, it evidently would have cleansed the feet of Judas: for water will cleanse the feet of a sinner equally with those of the saint. Feetwashing has behind it the same authority as baptism and the communion. The child of God can attest the truth of God's Word only by doing it.

It is the Lord's prerogative to command

and our bounden duty as His faithful followers to obey; otherwise we fall into the sin of disobedience and neglect. The Lord knew what it would take to keep His disciples faithful, and qualify them for that blessed heavenly home. And it is very evident that Jesus never taught or commanded a nonessential, but he had a purpose in view in every lesson He taught. We, like Peter, may not fully understand that purpose, but our faith and trust in the divine Master should be such as to prompt us to go forward in submission to His will; with the thought constantly before us, if we are right true and faithful in the things committed to us by the Lord, by and by we shall know as we are known, and see as we are seen, and fully understand the object the Lord had in commanding us to do "these things," and then, but not till then, shall we know how much Jesus loved us, and how His tender heart is grieved at our murmurings and insubmission to His heavenly counsels.

Let all who have practiced this Christian ceremony attest the truthfulness of the above. Theoretical Christianity, like theoretical farming, does no one very much good in the way of saving the soul, or feeding the hungry. Practical Christianity is the kind that is profitable, and moves its possessors forward on the lines marked out by our Lord Jesus Christ who is "the way, the truth and the life; and no man cometh unto the Father but by Him."

Was feet-washing, like baptism and the communion to be perpetuated in the Christian church? Evidently it was from the following considerations: It has the Lord as its author, and it was delivered by him to the apostles as representatives of His kingdom. They were commanded to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. They were commanded to teach the baptized believers to observe all things whatsoever Jesus had commanded them, and none will deny that the Lord commanded the apostles to wash one another's feet. But did the apostles to whom Christ delivered His last and great commission, teach and observe this command?

Yes, every time they taught and observed the communion; otherwise they were disobedien to their charge. They refer as often to the one as to the other in their writings. Is it taken for granted, because the apostles to whom the commission was given, never once mention of refer to the communion in their writings, that they, therefore did not teach or observe it. The simplicity of this rite, and the force of the language used, should forever silence the gainsayer.

Jesus says: "Ye ought to do it," "Ye should do it," and "happy are ye if ye do it." This ought to satisfy the most skeptical of its divine authenticity. Paul who had been a great persecutor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and Histelligion, after his conversion to Christianity, and installation into office, taught and required feet-washing as a qualification of widowed sister in order that she might be taken into the number to be supported by the church.

Where did he get it? He was an uncon verted sinner when Jesus washed His apostles feet and told them: "Ye also ought to wast one another's feet." The eminent apostli answers the above question himself. In speak ing of what he had preached and taught, h says: "But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not afte men: for I neither received it of man, neithe was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesu Christ." Jesus on that memorable night i that upper room told His disciples that H would send them another Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, and that He should lead then into all truth, and bring all things to their re membrance whatsoever He had said unt This promise was literally fulfilled and some sixty years after Pentecost, Joh wrote his Gospel including the thirteeth chap ter under the direct inspiration of the Holl Spirit. So we have feet-washing incorporate in the Christian system by the guidance of the Holy Spirit about sixty years after Pentecost.

Warrensburg, Mo.

(To be continued.)





#### THANKSGIVING NOTES.

A TURKEY is the proper thing for the hanksgiving dinner, and a small one is more ender and better than a larger one. One hat weighs eight or ten pounds is amply large nough, together with the trimmings, for a earty of eight or ten.

The stuffing, or dressing, of the turkey need of necessarily be put inside the bird when it roasted. It will do as well baked separately, and basted with the drippings of the roasting turkey. It also looks better and is easier andled.

Some people serve an oyster dressing with heir turkey. This is all right, and in good orm. It is best done as recommended above. f you put oysters in the turkey it imparts a shy taste to the fowl. Work them separate-

Fried oysters are well adapted to the turkey inner, and they should be used to garnish the oast. However it is considerable trouble to ry oysters, and in the nature of things a roast urkey ought to be sufficient without adding ried oysters.

By common consent celery is an accompaniaent of turkey. Let it be the best obtainable, risp and white. The surplus tops may be sed as a garnish.

Cranberries also go with the rest of the outet. There are two kinds, those of a deep red, nd the whitish, pink ones. The last named take the best jelly. Make the cranberry part the day before, set in the cellar to jelly, and turn out of the bowl on a plate, where it should appear as a translucent red quiver.

The vegetables that may go with the turkey will depend a little on locality. Cabbage in the form of a rich, palatable slaw, is always in order. Mashed potatoes go without saying, and sweet potatoes, roasted, are orthodox, too.

Don't get too much. The woman in the kitchen, if "she is a brother," is very apt to overload the table. Have quite enough, and have it nice. More than enough for all around will be a left-over a little hard to dispose of.

A Thanksgiving without a pumpkin pie is a Thanksgiving without one of the fundamentals. It should be deep, yellow, fragrant, jelly-like and suggestive of nutmeg and cinnamon. Yum! yum!

Coffee, too, goes; coffee "as is coffee," and real cream and the silver service should be used. If there is no silver the table ware in use will do as well, but it should be shining.

If, in the center of the table theer is a spray or two of flowers, with a few green leaves, it will show that you have a soul above the level of the kitchen stove. It is not necessary, that is, not absolutely so, but it is a help.

And there ought to be a cake. Now there are cakes and cakes, and the 'Nook suggests a nut cake, and a yellow one fairly full of hick-orynut or walnut meat leaves nothing to be

desired. If in doubt whether it was up to the standard, mail the Editor a liberal slab for an opinion.

Sour oranges, musty raisins and half ripe bananas are not despised, but a heaping plate of red apples, mellow and glistening, are a lot better.

You can't enjoy any of these things up to the limit unless you are at peace with the world and have renewed your subscription to the 'Nook. Now turn to with a will, for the 'Nookman, if he is alive, hopes to do the same, and he will be thinking of you.

Are there any people in your neighborhood who are so situated that they haven't any proper Thanksgiving dinner? We'll leave that to you.

Old Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania is reported to have said, "A turkey is a mighty onhandy bird. It is too much for one and not enough for two."

Try this. Take the wreck of the turkey and cut off all the meat. Mince very fine. Then take the skeleton, and pieces, boil, stir in enough good corn meal and make a mush. Just before taking it off the stove pour in your minced turkey and stir thoroughly. Turn into pans and when cold cut and fry as you would regular mush. Good? Well!

If there are only two or three of you a roast chicken will answer for Thanksgiving. Still, a turkey is a turkey, you know, and it can only be imitated, nothing is a real substitute.

Take stock, morally and socially. Is there nothing to be thankful for? Consider the sick, the crippled, the people in the almshouses.

I wonder whether we haven't something to be thankful for.

Have you missed anybody you should have invited? Remember you belong to a great big family, even the 'Nook family. Did you invite the 'Nookman? Too late, now. Previous engagement, regrets, etc.

The children get the legs and wings, Grandpa and Grandma get a tender piece, Ma will take a little of the white and the dark meat and Pa isn't particular so there's lots of it. The visitor and guest say they have no choice, but don't take them at their word and serve the neck to one and the gizzard to another.

You never thought of it, but the 'Nook tells you that all the animals on the place are to have an extra feed Thanksgiving day. Old sukey may not have read the President's proclamation, but she understands an extra pumpkin.

THE R. S. V. P. on the card in the turkey' bill on the cover, is an abbreviation of a French phrase often accompanying an invitation, and the words mean, Reply if you please—Réspondez s'il vous plait.

Last week I had five teeth trying to ge through at one time. My mother read some where that salt and alum rubbed right over the sorest places would help teeth that were cutting their 'way. So she got a very little alum and salt, equal parts, and rubbed my gum with a little on her finger. The pain stopped at once, and I fell asleep and slept for fou hours right along. I expect to have a drum stick on Thanksgiving day for my share What part of the turk do you prefer?—Gaggle Goo.



# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

Nov. 30, 1901.

No. 48.

#### THE GREAT FUTURE.

BY M. A. KAY.

THE sweetest song has not been sung, Nor has the loudest bell been rung, The brightest jewel still lies deep, The fairest rose is yet asleep; The greatest ship has never sailed, The highest mountains are unscaled: The largest house of brick and beam, Is but the vision of a dream. The swiftest locomotive, too, Has yet to show what it can do. The richest mine is still unknown, The airship's but a monstrous drone: The telegraph is still afraid To span the wide world without aid. Point out the man who'll say to you All the electric mind will do. The greatest city still shall rise .-Ah, who will solve the mystic skies? Niagara's falls remain unchained, The arctic's spheres have not been gained; The steamer, submarinely plied, Is anchored fast in fancy's tide. The world's great plans have not been heard .-And Peace, to-day, is but a word. Think, then, ye men of little worth, Who say there's naught to do on earth.

#### WOMEN ON GERMAN RAILROADS.

Women in this country have as yet made out little headway in the service of the railroads, but in Prussia the head of the state ailways has announced that for the future as nany women as possible will be employed by them in those posts suitable for women. They will hold positions at the ticket offices, elegraph offices, be telephone clerks at the counting offices and at the goods offices. In Prussia a great number of women are already employed in various government posts and each year sees fresh openings made for them. In Germany there are numbers of women den-

tists as well as doctors, and many people prefer to have their teeth attended to by a woman, and children also seem less nervous when a woman attends to, them. In spite of this, however, the women dentists are not so popular as women physicians. Many men dentists have women assistants, their patients finding this a pleasant arrangement, for though the assistant does not actually stop the teeth, she is always in the room to help her employer

Profit is always honored, even in its own country.

#### GERMANY'S WAR TREASURE.

In the peaceful little country town of Spandau, near Berlin, with old-fashioned cobble streets and houses dirty with age, is kept Germany's war treasure, and there, too, are stationed no inconsiderable number of troops. The inquisitive stranger, if he asks for information of however trivial a nature, is scowled at by officials and answered in gruff monosyllables. In the center of the outlying part of the town rises the celebrated Julius tower that in former years has withstood many an attack from without; its walls are six feet thick; the entrance is guarded by three ponderous iron doors, each provided with no less than six locks. This stronghold contains treasure amounting to no less than \$30,000,000 in good coin of the German empire, laid out in numerous chests, each containing 100,000 mark pieces wrapped in thick linen bags. An officer goes the round inside every day and from time to time every chest and every bag is minutely examined and weighed.

During the first half of this year 30,000 tons of vegetables were shipped east from California.

#### LIFE IN A FORT.

HE who believes that in this "piping time of peace" life in an army garrison in the west is a humdrum existence, where men lazily mark off the days on the calendar and await the government paymaster, while the wives of the officers drag out monotonous periods, is much in error. To be sure, there is nowadays little of the romantic dash, the strenuous chivalry and the exciting risk in our western forts that there were two or three decades ago, when Indian forays and uprisings and dreadful border crimes were common.

For a generation the western army fort has been very unlike the typical forts one reads about in romance and history-forts with big parapets, buttresses, bastions, where huge cannon project through embrasures and solemn sentries tread ceaselessly. Our western forts are a collection of squat, unattractive, dark-painted buildings arranged in squares and rectangles as may be approved by superior officers. There is not the least semblance about our forts to the fortifications of song and story. Here and there—as at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona, and at Fort Assinaboine, in Montana-extra expense has been incurred in permanent, large buildings of commanding architecture, but generally the construction of our western army forts has had cheapness, durability and comfort solely in view.

A perennial problem at every army garrison in the west is what induces able-bodied, intelligent and ambitious young men to enlist in Uncle Sam's regular army. The term of enlistment is five years and in a long period of peace there is comparatively little chance for a private to rise above the rank of sergeant. Indeed, the chances are that he will not get above corporal in seven years' service. The personnel of the enlisted line is excellent, when one considers how untempting the service is. The private's pay is meager. The duty is not arduous these days and the discipline is not severe. Here and there in the army garrisons are privates who have come from proud American homes and have been educated at the great colleges.

The private soldier gets \$13 a month pay. He has an increase of \$1 a month for his third year of service, \$2 for the fourth and \$3 for the fifth; also additional remuneration if promoted corporal, sergeant or artificer. Besides this, if worked as a carpenter, plasterer of mechanic of any kind, he receives what is called extra duty pay; then must be included board, lodging, clothing, schooling, medical attendance and various other perquisites.

In such northern forts as Belknap, Puck Buford and Benton, it is not safe or comfortable for the soldier to attempt to do guard duty or other work at the height of the warm season unless well protected by head net and cast iron gloves on account of the ways of the mosquitoes. These insects of the plains are prepared for business. They come in swarms and are so numerous and so persistent that if is not exaggeration to say that life is positively a burden for a few weeks of each year Mules, ponies, horses and cattle all suffer terribly from these pests, while man would also find existence next to unbearable should he not be able to provide himself with adequate protection in the way of head nets and longarmed gauntlets. In summer the inmates of frontier forts have temperature as high as 12 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. In January and February the mercury there has sometimes sunk to the awful depth of 45 degrees below

In army forts on the southwestern fronties there are contrary climatic conditions to dea with. The inmates of Forts Bowie, Wingate Huachuca, Stanton and Davis endure a temperature that frequently rises to 120 degree in midsummer in the shade and sometimes higher. There is a constant effort to keep the garrison foods in good condition amid such fierce climatic conditions, and cases of prostration from exposure to the fiery darts of old Sol are common. The winter days in the southwestern forts are, however, about as nearly complete, so far as climate is concerned, a one may imagine.

Garrison life in the north in midwinter is a dreaded experience among all army men of whatever rank. Reveille is sounded before daylight during the cold months and with the first sound of the bugle the soldier must be out of bed and slipping into his trousers with all dispatch. At the assembly, ten minutes

later, the companies fall in on their respective parade grounds, roll is called and the result is reported by the first sergeant to the proper officer. With cavalry stable call is blown immediately after reveille, when the trooper proceeds to give his steed a little attention and oats before taking breakfast himself. Fatigue call is sounded about 7: 30 o'clock, when those not on other duty are detailed to perform any work required about the garrison, and guard mounting is at 9 o'clock. This is the beginning of the official day, which lasts just twentyfour hours. The old guard is relieved, a new guard marches on, a new officer of the day relieves the old one and both officers at the conclusion of the ceremony report to the commanding officer in his office for orders.

The following is a fair sample of the menus at the three meals each day in winter at a garrison in the western wilds: Dinner—Roast pork and gravy, roast potatoes, succotash of lima beans and green corn, beets, tapioca pudding, bread, sirup and coffee. Breakfast—tracked wheat with sugar, beef hash, bread, butter, sirup and coffee. Supper—Meat and gravy, fried potatoes, hash, pudding, bread, sirup and tea.

For amusements the officers have a clubroom, and so have the soldiers, too, for that matter. The post trader who formerly supplied the luxuries, and in return had the monopoly of what trade there was in it, has been abolished. At the billiard or pool tables of some of our frontier posts may be seen men who are truly experts with the cue. The band at headquarters' forts is for the benefit officers and enlisted men alike. The sale of intoxicating liquors is not now allowed under any pretense within the limit of the garrison. After many years' service in some particular regiment the soldier has the esprit de corps, and he takes a certain pride in his profession and what he is about. The bands of the military service with hardly an exception are fine bodies of musicians and capable of holding their own against all comers in or out of the army.

The tendency of modern warfare is to fight no longer in solid brigade, but with intervals of from one to five yards between individuals and backed up with artillery. Were the late civil war to be fought over with all the late improvements there would be no four or five years of long-drawn-out conflict. The unpleasantness would be settled in a twelvemonth. A skirmish line of any of our regiments of to-day would do twenty times the execution of a similar line of twenty-five years ago. The reason is that the soldier is taught as his first duty how to handle and how to get the most out of his piece.

There is one drill practice by a cavalry troop at several frontier posts which is not only useful and instructive, but also decidedly Out on the prairie interesting to witness. have been erected numerous posts the height of an ordinary man from his feet up to his shoulders. A number of large leathern balls the size of a man's head and filled with straw are placed on the posts before drill commences. Now the troopers are hauled up in line and each individual is set to work cutting off the various heads from the posts. When a man's turn comes he draws his saber, the command is given and away he goes at a mad dash down upon the enemy, cutting off the first head with a down stroke, the next one with a back sweep, and the third is slashed on the crown or decapitated in some way. Of course it is ridiculous to see the recruits first practice these maneuvers, but the rawboned fellow becomes an expert after a while, and his laugh is turned on others who succeed him as the butt of ridicule. The drill also includes firing blank charges with a revolver at the heads, the sharp concussion of the explosion generally blowing the heads off if the aim chances to be a good one.

A German proverb tells us that every great war leaves a country with three armies, one of invalids, one of mourners, one of idle persons ready to commit crime.

#### IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

The Oklahoma Indian women are not the most beautiful creatures in existence, yet "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Many women of the Kiowa, Comanche, Arapahoe and Ponca tribes have dresses costing from \$750 to \$1,500 apiece. They are not made in what we should call the latest styles; the decorations are what count.

The squaws' money is nearly all spent in purchasing costly ornaments for their clothing. These ornaments are in the shape of jewelry and precious stones, elk teeth and pearls. It is nothing out of the common to see an Indian girl walking around over her reservation with \$500 worth of elk teeth tied to her dress in decorative style. Again, a two-carat diamond is no curiosity to these dusky belles. Most of the dresses are made from soft buckskin lined with silk or satin. Red satin is a great favorite for dress lining and shirtwaists among the Indian women. Yellow silk is another of their favorites, but violet was the prevailing color this year. Next year the Indian woman who leads the fashion will decree a new and flashy color to be the up-to-date thing, and, of course, all of the women will follow her.

Society, as we name it, is a thing unknown among the reservation Indian women, but they have a certain envy of social standing just the same. When they come to the small towns on trading days there may be assembled several hundred of the women from various parts of the country, and they gather in the agency and talk over events among themselves, gossip upon the scandals and rail against the whites for hours at a time.

It is during this function that they may be seen in their best dress, and each one tries to outdo her neighbors in ornaments. The more elk teeth one has on her dress the more popular she is at these weekly meetings at the agency buildings. They examine each other's dresses carefully, and freely express to the wearer opinions upon the quality and cost. If a dress meets with the disapproval of one she has no hesitancy about saying so to the owner of such dress, who retorts as she sees fit.

Sometimes open quarrels ensue at these sessions because some woman has been too bold in her criticism.

Before they go home they take a vote on the dresses and the owner of the best is crowned leader of fashion for the next week, and all must refrain from criticising her dress. During the ensuing week there is a great race to outshine her garments, and this is generally accomplished, no matter how hard she may have striven to hold her place in the lead. The squaws do not have to work as hard as is generally supposed. They do little outside their houses, as the Indians who have an income from the United States do not farm. All of the money due the women is paid direct to them and they spend it to please their own tastes, which means for dress.

The young Indian wife of to-day is clean, a fairly good cook and tidy with her house. She is not yet well versed in the art of decoration and red and green are predominating colors in all of her rooms, whether in harmony or not. The house has good furniture, but it is strangely arranged. The lounge is a favorite piece of furniture, and one sees it in every Indian household, always in the parlor. If the Indians have a piano or organ it goes into the bedroom. The young buck's best saddle also goes into the parlor, and in many houses it is hung upon the wall. Red ribbons are tied to everything, even the tail of the cat, for no Indian household is complete without a cat and a dog.

Why is a dirty boy like flannel?—Because he shrinks from washing.

SALMON.

BY JENNIE STEVENS.

THERE are various ways in which salmon are caught in the Columbia river and other streams on the Pacific coast. Near the ocean, at the mouth of the Columbia river are great fish nets and traps arranged by driving huge piles down in water on which to fasten the nets. The fishermen go out in their little boats to bring in their game. The little boat has a canvas cover over one end to protect the man from the rain and winds that prevail during the

fishing season, and they often sleep all night n their little craft, waiting for their catch. They sell their fish, weighing thirty or forty oounds, to the canneries for fifty cents. These canneries are very numerous along the Columbia eiver, going as far east as two hundred miles. They are canned and placed on the market and shipped all over the world. The industry s extensive as well as profitable for the fish merchant

There are several kinds of salmon, namely, the chinook, silverside and dog salmon. atter fish run up the rivers and creeks they have access to from the ocean for the puroose of spawning. They have a fierce-looking read, sharp teeth very much like a dog from which they take their name. They go in schools by hundreds and are considered good

Persons driving a team across a stream often encounter schools of dog salmon after the first neavy rains, during October and November, that causes their horses to stampede, making the driver much trouble to land his horses on the opposite shore. Dog salmon are not as fine flavored as the chinook or silverside fish and are not marketable. Their flesh is white. They are caught with gigs. Boys and girls enjoy catching them. When they see a large, fine fish, slowly going up the creek, they bebome very much excited and throw away their gig, wade in the creek and grab a huge salmon with both arms, whereupon Mr. Salmon takes the boy 'up stream at a rapid rate until the boy gladly lets the fish go.

Fishing in Oregon is real sport at certain seasons of the year. Strange to relate salmon never return to salt water, but die from bruises and exhaustion in the long journey from the ocean, covering a distance of two hundred miles or more.

Corvallis, Oregon.

It's always the biggest fish that drops off the hook before you get hold of it.

#### AN INDIAN DELICACY.

Many of the western Indian tribes regard the prairie dog as one of the choicest of game animals. The Navajo in particular, while he cannot be prevailed upon to eat rabbit is

greedily fond of fat prairie dogs. Large communities of these small animals abound on the western plains and the Navajo has resorted to many ingenious methods for trapping his coveted dainty. One of them is by the aid of a bit of mirror placed at the entrance to a burrow. When the animal ventures from his bedroom, deep underground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door and he hurries out to confront the impudent intruder when he is pinned to the ground with an arrow.

But the most effective method is what the Indians call the rain hunt. As soon as the steady downpour of summer 'rains begins every Navajo who can walk repairs to the prairie dog village with hoes, sharp sticks or any digging implement. With these they hollow out trenches that will lead the storm into as many burrows as possible. Soon a little stream is pouring down each small home and the inmate, much disturbed, pops out to see what the matter can be. Many of the animals remain underground until they are drowned and their bodies float to the surface. After such hunts, in which many pounds of prairie dogs are generally secured, there is a feast for many days in the Navajo huts.

> Fools reflect on what they have said; wise men on what they are going to say.

#### AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

"Pat," said an Irish clergyman to his factotum, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if anyone calls I do not wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sorr. Will I say you're not in?"

"No. Pat, that would be a lie."

"An phwat'll I say, yer reverence?"

"Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer."

At supper time Pat was asked if anyone had called.

- "Faix, there did," said he.
- "And what did you tell him?"
- "Sure, and I gave him an evasive answer."
- "How was that?" queried his reverence.
- "He axed me was your honor in, and I sez to him, sez I, "Was yer grandmother a hootowl?'"

#### OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

To the pagan peoples of ancient times the people of civilized nations owe nearly all the customs relative to marriage that prevail in the present day. The golden circlet that is placed upon the finger of the bride at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony is a relic of the fetter by which the bride was bound, while the jocose slipper is a remnant of the missiles hurled by the angry parent.

The orange blossoms came in a more civilized age, though they are not Christian, and symbolized a large family. The veil, as still in modern Oriental countries, typifies exclusive possession by one man.

Even the honeymoon is a symbol of the interval which elapsed before the victor brought his bride from hiding and sought peace with her wrathful kinsmen. In Wales a wedding is very tame unless the bridegroom captures the bride after a thrilling pseudo skirmish. The relatives offer mock resistance, and much scuffling and horseplay ensue.

At the church the bride is snatched by her relatives and the bridegroom's party pursue on horseback. At last she is tossed back, and whoever receives her will wed within the year. Similar to our throwing the bride's bouquet.

Arabian fathers sometimes present their daughter with a sword, signifying freedom. For one blessed moment she belongs to no man; then she presents it to her husband, and henceforth is in his power.

Not until the tenth century did Anglo-Saxon women have any right of choice, betrothed as children, the bridegroom's pledge was called a wed, hence our word. Welsh laws permitted only moderate wife beating. Three blows were deemed sufficient, "with a stick no longer than an arm."

The Greek church has the most elaborate ritual. Champaign is served in the czar's land and guests are given souvenir initial boxes of cake. In Brazil drinking brandy together may constitute a marriage; in Japan, the same with wine. To join hands, to sit together, are all old customs, also to be smeared with blood, or for the woman to tie a rope of grass around the man's waist.

The Australian carries fire to a man's tent; the Croatian bridegroom boxes the bride's ears, while in Hungary even at the present time the bridegroom gives his wife a kick to indicate her subjection.

The Jewish bridegroom crushes the wineglass to atoms with his foot to obliterate the past. In China the maid steps over a fire at the threshold, while the gypsy "hops the broomstick."

All these superstitions have come to us in a modified form, but the love of tradition and tendency toward imitation makes us slow to part with them.

Endless jests have been made upon the word "obey" and women largely repudiate it, yet the great orthodox churches still retain it.

In Denmark they have legally abolished the word.

The entire conception of the functions of women in social and domestic life has so altered and broadened that it seems singular that so many of the old marriage customs are still preserved,—customs which, although amusing when traced to their source, are really typical of barbaric times and countries.

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Ever, see two people who were uneasy if they were separated? That is a lot better than quarreling.

#### DAVE GOWAN'S TWO-STORY FARM.

THE world's wonderland is located within the boundaries of our own country, but unless you are specially built for rough riding you had better not undertake to see it, for the journey to it and through it is difficult beyond thought.

It lies in the State of Arizona. Railways are of small help in reaching it, and of other roads there are practically none, though, as a matter of courtesy, there are a few so-called post roads, over which the mails are carried at regular intervals. Most of these roads are just trails, not fit for a wheeled vehicle of any sort. Mails, merchandise, building material mining machinery, produce and people have to go on horse or donkey back, mostly the latter.

Leaving the railway at Prescott one of these roads goes off east toward Camp Verde, in Yavapia county; up hill and down dale, across a country so broken that it does not seem that earth could have a rougher face. After leaving Camp Verde, thirty-five miles from Prescott, we head off in a southeasterly course for a little Mormon village called Pine. From Pine to Dave Gowan's farm is five miles; no road at all. The trail winds around, between and over rocks that would appall any creature but a donkey or a bird. Boulders, granite, big and little, as big as a city block, plenty of them, rounded and angular, lie in heaps and singly, covering the earth like chaos confounded. That's the kind of a road one must travel to see one of the wonders of this strange and curious country.

At last, without the least intimation that we are coming to anything unusual, our donkeys halt with their noses over the brink of a precipice, and we look down into a valley, the walls of which are almost perpendicular, 1,500 feet down, and at the bottom we see a hundred and sixty acre farm, with tiny but complete house and barn, fields of grain, alfalfa and corn, as pretty a farm as the sun shines on, and as curious a farm as the sun shines on; it's a two-story farm—a fact, no joke.

We have long been familiar with the natural bridge in Virginia, but out in Arizona is a natural bridge which makes of its eastern cousin a puny dwarf.

This Arizona bridge is 500 feet long, across the valley, and is 600 feet wide, and on top of it Dave Gowan has an apricot orchard of five acres, besides certain grass pasture.

It springs in a magnificent arch from wall to wall of the canyon. Supporting this arch are two piers, limestone columns, one of which is 200 feet high and nearly 100 feet in diameter. The under side of the bridge is hollowed out into three nearly perfect domes. It is almost impossible to get a photograph showing it to be a bridge, as its lines are on the segment of a curve, and the only place where the lens of a camera can look through is some 1,300 feet down from the top. It would take a couple of days' time and a risk of almost sure death to get there.

Dave. Gowan is a hermit, but he is one of nature's noblemen; bluff, grizzled, hearty, clean old Scotchman, now a thorough American,

He cleared, works and beautifies his farm just for the joy of seeing the results of his labor, for there is no profit to him in it. There is no market.

He said it was his intention to will his bridge to the United States, provided the nation would accept it and set it aside as a sort of national park. Whether or not he has done so I do not know. He makes no charge now, but some day it will be fenced in like Niagara Falls once was and we will all be sorry. It ought to be made accessible and free, for it certainly is one of the greatest natural wonders of the world.

Occasionally a man associates with fools because he feels wise in comparison.

#### SIOUX WOMEN AT HOME.

The women of the Sioux Indian tribes are not indolent in their habits, but at their homes always find something to occupy their time. They do far more work than the men, but they don't know very much about modern housekeeping. In their log cabins they have a bed in one corner, a trunk against the side, bead curtains on the wall sometimes and a large stove as near the center as possible. In the stove a coffee pot and tea kettle are always resting and are kept constantly filled. The Sioux woman is an inveterate coffee drinker. She believes firmly in its efficacy as a universal medicine.

The cooking operations go on outdoor in the summer, with a primitive arrangement of cross-poles to support the kettle. In their homes the women are always busy doing some kind of beadwork.

Whenever a son or a daughter gets married or any other excuse offers the Sioux woman prepares a feast. She will spend her last cent in a big entertainment. Then they all dress up in their gayest colors, paint their faces and put all the beadwork they can on their children.

Their dress is simplicity itself. It is made with two seams, one at either side. It is short in the back and front and long in the sides. In addition they usually wear a long beaded belt and a shawl. They never wear headgear; even on the hottest days they go hatless.

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

If the Tower of London had a tongue it could tell more thoughts of great men and great women, of festal days and nights of sorrow, of triumphal bigotry and hallowed martyrdom, than perhaps any castle in the wildest regions of romance. It has been everything in turns. Originally the palace of the monarch, it became a fortress, and the fortress became a prison. This was the fruit of the desperate times which men are in the habit of calling the good old days of their ancestors. Force was the grand instrument and defense the grand object. Every man's hand was against every man; and from the king to the peasant, every man's safety was in the sword by his side. It will, however, be admitted that society in England was more secure than on the Continent.

Four centuries ago every road in Germany was covered with licensed robbers, whose head robber called himself a baron, lived in a fortified house in the next forest, which he called his castle. Three centuries ago no man ever stirred a league before his town walls without the chance of being slaughtered by a party calling themselves cavaliers, soldiers of the faith, or free lances. In England, 1,500 of those fortresses had been built in the reign of Stephen alone; and as if to show that, with all our soberness, we could be as mad as the rest of the world, and later than the rude clans of Germany or the volatile villainy of France, our civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century within three years cost the lives of nearly 100,000 English yeomen, nobles and gentlemen. But a strong distinction must be

Fortresses within a country have universally been a sign of barbarism; fortresses on the frontier of a country have not merely been a sign of national strength, but a source of all the "appliances and means" of national improvement. Frontier fortresses saved the trouble of being always on the watch. The trader was allowed to go to his counter, the workman to his shop, the peasant to his plow. They had all once gone armed or not at all. But with a few stout fortresses between them and their enemy, they now felt that they could not be surprised, that some breathing time

must be given before they were required for the field; and this breathing time suffered them to throw aside their spikes and arquebusses and follow their natural employment. Thus the Continent has to thank bastions and battalions for its crops, its comforts and civilization.

England had a fortification in its great ditch—the Channel—worth all the battlements since the building of Babylon; and its security from all foreign assault, unless by a maritime force, which no foreigner possessed since the time of the Danes, must have made it a prosperous people except for those unlucky feuds to which the factions of York and Lancaster gave occasion, and yet which probably were the discipline essential to preparing the country for the dominion of law by sweeping away the baronial race, who acknowledged no dominion but that of the sword.

The Tower of London was originally built to defend the river and to constitute a citadel, while the present district called the city constituted London and the city itself was a fortress. Standing on rising ground at the southeast, overlooking a portion of London, which once contained the houses of the chief nobility and the property of the principal traders; by its guns commanding the course of the Thames and protecting the anchorage of the merchant ships, which in those days moored in the current, it formed an important place of strength; and being large, capable of every kind of royal decoration, and being alike secure from the tumults of the citizens and the assaults of a foreign enemy, it offered a suitable position for the residence of the sovereign in early and troubled times.

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Between nation and nation, as between man and man, lives the one law of right.

#### WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Some of the essential oils used in perfumery, mineral water manufacture, etc., represent a good deal of money in little room. The ordinary commercial oils are fairly low in price, but those which are concentrated and free from turpentine are rather costly. Orange oil is \$5 an ounce and angelica oil \$6 an ounce,

while licorice oil costs between \$125 and \$150 a pound to make. More expensive still is that great rarity, oil of lime flowers, which yields a delightful and extremely powerful perfume. It has a value about twenty times that of rose oil, being worth roughly about \$75 an ounce.

All oils of this class, however, have extraordinary strength, and consequently they go a long way. Fifteen to twenty drops of terpenless orange oil will flavor twenty-two gallons of liquor, while of angelica oil eight to fifteen drops will suffice for the same quantity. To put the thing in another way, eleven pounds of a certain lemon oil would be ample to make 1,000,000 bottles of lemonade. That does not, perhaps, seem a great quantity, but to transport it by rail five long trains, each of twenty wagons, would be needed. Some of the recipes followed in the mineral water trade prescribe only a single drop of certain preparations.

Numbers of drugs are more costly than the most valuable of oils. Ambergris runs to \$34 an ounce, though the artificial product can be bought for exactly half that price. Musk in grain is a little more expensive, costing as it does, \$35 an ounce. But these commodities are low-priced in comparison with a certain class of medicines, which are so precious that they are sold wholesale, not by the ounce, but by the dram or even the grain.

A more curious class of expensive drugs is represented by aconitina, a product of aconite root. It is worth about thirty cents a grain, and is, of course, a powerful poison. Another product eminently suitable for sweeping away in a most expeditious fashion those foolish people who must sample everything they come across in the way of medicines is curarin. This very costly drug is the active principle of the South American arrow poison, curare, and is given hypodermically in hydrophobia, etc., in 1-7th to 1-25th of a grain doses. It is worth, roughly, \$350 an ounce.

Somewhat similar to curarin is cubain, which is extracted from the arrow poison used by the Somali tribe of Eastern Africa. It costs forty cents a grain; but, regarded merely as a speedy and thoroughly effective poison, it is decidedly worth the money, since the I-2000th of a grain will kill a Guinea pig in less than thirty minutes.

These high-priced medicines, however, are not in general so expensive to use as they seem, since they consist of the active principle alone of more bulky drugs, and are administered in very small doses. Their value is further explained by the fact that they are of comparatively recent introduction. As a consequence there is little demand for them. When they become more generally used they will probably fall in price, as numbers of drugs have during the past ten years.

Better a distant friend than an intimate enemy.

#### BIRDS OF GERMANY.

THE birds of Germany, like the crows of Ireland, are the pets of the people, both in the city and the country. They are protected by law, but no law is needed for their protection. They are so tame that many of them build their nests inside of the houses and are never disturbed by old or young. Throw down a few crumbs, and they will come down from the trees and almost eat out of your hand. The consequence is that fruit-growers never suffer from the invasion of worms, and the plum and damson, which have almost disappeared from our markets, grow here to the greatest perfection. The holidays are not distinguished, as they are with us, by a throng of boys and men with shotguns pouring into the country and slaying, out of mere wantonness, the feathery tribes, which are regarded here as the most efficient colaborers to the agriculturist.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### REPRODUCING BEGONIAS.

PERHAPS one of the most satisfactory of house plants for winter window gardens is the begonia, but there are some peculiarities about these plants not always well understood. Among these their brittle stems are fairly well known, but their manner of reproduction is not so well known. A well-known botanical authority, discussing the plant from which a leaf was taken, on which appear a number of smaller leaves growing out of the larger one, says:

"There are cells all the way from the root to the tip of the leaves which are capable of budding if there be any opposition to the regular method of reproduction.

"The same change from the old method of reproduction by seed has been observed in ferns, water lilies and other plants. But it was this trick of the begonia in its home in tropical America, where it grows like weeds, which in recent years taught florists the almost infinite multiplication of buds from cut leaves. Nature's regular method is by seeds. Something around the begonia one time hurt it and prevented the seed method. Very well. If it could not reproduce that way, it would another. So its buds burst out thick from the cells under the very skin of the leaves. This ancestor begoñia having begun the change because it could not help it, its descendants repeated and kept up the epiphyllous habit.

"Take a knife blade and slit across the veins of the leaf of the begonia, put the whole leaf on a plate, cover it with moist sand and one will soon have numerous little plants ready to set out."

#### AMERICAN WOODS.

Of the more than four hundred species of trees found in the United States, there are said to be sixteen species whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood of Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent heavier than water. Of the others, the best known are the lignum vitae and mangrove; another is a small oak found in the mountains of Western Texas, Southern New Mexico, and Arizona and westward to the Colorado desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet.

#### CLOT ON THE BRAIN.

An extraordinary operation in a New York hospital recently was the cutting through a man's skull and the removing of a blood clot on the right side of the brain. His entire right side and leg were paralyzed. Two days after the removal of the clot the man could move his leg, the paralysis gradually left him and last to be recovered was the power of speech, which was a matter of days, and was not perfectly accomplished at last accounts, but the surgeons had no doubt of his entire recovery.

#### COLD WEATHER SIGNS.

The man with a sure sign concerning the winter is with us once more, and numerously. The goosebone, the cornshuck, the squirrel, the chipmunk and other signs and wonders are cited to prove that it is going to be a severe winter, and the same signs and wonders are cited to prove that it will be a mild winter. Every man has a sure method of predicting what the winter will be, and no matter how often or how far he may miss it, he comes up smiling every year with his faith in his signs unshaken.

Last summer was a record-breaker in point of prolonged heat, and some wiseacres pretend to see in this a sure sign that the winter will be unusually mild. Other wiseacres insist that it portends a severe winter. But the wind bloweth where it listeth. No man knows

what kind of a winter we are to have. But it is safe to act on the supposition that it will be cold and get the heating stoves and furnaces into working order. The man who puts his dependence in goosebones and cornshucks is not wise.

#### THE WHIRLWIND DANCE.

BY TONY E. FISHER.

One afternoon early in September, I was harrowing in a large field, bounded on one side by the cornfield. There had been no rain for some time, and it was quite dusty. There was not much wind, except occasionally a small whirlwind would start up, go for a short distance, and die out. About the middle of the afternoon, my attention was attracted by a rustling noise in a cornfield. Looking up I saw a large whirlwind coming towards the field I was in. It was soon in the ploughed field, changed its direction about thirty degrees, and traveled a short distance, when it stopped and broke up into several small whirlwinds. These at once began to chase each other around in a circle ten or fifteen yards in diameter. The track on which the small whirlwinds revolved could be easily traced by dust raising continuously from

Each whirlwind would start up strong and vigorous, make a few circles, die out gradually and, just as it disappeared be replaced by another strong one. At length it crossed the corner of the field and entered a woods, where I could not trace its course, and soon the roar made by it when it entered the woods ceased, and I saw no more of it.

The small whirlwinds revolved swiftly, and resembled nothing so much as a circular dance. *Mexico*, *Ind*.

[The 'Nookman knows a man who once saw one of these things coming down his way, and in a spirit of adventure thought that he would step into it to see what would happen. He did so and in less time than it takes to tell it, all the clothes he had on were his shoes and stockings. He wanted to know, and he found out all right enough, and now doesn't go out of his way to meet a healthy young whirlwind, which, after all, is only a cyclone on a small scale.]

#### FLOWERS MUST HAVE REST.

BOTANISTS of recognized repute are of the opinion, and support their views by incontrovertible facts, that sleep is an absolute necessity for flowers, plants and trees. A well-known botanist who has been investigating the causes which retard the growth of trees and flowers in cities has laid especial stress upon the fact that the main reason that they do not flourish as they do in the country is that they are kept awake too much at night. The smoke and dust, of course, have something to do with it, but one of the principal causes of their lack of vigor is want of proper sleep.

All forms of vegetable life must, at regular intervals, be allowed to relapse into a condition of repose or some radical change will result in the form of the plant. A geranium cannot be out all night with the larkspur and look bright and fresh the next morning. Neither can the fir tree neglect its proper sleep to sit up all night with the ash without ruining its health and growing to look a demoralized and disreputable old tree long before its time. In the country the trees and the flowers go to bed with the chickens, but in the city the most moral and well-intentioned shrub, the most circumspect and staid tree, will be kept awake by a variety of causes, while an immoral hollyhock or a dissipated elm tree has a short life and a merry one in the great city.

Of the causes which keep the trees and flowers awake nights the botanist says that, in the first place, there is the matter of noise in all its forms and the vibration which goes with the constant activity of city life. Plants and flowers of all kinds sleep best away from the glare; so the lights of a city, which shine all through the night, must contribute to this interference with vegetable sleep. Electricity, independent of its use for lighting purposes, has a bad effect upon plant life, seeming to make trees and flowers irritable and nervous and to break up their constitution. But, above all, a plant must have sleep; so don't wake the geraniums or disturb the slumbers of the sunflower.

White cats with blue eyes are deaf.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a displaced as publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interear, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

I shall be mute as all men must
In after days.
But yet, now living, fain were I
That someone then should testify
Saying, "He held his pen in trust
To truth, not serving shame or lust."
Will none? Then let my memory die
In after days.

#### THE VELDT.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Wm. Seymour the 'Nook is in receipt of *The Veldt*, a South African illustrated publication, a trifle larger than this magazine. The illustrations are many, and excellent. It is well edited, but, being English, you know, is frightfully against the Boers.

Give a man your skim milk and he will want a share of your cream.

#### JIM AND JEMIMA.

THERE is a difference of make-up and quality between boys and girls. Take Jim and he may be a very bad boy up to the age of twelve or thereabouts, and after that he may be anything that circumstances and environment make him. He develops according to his surroundings. The changes he may undergo are sometimes marvelous in extent and character. It is different with Jemima.

The girl is what she is, and age only develops and strengthens what she unconsciously starts out to be. It is not so much environment that influences her, though that has a great deal to do with it, but rather it is her inheritance of moral qualities that gives the set and turn to her life. If she is a good little girl, or a bad one, at twelve, the chances are a hundred to one, that she will be all that, only accentuated, twenty years later. It is different with Jim. That Jim is freely predicted to come to some bad end, the penitentiary, or the gallows, is no sign that he will not be preaching later in life. But if Jemima develops into a gadabout, or worse, early in life, it is a tolerably, if not an entirely sure thing, that she is going to be that all the way through. conversely.

When Jim and Jemima are, say fifteen years old, Jemima is a long ways the smarter. She can hoodwink Jim, get around him and away from him mentally. James is behind in the race to the end just then. But in the next five years Jemima has finished her growth, and Jim has caught up and passed her. And this is one reason why you can never tell what Jim is going to do when he grows up. He has all the time from ten to forty years of age to develop, while Jemima is born "sot," or so nearly so that it is a miracle when she does change. So if you have a Jim and a Jemima at home. be more concerned about the boy, as the chances are that the matter of inheritance has settled the girl, and if she doesn't turn out all right you haven't far afield to go hunting for the reason.

It is a test of politeness for a man to listen with interest to things he knows all about, when they are being told by a person who knows nothing about them.

THE cover picture represents an India lady of rank, showing, the adornment customary with her class.

LOOK over the magazine notices in another part of the 'NOOK. You may find something of interest there.

...

"I AM very much pleased with the 'NOOK, and my husband prefers it to any other paper that we are taking, and that is saying a good deal for the 'NOOK when we have two monthly journals, and six other weekly papers. I am ever a friend to the 'NOOK."—Indiana Sister.

Write your none in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those who come in contact with you, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.

## ????????????

Of what profession were most of our presidents? Lawyers, and then soldiers, or both.

In addressing a letter to a stranger should we use the Dear Sir in vogue?

Yes. It means nothing. It is only a form.

Is it true that "every man has his price"?

We would be sorry to say that it is true—and yet!

Is Siberia an entirely cold country?

No, it embraces tropical heat as well as bitter cold.

What is the population of South America per square

It is said to be less than six souls, a very low average.

Does the Brethren Publishing House print a catalogue of books for sale?

Yes, and it is a good one. It will be sent to all who ask for it.

Is there a good chance in business for a landscape gardener?

Yes, but it is a profession and takes no end of work and preliminary travel.

Does the pure food law prevent adulteration?

No. It only prevents, or is intended to prevent imitations and adulterations being palmed off as the genuine thing. The law requires imitations to be so marked. Buyers are supposed to know then what they are getting.

What are felt hats made of?

Rabbit fur, usually imported from Russia.

What makes our lamp chimneys smoked on the inside?

A poor quality of oil, no matter what the dealer says. Get a good oil and it will not happen.

Are all of our vegetables wild in places?

Yes, every one of them, but not as we have them. They have been wonderfully improved by cultivation.

I read that England and Germany have the Spanish American trade. Why?

Mainly for the reasons that these nations adapt themselves to the ways of the Spanish better than other nations do.

What is a good Christmas gift for a young person, and an old one?

For the younger, if not too young, a subscription to the 'Nook. For the older a copy of the Testament in very large print.

What is the Monroe Doctrine?

Briefly it is that no foreign nation shall establish a government in North or South America. It is directed against monarchy and the like.

A stranger asked me to correspond with him, would it be right for a young lady to do so?

Not unless you know something about him, enough to know that you were making no mistake. Such things should be touched very gingerly.

Can a man grown learn shorthand and typewriting?

Typewriting yes, but stenography is almost an impossibility to a "man grown." It is comparatively easy up to a certain stage and thereafter very difficult.

My parents were born in England, Am I eligible to the Presidency of the United States?

Yes, sure, but the 'Nook advises that you lose no sleep over the prospective job, or what you will do when you get there, and it earnestly requests an article for the magazine on "How it Feels to be President." We're waiting on you.

#### POOR BUNNY.

THE 'NOOKMAN

When bunny was small, in the days when the clover field was unvexed by the mower, and the wheat was uncut, there was little danger. But when the leaves fell, and the fields were bare, and the small boy was abroad, then long-ears began to know the merit of sitting in a form out in the open during the daytime. At night, when the stars shone, then a few of them got together and frolicked and played for hours at a stretch.

But one leaden afternoon in the early winter a snow fell, and this was bunny's undoing. At night he went out from his brushheap hiding place to visit a neighbor in a stone pile, and after the usual nose talk and rabbit dance he crept back to his form and slept with his eyes open. There was something the rabbit had forgotten, or most likely, had never known, and that was the imprint of the four feet on the snow. Then about eight o'clock in the morning there was a dreadful thing in the air.

Bunny shrunk in his form, folding his ears close to his back, but hearing in the distance the dread bow-wow-wow of the farm dog, and the shrill shouts of two boys. The gun was not in evidence, but it was along with the rest of the combination. There was but little time to think, and there is only one thought in the brain of a rabbit—how to get away.

Then they came in sight and bunny bolted. The dog saw him first and the bow-wow changed into a ky-yi-yi, as the running rabbit disappeared over the hill. The boys understood and followed on a run. Now streak it, bunny, leap dog, leap! For a short distance bunny can outrun any dog, and the four imprints on the telltale snow are ten feet apart, but the dog gains and bunny puts into effect the only strategy the rabbit family know. there is no hole to swallow him up he will make a short detour, and take the back track right over the first run. But the merciless dog is behind, and farther back the still less merciful boys, and the poor bunny dodges and turns and is wearing out. But the terror behind gains, and there is a last moment when with a snarl and roar the dog falls on the beastiethere is a pitiful, shrill squeak, a blurred mass of gray in the dog's mouth and the tragedy is over in that case..

If there is any skill at all to it, it is in standing off, as the dog puts up bunny in a field where the rabbit has to jump clear of the weeds, every leap, and with quick eye and instant sight to loose off the gun and catch the animal during the moment it is in sight over the tops of the weeds. It takes skill for that, and there are men who can do it with a rifle ball, nine times out of ten. But we repeat, it takes quick work.

The best shot is made when it is a certainty that bunny is in a patch of weeds of small extent, and the man sends the dog in to rout him out. There is no telling which way the rabbit will take. He is just as likely to bolt between the dog's legs and right by you. Then comes the time of quick, automatic thought, the sighting, the calculation, and the firing. If well done the rabbit turns end over end a time or two and it is all over.

But about the right or wrong of it! How about that? The writer has done it, but does not care to do it again. Why? Well, when one has made a good shot, if there is such a thing, and walks over to the place what does he see? A smirch of crimson on the white snow, a rabbit lying on its side, an eye like a ball of fire in its agony, looking a you in mortal terror to know what new misery you are going to put on it, a quivering folding of the ears and a film over the eyes and a stillness, the stillness of death. It's a tragedy, at the least, and possibly a murder. I don't care to do it.

A man who is cruel to animals will be cruel to people if he finds them as helpless.

#### THE BIRDS' MOVING TIME.

THE fall is the time of year when hundreds of thousands of birds migrate, by night and by day, in large battalions from the frost-bound North down to the sunny South. These migrations form one of the most interesting studies of ornithologists, who tell us that the little voyagers make their long journey with the precision and discipline of an army on the march. They have their advance and read

guards, while the main body is kept compact. Of course there are stragglers who are unable to keep up with their companions, but these fall out of the ranks, and unless they perish make their way as best they can to their descination.

Now that cold weather has set in at the north, millions of birds of almost every species are on the wing for the south. They are traveling along the same high roads over which they have passed from time immemorial. Some of them go in vast congregations down the valley of the Mississippi, and will not on any account depart from that route until they each their winter abiding-place. Others skirt along the fringe of the Rocky Mountains, housands and thousands in a flock, halting at any stopping-place, so long as the weather is mild, and when it is cold again, rising high into the air with a tumult of noises and continung their southward march.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the night-flying birds is the apparently perfect system of signalling that they naintain when sometimes they are half a mile nigh in the air. They seem to have arranged a code of signals by whistling. The note is, of course, peculiar to the bird, and is used among other notes when singing, but for the purpose of signalling this note only is used. The bobblink, for instance, which has a wide range of ong, when on the passage has but one cry, and he advises the main body of any threat-thed danger by whistling "spink, spink."

The birds that lead the main body are vetrans who have made the march north and outh for half a dozen years. The signal of a vild goose is a loud "honk." The kingfisher, who chatters in his summer creek and scolds that you might almost imagine that he was human being, simply gives a scream of a single resonant note, which keeps his forces together. The thrush and the robin each give a single shrill whistle, which can be heard across a storm at night for a distance of nearly a mile. These birds are all great travelers. Some of them travel every spring and fall from the shores of Hudson Bay, from Labrador and even Greenland, to the tropic of Capricorn, a distance of 6,000 miles.

The massing of these forces in the early fall is very curious and highly interesting. Not a single bird starts southward until the cutting northern winds begin to pipe. Then all the families or broods for miles around begin to collect, until hundreds, and sometimes thousands, get together and form into a body on the edge of a wood. Here the younger birds wheel, and scream, and frolic, chasing each other through the air; but the elders appear sedate, and seem to be waiting to collect together every bird that should join in the march.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

#### ALL CHARGED BUT THE CORK.

A GOOD story is told of a digger who had ridden into a Western Australian town to consult a doctor. Having done so, he went to have the prescription made up.

"How much is this lot?" he asked the chemist.

"Well, let me see," was the reply. "There's seven and sixpence for the medicine and a shilling for the bottle." He hesitated, uncertain whether he had charged for everything.

"Oh, hurry up," said the impatient miner; "put a price on the cork and let us know the worst."

#### THE KANSAS GIRL.

BY DELLA MACOMBER.

THE Kansas girl is an exception. From her baby days up she has always been doing something unexpected. The first peculiarity was noticed when she began to cry. It was so loud and lusty that no one could help but hear her, and she has continued to make herself heard ever since,—in the home, in the schoolroom, in the church and from the lecture platform.

The next peculiarity was observed when she cut her teeth before the age of six months. She cut her eye-teeth too, and since that time nobody has succeeded in getting ahead of her. She knows a good thing when she sees it and stops at nothing in her desire to secure it. You can't fool her and palm off something of inferior quality on her. No, sir, she'll have the best or none.

The first steps she took were peculiar. She came down on her whole foot so firmly and decidedly that no one could doubt her determination to make things go her way. This characteristic grew stronger as she did, until now she stands at the top of the ladder, having made her way over obstacles that would have baffled any but a Kansas girl.

She was peculiar in her play. There was no half-heartedness in it. She put all her life into it and was never still a minute. That is why she is still so full of mirth and energy. You never see the Kansas girl down-hearted or blue. Oh, no. Her laugh is the merriest there is, and where she is, there is sunshine.

Then she was peculiar in contriving. If she didn't have the playthings she wanted, she made them. It's the same way yet. If she doesn't have the books and the beaux she wants, she schemes till she gets them. That's why she is contented. You don't find the Kansas girl discontented.

She was peculiar in her work. She washed the dishes just so and put every cup and plate in its place. To-day the Kansas girl beats all the rest when it comes to work. She doesn't slight her tasks but puts her whole soul into them. That's the reason you like to see her work. There's no unwillingness in it. It was the same way in her school life. She studied

with a will and now she's at the head in intellectual lines.

But that's not all. When she was small, it was noticed that she was very sympathetic. She couldn't bear to see her doll stand on its head, or to have her kitten's tail pulled. Now, the Kansas girl enters fully into all your plans, sympathizes with you in all your trials and helps you bear them. Her sympathy is none the less because she is grown. That's why you like her.

Again when she was small, she appreciated the bright flowers and the sunlight. She did not become discouraged over disappointments. She looks on the bright side of life now and tries to have others do so. She is full of courage, hope and vitality.

That's why you love her.

[The above is from Rays of Light, the McPherson College organ. The 'NOOK knows a good thing when it sees it. So does the 'NOOKER family. That's why we reprint it. And there are more INGLENOOKS taken in Kansas, relatively considered, than in any other State. All that ever ailed Kansas is its modesty.—ED.]

To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others.

#### WAYS OF THE HORNED TOAD.

CHARLES F. HOLDER, the naturalist, writes of horned toads as follows in the Scientific American: "In handling the lizards, which are perfectly harmless, despite their warlike array of spines, I noticed that, although I had treated them gently, my hands were spotted with blood, and upon examining one of the animals I found that its eves were suffused with blood, while in another specimen its eye appeared to be destroyed or represented by a blood spot. I at first assumed that while together the animals had injured each other with their spines, but suddenly, when holding a lizard near my face, it depressed or lowered its head, and I immediately received a find spray-like discharge, which proved to be blood A glance at the animal showed that its eyes were bloody, as though ruptured. The volley had come so suddenly that I did not see it but I was convinced that in some way the liz ard had ruptured a blood vessel in its eye and

had forced the fluid through the air a distance of at least a foot.

"I immediately began to experiment with the little captives, and found that the above explanation was the case beyond question; but only a small percentage of the lizards could be induced to respond to my methods; giving them slight taps on the head seemed to exasperate them the most, and they would lower the head convulsively, the eye would be depressed, and a jet of thick blood, or blood which congealed very quickly, would be shot in a delicate stream to an extraordinary distance.

"Suspecting that the lizards did not consider me a dangerous enemy, and that I would nave better success with some animal, I called n the aid of a fox terrier, for which the little reatures evinced the greatest fear. When the dog placed his nose near them they crouched low and endeavored to shuffle themselves under the sand out of sight; but when the dog was urged on and began to bark they would draw back, hiss slightly, then depress the head, and the white face of the enemy would at once be spattered with drops of plood. Such a discharge was very effective and when received in the nostrils it caused the log no little annoyance and he ran around exitedly for a moment, vainly endeavoring to id himself of the fluid, which evidently had ome disagreeable feature."

Gratitude is a good thing for any man to use in his business.

#### FRUIT IS A GOOD MEDICINE.

It has not been a secret of the medical proression that the eating of fresh fruits is one of the most healthful of habits. As a cure it is both simple and agreeable.

Fruits are divided into five classes—the asringent, the mealy, the oily, the acid and weet. Each has an especial value.

The grape is the king cure of all fruits, and s recommended particularly to the consumptive, the anæmic and the dyspeptic; also for out and all liver complaints.

The prescription in each case is very simple, rarying of course according to the complaint.

To begin with, the patient consumes from a half to a pound and a half of grapes daily, increasing gradually to nine or ten pounds. This diet is to be continued until the patient's health shows a general improvement.

To the sweet fruits a special hygienic virtue is ascribed, particularly to the plum, as a remedy in articular rheumatism or preventive to gout.

The acid class, which includes raspberries, strawberries, peaches, apples, gooseberries, cherries, lemons and oranges, stands at the head of the list. All these fruits are prescribed for stomach troubles.

The spirit of adventure is the maker of commonwealths.

#### ANCIENT BOATS IN IRELAND.

SEVENTEEN fishing-boats, one of which is said to have been built between 1740 and 1750, form the odd little fishing village of Carracross, on the west coast of Ireland. The only building in the place which is not constructed of an old boat is the priest's house, and this is built almost entirely of the driftwood which the gulf stream piles upon the rocky coast. There is not a tree of sufficient size to give building timber within eight miles of Carracross, and, though there is plenty of building stone, it is never used for anything except building fences around potato patches.

#### HIS CONCEPTION OF PUNISHMENT.

Once, when the secretary of war, Elihu Root, had approved a punishment of an offender in the Philippines with a severity which seemed somewhat disproportionate to the crime, a visitor ventured to ask him whether he did not consider such a penalty a good deal like the old law of England, which hanged a man for stealing a sheep. "Certainly," was the answer, "and we impose it in the same spirit, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but as a preventive. The thief was hanged, not because a stolen sheep was regarded as worth a human life, but in order that more sheep should not be stolen."

#### NO STONE PEOPLE.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written relative to the petrification of human bodies. Alleged discoveries of the remains of men and women changed into adamant by the chemical action of the soil in which they were buried have been numerous during the past twentyfive years, but investigation has invariably proved their fraudulent character. The ethnological bureau at Washington was somewhat stirred a few weeks ago by the report that the petrified head of a man had been discovered somewhere in the New Jersey wilds. The head in question was forwarded to the bureau and a convocation of scientists was called. A young geologist connected with the survey had discovered this remarkable curiosity and had sent a detailed description to the bureau. It was not the only petrified man who has been forwarded to the bureau. They are annual or, rather, semiannual occurrences.

"No such thing as a human petrifaction has ever been discovered," remarked Professor W. J. McGee, but that is no reason to say that it cannot exist, or has not existed. It may be possible. I doubt it, and everybody else who has inquired into the matter at all doubts it. The human flesh has never been known to become petrified, but, nevertheless, any case reported to us is inquired into, so we awaited with some degree of curiosity the coming of this gentleman."

"This gentleman" was very carefully packed and the box labeled "glass." His description had aroused general interest, so there was quite an assemblage of ethnologists, geologists and paleontologists, as well as clerks, and, in fact, the entire bureau force on hand to view the curious head as soon as it arrived.

No sooner was it unpacked than Professor McGee announced: "This is no petrified man." It so closely resembled one, however, the features were so plainly indicated and the substance so like a petrification that there were questions: "What else is it?" "What do you call it?" It was a limestone boulder, curiously fashioned, it was true, into features very like a human being's, but a limestone boulder none the less. It was a disappointment.

"We should like to discover a genuine petrified man," remarked one of the ethnologists. "We should really like to find one after all these years."

The gentleman being thus rudely declared a fraud remained for a day or two on exhibition and was then fired back to his original habitation with a letter to the young geologist.

But this petrified man was nothing compared to his most recent predecessor. His predecessor was a woman. They speak of her still at the bureau as Mrs. Stone, and her story never fails to bring a weird smile. "If it had not been for that gas pipe," remarked Professor McGee gravely, "she would have been a remarkably fine woman, indeed." All of the ethnologists are very mysterious when conversing about her. Her story is one of the most pathetic that the bureau has ever encountered.

"She came to us from the west," said Professor McGee sadly, "where they usually come from. She had been exhibited around in small towns, and her appearance had invariably caused a big sensation and she became the nine days' wonder. We heard about her from all quarters and at length decided to investigate. We had received several letters from the company she was traveling with, which, I must say, seemed to be anxious to substantiate her reputation, so we agreed to send on for her. She came. We went down in a body to the depot to meet her and decided to have the inquest at once. I did not say anything, but carried along a few little instruments in my pockets. For a petrified woman she was certainly a remarkable speci-

The scene of the inquest was a grewsome affair. It was late on a winter afternoon and one gas jet was lit. The body was laid out in the center of the room in its frame coffin and Professor McGee, with much gravity, proceeded to conduct the services. They consisted of taking from his pockets those little instruments and of boring a few inches into the foot. To the amazement of every onlooker a small section of gas pipe was struck. This ended the inquest. Mrs. Stone's reputation as a professional was forever spoiled, and she no longer went gallivanting around the country

posing as "the one and only petrified woman ever discovered in the history of the world."

This was not the only instance of a petrified

iraud catching popular favor.

"There is a factory somewhere out in Caliiornia," continued the scientist, "which manuiactures these petrified human beings by the
wholesale and distributes them around various
sections of the country, has them discovered
and sells them for a stipulated sum for exhibiion purposes. They make the casts directly
irom life. One of the workmen connected
with the establishment had a club foot. One
of the objects issued by this factory also had
hat club foot, and after its discovery down in
the Pueblo country the petrified man with the
club foot became the sensation of the west."

Every new kind of a petrified human being, men, women and children, Indians, giants, and what-not, has been unearthed in the remote parts of the United States, and their finding has resulted in a big sensation for the immediate locality, and a gold mine for the fellow who took it up for exhibition purposes. More trauds have been perpetrated in this way than even in the dime museums. The bureau has suppressed more of these frauds within recent evers than it has stopped to count, and there is not a year without its good sensation in the local office itself. It is seldom, however, that a scientist himself is taken in as in the case of the petrified head from New Jersey.

\* \*

Did you ever consider the uselessness of retribution in the form of a personal revenge?

#### MERELY A LARGE VILLAGE.

IN Russia everything is large and everything is loud. Moscow is like an immense village and everything in it is built broad, not high, because there is so much space to cover. The bublic squares, unpaved and surrounded by a ittle rim of cobbles, are as big as meadows. The arcades and passages, with their cellars below, their steps above, their glass roofs, are so enormous that they could hold the Passage des Panoramas and the Burlington arcade and the galleries at Milan, without filling more than a corner of them. Colors shriek and flame; the Muscovite eye sees only by emphasis and con-

trast; red is completed either by another red or by a bright blue. There are no shades, no reticences, no modulations.

The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great bell clashes against a chain on all the trams to clear the road; the music one hears is a ferocity of brass.

The masons who build the houses build in top boots, red shirts and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and colored every glaring color. Bare feet, osier sandals and legs swathed in rags pass to and fro among the top boots of the middle classes, the patent leather boots of the upper classes, like the inner savagery of a race still so near barbarism, made evident in that survival of the footgear of primitive races.

\* \*

Not ignoble are the days of peace, not without courage and laurel victories.

#### CHIT-CHAT.

THE Order of the Garter was founded by Edward III, in 1344. The emblem of the Order is a Garter, formerly of light blue silk, with the motto embroidered in rubies, pearls and diamonds, but it is now of dark blue velvet about an inch wide, with the motto in gold. It is worn on the left leg, just below the knee, but when the sovereign is a woman she wears it on her left arm just below the elbow.

The seal ring worn by the Pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer.

Since the thirteenth century every pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered when the wearer dies to prevent its use on a forged document.

The arctic region was called the Land of the Midnight Sun by the traveler Du Chaillu, who published a book bearing the title, from the fact that in the spring in that region the sun never sets. There is no morning and no night. It is one continuous day for months.

—M. M. Withrow in Home Magazine.

#### WHAT IS OSTEOPATHY?

BY DR. S. B. MILLER.

REGARDLESS of the etymology of the word its advocates define it as the art of treating disease by manipulation; the science of restoring vital processes by removing physical obstructions, and controlling the circulation of the blood by direct effect upon the nervous system. We believe that "every cell has inherent power to recover from injury"-(Lester), and that the recuperative powers are naturally within the body, and he is the wisest physician who best enables the body to regain normal conditions with no additional detritus for the weakened vitality to remove. The simplicity of the principles of the science is a strong factor in its ready recognition by thinking people.

Whatever interferes with nerve control or blood supply is a primary cause of disease. It may be mechanical disturbance in the bony framework, abnormal relationship of softer tissues, faulty proportions, various physical injuries, overwork of organs producing a lowered vitality, continued contraction of muscles or tension of deep fascia, etc. We believe that health is the natural state, and that this condition will be maintained so long as every cell has an uninterrupted blood and nerve supply. Instead of treating symptoms as they arise, or treating symptoms only, we treat the cause to remove it. Osteopathy is a science, and demands of its proficient practitioners a more thorough knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the body than is required by any other system or science of healing. The minutest details of structure and function are of practical interest to the osteopath because he uses them.

The science was discovered by Dr. A. T. Still, of Baldwin, Kansas, in 1874. He was a physician of many years of experience. He practiced and developed the science alone until 1892, when he obtained a charter to found a school at Kirksville, Missouri. At the present time there are several legally incorporated schools, several hundred qualified practitioners, and other hundreds of students.

Osteopathy, in these few years, has been legalized by the legislatures of sixteen States,

and its doctors are practicing in every State of the union and several foreign countries. The standard course consists of twenty months in four terms of five months each, comprising the study of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Pathology, Symptomotology, Hygiene, Gynecology, Obstetrics, Surgery, Dissection, Theory of Osteopathy, and ten months of clinical practice previous to graduation

Nearly all diseases to which the human body is heir have been successfully treated by osteopathy. It is nature's remedy, its practitioners are students and scholars. Our keynote is adjustment, our cures are our advertisements, the reasonableness of our principles our foundation.

Des Moines, Iowa.

[The question asked, "What is osteopathy?" is ably answered in this article. Now if the doctor will go a step further and tell the 'Nook family how it is done we will be thankful. Take inflammatory rheumatism, for example,—The Editor.]

Who shuns the dust and sweat of the contest on his brow feels not the cool shade of the olive.

#### PEACE TESTS OF BRAVERY.

Peace has its tests of a sailor's or a soldier's bravery no less severe than those of war, though they may be less glorious. Few civilians would fancy the duty which has been assigned to several naval officers of sealing themselves up in the new submarine torpedoboat Fulton, of sinking then below the surface of the water and of remaining there from twelve to fifteen hours. The officers and men who are to undergo this experience will breathe bottled air, so to speak, the necessary supply of atmospheric fluid being contained in compressed air flasks.

#### BEAVER A NUISANCE IN COLORADO.

Beavers have become so numerous in the southern part of Colorado that the ranchmen want them killed off to save their property.

THE first agricultural newspaper was the *American Farmer*, begun at Baltimore in 1819.

#### The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

## TALKS AND INCIDENTS OF THE LAST SUPPER.

BY M. S. MOHLER.

According to the accepted chronology of the Bible in A. D. 33, on the anniversary of the feast of the Passover his disciples asked Christ where they should prepare to eat the passover. He told them to go into the city, Jerusalem) to such a man and tell him the Master said his time was at hand, and would keep the passover at his house, and they made eady the passover, but instead of eating the lewish or legal Passover he instituted his supper (full meal), that great and solemn institution which in the Scriptures is denominated the Lord's Supper which was to be perbetuated by his church to the end of time. This he resolved to leave behind him to be constantly celebrated in his church as a standng monument of his love in dying for mancind.

Eating together was, in all ages, a token of riendship, a promoter of sociability. The Savior fully understood that he was on the eve of a trying ordeal. It was a solemn time to him. He used every means to enlist the feelings and strengthen their faith in him. Before eating this supper he gave his disciples practical lesson of humility as well as an expression of his great love for them by washing heir feet. Peter refused to have his feet washed. He was of a different temperament rom the other disciples. He was inquisitive, John 21: 20, 21, 22. He wanted to know all about a thing, which is all right in a certain way. On this occasion he was somewhat presumptuous, so much so that he refused to have is Master wash his feet. This was an extraorlinary service. Peter was also somewhat of an extremist. When he understood the situation ne wanted to have his hands and head washed also. While Peter had the above traits he had also another, which is not a bad one, viz., continuity.

After having washed their feet he told them they were not all clean, for he knew who should betray him. He now resumed his

place at the table. He then asked them whether they knew what he had done to them.

He as a loving father wanted them to understand every act of his for his hour had come for him to leave them. "Ye call me Master and Lord (Teacher, Instructor, Sovereign and King), and ye say well, for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master have washed your feet ye ought also to wash one another's feet for I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." This now is what he had done to them. He himself answers the question he asked them. He then gave them the promise that they should be happy if they knew these things and did them. He now tells them that he had not chosen them all. At one time he said to them "Have not I chosen 'you twelve and one of 'you is a devil?" Judas had been admitted to all the privileges of friendship and had partaken of the usual evidences of affection. Jesus understood the heart and said unto them. "One of you hath lifted up his heel against me." It is clear that it denotes great injury, and injury aggravated by the fact of professed friendship. Now Jesus is troubled in spirit and tells them, for the first time, that one of them should betray him. The Apostles were perplexed. They had an anxiety such as a man feels when he is in perplexity and knows not what to say or to do. They ask him who it should be. Christ said, "It is he to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it."

When Judas was made known he went immediately and executed his plan. After Judas had gone out Christ told his disciples that now is the Son of Man glorified, that the Father would honor him (Christ) and that the Father was honored by the Son. The life and death of Christ was such as was an honor to the Father. He now tells them as he did the Jews at one time, "Whither I go ye cannot come." So now he wants them to be comforted and he encourages them. He uses an expression of great tenderness, denoting his deep interest in them.

As he was about to leave them he endeavors to allay their grief. He then gives them a new commandment. Under the law they were to love their neighbor as themselves, and this was to be a badge of discipleship. It was new because it had never before been made that by which any class or body of men had been known or distinguished. They were to befriend each other in trials, be careful of each other's reputation. It shall be the thing by which ye shall be known among all men.

Now Peter asked him whither he was going. Christ told him he could not follow him now, but that he should follow him hereafter, intimating the martyrdom he was to suffer for his Master's religion. The eating of the Lord's Supper on the memorable night of his betrayal was one of the last acts of his life in the completion of man's redemption. After the supper he gave them the Bread and Wine (Communion). On the cross he exclaimed, "It is finished."

Leeton, Mo.

He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror.

#### STRANGE WORK FOR WOMEN.

Women breadwinners have chosen strange careers for themselves in various parts of the earth. Their example may inspire others, if not to adopt like professions, to act upon the principle which guided them to choose the one thing they could do that was near at hand. For example, in Georgia a woman not only personally delivers mail over a forty-mile route, riding over the scantily settled region of Montgomery County thrice weekly during the entire year, but manages a large farm as well, doing much of the manual labor, such as plowing, harrowing sowing and harvesting, and supports by her energy and courage a family of four.

Not twenty miles from Savannah there resides a widow who has for the last two years made more than a comfortable income as a government contractor, bidding for the removal of wrecks, anchoring of buoys, building of jetties and dredging.

Few persons riding over the New London Northern railway are aware that the company employs the only woman train dispatcher in the world. Her responsibility is great, her hours from 7 o'clock in the morning to 9 in the evening, her duties a continual nervous and mental strain. Recently the directors of the road complimented her upon her efficient service, and it is a pleasure to add she receives the same compensation paid the men occupying similar positions.

Freedom is but the first lesson in self-government.

#### KANGAROO THREAD.

The outfit of a modern surgeon includes dozens of different kinds of thread used for sewing up cuts and wounds. Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away.

Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while fine silver wire is practically indestructible. With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely.

To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Be sides the needle craned in different segment of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, with a point like a miniature knifeblade. Others have the sharp ened end triangular.

#### THAT "WHAT IS IT?" ON THE LAST COVER.

BY M. B. FORNEY.

THE picture shows a "soap weed," a wild "needle and thread plant." They grow on the prairie and some people say they make soap but I never saw any. They are an odd-look ing plant. We take them up and set them out in our yards and when they are growing good they start up a stem which grows about three feet high, and has cream colored flowers all the way up the stalk.

Kearney, Nebr.



#### THE WAIL OF THE DYSPEPTIC.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

(On looking over the new Cook Book.)

WIFE, what new thing under the sun
Possesses all these Dunker women?
Here's soups and salads, pies and jams,
And cakes with many a gorgeous trimmin';
They've sacked the country up and down,
With energy that's quite surprising,
And here's a thousand recipes
That read most awful appetizing.

But O, dear me! if I should try
A sample dozen of these capers,
There'd be a case of gastric pain
Broadcast in all the county papers;
I fear the rumpus down the lane
Would stir me up to malediction
Against these hospitable folk
With their sweet, savory infliction.

But what is this? Some graham gems,
And toast, and eggs, and roasted apple,
And pumpkin baked and rice with cream,
And one wide slice of breakfast scrapple;
You'd better look these over, wife;
It's more than pickles, pies, and candy;
Make me a few of these plain things,
And keep the book where t'will be handy.

Huntingdon, Pa.

#### WILL YOU HAVE ESCARGOTS?

THE De Jonghes, in Monroe street, are pioneers in the introduction of the French snail to Chicago palates. They began in 1894, but in that first season they could not give the escargots away. The next year they served 300 on their tables. From this the numbers served and sold grew to 1,000 in 1896, to 4,000 in 1897, to 24,000 in 1898, to 110,000 in 1899, to

500,000 in 1900, and in this present season they expect to import, prepare, and ship and sell 5,000,000,000 of the creatures. New York's most famous hostelries buy these snails from Chicago; they are sold as far West as San Francisco. For wherever the creature is eaten the person becomes converted to the new food. Seven years ago Chicago turned in disgust from the snail to its Blue Points and Little Necks; to-day it is hard to supply escargots in quantities to meet the demand.

These snails are raised in French vineyards, where they feed upon the leaves of the grape-vines. As winter approaches they seal themselves into their shells, drop from the leaves, and are then gathered up for market. The opening in the shell is filled with a further airtight coating of plaster of Paris, after which the creature is shipped alive to Chicago in lots of 50,000 or more.

Ten hours' cooking and preparing are necessary before the snail again is put back into his shell, ready for the ice box until such time as it is ready to be heated and served. The cooking processess are secret, but the escargot, once prepared and served, is a dish for an epicure.

#### "MUCH BUTTER, EGGS, AND MILK."

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of a number of communications along the line of cheap and good food, influenced by the criticism of the French chef on the INGLENOOK Cook Book. Readers will remember that he said the recipes are not intended for the poor. Many of our

readers in the goodness of their hearts are sending in so-called cheap and good recipes.

The facts are that the Dunker sisters, as a rule, know nothing about real poverty. One sends in a recipe to meet the wants of the poor. It calls for apples, butter, eggs and milk. Right here in Elgin good apples are fifty cents a peck, eggs are twenty-four cents a dozen, butter is twenty-five cents a pound, and milk is cheap, being six cents a quart. And there you are! The kind-hearted sister has all of these things at her hand, and forgets, or does not know, what it means to pay out money for every bite. The facts are that half or more of us do not know how well off we are, for all of our occasional complaining.

#### CHICKEN CREAM SOUP.

Take a good fat chicken about a year old, cut it up into quarters, put it into a soup kettle with half a pound of corned ham and onions; add four quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to a gentle boil, and keep this up until the liquid has diminished one-third, and the meat drops from the bones; then add half a cup of rice. Season with salt, pepper, and a bunch chopped parsley. Cook slowly until the rice is tender, then the meat should be taken out, should be fried in a spoonful of butter and a gravy made, reserving some of the white part of the meat, chopping it, and adding it to the soup.

Huntington, Ind.

#### WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.

BY ANNIE R. STONER.

Take two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, whites of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour, and then bake. Ice and cover with grated cocoanut.

Union Bridge, Md.

To prevent fumes of onions smarting the eyes while pealing them, put a needle in your mouth, holding between your lips. It works like magic.

#### VINEGAR PIE.

BY CORA B. BYER.

Take one egg, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one teacup of sugar and beat all well together, and add vinegar to make it taste real sharp, then add one cup of cold water; flavor with Jemon essence and bake with two crusts.

Albert City, Iowa.

#### FOR CROUP.

BLEND together one teaspoonful of brown sugar to an equal part of fresh lard. When a child is attacked with croup give it freely to eat. It is an unfailing remedy for croup.

#### DOUGHNUTS.

BY MARTHA HUTTON.

TAKE three-fourths pint of sour cream, one-fourth pint of sour milk, two teacups of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda and flour to mix rather soft. Fry in hot lard.

\* :

We feel constrained to notice the wording of several letters that have come to us recently from widely separated sections of the country. It is that the writers speak of themselves as "One of the Household," "Our 'Nook Family," etc. This is exactly the way we want it. Every member of the Brethren church has an equal ownership in the magazine, and those not of the same household of faith are to regard themselves as at home in the 'Nook family if they are readers of the Inglenook. When you come to Elgin the Editor will swing his rocker around in front of the open grate fire and let you rest in the real inglenook of the office.

"I HAVE a good many cook books, but the INGLENOOK Cook Book seems different from all, in that the recipes have such a home-like flavor. The cooking-school books are so hightoned and citified, while this reminds one of the old homestead and the things Mother used to make."—Pennsylvania Sister.

#### GOOD READING.

In this department of the Inglenook there will appear from week to week notices of the periodicals that come to the desk of the Edior. The 'Nooker will not go wrong if he akes any of these periodicals he fancies he would like. The Inglenook has nothing to lo with the sale or subscription of these papers and magazines. They can be bought at he news stands, or subscriptions, if so desired, sent direct to the publishers. The following are under notice this week:

The Literary Digest, New York. This is a nigh grade weekly compendium of the happenings of the week, in a literary, scientific and political way. It is a weekly for the library and the scholar. The price is ten cents copy, or three dollars a year.

Pearson's Magazine, New York. This is one of the better class so-called popular magazines of the day, and it ranks with the highest and est. It is illustrated, and contains fiction and ther articles of graver import and high value. There is a series of illustrated articles running hrough Pearson's entitled "The History of the States" that will amply repay the trifle the magazine costs. In the Christmas issue efore us Texas is dealt with, a fact to which re call the attention of the Texas 'Nookers. Trice, ten cents, or one dollar a year.

The Review of Reviews, New York. This is magazine of exceptional value. It is illustrated, paying more attention to the actors in he world's happenings than to places, and is adde up of original articles and extracts from ther publications likely to interest the schol-rly. While it is impossible to "take all the pagazines" the next nearest thing to it is to ave the Review of Reviews at hand. Under the head of the "Progress of the World" a complete resume of matters of universal interst is presented in readable form. We expect to have a good deal to say about this magane in the future. Twenty-five cents a copy, two dollars and fifty cents a year.

The Arena, New York. This is an entirely ifferent order of monthly, high in character, and academic in contents. It is on the froner of thought, and while we may not always

agree with the findings of the writers yet there is no question as to the general value of the articles. It is not a publication intended for the masses, but rather for the scholar and the thinker. In future we will refer to the leading articles likely to interest the household of the 'Nook, and it can be bought or ordered as desired. Twenty-five cents a copy, or two and a half dollars per year.

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa. This is a monthly of the higher class and differs from nearly all the rest of the popular periodicals in not being illustrated, and in having a complete story, enough to subsequently make a book worth a dollar or more, in each issue. There is also the usual assortment of articles of general interest and instruction. It is cast along entirely different lines from all the other monthlies, and may be just what you want. Twenty-five cents a number or three dollars a year.

Country Life in America, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. This is a new venture in the literary world, and is one of the handsomest things coming to the office of the 'Nook. It is full of home-life pictures, and is just the thing for the country home that would be up to date in the knowledge of all that is best in the best homes and home surroundings in this country. Twenty-five cents or three dollars a year, and it is worth it. At this writing we have not seen the December issue, which will be noticed later on.

Success, New York. This is an illustrated monthly of very high class, devoted to what its name suggests. It is intended for the reading of all classes and ages, and especially for the young who would certainly be inspired to greater activity and impressed with higher aims and be all the better for reading Success. It costs ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year.

The Home Magazine, Washington, D. C. This is a monthly, about the size of the old INGLENOOK, and is intended for the home and home reading. It has stories and other reading that must not be confounded with the monthly dreadfuls with chromo covers and continued stories. It is ably conducted and contains nothing but the best literature of its character and class.

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# 触MGLENOOK

Vol. III.

DEC. 7, 1901.

No. 49.

#### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
That tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was but childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

–Thomas Hood.

**+ + +** 

#### GROWING HYBRID FRUIT.

EFFORTS are being made to cross the graperuit with the orange, and already with some sucless. It is thought that some new and valuable ruits may be created in this way. A very satisactory hybrid has been obtained between the 'angerine orange and the "pomelo," which is the roper horticultural name of the grape-fruit. The grape-fruit—so called because its large, spherical fruits grow in grapelike clusters of from three to eighteen—has only recently come into popular favor. Fifteen years ago it was practically unknown as a commercial product, though Florida people considered it tonic and refreshing. For lack of market, great quantities of pomelos were left to rot annually in the Flowery Peninsula. But Northern visitors in that part of the country learned to know and like the grape-fruit, and a demand was created by their desire for it on their return home.

Fifteen years ago the first pomelos were shipped to New York and Philadelphia, and were sold for fifty cents a barrel. But the taste for them grew, and better prices were soon realized. The great freeze of 1894-5 reduced the crop to a large extent, and the few pomelos sold that year brought enormous prices, sometimes as much as from \$15 to \$20 a box. The ordinary price nowadays is from \$4 to \$7 a box. Thousands of the trees have been newly set out in Florida, and the prospect is that the supply will keep pace with the demand which has been created by the increasing appreciation of fruit consumers. If the experiments in crossing it with the orange prove as successful as is hoped, some interesting novelties in the fruit line may be expected.

## + + + PLENTY OF PAUPER NOBLES.

According to a Vienna newspaper a theatrical agent of that city recently inserted an advertisement in a number of Austrian and German papers stating that he wanted a penniless count or baron to appear on the stage of continental music halls. No less than fourteen counts and barons, all of whom could prove beyond doubt the possession of their titles and ancient lineage, applied for employment of this kind.

#### COLORADO CATTLE BRANDS.

THE Colorado State Humane Society has taken up the Colorado brand book, containing 22,000 curious pictures and characters, and proposes to revise and expurgate it so that it will not represent such a vast amount of torture to western cattle.

Secretary Whitehead, of the Humane Society, has the authority of Agent Lerchen, an oldtime cattleman, for the statement that most of the brands used in marking cattle are too large and too elaborate in design, and that most ranchers do not know how to apply the irons so as to give the animals the least pain and to make the best-looking mark. Mr. Lerchen declares that simpler brands would not inflict half the pain that some of the elaborate designs must cause the animals at the round-up, and that most cattlemen make the mistake of sinking the irons into the flesh too deeply. He says that if the brand is laid lightly on the skin, instead of being allowed to burn its way to the raw flesh, the hair will grow out again to a point, and will make the brand much more distinguishable than if the iron had burned out the hair follicles entirely.

In order to remedy this condition of affairs, and to benefit the cattlemen as well as the cattle, it is proposed to go through the brand book, simplifying the brands, and to send out instructions to the cattlemen of the State regarding the best way to apply the hot irons.

The Colorado brand book, as it at present exists in the hands of the secretary of State, is one of the most curious documents in the country. In it the fancy of cattlemen, and cattlewomen for that matter, has been allowed to run unrestrained in the selection of designs to be applied to the hips or shoulders of range cattle or bronchos.

Grizzled ranchmen, who have spent most of their lives running the range, and whose breasts would not be suspected of harboring a spark of sentiment, have chosen hearts pierced with arrows for their valentine-like branding iron designs. A cattle owner who has lived for years where he never sees a woman's face, has sent in a crude design of a woman's head, and several thousand prime steers are running foot-loose in Routt County with the counter-

feit of one of their owner's schoolboy sweet hearts burned into their flanks.

Down near the Kansas line, adjoining a prohibition county in Kansas, an extensive cattle owner has a corkscrew as a brand. A minister out in Kit Carson County has an ox yoke for a brand. Wata-gee, a southern Ute Indian, or what was formerly the Ute reservation, in the southwestern corner of Colorado, has been allowed to stamp his cattle with a tomahawk design.

Falling men, turtles, cats, dogs, full moons crescents, umbrellas, rings, triangles, firearms flags and well-nigh every other conceivable design can be found in the brand book, and yet the secretary of State is compelled to reject many designs every year as either foolism or impracticable.

One woman wanted to know if there was any brand consisting of a reproduction of the seal of the State of Colorado. She said that she was much in love with the State, and thought that every steer that went forth t slaughter would be a good advertisement for the commonwealth, provided the seal of Color rado was imprinted on the animal's flank The secretary of State told her that such use of the seal of a great State like Colorado would be little less than sacrilege, and she was much hurt. Another woman wanted to know if any cattle owner in the State was using picture of the Bible as a brand, saying that was the design she had in view for her cattle She was not allowed to use such a design, and she also was offended. A Teller follower sent in a request that he might be allowed to use reproduction of the features of Colorado' senior senator as a cattle brand, and he was refused.

Most of the brands used by the cattlementhowever, are composed of variations of the letters of the alphabet. Cattlemen take great pride in the brands on their live stock, and whether the design is composed of letters or of some reproduction of an animate or an inanimate object, it is certain to represent an immense amount of thought in the planning. Consequently the announced intention of the Humane Society of the State to regulate the shape of branding irons is regarded as little short of an impertinence by the amateur

ists who have contributed to the fearful and inderful make-up of the Colorado brandok.

+ + +

Wise is the man who knows what not to say.

#### FROM LOUISIANA RICE FIELDS.

BY J. I. MILLER.

RICE threshing, hauling and shipping is still vogue. A sack holds about four bushels by easure, or two hundred pounds of rice. It all sold by the barrel, one hundred sixty-o pounds is a barrel. From a few barrels twenty-five and thirty are grown per acre. The latter are exceptions. Ten barrels per re is a fair yield and a good crop.

New land sown with clean, imported seed. ings the highest prices, usually from \$3.50 \$5 per barrel. One of our neighbor's crop is year brought him fifty-three or fifty-four illars per acre. Others did as well, while hers did not. It takes about one pound to w three acres. To the best of my knowllge, plowing, seed and sowing cost is rated from four to five dollars per acre. Then it rated at about two dollars and fifty cents per re to put it in shocks. Perhaps it cost a ttle more this season as hands were scarce. good hand got one dollar and fifty cents er day and board. This was about the aver-Many farmers who had from five hunred to one thousand acres have threshers and agines of their own. Traction engines are ost used. We have seen as many as five at ork at as many different places at the same me and could see the smoke of some more. have seen three at the same time on the ublic road, with thresher attached, going omewhere to work.

It takes about eighteen men to make a areshing crew. Where the "self-feeder" is sed it takes about four less. Most of the

threshing is done in the field while in shocks, and takes about six teams to keep things going, for when the rice is in good shape the thresher machines have a terrible appetite. Yes, and the men, too. But the latter eat something else besides rice straw when they get it. When you hire a man to do the threshing you must board the crew, furnish coal and pay all hands, except two or three that go with the machine, furnish sacks and pay ten cents per sack for threshing.

Under favorable circumstances a machine will run out from three hundred to four hundred and fifty sacks per day. Rice farming is the best paying farming we ever saw. Now I want to say to all, this is but a meager description of the rice industry, and my article is too lengthy, but I could not say what I wanted to in less space and it will answer many questions at one writing. In case the 'Nookman accepts I will give an article on well drilling for irrigating and one on truck growing and one on the oil find.

Roanoke, La.

+ + +

If you are not up and doing you will soon be down and done.

\* \* \*

#### HOW RUSSIAN PEASANTS LIVE.

Most of the Russian peasants pass a great deal of their lives in workshops, where they work, eat, and sleep, the same room sheltering a number, and probably a pig into the bargain. There are few beds. Instead, all around the four walls of the room is fixed what may be literally described as a bench. It is made of wood, and at this works the peasant by day and on it he sleeps by night, each at his own spot. The conditions of the Russian workshop, or factory, and the Russian prison and military barracks, so far as interior arrangements are concerned, are akin. Chairs there will also be, and table, rudely fashioned, as a rule, by the men themselves.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work all the other animals for a living.

#### HOW THE PEDDLER MANAGES IT.

An interesting trade is carried on by the five wholesale houses which supply goods to the vast army of pack peddlers who hawk their wares on country roads. The headquarters of this peculiar trade is in Walker street, although the largest of the supply stores removed some years ago to Canal street.

As in all other lines of business in New York the conditions that govern the transactions of these peculiarly conservative houses are steadily changing. For one thing a line of credits is being granted to a class of speculative peddlers who come in person to buy their stocks. Twenty years ago, when there were still fewer firms in the business and the pack peddler was the only customer of these almost every dollar received came in the familiar C. O. D. envelopes of the express companies. The money was usually in greasy and battered bills, which the peddlers in remote districts paid over the counters of the express offices before they could open their packages.

The pioneer in this trade was one John Mc-Conville, a north of Ireland man, who had a store in Chambers street as early as 1840. He was sole agent in this country for English poplins, a cheaper imitation of the Irish goods then so popular. His transactions were mostly with peddlers and strictly for cash. It is related of him that one day a clerk from A. T. Stewart's appeared with a rather large order for these inferior poplins. McConville, with characteristic Scotch-Irish obstinacy, refused to deal with his great compatriot until the cash was produced and passed over the counter.

About 80 per cent of the customers of these supply houses are still the toilers who carry the packs. If the peddler's route happens to lie in some remote district far from the nearest country store, his order is likely to call for some curious items and to cause a lively scurrying of clerks about town to pick up the novel articles.

Here are some of the odd orders that have been received and filled by the Canal street firm, whose customers are entirely in the south and in the West Indies. A monkey to go with a hand organ was ordered by a Florida peddler and was presumably transferred at profit to an Italian who works the Plant an Flagler hotels.

Another peddler ordered an outfit of pluming and a supply of linen for a frontier hot in the southwest. A second-hand organ warecently forwarded to Inagua, one of the Bhama islands, for a colored Sunday school.

A Hebrew peddler who had laid down the pack and started a small store at Fernandin sent for a dressmaker, whom he engaged him self to marry later on if she proved trust worthy and satisfactory. It is supposed that he married the "goods," for on the followin Rosh-hash-hanna (Jewish New Year) he sen a liberal order for black bread, prune wind smoked goose breast, and goose butter.

Many of the peddlers are constantly shiftin their field of operations, and the ingenuit with which they invent new schemes to gul their victims is worthy of a better cause. Jus now the black silk sample trick is in high favor up the country.

A peddler whose pack is made up of cheal stuffs carries a yard of black silk worth \$1.50 As every woman in the country knows what black silk is worth, he has no trouble in taking orders for gowns at 50 cents a yard. He is all out of goods on account of the enormous demand, he explains, but will bring it on his next trip. He collects no money, and he has no intention of delivering the dress pattern oprobably of ever coming that way again. The woman, however, is so elated with her bargain and so pleased with the peddler that she buy liberally of his cheap goods, and the peddler like the brook, goes "on and on forever," getting his supplies at new express offices.

There are a few women in the business who deal mostly in dress goods, operating in the suburbs of the city. They sell on the installment plan, some of them getting twice what an article is worth as a first payment and collecting what they can afterward.

The customers in New Mexico and Southern Texas are extremely partial to green colors, a taste due to the fact that green is the national color of Mexico. In Northern Texas the prevailing taste is for red, and in Virginia for grays and drabs. Of late years the whole business has been ken up in other cities. Chicago and St. bus each have three peddlers' supplies bres; Cincinnati, two, and Pittsburg and aco, Tex., each one.

The good old times for the peddler, followg the civil war period, when imitation cams hair shawls could be sold for the real arile, have gone forever. The man with the ck, however, still pays for his stock before sees it, as a rule.

Like the savage warrior, he gives no quarter d asks none. He exacts cash from the ttler's wife, who buys a gaudy table spread om his dusty store spread out on the steps a Texas sheep ranch, as rigorously as the press company exacts it from him.

There may be a delay of weeks or months fore he applies for his goods at the distant ilway station, and in case he is waylaid by shwaymen on a lonely road or killed in a tern brawl, the package may be returned, the payments are usually extremely ompt, and the peddler is a star customer.

But few men in the congregation ever think of applying the sermon to themselves.

## + + + + FACTS ABOUT STARVATION.

STRANGE as it may seem, death from starvain is really death from loss of heat. A phytian can predict the oncoming of a fatal ise when the temperature falls below a certain
int, for the vital fire has burned so low that
ere is no hope of its replenishment. Much
pends on the bodily condition of the person
dergoing starvation. Other things being
ual a corpulent, well-fed man will hold out
ager against the starving process than his
in and meager companion. The former has
deposit receipt at the bank of nutrition in
e shape of his fat, while the lean man is exusting his small bodily current account
ich is his only means of support.

An instance in point is the case of the fat at Dover, England, which is mentioned by C. Lyell, and also by Dr. W. B. Carpenter his manual of physiology. This pig weighed pounds and was entombed for 160 days by a fall of a portion of the chalk cliffs. It

was ultimately dug out, nobody expecting to find it alive, and was found to weigh forty pounds only.

A woman faster has been undergoing starvation at a London museum and, according to the reports, her weight has been steadily reduced. Her only source of subsistence was water, and, of course, the air she breathed. An English physician, commenting on her case, now invites attention to the fact, realized by very few, that the air supply is in reality of the nature of food. "The oxygen of the air which we are perpetually taking into our blood," he writes, "is part and parcel of our food supply. It may be compared to the light which kindles the vital fire, the fuel being represented by the solid foods."

Cases are well known in which, on water alone, persons have survived for periods varying from twenty to forty days, or even more. They succumbed in many cases, for the plain reason that water, while it will keep the body going, as it were, at low pressure, will not supply it with its needful pabulum.

## + + + FIREMEN BARRED BY CUSTOM'S LAW.

According to a Vienna correspondent a fire recently broke out at Hermannisreuth, an Austrian village near the Bavarian frontier. A Bavarian fire brigade which was stationed only three miles away hastened to the rescue, but the Austrian costom-house officers refused to allow the fire engines to pass the frontier without paying the usual tax on imported machinery. The Bavarian firemen naturally turned back and half the village was burned down before the nearest Austrian fire brigade could reach the scene.

#### GOOD THING FOR POOR BRIDES.

A curious custom exists in the Prussian royal family of selecting every July a half dozen young couples too poor to marry and having them wedded in the garrison church at Potsdam on the anniversary of the death of Queen Louise of Prussia. After the ceremony each bride receives a gift of a sum equivalent to about \$125 and a handsome family Bible.

#### THE JAP WRESTLER.

To be a wrestler in Japan is to be a great popular character. Wrestling is the national sport of the Japanese and the martial spirit of the people is reflected in their love for it. It is unlike the national sports of America, the English or the Scotch and is as much older than baseball, cricket and golf as Japan is older than the countries where these sports flourish. The record of the empire goes back to the period twenty years before the birth of Christ, when a great national match was held. This was in the year that Cæsar's nephew assumed the imperial crown of Rome. It was twenty-seven years B. C. that Nomino-Sukune contended with Kehaya in the palace at Nara and threw this boastful wrestler with such force that he!died on the spot. Kehaya prided himself on his great strength and skill and the victor was crowned by the emperor and covered with honors. After his death Sukune was deified and to this day is worshiped as the patron of Japanese wrestlers.

The new order of things under which Japan has attempted, with such surprising success, to adapt herself to the western ideas has deprived the wrestler of some of his glory and importance, but he still continues to be a person of great interest and consideration in the communities where he may dwell.

Boys look up to him with awe and veneration, while bashful maidens divide their struggling affections between him and the ever-popular actor. The old folk see in him one of the representatives of another order of things now rapidly disappearing-the "good old times," the "golden age," for which every ancient worthy in every land and clime has sighed since this wicked world first started its downward course. He is an interesting landmark, as it were, of Japanese civilization, but not a handsome one. Outside the ring he is easily recognized by his enormous statureenormous as compared with that of his average countryman-his extraordinary girth, his waddling gait and the assumption of superiority over his fellow-beings with which his physical proportions seem to inspire him.

The European dress craze which in the early '60's and for many years thereafter appeared to have seized upon all classes and both sexes

has left the wrestler untouched. To this day he is the one man who may be said, along among Japanese of distinction, to have consistently clung to the native costume. He even goes so far as to retain his cue and a peculiar build of clogs not worn nowadays by any one else.

Like other sports, wrestling has had its up and downs in the popular esteem. The popul larity which wrestling enjoys at the present day is traced to matches that were held in 188 on the occasion of the emperor's visit to the ex-daimyo of Satsuma. Under the Tokugawa dynasty-that is to say, during the period of "the great peace"-wrestlers enjoyed special Their art was considered of mil privileges. itary importance and their services were likely at any moment to be required by the state They ranked next to the Samurai. They were exempted from all tolls on public highways could order post horses at the same reduced rate as the Samurai and were permitted to enter theaters and other places of public amuse ment as deadheads. Their wide popularity was, however, mainly due to the patronage d the daimyo or other great feudatories. Every wrestler of the first grade was backed by daimyo with the willing support of his retainers, and his honor was jealously watched by the whole clan.

Every large town has its wrestling ring The one in Tokio is a fair sample of most Imagine a frame building about 180 feet long by 150 feet wide covered by a canvas roof Inside, on the four sides, are tiers of seats and boxes which command a view of the ring. the center is the ring itself, formed as a rule by heaping hardened earth about thirty inches high in a perfect circle of twenty feet in diameter. The whole suggests, except as to size the circus ring or a pie on an enlarged scale The whole is surmounted, but so as not to obstruct the view of the audience, by a dais supported by four pillars. At opposite pillars are pails of water for the wrestlers to drink from before or during a bout. On the side of the pails are a basket of salt and a bundle of paper slips, the former to purify the body for the contest, which, it is said, may possibly end in death, and the latter to wipe the face. Near by is a little shrine dedicated to Nomino-Sukune, the guardian deity of the wrestlers, beiore which offerings of rice and water are
made every morning while the matches last.
The water is afterward sprinkled to purify the
ring. Wrestlers come upon the ring from opponite sides, supposed to be the east and west,
according to the side to which they belong.
The umpire stands on the north side of the
ring and faces south.

There are no "bleachers" to dispute the decisions of the umpire. So great is the confidence of the public in his official integrity hat his decrees are rarely, if ever, questioned. There is an elaborate school of theory and practice through which he has to go to qualify himself for the discharge of his duties. He decides when the time has arrived to separate struggling wrestlers, and it is part of his duties to set them again in the same position as when he parted them.

To be declared the victor of a "meet" a wrestler has not only to be prepared to wrestle successfully with every comer, up to a certain number every day, but he has also to keep the same pace going while the contests are in progress—two weeks, as a rule.

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The apple was raw, therefore Adam didn't get a chance to attribute it to Eve's cooking.

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#### SILKWORM HAS A RIVAL IN THREADMAKING.

I WONDER if the boys and girls know that the firm of "Silkworm & Co." has a rival in the field. Have you heard that a new one called "Spider Brothers" has been started, and that before very long the shopkeeper may ask, "Do you wish spider silk or worm silk?" In Madagascar the new firm has begun business, and millions of spiders are to be raised for their silk—not the common kind that frightened little Miss Muffet, but a special variety that can spin from 100 to 150 yards of thread an hour on the tiny spools made for that purpose.

Some Frenchmen have made the most delicate machinery to wind the thread. The natives of Madagascar for three years have known of this spider, but they were too indolent or too poor to make use of it. On some islands near South Carolina are some silk spiders, but they have not been made useful yet. They will be some day, for spider silk is very beautiful. Some one gave Empress Eugenie a pair of mitts of spider silk once, and they were so fine and transparent that people could hardly tell they were on her hands!

Then there is a Mussel family in the Mediterranean Sea that can make silk thread. Inside the shell you find a soft bunch of fibers of no special color or beauty, but when it is combed and dressed how shining and fine it is. People have made stockings, neckties and other small articles from the mussel, but it is not likely that the silk will ever be used except to make curiosities.

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Some men are so afraid of stubbing their toes that they never look up.

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WHEN the English rooks are building their nests frequently a rookery is disturbed by big quarrels over the placing of those huge bundles of sticks in the treetops. The trouble occurs mostly with young birds wishing to place their nests too near to an old nest. A council of rooks is called, with the result that the disputants' nests are soon scattered to the winds. and the claimant and the defendant both have to begin a new foundation. Sometimes there is a disturbance on a more limited scale when a pair of birds do their very best to pull the sticks from the nest of another pair, each of the contending parties doing all they can to prevent the other from building. Rooks are curiously weather wise and they scent a coming storm and set to work to repair and strengthen their nests before that imminent gale has been evident to the farmer. The rook's powers of sight and hearing are remarkable.

The price of liberty is eternal vigilance—and it is always payable in advance.

#### OKLAHOMA GAME.

Indian summer in Oklahoma lasts from Sept. I almost to the middle of November. The days are filled with soft, lazy sunshine, the sky is blue and cloudless, the nights are crisp and cool, with an occasional frost, and sometimes a rainfall gives freshness and sweetness to the earth.

Such a country, with an abundance of game, should make an ideal hunting ground. Perhaps in no other part of the west can be found more small game. This is especially true of quail and prairie chicken.

In some parts of Oklahoma deer have increased instead of diminishing in numbers. Turkeys have disappeared rapidly in the last few years. Black bear are found in the Wichita mountains, but in another year both large and small game will be scarce.

Oklahoma is unexcelled as a hunting ground for quail. The seasons are propitious for the propagation of the birds, and they have increased surprisingly in numbers since the country has been settled. The farmer has killed most of the natural enemies of the quail, while his fields of wheat and kaffir corn have opened a vast and unfailing granary for the subsistence of the brown-coated birds.

Every thicket and ravine is a hiding place and rendezvous for coveys that sometimes contain from fifty to sixty plump, toothsome birds. An Oklahoma hunting party is disappointed with less than from seventy-five to 100 birds as the result of an afternoon's sport.

The real enemy of the quail is the pot-hunter, who travels over the country with a camp outfit, killing a dozen birds at a shot and hauling them to small railroad stations, where they are shipped to city markets as eggs or poultry. The law forbids shipments of quails to outside markets, but the profit is so great that the pot-hunters violate it.

The number of birds shipped to outside markets in a single season can be guessed at when it is known that one firm in this place two years ago shipped quails at the rate of from 300 to 500 dozen a day. This was only one of several dealers in the town and the town only one of many in Oklahoma,

The banks of Purcell last season handled

\$40,000 worth of business for pot hunters. The Oklahoma quail is slightly smaller than the quail of northern States, but has finer flavor.

Prairie chickens have disappeared from eastern and central Oklahoma, owing to the large farming population. The sparsely settled counties of Day, Roger, Mills, Kiowa, and Greer, however, are alive with them.

Here are vast stretches of prairie broken by high rolling hills. On the hills grow a species of small oak about knee high, popularly called shin oaks. The country where these oaks grow is known as the shinneries, and is the home of the prairie chicken.

There he can wallow in the sand, keeping under good cover. When feeding time comes he flies to the kaffir fields of some ranchman and fills himself to bursting. Until lately the country has been so hard of access that outside hunters did not penetrate to the shinneries.

The country is ideal to shoot over, as there is scarcely any timber. The solitude of the great brown prairies weighs upon the spirits of the hunter at first, but he soon becomes accustomed to it, and the bracing atmosphere of the high, dry altitude gives a zest to his appetite.

The stranger should be accompanied by some person who knows the country, as he is likely to lose his way, and, above all, may not find good water. Most of the streams contain alkali.

The immense wheat fields of Oklahoma are green all winter and are excellent feeding grounds for wild fowls. Often the fields are black with geese. Shrewd stalking is required to kill them with shotguns, but the hunter who wishes, to enjoy more leisurely sport buries himself in a strawstack and kills his geese one by one with a rifle.

A favorite place for ducks in winter is on the tanks in the big ranch pastures. A tank is a big pond formed by damming a deep ravine.

By approaching the tank from below the dam, the hunter has his game at his mercy. The record kill in Oklahoma was made last winter at a tank in a big ranch pasture near Red Rock, a cattle-loading station on the line of the Santa Fe railroad.

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FAREWELL originally signified may you fare or travel well or in safety.

#### WOODEN INDIANS.

A CENSUS of the wooden Indians throughout his country has never been taken, says the Vew York Commercial Advertiser. It is estinated, however, that the number of "white sine" savages guarding the various cigar stores with hatchets and other instruments of offense and defense is in excess of the entire redskin copulation of the government reservations. In this city alone there are said to be at least 0,000 of the race.

These Indians, like the original tribes of aborigines, are of various sizes and descriptions and range in price from a small Indian hunter ringing \$25 to the big chief flourishing a tomhawk that sells for \$150. There are a few nade of metal, and these are somewhat more expensive, bringing from \$40 to \$175, accordng to size. The old wooden warrior, however, moking the pipe of peace, or Hiawatha, with is arrows, is considered just as good as a netal "brave" and, according to the maker, asts, with ordinary care—that is, with a little resh paint now and then-about fifty years, or, generally speaking, a lifetime. It may be added that the aboriginal Indian also liked paint and generally lasted a lifetime, points of similarity that may well be noted. Of late some sentiment has crept into the business of carving these figures, and lovely Minnehahas and Pocahontases have been the result. Minnehaha may be seen shading her eyes with one hand, while a shawl hangs over the left arm and the left hand holds a bow with arrows. Pocahontas was copied from the pictures, but is not saving Captain Smith, as might be suggested. She is generally presenting some tobacco to the passing pedestrian.

#### THE UNREADY WRITER.

One of the funny things in this world, one that provokes many a broad smile on the part of the writer of these lines, is the sight of a person unskilled in composition attempting a communication. It may be set down as a pretty general rule that the readiest talkers are the unreadiest writers. A man or a woman will get out his pen, ink and paper, and be all ready for work, and talk enough across the table for a political convention and stick at the first sentence on paper. The mental misery and the physical contortions are amusing. It is a real misery, too.

Now what is the reason? Well, one reason is a lack of training. The man and woman who are illegible penmen are such because they were never taught and compelled to acquire legibility. The unready composer is such because he never had it thumped into him when he went to school. His mouth goes all right but the words will not dribble or flow from the point of his pen. Had he been taken in his earliest school days, and compelled to write the so-called essays and compositions, he would not be the mental cripple he is in later life. The good old way of compelling composition writing was an excellent thing, and only those teachers who have required it know the trouble it is to get certain pupils to do it. It seems to be a mental defect with some when it comes to freezing words fast on paper. They view with openmouthed awe the flying pen of a ready writer making a paragraph, and then go off and talk enough for a column, intelligently, too, but it all leaves them when it comes to arranging their words on paper.

A good wife remembers a compliment paid her husband as long as she lives.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### WONDERFUL PLANT DOOMED.

The bringing of water to the arid wastes of Arizona and the consequent evolution from desert to garden is causing the extinction of one of the strangest plants in the world. At a recent session of the territorial legislature, the cereus giganteus, the great cactus, better known as the saguara and peculiar to the soil of this territory, was made the official flower of Arizona. Not many years will elapse before a new choice will be necessary.

When the first Franciscan fathers journeyed north from Mexico into Arizona they carried back reports of the great cactus which covered the plains of the new country, and told about its food value to the Indians. Now, as the art of the American has reclaimed, foot by foot, the former desert, and the magic water has made orange, peach and apricot orchards and great fields of alfalfa, the saguara has been driven out, and only in spots where water can not be placed can the odd plant be found.

On the rocky, gravelly mesas, the saguaras, the largest of the cactus family, point their candelabrum-like arms straight toward the sky, not infrequently attaining a height of sixty feet. The body of the saguara, sometimes two feet in thickness, is composed of thin pieces of porous wood, arranged in the form of a Corinthian column, covered and held together by the outside fiber of a pale green.

At some distance from the ground large branches put out, while the whole surface is covered with sharp, prickly thorns. A large, white, sometimes purple blossom comes forth early in the spring and ripens into a pear-shaped fruit by the last of June.

This fruit, the petahaya, tastes like a mixture of raspberry and fig, and is highly prized by both Indians and Mexicans. Part of the fruit is eaten while ripe, and the rest is dried in the sun or boiled down to a jam.

Until the advent of the missionaries to the Papago Indian tribe, some twenty years ago, the gathering of the saguara was the occasion of the greatest orgy of the year. From the fruit a highly intoxicating beverage was made. With this the Indians drank themselves into a state of frenzied intoxication. During these feasts a number of the braves were frequently killed.

The Saguara is short-lived, although tradition has given it an age measured by centuries, and usually begins to decay at the base before attaining its growth. Moisture is fatal to it, and as soon as it receives a constant supply of water, decay is rapid.

#### BIRDS AND THEIR SONGS.

NATURALISTS who have made an especial study of birds and habits declare that many of these creatures have the gift of ventriloquism highly developed. They use their power to a good effect because by it they are often enabled to mislead their enemies, although ornithologists say they do so unconsciously, because often when the birds resort to ventriloquism to throw their pursuers off their track silence would have served the purpose much better.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, has this power to a remarkable degree, as its tone when produced but a few rods from the listener often has effect of a sound originating nearly a mile distant.

The little bird known as the Maryland yellow throat, which lives in low, bushy swamps during the summer, shows considerable ability as a ventriloquist, and during the nesting season makes use of the power as a protection—though apparently an unnecessary one, for the nest of this species is generally so carefully hidden from sight that it is almost impossible to find it. When a person approaches the vicinity of its nest, though probably within a few feet of the intruder, it will throw its voice back

and forth so realistically that it is almost impossible to locate the bird.

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### ANIMALS THAT LOOK IN TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.

How would you like to be able to see in two directions without moving your body? The fly can do this. Just try to reach him without his knowing it, and no matter how quiet you are, he flies away. Almost all insects have this power, and many animals. That is why they put "blinders" on the horse. Just drive lazy old Dobbin without them and you will find he jumps every time you put out your hand for the whip. He can see you perfectly.

For the same reason the rabbit is hard to catch. Even when the hound, which runs very quietly, chases him, he knows just exactly when to double on his course, and just

where the dog is.

The giraffe is another animal so protected. It is very hard to snare him, because in the first place his head is so high from the ground, and on the sides of that head are two round eyes that miss nothing in any direction.

## + + + THE LOWLY EARTHWORM.

THE perpetual action of the earthworm is one of the greatest factors in improving the soil. An acre of garden ground will contain more than 50,000 worms, through whose bodies ten tons of soil annually pass. The structure of the soil is altered in this process, and its mineral constituents assume a form in which they are easily assimilated by vegetation. Worms also continually change the surface of the soil by their " castings" at the rate of about an inch in five years. The new mold thus gets exposed to the various influences of heat, light and atmosphere. These important functions do not exhaust the services of the lowly worm. By boring the soil in all directions they open a way for rain to penetrate, and the vegetable matter which they draw into the earth increases its fertility. Other burrowing animals, such as moles and beetles, are also helpful in the great work of stirring and renewing the soil, but the part which they play is insignificant as compared with that of the earthworm.

#### ANOTHER OLD TERRAPIN.

#### BY TONY E. FISHER.

In the summer of 1899, I found a terrapin with the following carved on the underside: "I. R. W. 1860."

The initials are those of a Mr. Wilson who lived on a farm adjoining the one on which I found the turtle.

Mexico, Ind.

#### CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.

It has been ascertained by experiment that turkeys that get charcoal mixed with their food get heavier than others, and their meat is more tender and better flavored.

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The British government conducts a turtle farm at Ascension island. January in each year sees the commencement of the turtle season, which does not as a rule last more than three months. All turtles caught at Ascension island are the property of the crown and are only sent to England and other places for disposal as directed by the admiralty, in whose hands the government of the whole island practically rests. The particular species which favors Ascension with its visits is the green turtle, from whose green fat and portion of the fins that particular brand of soup is made which is proverbially associated with the banquets of London's civic dignitaries.

4. 4. 4

Many people still smile when they hear travelers talk of oysters that grow on trees, just as long ago, sailors were laughed at when they came home with stories of flying fish. Both are real enough, however, and the tree oyster is of delicious taste, if voyagers through the tropics are to be believed. At a conference recently held in Barbadoes, J. E. Duerden of Jamaica, an economic scientist of some note, brought forward an interesting proposal for increasing and improving the cultivation of tree oysters, and as there is a rich field in nearly all the West India islands and along the coast of Central America something may come of the scheme. These oysters cling to the branches of the mangrove.

## 個INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

WORK, though the enemy's laughter Over the valleys may sweep; For God's patient workers hereafter Shall laugh when the enemies weep.



#### DON'T DO IT.

In nearly every life there is some place that fond memory goes back to with unconscious and sometimes an uncontrollable longing to revisit. Take the 'Nook's advice and don't go. You'll be disappointed, sure.

Why not go? Well, in the first place the people you knew twenty years ago are mostly not there now. They have either passed over, or moved away. There is a young crowd on now that does not know you, and who will look on you as a stranger. The trees you remember have been cut down. woods where you hunted and wandered through long ago are cleared out, and where the big spring was, is now a house painted in glaring colors. The little boy and girl of twenty years ago are now married men and women, have families of their own, and do not know anything about you. The older people who do remember you have but little interest in you. The hills will not seem so high, the

streams not so wide, and the change will make you heart-sick.

Stay away and keep the original picture in all its beauty. You will certainly tear it across, if not into little bits, if you return. The man who refused to look on the face of his dead daughter who died of consumption in the west was right. He preferred to have her in mind as he knew her in health. Destroy no pretty pictures hung in the inner chambers of your soul.

Every man thinks he is more important than his neighbor.

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#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By universal consent, the Christian world over, the giving of gifts at Christmas time has been a common practice. One has only to visit the great cities and look in the show windows of the large stores to see the wonderful extent and diversity of the articles intended for the purpose. It seems as though the inventive genius and practical skill of the world had been exhausted in the effort to present to the purchaser a world of things of beauty and utility from which to choose.

The custom is not a bad one. There is a pleasure in giving that surpasses the satisfaction of the recipient in taking, though not all know it. And the 'Nook desires to make a suggestion in the premises. It is summed up in the one phrase,—make utility a part of the gift. There will be hundreds of tons of candy bought and consumed and to a reasonable extent this may be considered correct, and there will be no end of trifles that please the eye and are forgotten in a short time. And then there are other things.

It is a difficult thing to suggest a proper present. The 'Nook inclines to the belief that the gift of a book that will be read, or a paper or a magazine that pays a weekly visit from Christmas till Christmas comes again, is an excellent idea. The periodical is something of practical value and it recalls the donor every week in the year. In giving a child something to wear, old persons something to use for their comfort, and the great middle class something to read one can not well go

wrong in the matter. Thousands of people would be delighted with the INGLENOOK, and there are scores of publications of merit. Anyone of them would go a long ways to perpetuating the memory of the gift, and doing both giver and the getter great good.

One reason for this is in the fact that the usual gifts are not of more than passing interest, while an illustrated periodical is something that is of interest the year around. It comes weekly or monthly, with its burden of good things, and every member of the family enjoys it, and it is often borrowed in the neighborhood till it lands, dog-eared and worn, in the rubbish heap of its owner.

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The next Annual Meeting will be held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Harrisburg is the capital of Pennsylvania, and is quite a large, compact city in the midst of an unrivalled agricultural community. It is accessible by rail in every direction and is the practical center of the church in Pennsylvania. The Inglenook will contain matter of the greatest interest in relation to this meeting. Watch for the facts in the case.

## ????**????**????

Is there any certainty that Christ was born December 25?

None whatever.

Can the 'Nook suggest a good Christmas menu?

The issue before Christmas will have enough printed to satisfy a gourmet.

Who prepares the International Sunday-school lessons?

They are prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose.

Would it be in good form to use candles at a supper party?

It is done sometimes at banquets, but it is more of an affectation than anything else.

Can a nonprofessional with a kodak develop his own pictures?

Yes, it is often done, but is often handed over to a professional photographer.

How do the natives of Arctic regions keep warm?

They have fires, wear fur clothing and eat enormous quantities of fat and fat meat.

Why is it recommended to boil water for health purposes?

Because the heat of boiling kills all microscopic life detrimental to health.

What is glucose syrup sold as molasses?

A syrup made out of glucose as a basis. Glucose is not harmful, but it is not comparable to good cane sugar molasses.

Is it right to buy the ready-made clothing, knowing it to be the product of sweat shops?

There is no direct moral wrong about it, but how to prevent it is an unsolved question.

What does a good microscope cost?

From \$10 to \$25, one for \$10 or \$15 'being the best for an amateur. The high-priced ones require expert handling to get results.

Can I get the agency for the Inglenook in my neighborhood?

Write "The Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill." The editorial work and the business management are in different hands.

Will the 'Nook give a recipe for a good hair oil?

Two-thirds almond oil and one-third some floral extract. They may not mix and must be shaken before being used. The dilution of the oil and the almost immediate evaporation of the extract leaves the oil perfectly distributed on the hair.

In case I write a letter to the Publishing House and get no response, whose fault is it?

There are many contingencies that may prevent a letter reaching its destination, or a reply if received. The thing to do is to write a courteous letter stating the case and asking again. The 'Nook has a score or more of unsigned communications on its hands. A letter passes through many hands and the marvel of it is that so few go wrong. Out of 118,000 letters the writer once sent through the mails in a season but six were known to go wrong. A very important letter is sometimes laid aside for answer so carefully that it is lost. Try again.

#### SHERMAN'S LETTER MADE A MAN OF HIM.

Two years ago, when the late John Sherman was Secretary of State, a young man, the son of one of Sherman's schoolmates, wrote to him for assistance. He said that he had fallen so low in life that there was no place for him but the gutter; that existence had become a burden, and that he wanted to die. To-day, this same young man is a prosperous merchant in New York City. He said that his position is due to the advice given him by John Sherman, in answer to what Mr. Sherman wrote:

"You say that your life has been a failure, and that you are thirty years old, and ready to die. You say that you cannot find work, and that you see no hope in life. You say that your friends do not care to speak to you now.

"Let me tell you that you have reached that point in life when a man must see the very best prospects for his future career. You, at thirty, stand on the bridge that divides youth and manhood. The one is dying, perhaps, but the other will soon burst young and hopeful, from the ashes, and you will find in yourself a new being—a man. Do not let your discontent kill this new life before it is born.

"Unless you are physically deformed, go to work. Go to work at any honest work, if it only brings you a dollar a day. Then learn to live within that dollar. Pay no more than ten cents for a meal, and twenty cents for a bed, and save as much of the balance as you can, and with the same intensity as you would save your mother's life. Make the most of your appearance. Do not dress gaudily, but cleanly. Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse that wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world combined.

"If you are a man of brains, as your letter leads me to believe you are, wait until you are in a condition to seek your level, and then seek it with courage and tenacity. It may take time to reach it; it may take years, but you will surely reach it—you will turn from the workingman into the businessman or the professional man with so much ease that you will marvel at it. But have one ideal, and aim for it. No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a dozen other ports at the same time.

"Be contented, for without contentment there is no love or friendship, and without those blessings life is, indeed, a hopeless case. Learn to love your books, for there is pleasure, instruction, and friendship in books. Go to church, for the church helps to ease the pains of life. But never be a hypocrite; if you cannot believe in God, believe in your honor. Listen to music, whenever you can, for music charms the mind, and fills a man with lofty ideals.

"Cheer up! Never want to die. Why, I am twice your age, and over, and I do not want to die. Get out into the world. Work, eat, sleep, read, and talk about the great events of the day, even if you are forced to go among laborers. Take the first honest work you get, and then be steady, patient, industrious, saving, kind, polite, studious, temperate, ambitious, gentle, loving, strong, honest, courageous, and contented.

"Be all these, and, when thirty years more have passed away, just notice how young and beautiful the world is, and how young and happy you are!

[Signed]

"John Sherman."

Hypocrisy in a young man and affectation in an old man are synonymous.

#### SKILLED IN MANY SPORTS.

It is not wise to poke fun at a left-handed boy or girl. They may develop qualities that are unattainable by those who use their right hands preferably. Children who have fallen into this habit of using their left hands should not be taught to do violence to a strongly implanted instinct and use the right hand whether they will or no. Such a training not only inflicts upon the child a useless amount of hardship and inconvenience, but may do him serious injury, even to depriving him of the power of speech.

According to the latest scientific discoveries all manner of havoc may be wrought with the brain by the adoption of this mistaken method of teaching left-handed children to use the right hand.

This discovery is the result of experiments lately made at the University of Chicago, which has gone more deeply into the modern subject of "child study" than most of the universities. It is Professor Smedly, director of the department of pedagogical investigation, who has made the most fruitful experiments with the left-handed.

He discovered that by far the greater majority of mothers looked upon left-handedness as a defect to be overcome at any cost and that the child was in consequence forced into a most uncongenial system of training. The greater number of children so trained, says Professor Smedly, are defective in speech. By endeavoring to substitute the use of the right hand the nice balance of the brain is disturbed and besides producing far less manual dexterity the power of speech may also be impaired.

It is also a matter of record that left-handed persons are in games of skill more proficient than those who are right-handed.

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The man who is looking for trouble does not need the services of an oculist.

. . .

#### TIME FOR COUGH OR COLD.

This is the time of year when coughs and colds begin to make their annual appearance in the household. More, and much more serious than that, however, it is the time when pneumonia begins to claim its large annual quota of victims. Every year there are scores of families which are plunged into anxiety, if not sorrow, through the attack of one of its members by this disease which is often neglected at the outset. According to the newest idea of the medical world on the subject, it is due, in part at all events, to a germ which exists in the mouth. This was discovered nearly twenty years ago and, curiously enough, in healthy individuals, so that though the seeds of the disease are with us always, the soil is ordinarily not favorable for their growth and development in such numbers, at all events, as are necessary to produce the characteristic symptoms

which doctors recognize as belonging to pneumonia.

The reason why the disease occurs so much more frequently in the cold weather than in the warm is that cold lowers the vitality and in that way renders the body less able to resist the effects of the outside conditions. This so makes the system liable to be stormed by microbes in exactly the same way as a citadel, half of whose soldiers have been removed to another place, would be apt to be attacked and taken by an invading army which could be kept at bay were the original force in its place. For this reason pneumonia invariably attacks people whose vitality is lowered from some cause or other—excessive exertion, excessive worry, even excessive grief, which is a very potent factor in the lowering of vitality.

Sometimes a neglected cold will help to produce the disease, and so will the missing of a meal while one is more or less run down through the strain of business or other excitement. In the ordinary way pneumonia by itself does not prove fatal except in the case of very old or very young people. The danger arises when it is complicated by heart or kidney disease. If these organs are healthy at the time the disease sets in the patient invariably recovers, unless he has exhausted himself at the beginning of the attack by being about the house when he should have been in bed.

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Reason is a man's guard and moral principle is his safeguard.

+ + +
AVOID UNSYMPATHETIC CRITICISM.

"Avoid discussing sermons—raising a wind to blow away the seed." These are golden words. How often a harsh criticism has destroyed the effect of a sermon that would otherwise have blessed the hearer! "I thought it was a good sermon," said a young girl, "till I heard them talk of it at home." Who can tell the harm such talking does—talking we mean from an utterly unsympathetic point of view.

Success is not luck; it is not a thing of chance. It comes only to those who are willing to work for it, and along intelligent lines.

#### ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE two months immediately preceding the meeting of congress are by reason of custom of devoting a large part of the day to the preparation of the message, considered bad times for visitors to see the president. It has come to be understood that the ordinary difficulties in the way of getting an audience with the president are increased to such an extent that business that can be put off had better be delayed. The president, in the preparation of this important document outlining the policy of the administration, begun early in October to seclude himself in his private workroom at the white house and the rule that he is to be denied to all visitors is enforced with very few exceptions. The importance of the message requires that the president give to its utterances the greatest thought and care and to make this possible uninterrupted study of the numerous and difficult questions involved must be allowed him so far as is possible.

The observations of the president in this message are based upon the annual reports of the various secretaries of the executive departments. These officials get together late in September or early in October the results of the operations of their respective departments during the previous year, together with recommendations as to the future policy of their offices. These are submitted to the president, the rule generally observed being that these documents must be at the white house about the first week in October.

The president reviews with care the suggestions and recommendations of his subordinate officers and makes memoranda to be incorporated in his message to congress. This course is followed in all departments with the exception of the treasury and the department of justice. The heads of these bureaus make their reports direct to congress, but the president is furnished in advance with a synopsis of their contents, which he embodies in his message. It is customary for him to approve in general the recommendations made by the heads of the departments. For instance, it is understood that the secretary of the navy will recommend in his annual report this year the construction of several additional battleships and a number of vessels of other types.

The president will indicate his indorsement of this suggestion by calling the attention of congress to the recommendations made by the secretary of the navy. He will then point out the importance of building up our navy and of the necessity of putting the country on a strong naval basis, in order to provide against trouble with other countries growing out of strained foreign relations. He will close his reference to this department by recommending that liberal appropriations be made for the construction of new vessels and for the maintenance of the navy.

This method of treating the subject in a general manner will be followed with each branch of the government, except the department of State. referring to matters of this department the president will go more into detail. The individual points of international differences that have come up during the past year will be taken up one by one and reviewed. This is generally considered the most important part of the annual message, as it vitally affects the welfare and interests of the entire country. Treaties that have been signed, alliances that have been entered intoin fact, all matters of an international character are recounted at length. The foreign policy that is to be pursued in the future by the administration in power is then given and congress is instructed as to legislation that is necessary on these points.

An immense amount of labor is involved in the framing of a president's annual message to congress. Mr. Roosevelt's experience as a writer and literary man enables him to systematize his share of the work. As soon as the first annual report of one of his secretaries is sent to him he looks it over with a pad and pencil at his side. He picks out the important parts and the recommendations and jots them down. He then puts these notes into shape as soon as the opportunity presents itself and finishes up by dictating that portion of his message.

When this is done the manuscript is sent to one of the typewriters at the white house and is transcribed on sheets of foolscap paper. This copy is compared with the original and any corrections that are necessary are made. This goes on until all the various subjects have been treated and the message is in some sort of shape. It is now ready to be printed, and while up to this stage great care has been observed to prevent any of the facts in the message from leaking out, the

strictest secrecy is maintained after it leaves the white house for the government printing office.

The typewritten sheets are entrusted to a tried employe of the white house, who delivers them in person to the public printer. This official gives the copy to a special force of men, who are under oath to divulge nothing which passes through their hands officially. The matter is set up and one proof is struck off, which is sent to the president. This is carefully revised by him and his secretaries. On the Sunday before the opening of congress the corrected proof is sent again to the public printer. After the corrections have been made a certain number of copies are run off and delivered to one of the attaches of the white house. Every copy that is printed has to be accounted for, and great care is taken to see that none of them goes astray.

After the last correction had been made in the proof sheet two of the clerks at the white house set to work to copy it in ink. This work is done by O. L. Pruden and Warren J. Young, both of whom have acquired a peculiar style of script writing which is very handsome and legible. These copies are the ones that are presented to the senate and house of representatives. There is an unwritten rule, which has been observed since the organization of our government, that the annual messages to congress shall be hand written. It is said that Jefferson used to write his own messages and that the copies that went to congress were in his own handwriting. The chief executive is relieved from this duty now, however, as there are more clerks and secretaries at the white house than in the days of Jefferson.

About 11:30 on the day that congress is to meet, Mr. Pruden leaves the white house with a bundle in his arms, enters a carriage at the door and drives to the capitol. After the chaplain of the senate has delivered his prayer Mr. Pruden enters the door of the senate chamber, opposite the presiding officer, is recognized by that official and announces in loud tones:

"A message from the president of the United States." He then hands to the senate officials at his side a large blue envelope fastened with the red seal of the president of the United States. This package is handed to the president of the senate, who breaks the seal, takes out the bundle of foolscap paper, tied with a blue ribbon, and

hands it to the secretary of the senate. That officer then proceeds to read the message. The same order is followed in the house, and by I o'clock the views of the president on the public questions of the day are known in both branches of congress. Mr. Pruden has performed this duty ever since the administration of President Hayes.

After the message has been announced Mr. Pruden gives to the newspaper correspondents at the capitol printed copies of the document, and within a few minutes the wires are vibrating with its contents. For the convenience of the big press associations, however, arrangements are made in advance for getting the message to the principal cities of the east. A special white house messenger takes copies of it to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York Sunday night and delivers them to the postmasters, who subsequently turn them over to the agents of the press associations at an hour agreed upon. The message is not released for publication under any circumstances, however, until it has been read in the halls of congress. + +

It is better to be born lucky than rich, but it is better to be born plucky than either lucky or rich.

# + + + OLDEST CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION IN CHINA.

ONE of the most interesting monuments of ancient Christianity in China is the Nestorian tablet or Syro-Chinese monument which stands one mile outside the gate of Singanfu in Shen-si. The story it tells is that of the fortunes of the Nestorian mission in China between the years 636 and 781. It sets forth the dogmas of Christianity, records the history of Christian effort in China, and adds a sort of metrical thanksgiving to God and to the emperors who favored the Christian cause. All trace of the mission has vanished except only this monument. It was unearthed in 1625. The Syriac characters composing the signatures of Olopim and his associates add to its interest. In 1850 a Chinaman rebuilt the tablet into the brick wall where it had once stood outside the city. The material is a coarse marble. A considerable controversy has raged round this interesting relic, but the weight of evidence now inclines towards the conclusion that it is genuine.

#### THE SCHOOL-TEACHER'S LETTER.

WHILE in Manila I lived in one of the picturesque grass huts of the natives with my secretary and a little Filipino maid. It took us some time to overcome our terror of the insects and reptiles. We slept in big four-poster beds, which had in place of springs cane woven bottoms covered with thick woven matting of cocoanut and palm fiber. This was spread with a sheet and made a resting place hard enough to produce aches and pains for a week. The pillows were stuffed with jute. A round bolster of the same material was intended for the knees. A closely woven mosquito netting hung from the four posts and was tucked under the edge of the matting all around the bed to keep out mosquitos, centipedes, tarantulas, chamelions, etc. To prevent these pests from inhabiting our shoes we took the shoes to bed with us. The running of the rats over the ceiling at night was not the least of our troubles, and our maid suggested that we get a snake to catch them. A snake, indeed, we found to be considered a necessary factor of every house, so I went in quest of one. I found peddlers selling snakes like puppy dogs, and one which was pointed out to me as especially desirable for the purpose was warranted to be a first-class rat catcher and harmless. A look at the monster, however-it was fully twenty-eight feet long and not less than a foot in diameter-and I decided to put up with the rats unless some other destroyer could be found. The price asked for it was one dollar and a half. They wanted to put it into our attic, between the ceiling and the grass roof. Cheaper kinds could be bought for fifty cents. The big fellow recommended was coiled about a long pole, which was carried on the shoulders of two men.

Probably the most advanced woman in Manila is a widow who owns all of the street-cleaning department. Her plant comprises a hundred or more two-wheeled carts and caribou to draw them. They are driven about the streets by her workmen, who remove the street refuse to a distant stream. Every Sunday afternoon the owner inspects the animals herself and turns them loose in a meadow, to roll about and wallow in the mud and graze. She is making a fortune out of the enterprise, it is said.

The child labor on the Cebu islands is most deplorable. In one place—an English hemp factory—about fifty small children form the motive power which works a monstrous press. The children are kept hopping constantly by an overseer, with a long whip, and their motion keeps the iron bar at the top of the press whirling from morning until night. The weight of this bar, the velocity attained by constant urging and the trampling of dizzy children under the feet of stronger ones all produce a startling and most pathetic sight.

Ramona Sabinosa Caballerous of Manila is a rich woman, and keeps the largest shop for women's clothing in the city. Completed garments are packed away in chests, few being exposed to view. All of the sewing is done by hand. Styles do not vary. The favorite decoration is appliqued swallows, which cost \$4 apiece, and the more swallows the more elegant the gown. A gray silk is the usual foundation. A skirt of this kind is made short in front, and has a narrow oblong train. The fashionable costume consists of such a skirt with a white jacketlike garment made of silk cocoanut fiber, embroidered all over in colored silks and spangles. A single undergarment is worn underneath it.

Clad only in a coarse slip, the Filipino women take their baths at the corner pump every morning. They are extremely neat in their habits, even the cigarette girls taking with them to their work clean dresses to wear on their way home. Their wooden shoes are worn without stockings, and the sound of them on the cobblestone pavement mornings, when they are going to their work, is one to be remembered. All classes are fond of jewelry, and although a woman may have only cheap cotton gowns she is sure to possess an assortment of jewels which represents her savings.

All classes of women are gamblers, and their favorite pastime is cockfighting. Sunday is the day usually devoted to this sport, and the owners of the birds take them to church in order that no time may be lost. Another fad is the accumulation of American gold money, into which they turn their own currency as soon as they have enough, but they lose it in the betting ring of the cockfight.

The women are bright and energetic and do

most of the work while the men take care of the children. Many of them are quick to learn and shrewd in business and some are at the head of large concerns. No one, in fact, is idle. As soon as they are old enough the girls are sent to the convents to learn ecclesiastical embroidery. which they do beautifully. They are so industrious that they often carry their work about the streets and to the shops with them, sometimes not missing a moment even when they are making a bargain. All the cloth is made on hand looms by women, and the children, while they are still very young, are kept very busy winding shuttles. A handkerchief which would take a Filipino woman a year to embroider might bring \$25. Cigarette girls earn twenty cents a day. A dressmaker, for a plain silk dress, receives three dollars, and for a gingham slip, fifty cents. Chicken raising is becoming a favorite feminine occupation, and since the advent of the Americans a few Filipino women are teaching the lower classes of the schools. Street peddling is a favorite occupation of the old Filipino women, and they carry varying stocks of fruits, mangoes, sweet rice, flour cakes, etc., all heaped in cocoanut shells on their heads.

The Filipinos are musical, and, as a rule, play one or more instruments. They dance a great deal, the solo Spanish dances, the waltz and Spanish lancers being favorites. Ragtime music is so popular at present that it is heard at the head of funeral processions.

4 4 4

There is nothing so silly as the look on a cunning man's face when he gets caught in his own trap.

+ + +
GREAT IS SALT LAKE.

GREAT Salt Lake, Utah, is in many respects one of the most wonderful bodies of water in the

world. It is six times as salt as the ocean, and though four good-sized rivers are constantly pouring their waters into it, it never loses any proportion of its saltiness, and its level is never raised an inch. No one has yet discovered why all this fresh water does not reduce the salt, or what becomes of the fresh water, since it does not raise the lake level.

It was, at one time, about as large as Lake Huron, and perhaps 1,000 feet in depth; now it is about 100 miles in length, with an average width of about 27 miles, and its greatest depth is sixty feet.

Chemical analysis has shown that one-sixth of this is common salt and sulphate of soda, say 250,905,600,000 cubic feet. Of this combined product one-eighth is sulphate of soda and seveneighths common salt. A cubic foot of sulphate of soda weighs 50 pounds and a cubic foot of common salt weighs 80 pounds; a simple calculation shows, therefore, that the lake contains 784,080,000 tons of sulphate of soda and 8,789,169,000 tons of salt. Allowing ten tons to a carload that makes 78,408,000 carloads of the soda and 878,016,960 carloads of salt.

These figures are astonishing, to say the least, but the lake has other features that challenge attention. For example, there are mountainous islands all over it, varying in height from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Antelope island, the largest, is about 16 miles in length and five miles in width, with a height of 4,000 feet. The scenery on the island is exquisitely beautiful. Luxuriant grasses flourish everywhere and streams of pure water run down the sides of its mountains and its canyons. It has many improvements, too, including orchards, gardens, ranches and groves of trees. Its beach is of white sand, and slopes in just the way to make it an ideal bathing resort. Thus it is possible to have a delightful sea bath 1,000 miles from the ocean and 4,250 feet above the ocean level.

When a widow makes up her mind to marry again she selects the man and then proceeds to find out what he likes best to eat.

# OCEAN RACERS EAT MUCH COAL.

OF course, every boy and girl in these days knows what is meant by an "ocean greyhound." It is one of the gigantic steamships that ply between America and Europe and are year by year reducing the time required to make the trip—"breaking the record," as it were.

To break an Atlantic record costs far more than the public imagines. The initial expense of building the ship represents only a part of the actual cost of wresting the record from some former possessor. The question of building faster steamers must, to a certain extent, be affected by the cost of coal and the possibility of economizing in the consumption of fuel to produce a given speed result. So far, the marine architects who have designed and floated the magnificent racers of the deep have made little or no attempt to economize in fuel. Larger and faster ships have simply meant larger and more powerful engines, larger furnaces and greater coalconsuming capacity. At the present rate of increase in coal consumption the future liners of 800 or 900 feet, with speed corresponding to the increased dimensions, must prove veritable gluttons in their use of fuel and the cost of operating them will place them among the most expensive luxuries of the age.

The matter of simply getting the coal on board a swift ocean steamer in time to enable it to sail at its appointed day and hour has already become a serious problem, and it has been found necessary for the lighters containing the supply to warp up alongside the steamer almost before the latter has been secured at its pier. When the Deutschland or the Oceanic - the first the fastest and the second the largest steamer in the world-comes into port the problem of coaling her in time for her next scheduled sailing of only a few days off is one that requires considerable tact and energy to solve successfully. Either vessel carries from 4,000 to 5,000 tons of coal for the trip and this amount must be turned into her bunkers within three days.

The Oceanic develops about 28,000 indicated horse power, and, while her consumption is greater, she does not pretend to aspire to recordbreaking feats. At a speed varying between twenty-one and twenty-two knots she burns about

480 tons every twenty-four hours. But the Deutschland, which now holds the world's steamship speed record, is the greatest coal-consumer afloat, with an average daily consumption of about 570 tons.

The Deutschland is probably the handsomest, most powerful and best appointed vessel on the Atlantic, and though eighteen feet shorter than the Oceanic she is superior in speed and efficiency as a racer. But she has demonstrated better than ever that higher trans-Atlantic speed must be purchased at too dear a price under present conditions to make it of much value to the world of commerce.

There is another item of loss to be reckoned with in the operation of the modern ocean racer. The Deutschland must be driven at her highest speed continually throughout her trips, and she will make a round trip to Europe in three weeks instead of one in four or five weeks, as in the case of the slower steamers. This imposes a strain upon the ship that must yield to the hard work much earlier than on ordinary slow steamers. The supreme usefulness of such a racer is, of course, limited by its ability to surpass all other steamers in speed.

An optimist says that pessimists are hopeless fools.

+ + +

Who is the patron saint of lawyers? According to an old story a famous Brittany lawyer once appealed to Rome for the appointment of a patron saint of lawyers. The pope proposed that he should go around a certain church blindfolded, and lay hold of the saint nearest to hand. Following this suggestion, he stopped and grasped a certain figure, crying, "This be our patron saint!" When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found that though he had stopped before the altar of St. Michael, to his horror he had laid hold, not of St. Michael, but of the figure under St. Michael's feet—the devil!

+ + +

This nation is spending two hundred times more for drink, one hundred and twenty times more for tobacco, fifteen times more for candy, and five times more for chewing-gum than for world-wide missions.

# The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

# THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN!

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

This caption merits an exclamation point high as the third heavens and deep as hell! Angels and saints, and lost souls, and devils, will never cease to wonder at the "agony," the "prayers," and "supplications with strong crying and tears," and bloody sweat of the immaculate Son of God in the Garden of Gethsemane!

O for wisdom and pathos to compress an ocean of truth into a drop of language and give a thrilling glimpse of the blackness and horror of sin, and the boundless love of God, and the fathomless, incomprehensible agony of Emmanual in this brief essay. If we bring into comparison Luke 1: 35 and Luke 2: 10, 11, 12 and Luke 22: 44, and Philpp. 2: 6 to 11, we will comprehend a little of the bewilderment and ecstasy of Paul in Rom. 11: 33 to 36. Forever and forever we will not get to the bottom of Paul's three divine monosyllables—" O the depth"!

The life of Jesus is a unit-a divinely arranged, uninterrupted programme. Every part is essential to the one sublime, eternal purpose. Eph. 3: 11. Gethsemane is as vital to His redemptive work as Bethlehem and Golgotha. The horror of the close of His life must be as terrible as His beginning was divine and His career beautiful and wonderful. Without the sacrificial death and the preparatory agony, the incarnation would have been the most awful waste that Omnipotence could perpetrate. And the incarnation and agony and crucifixion would have been an appalling mockery without the resurrection. Let us honor God and Jesus Christ by believing in the unity of His history, and the completeness of His redemption. Heb. 9: 22, 23; I Cor. 15: 16, 17; Col. 2: 10.

Christ never seemed more Christly than in His overwhelming agony in Gethsemane and on the cross. Here he shows pre-eminently who He is and what He came into the world for. The past and the future concentrated in the present. The past was perfect and the fu-

ture was glorious. But the agony and the blood were essential to both. He could look back and say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." John 17: //. When the dreadful crisis came, He said "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I sav? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour: Father, glorify Thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." John 12: 23, 27, 28. While shrouded in the gloom of Gethsemane, He was also bathed in the glory of John 17: 5, 24. "For the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame." Heb. 12: 2. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." Matt. 1: 21. Save them how? In heaven the blood of Gethsemane and Golgotha is eternally celebrated in rapturous song. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Rev. 1: 5,

Glory, glory, alleluia, through endless ages, for the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane! It was the first installment of the immeasurable cost of our redemption. I Cor. 6: 19, 20; I Pet. 1: 18, 19. This was the way, the only way, to make the Captain of our salvation perfect. Heb. 2: 10. Sin and suffering are inseparable. The sinless One must be made sin, that we might be made as righteous as God Himself. 2 Cor. 5: 21; Rom. 8: 3, 4. Christ came not mainly to avert penalty, but, above all, to regenerate by the incarnation of God. The world's outcast is God's favorite; and the devil's worst is the medium of God's best. Let us not fail to put Gethsemane into the awful category of Acts 4: 25 to 28. The contingent cannot be separated from the personal and essential. The grossest devilism can not only be endured but welcomed, if thereby the divine purpose is consummated, and man

Eden and Sinai and hell united to fill the cup which Jesus drained in Gethsemane and on the cross. Not one sin from the original

transgression of Adam and Eve to the last moment of the world's history was omitted. Is it a wonder that we have the heart-breaking yet heart-healing record: "Being in an agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Those sacred drops have the same quality and efficacy as that issued from His hands and feet and side on the cross. It was human blood nourished and sanctified with the very essence of Deity. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29. Such agony is possible only by such a person and for such an end. God's hatred of sin and love and sorrow for man, are seen in Gethsemane and on Calvary. By that we must measure our utter corruption and damnation, and God's infinite pity and forbearance.

O the mystery! O the glory! O the rapture! So great is sin! So wonderful is love! So precious, and blessed, and inexhaustible, is the joy of our eternal fellowship with the triune God! "The greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, is the murder of the Son of God;" and yet by it God made a revelation of Himself which eclipses all the grandeurs in the unbeginning and unending history of Jehovah. Who is it that lies there on His face sweating blood under the agonizing pressure of the world's sin? It is "He who was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Philpp. 2: 6. It is He who created the heavens and the earth and all that is therein. John 1: 3. Wonder of wonders! A babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger! A carpenter earning His daily bread! "Despised and rejected of men"! Sweating blood for very love to those who hated and mocked and crucified Him! He came to die. Sin demands blood. "We are reconciled to God by the death of His Son." Rom. 5: 10. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." 2 Cor. 5: 19. The Holy One of eternity assumed humanity with all its liabilities: hence the manger, the agony, the crucifixion. "God so loved the world." "So." "Sin abounded; but grace did much more abound." Rom. 5: 20. Let us draw nigh and gaze with unprecedented reverence, and joy, and gratitude on the prostrate, praying, bloodsweating, agonizing Emmanuel! Let us ever cling to the triumphant "wherefore" of Philpp. 2: 9, and Heb. 7: 25, and the exultant, irreversible "Behold" in Rev. 1: 18. Through the numberless ages of eternity the jubilate of each individual soul will be—"He loved me, and gave Himself for me,"—for me, for me. Gal. 2: 20. What can be more reasonable than 2 Cor. 5: 15, and 1 John 4: 19. Let us walk "worthy of God, who hath called us unto His kingdem and glory." 1 Thess. 2: 12.

Union Deposit, Pa.

(To be continued.)

+ + +

The trouble with some men is that they spend more time in trying to make excuses for not doing right than they do trying to do right.

# STATES JOIN AT "CORNERS."

THE "four corners" where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join is a unique one from the fact that it is the only place where four states, territories or provinces join. This is true not only as regards to the United States, but it is true as to the world. At no other point in the United States do more than two State corners touch each other.

The "four corners" is a spot seldom heard of, as it is so difficult of access that few tourists see it. The nearest railroad station is at Mancos, Colo., nearly a hundred miles away, and the road from there leads past the Ute Indian agency at Navajo Springs to the San Juan river. From there a trail leads to the monument which marks the corners. This trail crosses the San Juan river near Scott's trading post, which is in Utah near the Colorado line. It leads along the foot of the San Juan bluffs until it reaches a spur of the Carizzi mountains, at the top of which the monument is located. This is of the usual type erected by the government to mark State corners and boundary lines and is a simple shaft, inscribed with the names of the adjacent territory. About is a pile of rocks to protect it. A few years ago the monument was destroyed by the Navajo Indians, but it was rebuilt during the past summer by United States surveyors.



# A COZY CORNER.

BY MRS. GRACE ROOP.

WE have in mind a dining room with an oldfashioned fireplace. To the right of the fireplace is a slant in the ceiling caused by a staircase on the opposite side and which forms a canopy over the fireplace. To the right is a space of about three square feet in which fits a large corner seat, all cushioned and draped with fancy ticking of a rosy hue designed with gay flowers. We not only make a seat of this, but lift the seat, and lo! we have a spacious woodbox. The prevailing tint or color scheme in this room is red or some shade of red and with carpet and rugs of the same tone and a ruby lamp on the table and a large log heap in the fireplace we have an ideal place to tell stories, crack nuts and mayhap take a few lessons in cooking in the chafing dish, on long winter evenings.

Another idea is to make one corner of the room a Turkish corner. With a Turk's head and mantle for a starter it must follow that all the hangings, rugs, pillows, etc., must be Turkish. This makes a very attractive corner.

Warrensburg, Mo.

# ANOTHER SAMPLER.

MRS. MARY A. TAYLOR, of Spring City, Pa., kindly informs us that she has in her possession a sampler that was made in 1811. It is worked with many colored silk threads on very fine, white, home-made linen. It was made by a cousin of her mother's who resided

in Canada, and she worked the funeral text of her grandmother on it from Rev. 14: 13. It has been in their family as a souvenir for ninety years.

# A BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENT.

BY LIBBIE HOLLOPETER.

Take an empty bird cage, and place in it a can of good earth, in which plant a maderia vine. Hang in the window. It will soon grow in and out the wires and makes a nice hanging basket for the window.

Pentz, Pa.

# DARRELL'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

BY LIBBIE HOLLOPETER.

Take one and one-half cups of white sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter. Add the butter to the sugar. Beat thoroughly. Beat three eggs, take up the yolks and beat the whites. Add to your butter and sugar one scant cup of sweet milk. Add whites of the eggs and last two and one-half cups of flour, sifted, adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and bake.

Rockton, Pa.

# CRANBERRY PIE.

Take three cups of raw cranberries, three cups of sugar. Chop sugar and cranberries fine. Take one tablespoon of cornstarch with just enough cold water 'to wet it. Then 'pour'on hot water enough to make a thick starch, and

add a small piece of butter. Pour this over the berries and stir well. This will make three pies. Bake with either one or two crusts.

# + + + TO BAKE FINE BREAD.

BY MRS. IVY SMITH.

Take a pint of potato water and a table-spoonful each of salt and sugar. Have this lukewarm and put one cake of yeast foam in and let raise half a day and then you have a start. Seal in a glass jar and keep in a cool place.

When you want to bake take potato water and salt and sugar again, put your starter in and let all raise or get to working good, and then put away one pint for next baking. Now add as much water as you want for four loaves and work stiff. Let raise twice, then mould out; let raise and bake the best bread you ever ate. Work stiff evening or morning.

Sunnyside, Wash.

# \* \* \* APPLE ROLLS.

BY SALLIE E. LICHTY.

Mix well about one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and butter or lard about size of a walnut in one pint or more of flour.

Then add one pint of good sour cream (thick is preferable), and one good teaspoonful of soda.

Make a dough and roll the same as for pies. Have good, stewed apples or sauce, well sweetened with nutmeg grated in, and spread on, roll to the center from two sides, place in bread-pans and bake a nice brown. Serve with cream. The stewed apples should be cold.

Meyersdale, Pa.

+ + +
COLD SLAW.

BY MARY WHITE.

TAKE a good-sized head of cabbage, chop very fine, salt, and let stand a few minutes. Then squeeze out the water and put the cabbage in the dish in which you wish to serve the slaw.

Take one cup of sour vinegar (weakened to suit the taste), one-half cup of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of flour. Boil until it thickens, flavor with pepper, celery seed, or anything desired, and pour over the ready-prepared cabbage and stir thoroughly. This can be eaten while warm, but is just as good two days after it is made.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

+ + + CHICKEN SALAD.

BY LAURA RHODES.

Boil one chicken till tender and chop in small pieces; chop also the whites of a dozen hard-boiled eggs; add chopped cabbage and celery in equal quantities. Pound the yolks of the eggs fine and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and butter, one tablespoonful of mustard with pepper and salt to taste. Finally add one teacup of good cider vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Celery seed may be used instead of celery plant.

Rockingham, Mo.

# TURKEY FILLING.

BY MRS. J. M. LICHTY.

THREE eggs well beaten, one pint of rich milk, some bread crumbed fine, butter the size of a walnut, one pint of oysters, pepper, salt and nutmeg to suit taste.

Meyersdale, Pa.

4 4 4

FRIED chicken with cream dressing may be served with cauliflower on the same dish.

+ + +

THIN slices of breakfast bacon make a savory garnish for steak; thin slices of pork rolled in egg and bread crumbs and fried are a garnish for fried chicken.

+ + +

SISTER LIZZIE FORNEY, of Glendale, Arizona, says: "We, away out here in the West, know a good thing when we see it and we want to say that the INGLENOOK Cook Book is all right. Many thanks for the same."

#### SOMETHING TO READ.

As stated last week, in this department of the 'Nook will be found notices of the several periodicals that reach the desk of the editor. For this week we call attention to the following:

4

The Cooking Club, Goshen Ind. A handsome little monthly devoted entirely to the interest of the home in the important matter of what to eat and the best way to put it up. Our 'sisters will find this a real help in the kitchen.

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. This is a high grade weekly, containing stories and literature. The fiction is always of the better class, and the literary part is unexcelled in merit. Once a reader of the Post one is likely to continue to be. The price is five cents on the news stands, and much less by the year.

G G

Every Month, New York. A monthly devoted to literature, but making a specialty of music, which is the leading feature of the magazine. The editor of the 'Nook admits his lack of knowledge of musical matters, but imagines that the reader, if at all musically inclined, will find much of interest in each issue of Every Month.

**Ca Ca** 

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa. This monthly presents an unusually excellent complete story for the month, "Ralph Tarrant," by Louis Eyan Shipman. Being the Christmas number it is full of holiday literature, and is fully up to the standard of the leading monthly magazines of the day. Lippincott is not illustrated, taking the space, often wasted on pictures, for reading matter. Those whose taste leads along the lines of exceptionally good fiction will not go wrong in ordering Lippincott's. Twenty-five cents a number, or two dollars and a half a year.

Car Car

The Arena, New York, for December contains excellent articles on The Publishers and the Postal Department, Medical Freedom, Evolution and Theology, The Rights of Men, and other equally interesting articles, ably treated in the scholarly way characteristic of the publication.

The price is twenty-five cents, or two dollars and a half for the year.

4

Country Life in America, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. This is the handsomest publication that comes to the 'Nook. It has pictures that portray the better side of ornamented country life, and there are no persons living in the rural districts, reading it, who will not be helped. Space forbids an enumeration of its excellencies, and we content ourselves by saying that it is the finest thing of its kind we have yet seen. The price is twenty-five cents, or three dollars a year. There is a magnificent supplement showing the big trees of California we commend to the attention of the Pacific coast 'Nookers.

Ga Ga

Other matters of interest to our readers will be noted from week to week as they appear in the book or magazine world, and those of literary inclination will do well to read these columns. It is at the time of the year when people are thinking of Christmas presents, and are often puzzled to know what to give. The 'Nookman believes in something of practical utility as well as a thing of beauty. And there is nothing better than a book or a year's subscription to some of the better class of publications.

What book or what periodical best fills the bill is a matter that the Inglenook does not presume to decide. Studying these columns will be a help.

# French Lick

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# 触MGLENOOK

VOL. III.

DEC. 14, 1901.

No. 50.

# THE OLD GARDEN.

KNOW of a haunted garden where the oldtime flowers grow;

Chere are hollyhocks and lilies in a long and stately row;

There are lilac trees by the gateway, and roses white and red

And the southernwood's spicy fragrance follows the careless tread—

A memory haunted garden, out of life's busy way,

Where the spell of vanished summers lingers the livelong day.

The hands that planted these flowers have mouldered back to dust,

But their hearts are true and steadfast, and they seem to hold in trust

The memories of the old time, and those whom men forget.

Perhaps for the lilac and lily the dead are living yet.

Those whom our eyes can see not may tend them still—
who knows

Of the strange, sweet secrets hidden in the red heart of the rose?

Does grandmother come to gather its pinks and its pansies still

From the grave which kind hands made her in the churchyard on the hill?

Does she know when the lilacs blossom that she planted long ago?

The question must go unanswered, but I fancy it may be so,

And so from the dear old garden not a flower I take away.

But leave them all to be gathered by the hands that are dust to-day.

#### AGGRESSIVE KNOWLEDGE.

A MAN can never know too much about his business, but he can make himself a perfect nuisance seeking to impress others with his superior knowledge. The "know-it-all" man is a thorn in the side of his employer, his fellow-men and the public generally, and usually winds up with the position of street-walker. He is usually

overbearing and one whom everybody learns to avoid. It is a good thing for a man to have opinions and not be afraid to express them, but when he constantly forces his ideas upon others he becomes obnoxious. We have seen young men around an establishment that, according to their thinking, knew more than the proprietor, or those that had been in the business before they were born. You could not raise a question but what they had decided opinions, and would argue them from the drop of the hat. The characteristic is fatal to true progress. If you could only tell some people a thing or two they would learn, but they shut themselves in with the belief that what they do not know is not worth knowing. Keep your eyes and ears open, young man. There is not a day of your life but what you will be able to pick up valuable ideas if you are open to take them. The wise man in every walk of life is a learner, and the wiser he is, the humbler he will be in regard to his knowledge. An eminent naturalist who spent a lifetime at ornithology claimed at his death that he had only touched the vestibule of the subject. When you realize that you do not really know anything as you ought, you will be in a position to gather knowledge, and, more than that, you will win the respect of your equals as well as your betters. There is nothing that disgusts decent people so much as arrant conceit.

Human society is a vast circle of beings on a plane, in the midst of which stands the shrine of goodness and happiness, inviting all to approach. Now the attached pairs in this circle should not be continually looking on each other, but should turn their faces very often toward the central object; and, as they advance, they will, like radii, from the circumference to the center, continually become closer to each other, as they approximate to their mutual and ultimate object.

# THE WHITE ROCKS.

# BY WILLIAM JOHNSON.

About six miles southeast of the city of Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa., and some eight or ten miles from the West Virginia line, on the southwest side of the mountain, and something like half way up, is where the White Rocks are located. The writer lived in sight of them for forty-five years, and heard people talk about them, and what happened there, but never visited them. While we lived so close to them we never felt much of a desire to see them, but when we came west, where we could not see the mountain, we felt as though we missed seeing something worth while, and resolved if we ever had the fortune to get back to our old home, we would go and see the White Rocks.

We had the pleasure of visiting the old home about a year ago, and to gratify our desire we went to see the White Rocks. There was quite a party of us from Smithfield, a little town about eight miles from the Rocks, some in a carriage and some on the railroad. The arrangement was to meet at the foot of the mountain, at the point from which the ascent had to be made. In due time all were ready, and then away we went, some in the carriage, and some afoot.

At first the ascent was gradual, but after going perhaps a mile, the ascent was more abrupt, and much rougher. Some of those in the carriage had to get out. After going some distance farther all had to leave the carriage. We then led the horse, but finally had to unhook him from the carriage and taking our lunch baskets and horse feed we started afoot. It was up, up, over rocks and through the brush. Some of us older ones were getting a little tired and anxious, but soon our guide called to us, "This way to the White Rocks." We all pressed forward, eagerly, and soon stood upon them.

The first thing was to take a look at the Rocks, and what a sight they were! Here stretched out before us was a rock, or rocks, near one-half mile long, running in a southeast direction. Rising pretty abruptly they are from one to five rods wide, that is that part that is bare. We could see for miles the smoke from the coke ovens and railroad trains, and so forth, told us of the busy world that we were gazing upon.

After taking a good look around us our lunch baskets were brought forward, and you may rest assured that we all did ample justice to the provision that had been made for us by the writer's sister and her family at Smithfield.

After lunch we wanted to see what was below. for on one side the rock is perpendicular for one hundred and fifty feet. We soon found a place where we could all get down by helping some of the older ones of the party. We went down down, down, until we had to look straight up to see out. On one side were the White Rocks and on the other a very steep hill. About us were rocks that by some mighty convulsion had been broken off, some of them as large as an ordinary house. We wandered among them for a while, and then went away down in the gully below. where a stream of water, clear as crystal, was flowing. We all took a good drink of the water and then made our way out, and once more stood upon the Rocks and took a last look, and as we looked and contemplated the scene around and about us, we wondered whether we would ever see the White Rocks again. In our mind we measured the distance between our home in Kansas and the White Rocks and thought perhaps never again would we have the privilege and then again there was a sadness came over us when we stood on the verge of the Rock where a great tragedy was committed, when the writer's mother was a little girl. We could not keep the tears from falling when we thought of the fate of a confiding girl that was thrown over the Rocks and killed by a wicked man.

Wichita, Kans.

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Every man ought to have a goodnatured wife to grumble at occasionally.

# LOPSIDED MEN AND WOMEN.

THE two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk and of all people

he Germans have the largest proportion of shortighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to acrease in size throughout life and does not cease with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better tistinguished with one ear than with both. The tails of two fingers never grow with the same apidity, that of the middle finger growing the astest, while that of the thumb grows the slow-st.

In fifty-four cases out of 100 the left leg is tronger than the right. The bones of an average numan male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; hose of a woman are six pounds lighter.

That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, s also smaller than that of a man, given a man and woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, hat the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people. The ocking chair, according to an English scientist, as responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it makes the ankle delicate and slender.

British women are said to average two inches more in height than Americans. Averages for the height of women show that those born in summer and autumn are taller than those born in spring or winter. The tallest girls are born in August.

As far as the boys are concerned, those who first see the light during autumn and winter are not so tall as those born in spring and summer.

Those born in November are the shortest; in July, the tallest.

An average head of fair hair consists of 143,-040 hairs, dark hair of 105,000, while a red head has only 29,200. Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly.

A person who has lived 70 years has had pass through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the blood in the body passing through the heart in about thirty-two beats. The heart beats on an average of seventy times a minnute, or 36,792,000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man, 80 years of age, has beaten 3,000,000,000 times. The heart beats ten strokes a minute less when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

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It does not always take two to make a bargain. The lender usually attends to that in financial transactions.

+ + +

HERE is an incident that occurred to a friend who owned a coal mine. Going down amongst his gnomes one day he found them working with indifferent zeal, and being of a jocular disposition, threatened to discharge every mole of them and hire wood peckers instead. This disturbed the honest subterraneans and they sent a delegation to him to see about it. "Oh, that was nothing," said my playful friend; "just go right on with your work."

"But, if you please, sir," said the spokesman, twirling his cap in his fingers uneasily; "we'd like to know wot is a wood-pecker."

"Just a bird, my good man, only a bird. It is a joke, you understand, nothing but a joke."

The delegation bowed themselves out, but after a while the spokesman returned supported by two or three others, and said:

"If you please, sir, some of us knows wot burds is, all right, but wot we wants to know now is wot is jokes?"

Jordan is a hard road for some people because they have never learned to stop dragging their feet when they walk.

# A GLIMPSE AT WALL STREET.

Wall street is the most densely populated area in the world. Nowhere else are such intricate hives of office buildings crowded together in so small an area.

Even the men who have spent their lives within its confines do not realize how near and numerous their neighbors are. In the short block between Broadway and Broad street, which includes the entrance to the stock exchange, there is enough population to crowd to overflowing a good-sized village. It is difficult to get any idea of how dense is this population. It is not generally realized, for instance, that the population of these buildings is so great that if all the tenants were to leave their offices for the street at the same time hundreds of people could not find room.

The condition is made clear by a little figuring. Wall street at this point is only a fraction over 40 feet in width. Now one of the four corners of the intersection holds a 19-story office building, while directly opposite is an office building of ten stories. The width of one of these buildings is but 20 feet six inches, the one opposite 40 feet. These two buildings contain upwards of 1,400 people. Now the actual space from wall to wall, including the sidewalks, would not furnish enough space for standing room. Were all the tenants to be collected in front of their buildings it would be a second black hole of Calcutta. They would stand on each other's heads in tiers three deep.

One of the curious results of this overpopulation is a marvelous system of telephone communication unequaled anywhere else in the world. The financial district is supplied with upward of 15,000 regular telephones. The greater part are long-distance wires. All of these 'phones are kept busy. It is the experience of the telephone company that each 'phone is used on the average about eight times a day. This means that each day, and the day on Wall street is but five hours long, some 120,000 telephone connections are made.

The private wires not connected with the regular system are greatly in excess of the regular telephones. These are put in by private companies, and it is impossible to make a good estimate of their number. It is a conservative guess that nearly 500,000 conversations take place every day by telephone in this restricted area.

The number of messengers who rush about the district is also surprising to anyone who is urfamiliar with the tremendous activity of the street. Practically every large building has a office crowded with boys to supply the demand of the hives of offices which are constantly calling on them.

In addition to the regular uniformed boys, most of the large establishments have a corps of their own boys, sometimes in uniform. It has bee calculated that for every acre of ground in the financial district there are about 120 boys carrying messages. Now, a field an acre in extent it comparatively small, and would be crowded were it filled with 120 boys at play.

There are 34 financial newspapers in less that as many acres of land. No other place in the world has so many newspapers to its area.

There are several so-called news agencie which distribute little pamphlets—miniatur newspapers—as quickly as the news is gath ered by reporters or comes in by wire. These offices issue from 50 to 100 editions a day. Each office employs a small army of boys who receive the papers as quickly as they are printed and run at breakneck speed with them to the offices.



Some people murder the truth, while others never get near enough to do it bodily harm.

# + + + · · · THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD."

HAVING lately seen a beautiful tribute to Theodore O'Hara, author of the immortation, "The Bivouac of the Dead," writes John A. Buckner, and as O'Hara was my personal friend and assistant in the Adjutant General's office of the Kentucky division, commanded by Major General Breckinridge, I take pleasure in sending you an extract from the article, with the full poem, which I have carried in my notebook ever since the war.

It is worthy of record that this son of the South produced the one perfect and universal martial eulogy that the world has known, and that the South has been absolutely unmindful of this fact. The first of these statements is proved by the fact that without any advertise.

ient or exploitations, the wonderful words ave, in the fifty years since they were written, ermeated the whole world, and been laid hold in by English-speaking people everywhere to elebrate their honored dead who passed away ho battle. Upon Crimean battle-fields, the esting of English heroes is marked by a great nonument, on which shine O'Hara's matchless words, and yet England did not know from whom she borrowed when she wrote them:

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Perhaps the anonymous character of the poem was a blessing, since it is doubtful if the Jederal government of the United States would have used the lines in such lavish fashon in immortalizing the dead of the Union irmy had they been recognized as the product of the genius of a soldier and officer of the other side. In any case, they did not know, and every national cemetery in America has gained thereby, since they are not only the most appropriate but the only appropriate lines for such a purpose.

Over the gateway of the national cemetery at Washington, the famous first stanza is engraved, and there, as at Antietam and other national cemeteries, the entire poem is reproduced, stanza by stanza, on slabs placed along the driveway.

O'Hara lies in the burying ground at Franktort, Ky., with only the inscription on a simple slab of marble which says:

> THEODORE O'HARA, Major A. D. C. Died June 6, 1867.

O'Hara wrote the poem on the occasion of the removal of the bodies of Kentucky soldiers from Mexico to their native State.

Two may make a home, but it takes three or more to make a Home.

#### ARE PAINTED TOO BLACK.

"THERE are very many kinds of spiders besides those that annoy the housewife with their webs stuck up in the corners of the rooms and in the windows when she has been too busy with the sewing to look after the house much." says a recent writer on scientific subjects, "but every kind is an appetite on eight legs and thoroughly convinced that nobody can be strong and hardy that lives on vegetables, They all spin more or less, whence their name, which is a contraction of spinder or spinner. Also, they bite and if you listen to all the fool stories that are told, when a spider bites you, you will save time by sending for the lawyer to make your will and telegraph for the boys to come home at once if they want to see you alive. But I will tell you as between educated people that know a thing or two and do not get scared over every little trifle that a spider's bite is no worse than a mosquito'snot so bad, in fact.

"A big spider can kill a small bird with its poison, but it only makes a man's arm swell up and hurt for a day or less and not hurt very much at that. Bertkau could not feel the ordinary domestic spider on the thick skin of his hand, and only between the fingers could the spider make a puncture like that of a dull pin. The worst result was that it itched a little., Blackwall had them draw blood, but that was all. Though one spider bit another so hard that its liver ran out it lived for more than a year afterward. As for those terrible tarantulas, either the stories told about victims having to dance till they fell down in exhaustion, in order to escape death and madness are tremendous whoppers or tarantulas don't bite as bad as they used to. It is true that in those days the Italian violinists had to work overtime composing tarantelles to play for the bitten, but still there were sneering skeptics that said it was all a scheme got up to pass the hat for the wife and family of the suffering man whom a malignant spider had bitten while he was out looking for a job.

"Dufour had a tarantula that was quite tame and gentle. She took flies from his fingers like a dear thing. Almost any spider can be taught to take food from forceps and water from a camel's hair brush. They are great water drinkers, spiders, are. I'll say that for 'em. Like the little temperance bird we used to read about, 'Water, cold water, is all their song.' Rum and tobacco they turn from with loathing.'

#### USES OF PAPER.

It used to be said that there was nothing that could not be made out of leather. The same thing is now said of paper. Probably the very latest commercial feat in the application of paper is in the way of fireproofing. Paper fire proofing, among other advantages, has this one, that the chemicals used penetrate the entire texture of the material, and are absorbed by it before it is rolled to any thickness that may be required, thus making them much more effective than when wood itself is treated with them. The paper wood thus produced is as hard as wood itself, is susceptible of brilliant polish and any variety of decorative treatment, is vastly lighter, perfectly adjustable and absolutely fireproof. The erection of sky scrapers necessitated a very serious study of fireproof materials and the fireproofing treatment of wood, and the result is that paper is coming very largely into use in all cases where woodwork has to be used. It is particularly adaptable for ceilings, and has been adopted for the finishings of the interiors of warships, and is very extensively used for the head linings or ceilings of passenger cars. The material commonly used for this purpose, being heavily treated with oils, is highly inflammable, and the adoption of the paper fireproofing material is only another precaution for the safety of passengers.

As for the articles of daily use that are now being made of paper, their number is surprisingly large. Eliminating such things as car wheels, in which paper long ago demonstrated its superiority over steel; the water buckets, the covering for hay ricks and other similar articles long of familiar use, there are hats and caps and clothing. In Detroit there is a concern which is doing a large and very lucrative business in the manufacture of paper clothing. Paper, of course, as demonstrated in the water buckets, can be made almost as impervious to water as India rubber itself, and, combined with layers of thin cloth, a material is made which can be and is put into undershirts, waistcoats and jackets; which present a good appearance and are very durable. Without paper cloth it might almost be said that the enormous ball room sleeves worn by women not long ago would have been next to an impossibility. The strong, stiff but yielding fabric was precisely what was needed to make the sleeves remain in the form that fashion had decreed for them.

In dress linings, skirt linings, coat linings and in facings, paper cloth is coming more and more into use and is giving very good satisfaction. Good-looking and very durable hats are made of paper, and paper soles and heels for boots and shoes of the cheaper grades have long been in use. When we said above that rifle barrels were made of paper only the literal fact was stated, although the paper rifle is not practical for various reasons among others the cost.

Water mains made of paper, however, are not only a practical possibility, but are in actual use Where the conditions are such as to warrant the considerable extra expense of paper water mains -as, for instance, where from the nature of the bed in which they must lie cast iron mains would speedily oxidize—paper water mains, costly as they are, become a matter of economy and are very generally used. Window panes of paper likewise are used in cases where there are such constant vibrations or sudden jars as would break glass. By a chemical process paper may be made so translucent that a printed page may be read through it with perfect ease. Put in a window frame it gives a soft light sufficient to illuminate a room for nearly all purposes not requiring a particularly strong clear light, although objects seen through a paper window pane are seen as through a glass, darkly.

Waterproofs of paper are made in considerable numbers. The material consists of a lining of cloth in the middle with a coating of waterproof paper on both sides, and out of it excellent ponchos are made, although Uncle Sam still sticks to the good old India rubber for his soldiers. Nearly all articles formerly in leather are now made of paper—such as suit cases, traveling bags, etc., and so successful is the imitation that a man who had himself been in the paper business for nine years bought an article of this kind in London recently under the full conviction that it was leather he was purchasing.

There is another curious little detail about the Chinese paper trade, and that is in the matter of laundry tickets. The Chinese laundryman, when he gives his laundry ticket, keeps a duplicate of it himself. It is a bright red slip of paper, a little over an inch wide, and he keeps a bunch

of these slips hanging on a hook in his laundry. When he issues one of them he writes his Chinese characters in duplicate one above the other on the slip and then tears the paper in two across the middle, giving one end to the customer and keeping the other.

Now, it requires a peculiar kind of paper for In the first place it must be one that will take the brilliant red coloring matter, and then it must have a distinct grain that will tear straight across and not in any direction along the line of least resistance, as in most good paper. Furthermore, in the Chinese laundryman's opinion it is absolutely necessary that the paper shall come from China. To meet these various demands is a very easy proposition for the papermakers. The paper is produced here in the mills of the east, and then shipped to a Chinese company in San Francisco, which sends it back to the east again, where it is sold to the laundryman as the genuine article, straight from the flowery kingdom.

Along the line of recent inventions is a process for spinning paper into a fine thread, which cannot only be used for sewing, but out of which a very beautiful fabric can be woven. Specimens of tablecloths and napkins made by this process were exhibited recently which compared very well in appearance with fine articles of linen. The process at present developed is pronounced by paper experts to be altogether too expensive for any practical purpose, although it is easily within the possibilities that the day is not so very far distant when we will be using paper table linen. Still another freak exhibition of what can be done with paper was the production of a paper axe, with an edge so hard and fine that it could be used for cutting.

An insurmountable obstacle to the making of old newspapers into a good quality of paper was the fact that the printer's ink with its resin and its heavy linseed oil could not be got rid of by any known process. Paper was made of old newspapers, but it was poor in appearance, poor in quality and always betrayed its origin. So old newspapers became in a certain sense mere waste until about six years ago when a young man named McEwen from over in New Jersey ciphered out the fact that the resin and the oil in old newspapers, when the whole mass of ink and

paper fibre together was subjected to a very high temperature, would be just the thing for sizing for boxboard paper. Mr. McEwen had no capital, and he had difficulty in interesting people who had, but he succeeded at last and now he is a millionaire. He himself ships from his mills 5,000 tons of box-board paper—"news board" as it is called from its newspaper origin—to England alone in the course of every year, while he derives a large income from the royalties on his patents.

Many a man's head is full of emptiness.

# THE COMPLAINT MAN.

THE department stores have a man who draws a salary for just standing around and having people tell their troubles to him. It seems easy. People who have never had business with the chief of the department on complaints in a department store may conceive this personage to be a small, meek man with a low, sad voice, who stands in his little office and listens quietly while to him are recited the frightful shortcomings of a dress suit case that cost all of one dollar and sixty-nine cents and fell apart the first time it ever got rained on, and also the miserable behavior of a pair of gorgeous stockings that ran faster than the prize winner at the last Washington Park Derby.

The complaint man by those who have not met him is supposed to mingle his tears with those of the troubled customer and to shake him by the hand and say, "Yes, yes; dress suit case; first rain, all to pieces. I know. I know. I, too, have suffered," or words to that effect. But in reality the "Complaint Man," as he is known in most of the stores, is a far different personage. He must have a pleasant personality and a large quantity of patience and tact so that the person who strides into the store declaring that he has been robbed, cheated, and pilfered and will never, no never, under any circumstances enter that particular store again will be made to see that possibly a mistake has been made or that the purchaser himself is in error, and send the customer away in a pleasant and peaceful frame of mind.

# THE PENNY LUNCH ROOM.

THE other day the 'Nookman strolling around in Chicago, hunting material for the reader noticed a lunch room out of the ordinary. There are places to eat and drink in Chicago, several of them, and none are more interesting than the penny lunch rooms, places where one can buy a pretty fair meal for a few cents. No recent enterprise has attracted more attention both in Chicago and in outside cities than this branch of the work of the St. Luke's society. When the penny lunchroom was first opened in the midst of the saloons of the "levee" district the prediction was made by the neighbors that it would not last long, or if it did it would cost the promoters several cents for every pennyworth of food that was sold over its counter. These predictions were not fulfilled, however, and the patronage of the establishment increased from day to day and it soon became what its promoters, the officers of the St. Luke's society, intended it should, self-supporting.

The articles on the bill of fare at the St. Luke's penny lunchhouses are all one cent each and the patron has his choice of soup, beans, beef tea, wienerwurst, rolls, doughnuts, pie, cake, mush and milk, cereals or coffee for his one cent. Soon after the Clark street house was opened, it being the first one of fifteen or twenty which the society intends to establish, the number of people daily fed amounted to over 1,000 and on one day 1,200 checks were handled. The average amount expended by each patron is five cents, and from the above bill it is claimed that he can get nourishing food that will suffice for twenty-four hours and not only sustain life, but keep him in good physical condition.

The society is an association of people whose object it is to cure of the drink and drug habit men and women who have been impoverished or their health broken by the use of liquor or drugs. The penny lunch counter is only one of the departments of its work. The plan on which the society is operated makes it self-sustaining, the amount that is paid by those who can afford to pay reimburses for all expenditures on account of those who are without money. But the penny lunchhouses are within themselves self-supporting and the lunches are not given away; all are sold at the low price.

As has been stated, the penny lunchhouses are but a part of the work of the St. Luke's society and they are under the management of the industrial department of that society. This one of the several departments is charged according to the by-laws of the society with the duty of maintaining industrial homes for men and women who, when cured of liquor, tobacco or drug habits, may find a place of refuge from their old environments and an opportunity to make a living until fixed habits of usefulness are established and situations secured, and the expenses of the homes and places of rest for the unfortunates are provided for partly from the earnings of the penny lunchhouses.

These lunchhouses, where a cup of coffee and a roll can be had for two cents, are not for inebriates solely, as the appearance of the patrons at the old Clark street place shows. It would seem incredible, too, that for the small price charged a profit could be realized and yet the statement of the officers of the society is to that effect. lunchhouses afford another relief to men who are out of work or are trying to bridge over a period when work is scarce and money scarcer. The two lunchhouses alone give employment to several men, and as the number is increased the number of men who are enabled to make a living during temporary hard luck will be larger. wages paid are not large and the men who work are not expecting large wages, but they are glad to be able to earn a support for the time, and the society is glad to have their services and to be able to furnish them the means of self-support. The lunchhouses bring the officers and workers of the St. Luke's society into closer touch with the people it is desirable for them to reach, and when a man is found to have something to him the avenue to better things is opened for him. Often the penny lunchroom is the beginning of this acquaintance between the society and some man who only needs a little lift to put him on the right road. This feature of the matter is evidently regarded as an important one by President Miller, and his plans to establish many of these penny lunchrooms in different localities, he believes, will increase the benefits to the class that wants to improve their condition and that need some kindly hand to help them.

When there are more of the penny lunchrooms

established the plans of the society officers contemplate a further reduction of the cost of materials by taking in charge the making of the bread and bakery stuff that is used. A score of lunchrooms would use up enough to keep quite a pakery going, and in time it is expected the society will have one of its own. This will furnish a place where more people can be given employment while they are looking around for a job or while they are trying to weather the storms of some winter when employment is slack in their lines.

The old Clark street penny lunchroom is an interesting place to study city characters when business is at full tide and the rush of patrons necessary to make up the thousand per day is at its height. The place is larger since the alteration made possible by the fire, and in the first idays it was a very narrow space that had to accommodate the crowds. All sorts and conditions of men came from the very start to sample the fare. Lined up at the counter occupying the regulation lunch counter stools are side by side to be seen hoboes with ragged clothes and shoes with vawning gaps at the toes that are bound but slightly to the torn uppers; newsboys, hungry, eager and alert with the shrewd, hard faces of the children of the streets; and almost any time there are workingmen out of employment or those just come to the city in quest of work who have not yet succeeded in getting a foothold, while frequently clerks and business men who came first from curiosity to see what the place and food were like now return regularly for a sup of the coffee, which is surprisingly good when the price is considered, and a bite of the rolls that are always wholesome and good, as well as the other articles. A visitor who looked in one day saw a man take off a \$5 hat and \$2 pair of gloves to eat a lunch that cost him at the regular price less than five cents and wondered at the sight. The newsboys' favorite luncheon consists of coffee and wienerwurst, and the steam necessary to run the shrill voices and nimble legs half a day is provided for the modest price of two cents, with a roll for one cent in addition.

Most of the men to be seen at the penny lunchroom are honest, sober workmen who bear none of the marks of the shiftless tramp or nerveracked inebriate. They are for the time either out of work or the necessity of economy is appreciated by them and they are glad of a place where they can for a few cents get a meal that suffices to nourish them for new attempts to get work or to carry on what is already in hand.

Going To Do is forever asking favors of Have Done.

# HIS CONCEPTION OF FAITH.

The teacher was trying to communicate to the juvenile class an idea of faith and to better illustrate it she held up an apple and said: "If I were to tell you there were no seeds in this apple you would believe me without further proof, would you not?" "Yes, ma'am," anwered the class in chofus. "Well, that's faith," said the teacher. The next day in order to test their recollections of the lesson, she asked: "Who can tell me what faith is?" "I can," promptly answered a small urchin. "It's an apple what ain't got no seeds in it."

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The individual who gets into the habit of giving away to depression is on the broad road to ruin.

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#### WHERE SEDAN CHAIRS ARE STILL USED.

In Orleans, France, especially on Sundays at the hour of mass, the classic sedan chair, as it was known to the gallants of the eighteenth century, is borne through the street by robust carriers, its occupants being aged people and invalids, to whom the jolting of a carriage is intensely disagreeable.

There is no law to prevent a woman from kissing a pug'dog—but just the same it's a mean advantage to take of the dog.

# NATURE



# STUDY

# A WHITE CROW.

BY J. K. MILLER.

WERE we to ask the readers of the 'Nook if they had ever seen a white crow no doubt most of them would have to answer no. And a great many would go farther and say that they did not think there was such a bird as a snow-white crow.

Yet the writer has seen one and a fine specimen at that, pure white and fully as large as any of his black kindred.

The bird was shot by a farmer living a few miles north of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, along the Cedar River. He had seen the bird several times during the summer in company with other crows (as black as crows could be), but never at a time when he had his gun with him. A few days ago, however, while hunting he saw the bird and shot it. It was brought to the city and is now being mounted by an expert taxidermist, and will be a valuable addition to a private collection of curios. So don't forget that there is such a bird as a snow-white crow.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

[These cases are rare, but not exceedingly so. There are perhaps no animals or birds that do not occasionally present instances of albinism. There are albino people as well as albino crows. The opposite freak is rarer—when the animal or bird is a dead black, as in the case of a black robin. It sometimes happens.—The Ed.]

#### ANOTHER TOMATO VINE.

BY MRS. N. E. LILLIGH.

In a recent issue of the 'Nook a correspondent mentioned a tomato vine eight feet high. In the summer of 1901 I had a tomato vine that I tied to a stake ten feet high. It still grew about three feet more and hung down. It bore profusely, though the fruit was rather small and pear-shaped. It was well flavored,

and the skin would come off like that of a boiled potato. I had the same kind this year, but on account of excessive drought they did not grow quite so tall.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE gourd is one of the oldest of vegetables, and it might be added, one of the queerest. It assumes as many forms as nature and man care to give it, for the long-handled kind may have a knot tied in them when green, and ripen so. They are of all sizes, from the nest egg that imitates the hen product so well that she often tries the discouraging effort of hatching it, to the huge ones from three to four feet in diameter. They are more cultivated in the south than north and it is hard to find a home, of the humbler sort, in the far south, where they are not grown for endless purposes from a nursing bottle to receptacles for grain, and bird nesting places.

If some bright reader of the INGLENOOK will plant a lot of gourd seeds there is no end to the fantastic shapes they may be made to assume while in the green state. With a board underneath and a heavier one on top it may be turned into a long-necked pocket flask, or a short necked one, if the end is sawed off when dry. They may be grown as long-handled dippers, lard-buckets, flour-bins, fiddles, nest eggs or hatching boxes for the martens.

There are many kinds and the experiment should start with the right kind of seed, for the forms of the vegetable, while fixed for each kind, are endless in variety, and some of them are very beautifully marked. Nothing makes better hens' nests than some of the large, round ones sawed in two, and they are practically indestructible. In some parts of the world certain varieties are used for food, though they would hardly be regarded as edible with us. As an ornament, however, they

may be shaped into any form, and afterward carved as skillfully as the artistic ability of the gourd grower may allow.

# ABOUT THE GREAT AUK.

A FEW days ago an egg of the great auk was offered for sale in London and after a spirited competition was knocked down for \$1,222. The price seems enormous, but when it is remembered that there are only, as far as known, sixty-five of these eggs in existence the wonder ceases, as there are many more collectors, whose collections would not be complete without this coveted possession. The eggs, of which a single one alone was laid in a season, were deposited on a ledge of rock close to the sea, as the inability of the bird to travel on land would preclude it from seeking a nesting place far from the shore and the baby auk would be enabled as soon as possible to slip into the sea.

The great auk is believed to be extinct. The latest account of a living specimen was given by the late Dr. Fleming, who in 1821 was cruising in the Hebrides, and observed one which had been caught by some fishermen in the sea near St. Kilda. It was brought on board the yacht by the sailors and tied by the leg-a big bird of about three feet in length with a large beak and wings of very small size, with which it made no attempt to fly. Its waddling gait was most ungainly and difficult on the smooth deck, but when, still tied by the leg with a long rope, it was allowed to seek its food overboard it was astonishing to see the rapidity with which it swam under water. The wings, used as propellers, with rapid beats, aided by the feet, drove it through the sea with incredible swiftness, and the boats had hard work to keep up with it. The amusement at length met with disaster, as one day when exercising in the usual manner the rope broke or became detached and this last scion of a noble race disappeared to be seen no more.

# COACH DOGS.

LIKE many other fads and fashions, the coach dog came originally from England, where many years ago it was the custom to have one of the dogs in attendance not only upon private vehicles, but in many cases on the public coaches which preceded the railways. Whether they were maintained as watch dogs to guard the vehicles from thieves while the owners were temporarily absent or whether they were merely an ornamental appendage to the rig is obscured in mystery. At any rate, everybody had them and therefore, of course, everybody else had to have them, and the coach dog was a prominent feature of every stable. But if it be true that every dog has his day, the coach dog certainly has had his and the sun has set upon it.

When they were finally dropped they must have been dropped pretty hard-hard enough to take all the life out of them. Probably the custom fell into disuse in England and in time that action had its reflex in this country, those who adopted the style from the English making haste to imitate them in its abandonment. Dog dealers in the large cities say they do not handle coach dogs because nobody wants them. If there should be a revival of the style for the spotted dogs a careful search and enhanced prices would probably bring to light enough specimens to stock all the stables in town within the course of a few years, but just now nobody seems to worry much about what has become of them or whether they will ever get a new lease of life.



Cases of actual poisoning by potatoes are by no means unknown. So far as can be learned the abnormal symptoms in such cases were caused by the presence of solanin in the potatoes. Several years ago 357 soldiers in a battalion of the Austrian army showed symptoms of solanin poisoning. The potatoes used for food were examined. Those which were fresh contained a small amount of solanin, while those which had sprouted contained much more, still larger amounts being found in the sprouts than in the tubers themselves. The potatoes undoubtedly caused the poisoning in this case.

Potatoes a year old which have lain in a cellar and shriveled and small potatoes which have sprouted without being planted are considered especially dangerous and should not be eaten. If perfectly fresh potatoes contain any solanin the amount is so small that it does not cause harm.

# 他INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

# BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should the their papers changed should the their light state.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

#### CHRISTMAS TIDE,

ALL over the civilized world, wherever there are Christians, the day of the nativity is set apart as the one day of the year for feasting and rejoicing. And it is well that it is so. There may be no real associations connected with the day, and indeed there are none, but it is well to have one day in the year on which to make merry and forget the dull grind of daily life.

It is a pity to shatter the idea that on Christmas day our Lord was born, but there is no certainty nor the least reality in it. It has been observed at different ages of the world at different dates, and only in a comparatively recent period has the twenty-fifth of December been universally observed by the Christian world. The myth is a pleasant one and it is a doubtful matter whether children's minds should be disabused of the beautiful legend.

The time of the coming of Christ was in the dawn of civilization. The Roman eagles had been carried to the farthest confines of the then known world. The chosen people of God were in galling bondage to an alien people without the true God or even a fixed number of false ones. Four hundred years had elapsed since God had

wrought a miracle, and then when the world was in waiting there came the man-child in the wayside inn in far Judea. The shepherds wondered as the stars rained fire on the brilliant scene, and the animals lying in reverent silence heard the songs of the constellations of the dawn.

The world was a sad one when the gentle Galilean peasant came on the scene of his active but brief ministry. It was sadder yet when he hung dead beyond the city gates. It was a glorious day for the world when the tomb of Joseph was empty of the King of kings. And the ages have come and gone, while the world has spread apart to the utmost metes and bounds. Wherever it has gone the Christ idea has gone with it.

Song and story and art have continued to render it the day of days, whether on the sunny sands or in the igloos of the Esquimaux. It is well that it should be so. It is the birthday of the world's emancipation from sin and its bondage, the hour from which the gates of heaven were opened to fallen humanity and souls that were lost otherwise.

And so rejoice that Christ was born, rejoice that he lived and remembering the cross rejoice most of all that he lives to-day, yesterday and forever, for in him is the one hope of a wandering and lost world.

+ + +

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

+ + +

THERE will be a Christmas issue of the INGLE-NOOK containing many articles specially written for it. One of the features of that number will be a collection of bills of fare, by our sisters, for Christmas day. These menus will be interesting in comparing them, and they show what some of our people would do if opportunity presented itself. If you don't know what some of the articles named really are, the 'Nook will try to find out for you, if asked.



IF you send us a dollar we will send your friend the INGLENOOK for a year as a Christmas present to one, and the Cook Book to another as a second gift. You may figuratively kill two birds with one stone, and actually gladden two lives with one dollar.

COUNTRY people who want to make town people happy at the holidays should take them apples. A barrel of apples in the corner of the pantry is a gold mine to the city dweller.

+ + +

THE Cook Book is coming in for some very emphatic praise at the hands of the admiring readers. Why not? We always said the sisters were the best cooks in the world.

+ + +

THOSE people who are fixtures and who, for some reason, are always overlooked,— remember *them* this Christmas.

+ + +

Fame is something that makes a lot of fools want to shake your hand.

# ????????????

Can I have the INGLENOOK sent to one address and the Cook Book to another?

Sure.

Will the time come when men will cease to fight?

It may, but the 'Nook sees no signs of its coming.

What would you regard as a good Christmas bill of fare?

Wait for the Christmas issue of the 'Nook and choose for yourself.

Is there no way to prevent assassinations, such as the killing of President McKinley?

Absolutely none. Who can hedge against a fool bent on harm?

Why are apples high-priced in Elgin, as mentioned in a recent 'Nook?

Because this is not an apple country in the best sense of the word.

Is it wrong for cousins to marry?

It may not be wrong in a moral way, but it is not politic or wise. It resembles too much in and in mating and the result is never for the best. Does a chipmunk hibernate?

In a strict sense, no. The writer has come across them in the dead of winter, in hollow trees, very much alive.

Is there a reliable remedy for cancer?

The cure, to date, is death. It may be stayed, or even put off long enough for the patient to die of another disease, but give it time and the end is the grave.

What are "patent insides" of a newspaper?

The inside part of a paper printed ready for circulation when the other side is printed at the office of publication. It saves composition at the hands of the printer and costs but little more than the plain white paper.

Is our territorial acquisition of the late war likely to prove a benefit to the country?

Some say yes and some no. It remains to be tried. Probably a hundred years will have to pass to settle it. The 'Nook is doubtful about the success of the movement, all things considered.

Is it right to buy a scalper's railroad ticket?

In its simplest phases it is not wrong, perhaps, but there are complications with nearly all tickets coming into the hands of scalpers that make their changing of owners a very doubtful matter at times. Read the contract if there is one.

In the case of a cyclone if one laid flat on the ground would it not pass over him?

It certainly would pass over him if it came his way, and a good-sized one would take him along with it like a dead leaf. Eastern readers have no conception of the power of a cyclone. Nothing man can build will stand up before its central activity.

What is meant by variation in plants?

Either by accident or for intended cause plants come to differ from the common wild type, and this is variation. By change of soil a plant may change the color of its flowers, and come under the head of variation of plants. But there is also in nearly every instance a disposition to get back to the original type.

# HOW BIRDS TALK.

THAT birds and fowls are able to talk, and to make themselves understood by each other, is a fact sufficiently obvious. Yet their conversational powers are considered more or less mysterious, very little being known on the subject. Few persons have thought it worth while to study the matter, which, from the viewpoint of the student of Nature, may fairly be regarded as of more than ordinary interest.

There is a scientist attached to the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Nelson R. Wood, who has made the language of birds a lifelong study. Not only is he able to understand a good deal that birds say, but he can talk to many feathered creatures so as to make himself understood by them. He says that some birds possess quite an extended vocabulary; but he adds that it would be a mistake to credit them with anything corresponding to articulate speech, or to suppose that they were able to sit down and converse with one another in the ordinary sense of the word.

The lower animals are called "dumb" animals chiefly because we are not able to understand what they say. Often, as in the case of a dog, they know our language vastly better than we know theirs—a fact which casts a serious reflection upon the vaunted superiority of our own intelligence. As for birds and fowls (which, generally speaking, are far more clever than we give them credit for being), their vocal sounds are intended almost wholly to express their wants and emotions.

Feathered species differ very much in their talking powers. The perching birds, as a rule, have but a small vocabulary, whereas the widest range of speech is found in chickens and turkeys—very likely because they have so many enemies, and must be able to utter warning notes, both to each other and to their young.

The turkey has a note which signifies immediate danger overhead, and this is different from the sharp and rapid call that means imminent peril from something on the ground, as a rat, for example. A hawk seen in the distance calls forth yet another cry. A fourth note is of defiance, a fifth of pain, and a sixth of complaint or remonstrance (as when the turkey is being driven). When feeding in an open meadow a call is uttered

different from that voiced in high grass or bushes, where the flock is to be kept together. There is a summons to call together scattered members of the flock; a social note, in a manner conversational, is also peculiar; and at night the turkeys on guard have a special signal.

The vocabulary of chickens, according to Mr. Wood, is really quite extensive, though many of their notes, possessing different meanings, are so much alike that the untrained observer cannot tell them apart. Those used for hushing the young to sleep, and for warning, are closely similar. Most people will be surprised to learn that the every-day hen has three distinct songs. One of them she utters while seeking her nest to lay; another is a call to her mate when she is separated from him; and a third appears to signify mere abstraction—a crooning to herself while, perhaps, she is hunting for food.

The rooster has a song of his own, though few persons have ever heard it. He uses it only occasionally. It is a low, fine whistling, and he will utter it sometimes on a dark day when going to roost, or when resting in a corner by himself.

There is a lot of interesting material for study in the way two cocks oppose each other in rivalry. One of them, let us say, stands erect, gives a defiant chuckle, and drops one wing. This means fight. If the adversary lowers his tail, draws his wings up over his back, raises the feathers behind his comb slightly, and begins to sing like a hen, the indication is of meekness and fear, and presently he will retreat, avoiding a combat. The fighting rooster utters a short, sharp note.

The parrot has quite an extensive vocabulary in its native forest. As might be supposed, when it has escaped from captivity it does not forget what it learned while a prisoner, and parrots released from bondage have frequently been heard talking to their wild companions in civilized human language.

The parrot ranks high in the scale of intelligence, and unquestionably understands the meaning of some of the words it utters. Mr. Wood once knew a polly that said "Good morning" early in the day, "Good-by" at noon and "Good-night" in the evening. It never made a mistake in these salutations nor mixed them up. Its accuracy in this regard could only be explained on the supposition that it understood the

meaning of the words and had a notion of the time of day.

This parrot lived next door to a house that had a squeaky gate. Long after the gate was mended, so that it squeaked no longer, Polly would utter a squeak in imitation of the familiar sound every time it saw the lady who occupied the dwelling cross the road in its direction. Stories of this kind might be multiplied without number, going to show that parrots connect with ideas the vocal sounds which they utter.

The crow knows that a man with a gun is dangerous, and, on seeing him, it will utter a note of alarm. Another note is of intense fear and warning to the young, as if to say: "Keep still and hide!" A third cry is of affection for the young, for each other, or for the bird's owner. The crow is one of the most affectionate of birds, and when tamed shows many signs of love for its master. One of its notes is a gutteral mixture of gabbling sounds, uttered perhaps when it is sitting on a branch in the woods, and apparently indicating a bubbling-over of good spirits.

If a crow sitting on a tree-branch sees other crows passing overhead it salutes them with a note that has a rising inflection; the passing crows reply with a note that has a falling inflection. One thing that birds of this kind are much afraid of is a dead crow; they think that something must have killed it, and are afraid to come near lest a like fate befall themselves.

A pet crow, when confined to a cage, used to spend hours in coasting down a small inclined plank, using the top of a mustard-can for a sled. He would carry the sled up to the top of the plank, step into it, and slide to the bottom, repeating the performance again and again with the greatest glee.

Canaries are not specially good talkers, yet they have a great deal more to say for themselves than most people suppose. They have three distinct songs—one addressed to the mate, another signifying anger, and a third to indicate pleasure. If a female be taken away from her spouse, the latter will sing madly and persistently, but it is a sign of distress and not of cheerfulness. Then there is the companionship note, as it might be called—a "twit, twit" of contentment—uttered as the canaries hop from perch to perch. A low cry of warning is given when something

flashes past the window or flies overhead. Again, there is a note of calling to each other, or to the owner. Very affectionate birds are canaries, though they have many family quarrels.

Though "the voice of the turtle" is familiar in classical literature, neither turtledoves nor other kinds of pigeons are good talkers. They are not very intelligent, indeed, as birds go, and they have few notes. There is a note of mourning, another to call the mate to the nest, and a sort of "coo" which by a slight variation is made to indicate either anger or pleasure.

"The farmyard," says Mr. Wood, "is the place to study the talk of feathered creatures, and if you wish to understand something about it, the best thing to do is to associate familiarly with the chickens and the turkeys that are the everyday companions of human beings."—Saturday Evening Post.

A little man thinks he aches just as hard as a big man.

# + + + PLUS AND MINUS PEOPLE.

WE all know people who never add anything to our fun, our information, our happiness, or our comfort. They are always trying to get something from us without giving anything in return. They are sponges that absorb but give nothing back. When they leave us we have a minus feeling, a consciousness of having lost something. On the other hand, we know people who always give more than they take from us; they are resourceful, suggestive, helpful; everything increases under their touch, for they are not trying to see how much they can get, but, instead, to give us something. They are optimists; they turn the best side of themselves to us, say pleasant things, and are helpful in their intercourse. They do not try to drain us dry; we have a plus feeling when they depart, a consciousness of having found something; they seem to leave a part of themselves with us. Like the rose, they bestow their fragrance and their beauty for us to think about after they are gone. Everybody loves the man or woman who leaves something behind,-a pleasant memory, a helpful suggestion, or kind word. Nobody cares for the absorbent people who get everything they can and give nothing.

# HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE.

"When it's all over, even to the shouting, the campaign banners are taken in and in a twinkling from Maine to California the election is antediluvian history—and that is distinctly American," said a well-known banner manufacturer.

"A banner on the day after election is about as cheerful a sight as the stumps of skyrockets on July 5, and what can look more out of place after election than the banners of the defeated candidate? What is there more absurd in this city to-day, for example, than the benign countenance of William Jennings Bryan, the light of victory in his eye, smiling down on the roofs of cable cars?

"What becomes of the old banners when taken down depends upon circumstances over which the banner itself has little control. If it is a cheap banner ten to one it finds its way to the ash barrel. As a rule, that is all it is worth, for the lower grades of banners are meant to last only about two months, and they seldom disappoint their owners by lasting longer. If the banner was successful, instead of wandering to the city dump sometimes it is cut up into strips for souvenirs. These, however, are the cheap banners ranging in price from \$25 to \$50.

"Banners run up in price to \$500 each. These banners are made of the finest quality of twine, are bound with the best procurable grade of tarred rope and—what makes them most expensive—the pictures of the candidates painted on them are the work of some of the best artists in the business. In fact, so much do we pay competent artists for painting the shields and portraits on expensive banners that many artists ordinarily engaged in pursuits of higher branches in their art come to work for us during the campaign rush. Some of our artists make from \$50 to \$100 a week, though others engaged on the cheaper banners make but \$3 a day.

"A banner of the best quality, 40x50 feet, is worth money even at the close of the election, for we are willing, depending on the preservation of the goods, to buy them back for future use. As these banners, however, are used exclusively by rich clubs that need not care for what little they would realize by selling us their second-hand banners, they, too, like their cheaper sisters, generally

find their way into a garret or a cellar, and, eventually, into the city dump. You see, therefore, banners are like voters, as far as politicians are concerned, everything before and nothing after elections.

"The price we allow on old banners in good condition is five per cent of the original cost. And right here is where shrewdness and judgment come in. In 1896, for example, it was even money, even before the election, that no matter which of the candidates was elected the same two would be renominated to oppose each other again, Out of that circumstance we made a barrel of money. We sent out notices that we were willing to repurchase any banners sold by us. Thousands of McKinley and Bryan banners all over the United States were sent to us. For the most part the nettings of the banners were worn out and only the pictures on them were worth preserving. Then, when the nominations were made, we went to work retouching the old portraits. In most cases it was necessary only to clean them. When these were remounted on new netting they were as good as new.

"One thing that has cut tremendously into our business is the introduction into the campaign of the American flag. The flags you see suspended occasionally measure from 30x40 to 40x50 feet. Flags of this size are worth \$100. They are cheaper than any first-class campaign banner can be sold for; and, besides being infinitely more eloquent, last out half a dozen campaigns.

"You may think this is our slack season, now that the campaign is over. No such thing. Our factories are crowded with work getting ready for the next campaign."

\* \* \*

Some men get into office with very little opposition and get out with none at all.

# ALWAYS PUZLLING TO MEN.

When men are very young they think they know all about women; when they reach middle age they confess they understand only few members of the sex; when they attain the full maturity of their mental power and have had a wide experience they give the problem up and confess that women are past finding out. An experienced

man is amused if not angered to hear callow youths boasting of their knowledge of women's ways. One youth in a cafe the other night delivered the declaration that no wise man ever had a proposal of marriage rejected by a woman because a wise man could find out what the answer would be before he put the question. "There are a hundred little ways of finding out a woman's mind," said he, "and any man of experience can tell whether his suit is favored. The pressure of the hand, the tones of the voice, little attentions scarcely perceptible, but offering glimpses of the heart, speedily forgiven, all are signs by which a man may foretell infallibly whether the answer to his proposal will be yes or no."

The error of this young Solon lay in the fact that he took reason to guide him through the labyrinth of the feminine mind. He was not aware that women are inclined to be cold toward the favored but yet unaccepted lover, and that no matter how infatuated the girl may be she will rebuke any symptom of assurance or confidence with instant and condign punishment. But she does this, not because she dislikes audacity in a suitor, but because she deems it unbecoming to surrender without a contest and it humiliates her to have him think that she is an easy conquest.

A girl may fancy a man and even encourage him, but when she faces the question and is compelled to decide whether she will have him or not many considerations may affect her choice and make her wish she had not suffered the affair to go so far.

Men do not and never will know women. Women do not know themselves. The sex is full of contradictions. When a woman is fondest of a man she most delights to tease or torture him. When she dislikes his very presence she is often most gracious. Women are often called dreams—and, like dreams, they go by contraries.

Few men ever get really acquainted with a woman until they have married her and lived with her a while. She will hold her true self in the background and recede as he advances. That is why many girls who are popular with men are disliked by women, who know them better, and why the favorite of all the women is sometimes neglected by the men and permitted to become an old maid. That, too, is why so many men, soon after marriage, discover that

they have made a grievous mistake. A man ought not marry a girl in a hurry, nor should he marry one whom he does not know very well. A man ought to consider how his inamorata will look ten years after the wedding. He should compare her with her mother and ask himself: "Were she to become fat, shapeless and middleaged would I love her still?"

Beauty does not last except in rare cases and the man that marries should bear in mind that his bride will not always be pretty and graceful. Let him look at the wives of his friends and then marry—if he dares. If the sentiment that inspires him is the real thing, if he is ready to take the bitter with the sweet, let him marry, by all means, and be happy forever afterward. But if his love be an emotion of sudden origin and transient nature let him beware.

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Those people who are always ready to make some one else shoulder their troubles are never willing to divide their pleasures.

+ + +

Have we not learned that not stocks nor bonds nor stately houses nor lands nor the product of the mill is our country? It is a spiritual thought that is in our minds. It is the flag and what it stands for. It is its glorious history. It is the fireside and the home. It is the high thoughts that are in the heart, born of the inspiration which comes from the stories of our fathers, the martyrs to liberty; it is the graveyard into which our careful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who have died. Here, in these things, is that which we love and call our country, rather than in anything that can be touched or handled.

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NOTHING else tends so much to the preservation of health as habitual cheerfulness and composure of mind; strict control over the appetites and passions, with a fixed abhorrence of all excesses and all unlawful gratifications whatsoever.

Sorrow and suffering have been likened to the weight about a diver—necessary to keep him down while he is securing pearls.

# EDUCATED BY OLD FRUIT BASKETS.

By collecting and selling second-hand fruit baskets, two bright young girls near Boston are earning money to complete their professional education.

"I suppose we inherited the belief that it is a sin to allow anything useful to go to waste from our Puritan ancestors," said one of them, when chatting about their work and ambition. "You know, we are twins, and it is seldom that one has a thought without imparting it to the other almost immediately. Well, this throwing away the nice, clean little baskets in which berries and fruits are sold has worried us ever since we were children. I really could not say who began the worry, but I know that we both did it, and whenever we saw a good one thrown away we would pick it up and keep it among our treasures. That was when we lived in Boston.

"Later, when my father's health failed and we moved into the country, I forgot all about the waste of fruit baskets. Then we began to raise berries, in a small way, for market, and the question of baskets came up. When we needed them we had to pay money down, and yet no one considered them worth saving. My sister and I took turns about driving our wagon of fruits into the city and delivering them to the grocers who were our regular customers. Our profits were very small, and money at home was far from abundant, so we had every reason to think of saving pennies. One day we decided to ask the grocers to keep for us all of the fruit crates and baskets which we knew it was their custom to throw away. Every one agreed to do it, and most of them kept their promises.

"Finally, one of them said that if we would go to the hotels and large apartment houses we would get more fruit baskets and crates in one day than he could give us in a month. You can see at once the wisdom of that suggestion, and so did we. We plucked up our courage, and entering a large hotel made our wishes known.

"After being handed back and forth from one official to another we finally got the right man, and he acceded to our request, but stipulated that if he saved any he would save all and that we must move them before a stated hour each morning. We soon found we had undertaken no small job—I had never thought it possible that any one place could consume so many fruits and vegetables. My sister has a lot of pluck, and though we hauled away that first morning more crates and baskets than we used in a season, she was determined to stick to her side of the contract,

"She said we must clean and sell them to other fruit growers. We began by throwing away all that were too badly stained or soiled to look tidy. Then she discovered a mixture which will remove the stains by simply dipping the baskets in it, so now we use all that are unbroken. We have a number of marketmen and fruit growers whom we supply, and although we sell for less than the new baskets can be had, we make a nice little profit.

"My sister is ambitious to become a violinist, while I wish to be a teacher in the public schools at first, and later on in some one of the great girl colleges. We have paid our expenses at school for two years by our little enterprise, and we have good reason to hope that it will take us all the way along our professional education.

"The one great danger is, of course, in the grocerymen doing as the breweries do—asking the return of their baskets. Of course, such action on their part would render it more difficult, but I fancy there would still be some baskets, as there are bottles, to spare. There was a time when bottles were not considered worth saving, so my mother tells us, but that time is past and gone. So it will be with fruit and vegetable baskets and crates in a few years."

Women are curious about everything; men are curious only about women.

# + + + NIGHT ON AN OCEAN LINER.

The dangers of an ocean voyage are many, and were it not for the extraordinary precautions taken by the steamship companies they would be far greater and more numerous. Those who have not traveled on such vessels know nothing whatever about the manner in which passengers are protected from peril.

Chief Officer Armstrong of the Celtic, which

is the largest ship afloat, gives an interesting account of how the work of watching is carried on. Each of the 313 men who compose the crew has his special duty to perform. The burden of responsibility is felt keenly by the men on the stem head, or foremost point in the bow of the ship; in the "crow's nest," on the bridge and in the engine-room. On the stem head in ordinary weather there are usually two men. When it is heavy weather, misty or hazy, three men are there. In the "crow's nest" there are also two men. These men are practically the eyes of the ship. They are selected with especial care and receive more pay than ordinary seamen.

Before a man can become a lookout his eyesight is rigorously tested both as to distance and color. No one may act as lookout on a ship like the Celtic without first obtaining a certificate as to physical fitness from the board of trade. Of course the main point for sighting objects when out at sea is in the "crow's nest," on the masthead. The "crow's nest" men must see things before the officer on the bridge sights them. If an officer on deck makes out an object before the "crow's nest" man detects it the latter gets a reprimand.

At night look-out men have to be very much on the alert for sounds. Both the hearing and seeing of these men are tested, and their eyes and ears must be well-nigh perfect. In a fog the safety of the ship depends quite as much upon the hearing qualities of the look-out as upon anything else.

Look-out men on the stem head have a telephone close at hand, by means of which they may communicate with the officers on the bridge. Look-outs have two hours on duty and four off. They earn about £4 per month.

The next place forward—where look-out work is combined with other duties—is the bridge. In fair weather two officers are always on duty on the bridge; in foul weather three. The captain often stays on the bridge for hours when there is any danger.

One of the most important places on shipboard is at the wheel. In ordinary weather but one man is actually at the wheel steering. Though one man is at the wheel, there are always two on hand. These men are known as quartermasters. One stands at the wheel while the other is at call on

a moment's notice. Usually the quartermaster not steering is outside the pilot-house within sound of the wheelman's voice. Quartermasters have four hours on duty and four hours off when the ship is at sea.

In misty weather a special man is detailed to blow the boat's whistle at given intervals. The crews assigned to each lifeboat on board examine their boats each night and report that they are in good condition.

# HOW BALLS FOR BALL-BEARING MACHINERY ARE MADE.

Ball bearings for bicycles are made in a machine which grinds them into shape. The "blank" is sometimes drop forged, and sometimes cut out of a solid bar of steel by an automatic lathe. The "blank" is a steel ball larger than the diameter of the finished ball, and with a little nib on each side left by the cutting out machine. No attempt is made to remove these nibs before the blanks are put into a machine which gives the ball its first rough grinding. With a number of other balls it is fed into the rough grinding machine, where it starts on its way to a perfect sphere. The machine consists of a grinding wheel which revolves horizontally on its vertical shaft.

The blanks are held into the V-shaped channel which runs around what is known as the groove disk, which is above the grinding wheel. The ball blanks are placed in this open bottom V-groove and held there by the holding down ring of the machine. This gives the blanks three points of contact, so that the bottom line of the blanks project a very small distance below the bottom face of the circular rim and circular disk. The grinding wheel, which is below the ring, is so supported that it can be fed up by a delicate device, and it is so arranged that the ball will travel over the entire face of the wheel.

After the rough balls have been placed in the machine the grinding wheel is fed up just to touch them. At first the sparks come with spits and irregularity, but after awhile there is a steady stream of sparks, which indicates that the balls have been ground to spheres.

The balls are measured in the course of the process by micrometers, and when the grinder finds that the rough balls have been ground to within one-thousandth of an inch of the polished and finished ball, he sends them to the inspector's table, where they are examined for any imperfections. The perfect balls are then taken to the polishing machine, where they are placed in a groove similar to that in the grinding machine, and there polished with oil and fine emery. The balls are then hardened by being heated to the proper temperature and suddenly dropped in oil.

# 4 4 4 NIGHTMARE.

THOSE who suffer from nightmare-and the number is legion-may be interested in knowing that the disorder is a nervous one, traceable in many instances to preventable causes. Sometimes these are due to prolonged wakefulness, a radical change in diet, or faulty position of the body. such as lying on the back or face. Sometimes it is due to some mechanical interference, such as aneurism or even swollen tonsils. West has reported a case in which, in spite of all hygienic treatment, nightmare continued every night for a long period, due, it was discovered after careful consideration, to a prolonged uvula, which, during sleep in the prone position, hindered free respiration. Cutting off the point of this mischievous uvula caused the permanent discontinuance of the visits of the nightmare.

In nervous persons, emotional in character, nightmare may be caused by grewsome tales of woeful spectacles, grief, discouragement, hatred, anger, etc. In fact the most intense nightmare is due to exhalations of passion, due to the loss of dearly loved relatives or friends, sudden or extreme reverse of fortune, disappointed ambition, the fear of disease, or even a shock to one's self love and esteem, which, as has been aptly said, slays more victims than love.

The treatment of nightmare consists in awakening the subject and, if there is perturbation of mind, giving some mildly sedative potion, such as warm water sweetened with sirup of lettuce. Following this care should be taken to remove the supposed cause, to prevent recurrence of the nightmare. In the case of children intense moral impressions, weird stories and grewsome tales should be avoided, especially before bedtime.

The child should be put to bed early to avoid the exciting environment of the social circle, of animated conversation and convivial jollity. The evening meal should be a light one, both as to quantity and quality of food and drink, avoiding highly spiced relishes and stimulating drinks. The chamber should be spacious and well ventilated, the bed not too soft and without too much bed clothing. Perfect muscular relaxation, avoidance of false positions, and perfect freedom; all compression interfering with respiration or circulation must be avoided. The feet ought to be warm and lower than the head. The body should be extended and not cuddled up into a ball. When the bed is in an alcove or surrounded by heavy curtains nightmare is sure to lurk within. for they prevent the free circulation of air, and the brain is stupefied, as it were by laughing gas.

# OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

THERE are many English laws extant relative to the due observance of Sunday. Most of the old sumptuary acts have a clause laying down regulations about the special clothes to be worn on Sundays and holidays. By an act of the year 1603 a fine is authorized to be levied on the goods of all persons absenting themselves from church on Sunday. The last successful case under this act was heard in the year 1864. Isaac Walton, not the "compleat angler," but a less famous namesake, was fined for refusing to attend church at the request of his mistress, and there is an instance on record of a boy causing his mother to be fined for the same offense. According to law, no one is allowed to take a drive in his carriage on Sunday without getting a certificate stating that he has urgent business to perform. Prosecutions for Sunday trading have been brought at the instance of the Sunday Closing Society; so perhaps it is worthy of note that a private gentleman may sell a horse on Sunday, but a horse dealer may not.

It is an old Pennsylvania German legend that at 12 o'clock at night, when the New Year is ushered in, all the dumb animals can talk for a moment if asked anything. We can not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, never having tried it, but imagine that a good many complaints would be filed against their owners for bad treatment and neglect.

# The Inglenook "Life of Christ."

THE ARREST.

BY M. E.

JESUS had passed into the Garden of Gethsemane. It is to be regretted that the site of this garden is not a present known fact. The wreck of time has changed the face of nature about the old city of Jerusalem, and the ravages of war have made the particular spot conjectural. At the present time it is an enclosure somewhat less than an acre, in which there are olive trees. very old, and flower gardens that make it a pleasant place independent of the associations of sacred character. These trees are traced back for centuries, but they cannot be the identical trees of the Lord's day, for Josephus, the Jewish historian, tells us that at the time of the Roman siege, in order to build their military works all the trees were cut down for ten or twelve miles around the city walls. But undoubtedly the real site was not far from the present garden. The word Gethsemane means literally, "an oilpress," but doubtless there were trees and it must have been a pleasant, quiet spot, for Tesus was in the habit of resorting there.

Back in the city the religious fanatics were in waiting, having plotted for the arrest of the Lord, and when a great crowd came with the traitor to take the Master two or three figures stand out prominently in the mob that came along. There is the arch traitor, Judas, of accursed memory, the Roman captain, the impulsive Peter, and the slave of the High Priest. Jesus stands in their midst. What a sight it must have been! There was the Master, and here comes Judas with a kiss that the passing ages have never ceased to abhor, and the sleepy Peter with his sword, the hustling, pushing crowd with the flashing lights from the lanterns and torches that the soldiers had with them make a picture that the centuries have not dimmed.

Jesus asks why they come out thus after him as though he were a common robber. Peter's sword flashes from its scabbard and he slashes at the nearest head, which proves to be the serv-

ant of the High Priest. He narrowly misses being a murderer, and succeeds only in wounding his man. Jesus instantly reproved him for his rash act, and tells him that those who resort to violence shall perish in that way. Could not he, the Son of a King, beseech the Father to send twelve legions of angels if force were right? And as a full Roman legion meant six thousand armed men, twelve legions of angels would mean seventy-two thousands of the heavenly hosts. There is a wonderfully forcible lesson in nonresistance in this part of the scene in Gethsemane on that fateful night. The world has not yet learned it. The religion of Christ has spread and spread to the uttermost ends of the earth, but the lesson of nonresistance to intended evil has not followed it as it should. Will the world ever learn that lesson, learn that love does not so much as think evil, much less do it?

The brawl was likely of short duration. could end in but one way, that which in the natural course of things would lead to the fulfillment of the divine ordering. But before the procession started for the scene of the travesty of a trial something occurred that shows the weakness of human nature when brought to the test. When it was clearly seen that an arrest and a trial, with almost certain punishment was in store in the immediate future, the whole number of disciples present at once forsook the Master and fled. Without doubt these very people had often professed undying regard for the Lord, and in all probability meant all that they had said, but when the test came each was found wanting. The sleepy and the weak followers of the Lord, when they were sure of being brought face to face with the authorities, even in His name, fled into the night. It is to their credit that at least some turned and followed to see the outcome. It is but natural that Peter should have been one of these and that he should go into the very jaws of justice to see how the matter would turn out. The writer believes that there are those now living, after many a vanished year, who would not run away from danger as did the disciples. Nay, it is a certainty that numbers of Christians have gone singing to their death, when they might have saved their lives by a repetition of Peter's denial. They scorned the cowardly alternative, and are with the saints now.

It was a motley crowd in the Garden that night. There were the Roman soldiers, not necessarily born Romans, as they might have been a part of the levies from conquered provinces so remote that they had no interest in any opposition to their masters in a military sense, the Jew, and the night hawk mongrels that would delight in just such a scene anywhere. In the center was Jesus, silent and oppressed. It is a scene for the artist and the painter. Hidden here and there were the disciples that had fled the danger, save those who were following in the rear.

It is remarkable how quickly scene follows scene in the last week of Christ's life on earth. Quick movement and decisive action are characteristic not only of the days, but the nights as well. The immediate subject of our article this week is only a part of the drama, a short and comparatively uneventful part of what happened in the hours that followed. The arrest and the trial were purposely had at night so that there might be less danger of an insurrection when the city was so full of people. It succeeded and the plan was carried out as intended.

And Judas! Poor, misguided mortal! How much of his wrong doing was the intent of an evil mind, and how much the result of a mistake that he had taken the miserable thirty pieces of silver, thinking that it would precipitate the struggle that would result in placing Jesus on the throne as an earthly king, we will never know. It is recorded that when he saw what he had done he repented and died by his own hand.

The arrest was a part of the plan. The incidents of the arrest show human weakness and divine courage. Both have their lessons for us. Let us put our trust, not in ourselves, lest we, too, fall, but in Him who passed from the hands

of a rude Rómán soldiery to the home of the Father.

(To be continued.)



# STRIVE FOR A GOOD NAME.

A good name is the richest possession we have while living, and the best legacy we leave behind us when dead. It survives when we are no more, it endures when our bodies and the marbles which cover them have crumbled into dust. How can we obtain it? What means will secure it to us with the free consent of mankind and the acknowledged suffrage of the world?

It is won by virtue, by skill, by industry, by patience and perseverance, and by humble and consistent trust and confidence in a high and overruling power. It is lost by folly, by ignorance, by crime, by excessive ambition and avarice.

That good name which is to be chosen rather than great riches, does not depend on the variable wind of popular opinion. It is based on permanent excellence, and is as immutable as virtue and truth. It consists of an unsullied reputation formed under the influence of virtuous principles and awarded to us, not by the ignorant and vicious, but by the intelligent and good.

Life takes much of its shape and coloring from the plastic powers that operate in youth. The most critical period of life is that which elapses from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. If a young man passes this period with pure morals and a fair reputation, a good name is almost sure to crown his years and to descend with him to the close of his days. The two most precious things this side the grave are our reputation and our life.

Without character gold has no value, birth no distinction, station no dignity, beauty no charms, age no reverence.

It was a wise fellow that said, "The idle man is the devil's cushion." When you are doing nothing for God, you are doing much for Satan. He asks for nothing better than that Christians should just sit down and take it easy.



that they think with their stomachs.

APPLE KAKER.

BY MRS. C. D. LICHTY.

Mix well one-half teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cups sifted flour. Rub in one-fourth cup of cold butter. Beat one egg light, add three-fourths cup milk and stir into the flour. Use more milk if needed to make the dough soft enough to spread one-half inch thick on a shallow baking pan.

Quarter, pare and core four large, sour apples, and divide each quarter lengthwise. Lay them in parallel rows on top of the dough and press them in lightly. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar over the apples, but do not let it touch the pan. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Turn out apple side up and serve.

Meyersdale, Pa.

MUFFINS.

BY ELLEN ESTERLY.

Take two eggs, one pint of flour, one teacupful of milk or cream, butter half size of an egg, a little salt and one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix the salt and baking powder in flour, beat the eggs (separately), add to yolks, first milk, then the butter (melted), then flour, then the whites. Beat well, after it all is mixed. Bake immediately in a hot oven in gem pans or rings. Take out of pans the moment they are done and send to table.

Columbiana, Ohio.

RICE PUDDING.

BY MARY MILLER EARLY.

TAKE one cup of rice to three quarts of new milk with enough sugar to sweeten. Place in a pan or earthen dish and bake in hot oven. Stir occasionally without breaking the crust until the rice is thoroughly cooked and the whole has a nice brown crust upon it.

Take from the oven and with a spoon lift the crust enough to add vanilla to taste. Be careful not to break the crust.

Set in a cool place and serve when cold. Bridgewater, Va.

POTATO SOUP.

BY SISTER DORA MICHAEL.

TAKE three pints of sliced potatoes and pour three pints of water over them. Salt them and boil until done. Then take a frying pan and put in one tablespoonful of butter, and one and a half tablespoonful of flour and stir until brown and pour over the potatoes. This, if properly made, will make an excellent dish.

Hudson, Ill.

TOMATOES WITH CREAM THICKENING.

BY SARAH BANDLEMAN.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, set on stove, let come to a nice brown. Then put in one quart of ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced. Let cook until done. Salt, pepper and sweeten to taste. Make a smooth batter of two tablespoons of flour and a cup of cream and pour in the tomatoes and stir till they come to a boil.

Norway, Oregon.



# "THE VERY BEST THING THE 'NOOKMAN EVER ATE."

BY CORA KEIM.

SLIGHTLY burn one cup of maple sugar. (Put in the skillet and as soon as it begins to smoke remove from fire.)

Add a small quantity of water to the sugar, boil, and then remove from the fire. Boil one pint of milk, to which add the mixture of two cups of maple sugar, two eggs and one-half cup of flour. Watch carefully so it does not burn. Remove from fire and add the burnt sugar. Cool and strain. To this add one quart good cream and freeze.



BY LIZZIE SHIRK.

TAKE one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup of butter and lard mixed, one-half cup of sour cream into which place one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and two eggs. Make dough just as soft as can be handled to roll. Spread cookies with a beaten egg before baking.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.

BY MRS. J. B. NOFFSINGER.

TAKE one cup of baking molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard, two eggs, one tea-

spoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger and one cup of boiling water. Mix, not too stiffly, with flour. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven and you will have a delicacy fit for King Edward the Seventh.

Johnstown, Pa.



DON'T FORGET.

BY SARAH A. SELL.

Don't forget Grandma on Christmas. Get her something, it will please her if it is ever so little. You ask what to get. Well, a nice, good rocking chair to rest her, or a pair of glasses that will suit her eyes, or if you can not get them a nice apron or some handkerchiefs.

Newry, Pa.



Mt. Morris, Ill., Dec. 3, 1901.

Dear 'Nook:-

I received the premium Cook Book. Many thanks for it And as I saw in an article of an aged mother it is an album. Truly it is, for all sisters have given a recipe for the younger generation to learn from and to aid them to be good cooks some day.

This book ought to be in every family and this might be one way of letting our light shine to the world.

SISTER ANNIE B. BARHHIZER.

+ + +

A BAKED fish stuffed with mashed potatoes should be served with little cakes of mashed potatoes rolled in eggs and bread crumbs and fried.

**4** 

Horseradish sauce, made with cream, is the best accompaniment for roast beef.

Possibly married men think just as mean things about women as old bachelors do, but they are afraid to say them.

#### GOOD READING.

THE Christmas issues of the magazines are of more than ordinary interest, and each one is at its best. There is such a wide diversity of interest and line of conduct among the periodicals of the day that all may have a choice of what seems of the greatest interest to each. Here are a few that come under our immediate notice.

The Review of Reviews, New York, Twenty-five cents a copy, or two dollars and a half a year. This is, as its name indicates, a summary of the literary happenings of the day, and in addition has high-class contributions of its own. There is so much of it that it is impossible in these columns to more than generally notice the publication. It is the best thing of its kind published, and is essentially a magazine for the scholarly and those interested in keeping abreast with current literary happenings. A very complete resumè of the doings in the world of letters is spread abroad in its pages, and to the busy man, or one who has not the disposition to wade through current literature this is the place to find it most intelligently culled and presented in its most interesting phases. If you are a reading 'Nooker we advise that you treat yourself to a Christmas gift of a year's subscription to the Review of Reviews.

Success, New York, The Success Company. This is a comparatively recent venture and in a short time it has attained a tremendous circulation. It is a monthly, ten cents a copy, or a dollar a year, and is fully illustrated. The scope of Success seems to be in offering helpful thoughts and profitable suggestions to the rising generation. Some of the best known writers and leading public men are contributors, and there can be no question as to the high literary merit of its make-up. There is so much of it that it is impossible to even summarize its contents. When near a newsstand buy a copy of Success and judge for yourself. It will be ten cents well spent.

The Home Magazine, Washington, D. C. This is a monthly about the size of the Youth's Companion, only twenty-five cents a year, and is a remarkably good thing of its kind. The price of the publication is no index to its value, as

there is nothing cheap about its contents. It is a home magazine which will doubtless please many of our readers.

Mind, The Alliance Pub. Co., New York. Twenty cents a copy or two dollars a year. This is a magazine devoted to the so-called higher thought along the line of psychical study and development. It is not a publication that would interest our younger readers, but among those who are of the mind healing, or suggestive therapeutic classes, much would be found of interest in its pages. It is not the kind of a publication that appeals to the general reader, but rather to those interested in psychology, metaphysics and occultism.

Home and Flowers, The Floral Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. One dollar a year. This is a monthly magazine intended for home people who love flowers and who are striving to make home beautiful. It is the kind of a publication that will delight the soul of a flower lover, and where is the man or woman who does not care for these things? If you are on the lookout for a flower publication this is the paper you ought to examine. It is a good thing.

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, is before us this week, and fully maintains its standard of excellence. When next you pass a newsstand invest a nickel in a copy and you will be well repaid for the trifle it costs.

The Philomathean Monthly, the Bridgewater College, Va., monthly, and it is far and away ahead of many of its class in literary merit. Recommended to our college youth.

# Every Minister...

And every other person, for that matter, ought surely to have in reach Wayland's book, "Paul, The Herald of the Cross." It is a well-bound volume, 104 pages, and tells the story of St. Paul in such a simple, straightforward way that the reader is led along by easy steps from his boyhood to his martyrdom, in an absorbing way. The book is replete with interest, and most instructive. It is the kind of a book to buy for the boy or the girl, or for both of them. And older people can read it with profit. There is nothing dull about it. The price is only 40 cents. Send for it

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# 態INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

DEC. 21, 1901.

No. 51.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care, But at Christmas it always is young. The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and rare, And its soul full of music bursts out on the air When the song of the Christ-child is sung. It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night; On the snowflakes that cover the sod The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white, And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight That mankind are the children of God. On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor, The voice of the Christ-child shall tall, And to every blind wanderer open the door Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before, With a sunshine of welcome to all. The feet of the humblest may walk in the field Where the feet of the holiest have trod. This, this is the glory to mortals revealed-That mankind are the children of God.

→ Phillips Brooks.

#### THE GREATEST MEN.

Tim greatest naturalist was Linnæus.

The father of modern chemistry was Lavoisier, The greatest conqueror of ancient times was Alexander.

The keenest critic of any age or country was Voltaire.

Copernicus is justly deemed "The Father of Modern Astronomy."

Archimedes is considered to be the founder of the science of physics.

Bossuet was the most gifted orator the Roman church ever produced.

Herodotus was the greatest historian and the father of all written history.

The greatest Methodist was John Wesley, the founder of that denomination.

Cuvier was the most famous comparative anatomist and the founder of the science.

The most famous English admiral was Nelson, who destroyed the French power at sea.

The most noted Roman orator was Cicero, who won his renown in his orations against Catiline.

The most famous tenor was Farinelli. It was said of him, "There is one God and one Farinelli."

Montaigne was the most effective essay writer, and the founder of this style of composition.

The most noted electrician is Edison, whose inventions in that line are numbered by hundreds.

The most lugubrious poet was Jeremiah. His mournful style has given the world the word "Jeremiad."

You may sow wild oats with a patent seeder, but you'll have to reap with a dull sickle.

## + + + UNIFORMS OF MANDARINS.

Mandarins in China may be distinguished by the birds which decorate their uniforms, as well as by their buttons. Mandarins of the first rank have a bird known as the fung embroidered on their clothes. Mandarins of the second rank have their robes adorned by the figure of a cock. Mandarins of the third rank have a peacock. Mandarins of the fourth rank are adorned with a pelican. Those of the fifth rank are easily distinguished by the silver pheasant. Those of the sixth rank are favored by a stork; mandarins of the seventh rank have a partridge; mandarins of the eighth rank, quail, and mandarins of the ninth rank, the humble sparrow.

## A WISE CHILD.

TEACHER—Now, Tommy, if your father had a \$5 note, and he gave it to your mother to take out \$2 for herself, what would be left?

Tommy (promptly)—Pa!

#### MRS. BENTON'S CHRISTMAS.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

MRS. BENTON lived in Chicago and she took in washing. When she did not take it in she went out and did it. It goes without saying that Mrs. Benton did not have a bank account. In fact Mrs. Benton was poor, very poor, and Christmas was coming on. There is nothing unusual in this combination, in fact it is rather common the world over. And Mrs. Benton was a Christian, too, which fact is none too common the world over.

Mr. Benton was a nerveless sort of individual who had grown tired of the conventionalities of civilization and had taken himself off to the Klondyke, where he had hoped to strike it rich and return to ride around in a hack the rest of his life. That was his idea of having a good time, but it didn't work out, for what did Mr. Benton do after reaching the promised land, but lie down and die in the long, cold, cruel winter night. He is buried up there under the frozen soil at this writing and we might as well let it all go as far as he is concerned. He cuts very little figure in the story anyhow.

Mr. James Esiom was Mr. Benton's partner. They worked together and knew all about each other's affairs. Mr. Esiom was not what you would call a Christian at this particular juncture of the story; that is if his language and habits were taken as a guide. He was a big, brawny, typical miner, and the hole in which he and his dead partner had labored had been thoroughly unproductive. When Benton died Esiom went on digging, inheriting Benton's interest.

One day Esiom struck the gold. In fact he quit the game of chance a hundred thousand dollars ahead. After it was all settled and the claim disposed of, Mr. Esiom, in rummaging through the shack came across Mrs. Benton's few letters to Benton and he read them. It never occurred to him that she had any rights in the premises, and it is a mooted question whether she had at all. Not knowing what to do with the letters he stuck them in his pocket and forgot about them. And now something happened. As Mr. Esiom was on his way, one evening, to the Red Light saloon he heard

singing. He paused, listened, and decided to go in and have a good look at the singer. Thus was Mr. Esiom led into the evangelistic work. Now, life is too short to go into any philosophical discussion of the situation, so let us cut the story by saying that in the end Mr. Esiom "got religion," and as he was a man of the most positive character it worked him differently from most men. If conversion turns a man around it was a complete case with him. He prayed as he had formerly sworn, with an unmistakable vigor and emphasis. He even deemed it incumbent on him to preach a little, and when it was known that he was going to talk there was never any difficulty in having a full house, made up mainly of Mr. Esiom's associates in the immediate past.

After awhile Mr. Esiom decided to go back to civilization, and he took the steamer for San Francisco. On the way an idea struck Mr. Esiom. He attributed it to his religious experience, which was very likely the cause. The longer he thought about it the surer he was that it was a good thing. It presented some problems, but he figured them out in his own way. It involved meeting Mrs. Benton, whom he had never seen, but of whom he had certain preconceived impressions based on her letters to Mr. Benton, and on his acquaintance with Mr. Benton. He had heard several things about the little Bentons too and he had a desire to see them.

Mrs. Benton was really a comely woman whose religious creed was the Sermon on the Mount and she carried its practical teachings into the daily routine and every event of her life. Perhaps that was why her woes were not a matter of public record and perhaps that was why she had work for six days every week, and none gave better satisfaction, but a washerwoman's wages in Chicago are not a gold mine, and on the day before Christmas the placid countenance of Mrs. Benton betrayed no hint that her Christmas dinner would consist of a five-cent soup bone, boiled with cabbage, and bread without any butter, with never a suggestion of holiday festivity. Her struggles and heartaches were doubtless recorded elsewhere but she bade herself and the little Bentons count their blessings, notably their having one another, the roof that sheltered, the clothes that covered them and the receipt for the next week's rent.

When Mr. Esiom arrived in Chicago the day before Christmas he clambered up the steps at the Union Station, and was immediately seized upon by the hotel runners and the hackmen that lie in wait for the unready stranger. When he finally selected a hotel four squares away and was driven there, he immediately started out to find Mrs. Benton. He had the address on the Klondyke letters and he asked how to get there. The man of whom he inquired directed him, and what car to take, but he got confused and found himself at the car barn'some five miles out of his way. Then he went back, and tried it over, arriving at the barns on the other side of the town, and he returned, discouraged with the attempts he had made, and he determined to put it off till the next day when he would try again.

Mr. Esiom decided on two things. He would buy himself a suit of clothes, which he did, getting a marvelous bargain for only nine dollars at a Clark Street emporium kept by one Cohen. And it would be eminently the proper thing to get Mrs. Benton a present, but not being up in women's dress matters he submitted it to a lady clerk in a department store and she sold him a hat for twenty-four dollars, and on his own account he fancied a three-dollar pair of yellow gloves, and these he put in the box with the hat. Then he went to a Salvation Army meeting and enjoyed himself the rest of the evening.

Early on Christmas morning he started again for the Benton's and after several failures found the place. Mrs. Benton answered the knock at the door, and promptly told him she did not want to buy anything, but he insisted that he had something for her, and was admitted. He spent some fifteen minutes in discussing the weather and finally said that he had been to the Klondyke. Then Mrs. Benton was all interest, and what was to tell was soon told as far as Mr. Esiom knew. Benton felt that she ought to ask him to stay to dinner but she thought of the bill of fare and hesitated. Then she did ask him, and stated the difficulty, explaining her poverty. Mr. Esiom was fresh from the Klondyke and he comprehended the necessities of the case at once, and immediately offered to "grubstake" the widow, and getting the direction to the little grocery just around the corner went out and returned in half an hour with the Dutch groceryman's wagon and the two delivered the goods—two flabby, left-over turkeys, half a bushel of cranberries, four great slabs of green-salted pork, twenty-five pounds of navy beans and a flour sack of brown sugar, all of which was deposited in one corner of the living room and Mr. Esiom congratulated himself that he had done as he would be done by up in the mining country.

Then they had dinner and the time came when Mr. Esiom could no longer put off his story. It was a long one, mainly devoted to the religious shortcomings of the late Mr. Benton, an exaggeration of his own wicked ways, and the visitation of a just providence in removing Benton. Then he told the story of his own conversion, and the tale of the problem how to successfully compromise with the widow whose late husband and partner was no doubt in perdition at that moment, according to Mr. Esiom's theology. thought that in the nature of things something was due the widow, and after much meditation and wrestling in prayer, he had come to the conclusion that he should hand over to her a portion of the gain of the mine. he untied the big red pocketbook he fished from the recesses of his new suit, and which he had wrapped in a red and yellow handkerchief, and took therefrom a certified check for \$10,000, which he gave the widow.

This was the beginning of a long vacation from the wash-tub for Mrs. Benton, and leaving the Holiday week that followed that Christmas day, to the reader's imagination, this story ought to end by Mr. Esiom and Mrs. Benton getting married, but facts are facts and the recorded ones are that she went to Indiana where she is running a big dairy farm, and he went out to the Pacific coast where he is engaged in snatching brands from the burning on an independent mission of his own.

Chicago, Ill.

4 4 4

In making presents for Christmas, remember that nothing is more acceptable than a subscription to the 'Nook.

#### CHRISTMAS AT BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE.

BY W. K. CONNOR.

About this heading clusters a deserted campus, dormitories that seem utterly confused, long and lonely passage ways, recitation halls that are silent as the stars, music rooms that even the Angel's Christmas Song cannot affect, and the old bell hanging in the belfry as though it never more would ring.

Now think of Thursday night before Christmas and all this loneliness passes away. For at this time the two literary societies unite their efforts and give their annual tribute to Christmas. It is a happy time. Friends from far and near are present, and, as all listen to the thoughts given of the past, present and future, their hearts are made happy.

On Friday, B. C. is like a fuse just lighted everyone going from it, so that by night not many are left. Those who have not yet gone bid their short adieux sometime on Saturday. All faces are now turned homeward, moving along their every road, some behind their father's sleek, fat, trusty horses jogging along as if afraid they would get away from that familiar voice behind, that they have not heard for many a day; others dashing along with their spirited, fractious animals that care for naught but to go; still others rolling over the rails, sweeping around curves, and gliding straight ahead, behind a "steed most wonderful to view." Thus all press on towards the loving hands outstretched to greet them.

In some parts of the State Christmas holidays are by far the jolliest of the year, not less than two weeks being devoted to them. Some spend the time almost in idleness, not thinking of work only such as they are compelled to do. For this the darkies are especially noted, and drunkenness with it. This is the time, too, that many, not darkies only, think that all cash on hand should be disposed of. "Big" dinners are as common as big rocks. Many boys for the first time perform the heroic feat of allowing a fire cracker to burst while holding it. Grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, cousins and cousins, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers are seen and made happy. Bellsnickles fill many a room with their noise. Music of all kinds floats on the breeze. Hunters and fishermen enjoy their sports. Thus there seems to be something for all, even the pig in the pen getting richer slop than usual.

But this is not all. With the extravagant feeding of the body there might be an entire neglect of the soul. There is more of this neglect than should be, yet from many church houses Christmas songs arise, prayers of thankfulness ascend to Him who gives these happy days, and saints are encouraged to be more Christlike. Many singing schools and Bible classes are held. So, then, whosoever will may come to a Virginia Christmas and find many things he likes, and some that he dislikes.

Bridgewater, Va.

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Solomon advised the sluggard to go to the ant, but most of them visit the uncle.

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#### HOW WE GOT THE MISTLETOE.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

Two years ago, while we were teaching the Mill school, Blair Co, Pa., near the banks of the Frankstown branch of the Blue Juniata, which winds its way oceanward through the valleys between the ranges of the Alleghenies, the self-same valleys where

" Wild roved the Indian girl, Bright Alfarata,"

of the Oneida tribe some two or three hundred years ago.

We had all the advantages which the Keystone State affords any country school. We decided to give expression to our appreciation of these blessings by sending all the second-hand religious literature we could find to a mission school conducted by my aunt among the mountain people of North Carolina. Her school had very few advantages. The furniture was crude. The children were packed three in a seat and ofttimes had but one book to a seat. Writing on the blackboard, slates and tablets were privileges allowed those "who were real good." Those in the chart class ranged in age from six to twenty-two. A few of the pupils were far enough advanced

to study all the branches in the common school curriculum.

But how about their homes? Well, the best of them were log structures, so built as to permit one to see daylight through any part of them. The most poverty stricken were two-roomed and windowless. Their name suggests the nature of the country, but worse than all their hills and stones are the distilleries which dot the country. The germs of fire which the toiler receives in exchange for his money is the cause of more terror and destitution to these people than the most destructive prairie fire has ever caused among those who live on the opposite side of the "Father of Waters."

Accordingly, that evening the paper racks, bookcases and attics were rummaged until all the cobwebs were swept from their resting places, and the literature in this part of the house was robbed of its coat of dust which had not been disturbed for years. On the morning before Thanksgiving, while the farm wagons were rumbling down the road, and the turkey in the nearby farmyard was giving his last gobble, the boys and girls trudged toward the little white schoolhouse, with a roll of papers under their arms, through the frosty air while the sun was playing "hide and seek" with the millions of matchless diamonds which the frost had fashioned on the trees the night before. When we put them together we had over two hundred. Uncle Sam was given a chance to perform his part the week before Christmas.

The day after Christmas Mill school got a letter from the Trail Branch school, of North Carolina, stating that they had received our present. They appreciated our kindness beyond expression in words and had begged their teacher to tell them how to return the compliment. After a little reflection she told them that we had never seen mistletoe, which grew near their schoolhouse.

So the day before New Year we got a box of dark green, thick-stemmed, thick-leaved sprigs, bearing clusters of very small, partially transparent berries which was labeled "Mistletoe." They told us that it is a parasitic plant and thrives on other plants, usually trees.

We have the remnants of our mistletoe to this day and the last we heard of our papers the words had all been spelled out and mastered and the school boys were reading them aloud, in their homes in the evenings.

Elgin, Ill.

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It's a mighty mean man who is not delighted when annoyed by his baby.

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#### CHRISTMAS WEATHER IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. JAS. F. THOMAS.

One who lives in California never knows when Christmas comes by the weather. According to my diary, which has been kept for the seven years which we have lived here, Christmas days have been very pleasant; early in the morning sometimes they are a little cool, but during the day very pleasant.

On the streets in the city you may see ladies dressed with thin waists and little boys running around barefooted. We seldom see a barefooted boy during the winter season that we do not make the remark that children here can go barefooted the year round, while in the eastern States they must have on woolen hose, and arctics besides when they are out of doors, and then often have cold feet.

In the eastern States while the people are hovering around a base burner or in a home well heated by a furnace, we most generally have our outside doors open. And when they go out shivering in the cold, even being warmly clad with heavy cloaks, furs and mittens, we go with but a light wrap unless we are riding late in the evening or early in the morning when a heavy wrap is needed. And while the ground is covered with snow and frozen, we enjoy going into the garden and gathering fresh vegetables; such as peas, string beans, lima beans, ripe tomatoes and such vegetables as are frozen stiff in our sister States.

We do not need to store away pumpkins, turnips and potatoes for fear they will freeze. While our eastern friends are enjoying the sleigh rides with cold hands and feet, we are enjoying the beautiful flowers, such as tea roses, calla lilies, China lilies, tuberoses, carnations, geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, and

in fact about all flowers that bloom are in bloom at Christmas time. So you see we have no trouble in finding plenty of material for our Christmas decorations, as the holly and mistletoe are very beautiful at this time. Smilax grows out of doors in abundance. We also have palms of different kinds and cypress in abundance and all can be used very appropriately for Christmas. We can also enjoy picking oranges and lemons at this time of year.

Inglewood, Cal.

4 4 4 SANTA CLAUS.

BY LIZZIE D. MOHLER.

How many of the dear sisters have told their children the mythical story of Santa Claus?

It is very charming and it is well to tell it to them; unless you tell them it is true, or make them believe it is so.

How many of you remember the real pain and keen disappointment it gave you when you learned, for the first time, that there really was no such thing as Santa Claus, that the idol of your childish affection, the dear jolly old gent, in his northern home, with his reindeer and sleigh, was only a creature of the imagination?

Would it not be better to tell them the true story of the Christ-child, in all its pathos and simplicity, how he was born into the world, and although he was the Son of God, he lay in a manger and was poor and lowly while on earth, that the angels sang for joy when he was born and the wise men came from the East to worship him, how he loved little children and blessed them while on earth, how he came to keep them from growing up to be wicked, so they might go to the happy home in heaven.

We celebrate Christmas in remembrance of his birth. There is no joy in childhood to compare with the celebration of Christmas. It will not be necessary to deprive them of this because they know there is no Santa Claus. Let them receive gifts and exchange them with one another the same as though they thought Santa Claus brought them.

Children take great pleasure in any story

and in surprises. Let them make little gifts and keep them till the right time comes. Boxes covered with crepe tissue paper, a book made of linen with oilcloth cover, and filled with pretty advertising cards; rag dolls dressed in clothes the little girls have made themselves, or pretty pictures pasted on card-board are all things children make themselves. I find they enjoy getting ready for Christmas almost as much as Christmas itself.

Perhaps among their playmates there is one less fortunate than themselves, who will receive no gifts on Christmas. Let them take a gift they have made or have bought with the money they have earned and give it to this one, so no little heart may be sad. Or it may be that an old person lives near their home. Let them take a basket of delicacies, such as cakes, jellies, fruit, etc., or a house plant in a flower pot, and these aged ones will not feel that they are forgotten and that no one cares for them because they are old. In this way the children will learn a good lesson in loving thought for others.

Falls City, Nebr.

## DON'T LIKE WHITE DOCTORS.

"You would think that with as large a Chinese population as is possessed by Chicago some at least of the white physicians of the city would have a fair-sized Chinese practice," remarked a physician a few evenings ago, "especially when it is remembered that in this climate a great many of the Mongolians are given to various sorts of bodily ills."

"Don't white physicians practice among the Chinese?"

"Not to any extent. Once in a while they are called in by some of the Christianized and more intelligent of the Chinamen, but the masses—those who are neither Christianized nor intelligent, according to our standards—will have nothing to do with a white doctor except as a last resort. And some of them won't even then."

"Make their own medicines, I suppose?"

"No; they have their own doctor. I forgot his name, but he makes his headquarters in one of the Chinatown stores. His presence is said to be so jealously guarded that few, if any, white persons ever come in contact with him He is a venerable-looking chap, with gray hair and a straggling gray beard. Steel-bowed spectacles serve to give him a wise look. His prescriptions are filled from native drugs and herbs brought over from China by a New York firm of Chinese importers. A peculiar thing about a sick Chinaman is that he cannot be induced to take his medicine in doses at regular intervals as we Americans do. wants to feel that he is doing something for his complaint when he swallows what is prescribed for him, and as a consequence the Chinese doctor's medicine is administered in doses of a pint or a quart each. Having taken one dose, the Chinese patient settles himself back to wait for the next day to bring the hour for taking another. I suppose this custom has something to do with the refusal of the Mongolians to have anything to do with American doctors and their doses of a spoonful or two every hour or half hour.

"The Chinese doctor's charges are only a quarter a visit, so that he has the advantage of us on the score of cheapness, too. In extreme cases, like advanced stages of consumption, for instance, I have been called upon several times, but never to attend a patient afflicted with an ordinary ill, while scarcely one out of all the hundred-odd physicians of my acquaintance has ever been into Chinatown professionally at all."

#### BEDS ARE SCARCE IN RUSSIA.

BEDS are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

#### CHINESE BABIES FORTUNATE.

ISAAC T. HEADLAND, of Pekin University, in picturing "Child Life in Chinese Homes," says the Chinese fondness for children can be paralleled only by that of the Hebrew. A woman never really reaches the ne plus ultra of womanhood until she is the mother of a boy. That means at least, if it means nothing more, that the Chinese child comes to a home where it is wanted.

When the child is born, if it happens to be a boy, he is looked upon as a "great joy," while if it happens to be a girl she is only a "small joy." This does not mean that girls are not wanted, or that they are not loved, but a girl in China is not so useful as a boy, and consequently not so desirable.

During its babyhood the Chinese child is well taken care of. If the family can afford it he has a nurse and the girls keep their nurses all their lives, taking them with them to their husband's home and making them their constant companions.

But the Chinese child is at the same time a little tyrant. Father, mother, uncles, aunts, and grandparents are all made to do his bidding. In case any of them seems to be recalcitrant, the little dear lies down on his back and kicks and screams until the refractory parent or nurse has repented and succumbed, when he gets up and good-naturedly goes on with his play and allows them to go about their business.

If the baby happens to die in infancy he is tenderly wrapped up in a piece of old matting and placed at some convenient street corner, where the man tho drives the cow in the large black cart gathers him up with all the other little unfortunates, takes them all outside the city, and buries them in a common grave, where no gravestones mark his melancholy resting place.

Occasionally a man, like a mule, puts his best foot backward.

#### AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS IN SLAVERY DAYS.

BY N. R. BAKER.

THERE was no uniform method in ante bellum of observing Christmas. Different local conditions gave rise to different ways of celebrating this greatest of holidays. The differing geographical or financial conditions of those inhabiting the fertile coastal plain, or more fertile valleys and belts of the interior, naturally gave rise to customs which those of the less fertile pine belt, or of the shop towns and manufacturing centers would not have. But we shall attempt to describe it from the standpoint of the typical rice plantation, leaving the reader to draw his own moral if he discover any, or, at least, to make his own mental observations.

The Christmas tree and the Santa Claus hoax were almost unknown. These partake of the German or Teutonic idea, while the South was distinctively English and by white people the event was celebrated much as Irving describes English customs in the "Sketch Book."

Many slaveholders allowed the entire week, others not more than three days, beginning generally with Christmas eve. During that time no work was expected from the negroes except the "house servants," who were allowed alternate days only.

Several weeks before Christmas signs of the approaching event might be seen in "the quarters." The quarters consisted of two rows of log or plank houses facing a broad street at the rear of the stately mansion or "big house," as the negroes called it, of the "marster." Each small house was surrounded by a good-sized yard and garden. Here they were allowed to raise their own "greens" and other vegetables. The greens are collards, a kind of headless cabbage, and turnip tops and rutabaga tops and mustard leaves.

The "signs" at first are only warnings to the piccaninnies that if they "don't be good yo' shant have no Christmas." The word "Christmas" it should be remembered means the whole time—the entire holiday season, and everything that goes with it. Thus not only is the 25th of December "Christmas" but the 26th or 27th is "Christmas," and a wee doll is a "Christmas" and a big dinner is a

"Christmas" and a dance is a "Christmas" at that time of the year.

In the "big house" are three or four negro seamstresses getting ready clothes and other things for the Christmas distribution, for there are four hundred woolen caps to be made for four hundred woolly heads, four hundred pairs of socks for four hundred pairs of black feet, two hundred sacks or waists for two hundred females and two hundred blouses for two hundred males, and other articles to be made by hand.

In the quarters at night they talk Christmas, dream Christmas and practice songs and dances for Christmas. Christmas eve comes after the light work of the day is done. The sounds of banjo and fiddle are heard. The instruments have been procured in various ways. For instance while the blacksmith was not paid wages for his work on the plantation yet he was a highly skilled workman, perhaps a good jeweler as well, and was allowed to receive money from less fortunate neighbors for work done for them when time permitted.

During the "Christmas-eve-night" playing, dancing and singing is indulged in all night long.

About eight o'clock on Christmas morning, as if by common consent all the older ones go to the big house and singly knock at the door of the "Missus." They are invited in. They open the door and each says in turn "Mornin' missus—merry Christmas—long life—prosperity—and I hope you will live to see many mo'."

At II o'clock they assemble en masse and find piled upon tables their presents of clothes, beads, firecrackers, kerchiefs, caps and shoes. The shoes each contain a small stick exactly the length of the shoe on which is the name of the one who is to wear it. This is the measure each has been asked to make of his own foot some weeks before. These sticks have been sent to the wholesale house and placed inside by the clerk in making up the bill.

Now if the master allows dancing, it is time for it to begin. A space is cleared on the hard earth of the back yard and a few of the best dancers strive to add to their record. The children of the household look on with interest, and all the blacks with rapture. The

dancers "cut the pigeon wing, dance the "bellinjay" (perhaps "Boulanger" is meant) and the "quivering dance." Then comes the climax. Two sticks are laid upon the ground bisecting each other perpendicularly. The best dancer of all dances in and out and around and over those sticks, never touching them. He "cuts the pigeon wing" and every other clog and all the time waves his new handkerchief above his head and sings

" Mingo kill de hog And gib de dog de libber."

He dances till he falls down from exhaustion.

Then the "folks" go in to dinner as it is probably two or three o'clock. But the negroes bring forth lumber and construct a long table down the street of the quarters. Beeves have been killed and barbecued. That is have been roasted supported by green saplings over a fire built in a long deep pit. Corn bread and other "rations" are brought forth and a bountiful repast served to "the 400."

Then at night come the marriages by their own negro preacher in their own way and the entire night often spent in "frolickin" as they call it, which is a general word for making merry and for amusements.

The next morning all are given passes and allowed to go anywhere they please. "No questions asked" on return. Some visit neighboring plantations, some receive visitors, some wander no one knows where. Some travel just as far as they can, being sure to return before the twenty-four hour limit of the pass has expired. They return completely exhausted by their continued vigils and exertions.

Thus the program continues till "Christmas" wears away, and the work of a new year begins. Those let out by contract, as in the case of the estates of minors, must be bid off for the year at some day between Christmas and New Year's Day and must report for work on the first of January, at the new place.

Thus the negro lived on many plantations freer, gayer, happier than to-day, but farther from liberty, farther from that condition of personal responsibility necessary for a reasoning being to assume in order to develop character and rise above the animal nature of man.

Whistler, Ala.

#### HOW HE ASTONISHED THE OLD ADMIRAL.

THE old admiral, whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature, once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pains in teaching him to jump. A man standing up would put one foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his leap through. The dog always jumped through the aperture readily, though if his trainers legs happened to be short it was a tight squeeze.

One day the admiral came aboard from the flag ship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes conversing with the officer who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog. Nep stood a moment surveying the admiral's bow legs. Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs and a mad leap through the tempting gap.

In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the admiral whirled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore," and jumped again.

Once more the admiral turned, and again the dog jumped. The bewildered face of the admiral and the serious attention of Nep to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the bystanders, and, forgetting the respect due to rank, they all roared with laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to break from the crowd and catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and Nep seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to such spirited efforts.

The excited admiral got but an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a circus hoop for a forecastle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery.

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CENTRAL America and the West Indies sell about \$8,000,000 worth of bananas to the United States each year.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### RANK SMELL OF THE ONION.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulbsulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing property and makes the bulb so very useful a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be-and still is in many places-the season for taking brimstone and treacle in old-fashioned houses, before sulphur tablets came into vogue. Now sulphur, when united to hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphureted hydrogen, and then becomes a foul-smelling, well nigh a fetid, compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this, combining with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphuret of allyle which is found in all the alliums. This sulphuret of allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion. is identical with the malodorant principle found in asafætida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty.

The horseradish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphuret of allyle, which gives them heat and acridity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangement of the atoms of their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact in nature, that most strangely, yet most certainly, constructs all vegetable volatile oils in exactly the same way—composes them all, whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, etc., of exactly the same proportions, which are 88¼ of carbon to 11¾ of hydrogen, and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their

scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vegetable oil.

## + + + GETS A GOVERNMENT JOB.

About five weeks ago there arrived at the government printing office, very tired and very hungry, a traveler who had plainly lost his bearings. He entered at one of the jobroom windows, in the fifth story. He wore a bracelet on his left wrist, bearing the inscription "N. H. 3890," and other evidence proved him to be a homing pigeon of high degree. His exhausted and disheveled appearance told a story of a long and arduous flight and awakened the sympathy of the kind-hearted printers of the jobroom, who immediately attended to his wants with a solicitude that did them credit.

For a week the pigeon never moved from the window ledge, putting in lengthy stunts at the feed box and visibly recovering his strength and good looks. During the second week of his stay he began to take short practice flies, gradually extending the distance, and making observations for future guidance. His prolonged stay caused much speculation among those interested in him as to whether he had lost his way or was merely resting. Finally he disappeared, and everybody said he had started for his home at last and thought of his bright red eyes and cunning ways with regret.

The regret was premature, however, for after the lapse of a week the bird came back. Then all hands felt sure that he had lost his compass and chart and was hopelessly stranded. Either that was the case or Mr. Homer, finding the printers such an easy mark, concluded to take up a permanent residence among them. Then, again, it was supposed that he had secured a government job and decided to stick to it—birds know a good thing when they see it. At any rate, there he is, apparently content with his prospects, fat and sleek and as tame as a puppy.

#### WRITTEN ON NERVES.

In your brain there is a little bunch of nerves that automatically takes note of the names of people, places and things. It is the center of memory, and it works quite independently of the rest of the mental machinery. If this living note book is injured the result is an entire loss of memory, but that is all. If any other part of the brain is touched, death is instantaneous.

An army surgeon recently related a case that came under his own notice. A man in the Canadian mounted police was shot with a Mauser bullet, which penetrated his skull and buried itself in the upper part of the brain. The surgeon was surprised to find that when the man had recovered from the shock he appeared to be but little the worse for the presence of the bullet, excepting that he had entirely lost his memory.

The man could walk about and seemed as strong and active as ever; but he could not remember his own name or the name of his regiment. When he wanted anything he had to point to it, for he could not remember what it was called. He could understand anything that was said to him, but could not reply intelligently without making use of a sort of sign language. The surgeon concluded that the bullet had lodged in the memory center, and performed an operation, with the object of extracting it. This was done, and after a few days the man's memory returned.

## + + + RAISE PIGEONS FOR MARKET.

It is not unusual for quail on toast to be a snare and a delusion and to see 30,000 pigeons in dovecotes at Watertown has a tendency to make even the least skeptical believe that there is some truth in the statement, and especially so when it is learned that the birds are sold to be served as a rare epicurean relish. The magnitude of the Watertown "quail" industry is astonishing. Thousands of the birds are shipped away from the several dovecotes which are mostly located along the river as it skirts the town. Albert Wegemann has the largest "quail" farm and at times there are 14,000 pigeons under the great iron screen which prevents the birds from escaping and becoming a nuisance in the neighborhood. All in the same happy family are common pigeons, tumblers, carriers, blowers and other varieties. When they all move together there is a peculiar windy sound audible for a considerable distance. The food required would supply an average livery barn and the birds are given a substantial repast three times each day. Necks are slit and feathers plucked.

#### # # # ILLUMINATING FUNGI.

A SPECIES of fungus exhibiting phosphorescence in a very beautiful manner has just been met with in a coal pit in North Staffordshire. In the dark the timber posts supporting the roof presented a brilliant glow, which was found to be due to a brown-colored fungus. The power of emitting light in the dark by such plants is a purely physical phenomenon. The phosphorescence has nothing to do with the luminosity of phosphorus, which is due to slow oxidation. The chief point of interest about the above cryptogamous plant is that it continues to shine in the dark for an exceptionally long time after exposure to light.

4 4 4

William Toole of Baraboo is known all over the northwest as the "pansy man." His farm is the Mecca for many tourists who delight to look upon the acres of flowering faces, with so many varied tints. The farm inclines to the south and on this warm exposure the pansy man tills the soil and year after year brings forth new creations in his specialty.

On the bank of Spring Creek near the village of Okee, there is a familiar object to passengers on the Chicago & Northwestern trains and the spot is known as Henry Haggard's dittany distilling plant. Bubbing springs in the bed of the old water course furnish enough power to turn a diminutive water wheel which forces a portion of the crystal fluid into the vats of the distillery on a slight elevation not far away. Scattered upon the sand dunes about the village are thousands of dittany plants which fall before the knife and are hauled away that the oil may be extracted. The oil of dittany is used in many preparations, but the places of its production are rare. As it grew upon the slopes of Mount Dicte in ancient Greece man first became acquainted with its properties, which have increased in number and value as the range of knowledge has extended.

## 態INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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#### BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

"When the yule log burns upon the hearth, With carol, chime and Christmas cheer, A fire should kindle in each soul To gladden all the coming year."

+ + +

THE Editor will be pleased to hear from our readers whether Gaggle Goo shall be asked to contribute to the 'Nook from time to time. See her picture next week.

+ + +

Good resolutions don't cost anything, but they are hard to keep.

+ + +

ATTENTION is called to the different Christmas menus of our sisters in the household department of this issue. They were selected at random, and if anybody thinks the woman with the bonnet knows nothing but snitz and knep, let him read, and wish, etc.

+ + +

Some men save up for a rainy day and then purchase a leaky umbrella.

+ + +

THE INGLENOOK Life of Christ will be deferred until after the holidays, when it will again be taken up and completed. The reason for this is on account of the number of articles on hand for the holiday issues, and that the Christmas season will not wait, while the other can be deferred.

One of the interesting city scenes is a view of the streets the day and evening before Christmas. Every phase of human emotion is expressed in the countenances of the buyers of the many things offered for sale, and the brilliantly lit stores and the decorated windows are a pretty sight indeed. The city is a whirl of gayety at the time, and also a deeper, if invisible, depth of misery on the part of those who are so situated that Christmas time has nothing for them and the gay and thoughtless crowds around them only emphasize their own misery.

A covetous man grasps at everything and is content with nothing.

It wasn't that she was poor. It was because she was what New England people call "near." And when she started out to get her Christmas present for her only granddaughter she had decided to put in a whole half dollar. Then she remembered the length of life, the necessity of being careful, and on the way down town she reduced the appropriation one-half. When she got to the store what she did get, at last, was a

No man knows how foolish he can act until he attends a 5 o'clock

tack hammer off the 5 cent counter, which she

turned over with a flourish. But it cost an effort.

THE attention of the 'NOOK family is called to the matter of renewals of subscription. The pleasant relations sustained between the magazine and its household are of such a character that we would not see them broken without a regret. We would not like to part with a single reader, not that we have a personal acquaintance with the subscriber, but that it seems like separating from friends.

There will be a very interesting attraction presented early in the year, which the reader will see outlined in the next 'Nook. Do not fail to read of the trip of Kathleen and Frank, and be sure to follow them.

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Do animals cry, as people do?

Yes, some of them do, and seem to shed real tears.

Do dogs reason?

Undoubtedly they do, but perhaps not on any abstract question.

Why does Russia want part of China?

Simply grabbing. For the same reason some people want to own all that joins them.

Is there a likelihood of flying machines ever being perfected?

A successful one may be announced any day.

Is the Catholic church in America ruled from Rome?

Not wholly. A conclave of native Catholic bishops meet yearly in this country and settle most matters, the Pope approving.

Will freezing kill all animal life?

Not always. Freezing solid does not affect the larvæ of insects and some other forms of life. Heat is sure to do it if great enough.

Will maple sugar keep its flavor indefinitely?

No. It loses most of it in time, but the first run of the season, always the best, can be canned cold and so preserved all right.

What is asbestos?

A mineral with a stringy fiber, indestructible by fire and heat. When long fibered it can be woven into cloth. The smaller pieces are worked up in many ways useful in the arts.

I Why are there so few sleight-of-hand performers?

There are about 3,000 professionals in the United States, and they learn their business as

anything else is learned, either by invention or learning from-others who know. There are professional teachers of the art.

Was Li Hung Chang a really great man?

Yes. Judged from Christian standards of morality he was deficient, but from the Confucian point of view he was one of the greatest men China ever produced.

Has Mormonism entered the missionary field?

From 1,800 to 2,000 missionaries of the faith are on the go all the time, without salary and without pay of any kind, even personal expenses. There are about 300,000 Mormons, all told.

Would the INGLENOOK honestly advise the use of a hair dye?

The 'Nook would honestly advise you not to use a dye. Once you begin it you are in for it the rest of your days, as the disuse of the dye for a time will turn you into a fright. Why do you want to appear younger than the good Lord has made you?

What is the Esquimaux population of Alaska?

It is not known, no census ever having been taken. Like all wild races, from the time they come in contact with so-called civilization they are doomed. They can not stand the white man's rum and his diseases.

Will the 'NOOK give an admirer a formula for a good cosmetic?

Take of white wax and spermaceti each an ounce, oil of sweet almonds five ounces and melt these together in a granite vessel. To this add one and three-fifths ounces of rosewater in which twenty grains of powdered borax have been dissolved, adding this after you have taken the wax and spermaceti from the fire, and then after adding two drops of oil of rose go at the mess with an egg beater till all is beaten into a foam. When cold pack into small jars. This will make several dollars' worth of one of the best and highest priced cosmetics.

#### IRRIGATING.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

WHENEVER I think of the way we get our water from the river I always have to think of the way they tap the maple trees to let out the sap. They simply "tap" the river by cutting large canals to run the water out and it runs into smaller ones, called laterals, of which there is one every mile. In this Arizona valley they run from north to south, as the north side is the highest elevation, the laterals also run the same way. Then at the north side of every farm there is a cross ditch, running from east to west. About every half mile there is a headgate, through which every man draws his water, and it is supervised by a man that they call zanpero (pronounced cencareo).' It is simply a box with gates on the opposite side from which the water comes in, and they slide up and down, and the man who owns 20, 40, 80, or 100 acres gets his supply accordingly. The "zanpero" opens their headgates, and if a man thinks he is not getting his share he "rustles" up there to see what is the matter. Sometimes a man takes it on himself to raise his gate and shut down some one else's which gives him more water, and when the "other fellow" sees his water supply going down he knows there is something wrong.

The farms are divided into what they call "lands" which are generally 2 to 21/2 rods wide. They are leveled off and on each side is thrown up a border that keeps the water from running promiscuously over the field. Of course the "lands" run clear through the fields, and at the lower side they have a waste ditch. The way they get the water on their "lands" is thus; at the head of each land they place what they call "tappoons," which is nothing more nor less than a dam which stops the water at that particular land, and then they make a little opening in the side of the ditch to turn the water on that land. Some have little boxes with gates at each land and that makes it easy, but if they do not have these they have to take their shovels and dig a place and close it with mud when they get through with it. Sometimes they come open where they are not wanted and that makes hard work, and sometimes gopher holes carry the water over into some other man's field when carpet rags come in good play to stop them up.

The "tappoons" are made by taking a pole long enough to reach across the ditch and lie on each side. By tacking heavy canvas on it, wide enough to reach across the top and also to the bottom, it stops the water nicely. When the water has run long enough to wet one land the "tappoon" is taken out and placed by another land, and another opening made and the other one closed. The gardens are plowed, harrowed, raked and then with a plow thrown upon ridges, something like they do in the north for sweet potatoes or beets, but instead of planting them on top they are planted on each side about half way from top to bottom, and then the water is run between the rows.

There are five different canals in this valley: the Salt, Grand, Maricopa, Arizona, and the Phoenix, and they have first, second and third rights. The Salt and Grand were made first, so have first rights, and the other canals can have water only when the others have enough, If there is plenty of water all get enough, but when it is scarce the last named ones don't get much. The first ones run from twentyfour to thirty hours, while the others from six to eight,—quite a difference. At present they have no reservoirs to store the water, but when there is plenty of rain, and the river is full, they open the gates and let it run. I have known water to be in the laterals two months. Of course at such times a man can open or close his gate whenever he chooses.

Glendale, Arizona.

+ + +

A hair is but a little thing, but it has spoiled many a big appetite.

+ + +
A SWEDISH CHRISTMAS.

BY PAULINE CARLSEN.

THE angels have probably given us the best definition of Christmas by their songs of "Peace on earth, good will to men." This Christian idea of Christmas with its love, charity and forgiveness, has perhaps found its

most striking realization in the "Julafred" or "Yule peace," of the Scandinavians, a custom which, though very ancient, still exists in Norway and Sweden.

From Christmas eve to Epiphany, a solemn proclamation is made by a public crier that any violation of the Yule peace will be visited with a double punishment. At this time old quarrels are adjusted, old feuds are forgotten, and on the Yule evening the shoes, great and small, of the entire household, are set close together in a row, to show that during the coming year the family may live together in peace and harmony.

"Yule time" in Sweden is the gayest and merriest time of the year. It begins on Christmas and lasts until Epiphany, and is given up for the most part to feasting, dancing and No heavy work is done durmerrymaking. ing this time, the cattle are given a double portion of fodder and even the little birds are not forgotten. A long pole is placed in the vard and on the end of it are fastened stalks of wheat or rye. This is generally done by the children, who in their joy think that the birds must not be forgotten. In the rural districts the tables are spread and left standing loaded with the good cheer of the season, together with the indispensable national dishes "Yule gröt," Yule buck or boar, a species of bread on which is represented a boar, or a ram. Another favorite dish is "lut fisk," a dried fish, called stockfish. This is first soaked in water, for three or four days and then in lye water, after which it is cooked.

Mistletoe and evergreen are used for decorations, and in poor families white cloth is often used, instead, being draped on the walls and ceilings. In many places the floor is strewn with rye straw, called Yule straw. Over the dining table hangs suspended from the ceiling an ornamental straw cock.

The "Julklapp," or Christmas box, inclosed in many wrappers and labeled with the persons' name for whom it is intended, is suddenly thrown into the room by some unseen messenger who raps loudly on the door. During the evening these messengers hurry hither and thither in the most mysterious manner, delivering gifts. Often the Yule klapp is accompanied with satire like the valentine;

for instance, a lady very fond of beautiful clothes is often' presented with a doll ridiculously dressed, or a newly married couple inclined to too much cooing, with a pair of turtle doves. Among the richer class of people Christmas gifts are numerous and costly. The Christmas tree arises amid the festive scenes, burdened with flowers, fruits and sweetmeats, and brilliant with wax lights. Another feature of the Swedish Christmas is "Jul Ottan," when the people, young and old, large and small, arise at three o'clock Christmas morning to attend church, often walking seven or eight miles to get there.

Elgin, Ill.

#### \* \* \*

#### GREELEY'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Horace Greeley was remarkable many times for his absent-mindedness. When engaged in a discussion he often forgot what his hands were about, and performed some laughable feats wholly without consciousness. He would occasionally forget he had eaten his dinner and go a second time to the restaurant. Once, while at the house of a leading politician, Greeley had been having a heated discussion, when his host's wife invited him to partake of some refreshment. Without heeding what he was doing, Horace seized a plate of crullers, and, emptying its contents on his lap, continued the discussion, munching a cruller now and then until he had finished the lot.

His kind-hearted hostess, fearing that in the absorption of the moment Mr. Greeley had eaten so many crullers as to make himself ill and having been told that cheese in moderation is a capital digester, handed him a small plate of cheese, hoping that he would take a bite or two, and thus indirectly and unconsciously counteract the effect of the crullers. But Greeley, in his excitement, treated the cheese as he had treated the crullers. Finally all the cheese disappeared to the astonishment and alarm of the sympathetic hostess.

A few moments later, the discussion having ended, she was astonished to hear Mr. Greeley, evidently unconscious of all he had devoured deliver an eloquent harangue on the virtues of graham or brown bread, and denounce with vigor the pernicious fondness of Americans for cheese.

#### OSTEOPATHY.

#### BY J. S. FLORY.

In response to the request quite recently made through the Inglenook, I write you a brief article as to the claims of Osteopathy. I have taken a course of study in the so-called "new science of healing," and know its claims from the Alpha to the Omega of it.

Dr. Matthay of St. Paul, Minn., an apostle of the science, says: "Osteopathy is veritably a common-sense method of healing diseased conditions of the body, either structural or functional -without knife or drugs-by means of strictly scientific manipulations. It makes no demand upon the vitality of the patient, but enlists the curative powers contained within the body, which readily respond when properly appealed to. Its method is purely mechanical and its cardinal principles might be classified as: Skeleton Adjustment, Glandular Activity, Free Circulation of Blood and Co-ordination of Nerve Force." He further says: "Osteopathy comes from the Greek word Osteon, meaning bone, and pathos, pain. While Osteopathy is a new name given to this science by Dr. Still of Kirksville, Mo., and is called a new science, it is known that manipulation and movements were largely practiced in ancient China and during the period from three to four thousand years before Christ it constituted the most valuable part of the whole system of the healing art."

Thus in short I give its claims. I want to say -and say it without fear of successful contradiction-that the real virtue of the system is "Suggestive Therapeutics." Identically the same, provided you prefix the word "vigorous" before the term. All doctors of Osteopathy that I have ever talked with admit the same. This revelation, however, does not by any means detract from its efficacy. There is scarcely a system of healing known but what is largely in the province and power for good, under the domain of mental suggestion. To distinguish the dividing line between the beneficial results of all the sciences for healing you only have to show where right mental phenomena end deception begins. this rule the sciences of healing by the "Christian Science," by the "prophet" Dowie, by the "Divine" healers, by the "faith healers" or any other pretenders of some supernatural power invested in them, breaks squarely in two. Deception always begins where truth ends.

Los Angeles, California.

## + + + INDIAN SUMMER'S LAST DAY.

#### BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

THERE is no English word for it. The Italians have an expressive phrase, dolce far niente, but in English we have no proper wording for the dreamy farawayness of the Indian Summer belated into early Winter. Here, under the shadow of the North mountain, came one such day when December was youngest.

The eastern range of hills was first a gauze of gray, a tint of rose, a flash of red and gold, and then the sun peeped over the top, and presently all the mimicry and bravery wrought by elfin workers in burnished silver on the dried grass and the withered leaves melted into dew and then vanished into air. The far mountain seemed gossamer-clad, and hill and field, forest and babbling brook were dreaming in the thinnest of thin blue haze.

It was too grand a day to be bonded in four walls, and so we, wrapped and covered, walked out into the depth of forest and field. A distant crow complained. The tiny, gray-backed wood-pecker sang his nasal song and rapped his accompaniment as he circled the bare limbs of the trees, composed for the winter sleep. A merry bluejay, freebooter of all seasons, screamed defiance at the crows, while a late chipmunk scurried along a fallen log and into its damp hollow. In the air was the faintest rustle, low and musical fluttering of dead leaves yet clinging to the saplings that watched the gurgling brook in the forest depth, that sang a song all its own.

As we walked under arched trees and over rough stones with the dead leaves heaped between, there was impressed upon us the irrepressible sadness of the dying year. The underworld of beetle and larvæ has gone to rest for the season. It is one of those deceptive days in which Summer seems to kiss the Autumn as it bids good-bye to the Year.

All the solemn, still noises tell of Winter's coming shroud, and our past years tell us that the

springtime will bring its miracle of greenery again from the dead brown earth.

Even so when we shall lie mouldernig in dust our spirits shall rise again in a world, in a form of existence that knows no seasons, no death, and only life eternal lies beyond.

Newburg, Pa.

+ + +

#### SPOONS GONE TO THE WASH.

SYDNEY SMITH has immortalized the discomfiture of a would-be aristocratic English lady who, thinking it fine to appear to know nothing of household matters, tried to impress her guests at luncheon one day by asking her page, with a condescending air: "John, what are these tarts?" Whereupon the boy (who had just been sent out in a hurry to buy them) imprudently answered: "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

The unconscious rebuke was certainly well merited, but a parallel instance of "giving away," even more complete and crushing, occurred not many years ago in the East Indies, the victim in that case being an up country English resident, who, being fool enough to be heartily ashamed of his somewhat narrow means, did his best to conceal them by making as great a show as possible with what he had and boasting of possessing a good deal that he had not.

One day Mr. B. was entertaining several friends at tiffin (luncheon), and, making his usual parade of elegance and luxury, when his stock of fine damask napkins—which he never lost a chance of producing at table—suddenly ran short.

"Why are there not enough napkins?" asked he unwarily of his native attendant, a bright young lad from Madras.

"Sahib got no more left," blurted out Ram Buksh in perfect sincerity.

A visible smile ran around the circle of guests at this palpable exposure of their swaggering friend. The host himself turned as red

as fire, but made no comment till the company had departed, when he scolded poor Ram Buksh severely for his unlucky confession and gave him strict orders (an edifying lesson in morality from a Christian to a heathen!) that if anything of the sort happened again he was to be sure to say that the missing articles had "gone to the wash."

About a week later the same party happened to be, again assembled at Mr. B.'s house, when a sudden deficit made itself apparent in the supply of silver tablespoons.

"Bring two more silver spoons, Ram Buksh," cried the master of the house with a grand air.

"Sahib forgot," answered the boy, eager to show how well he had understood his master's instructions; "spoons gone to de wash!"

The story had an unexampled run and the ostentatious gentleman was (as he deserved to be) fairly laughed out of the station.

## + + + THE SCORCHER AND THE LION.

It is not only human pedestrians, it appears, who fear the bicycle. It strikes terror into the heart of the king of beasts. Few men can ever have been placed in the awful situation in which A. B. Lloyd, the African missionary and traveler, once found himself, he says. He was "biking" one day on the main road, five feet wide, leading to Uganda, when, turning a corner suddenly, he saw, not twenty yards ahead, a big lion crouching down and facing him. To his left was a steep rock twenty feet high, hard if not impossible to climb. To his right lay a ravine a hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which ran a river. He had to make up his mind what to do right there. Taking his courage in both hands, like the brave man he was, he determined to ride straight on. Ringing his bell and shouting at the pitch of his voice, he drove on at his fastest. The lion, dismayed at this weird figure, gave one hideous yell and turned tail, flying panicstricken into the jungle.

If a man has the right kind of material in his backbone it doesn't matter whether he is born with a silver spoon or an iron ladle in his mouth.

#### SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION.

BY DR. S. B. MILLER.

SMALLPOX is an acute infectious disease, characterized by a typical eruption, which in severe cases leaves marks upon the body, and no uniformly successful method of preventing the marking has as yet been discovered. Variola is its scientific name, and varioloid is a very much modified and less severe form of the disease. One attack produces immunity for several years, but second and third attacks are known.

Vaccinia or cowpox is a disease affecting cattle and closely resembling smallpox in man. The French consider it a distinct disease, but in England and America it has been quite generally considered to be a modified form of variola or smallpox.

Vaccination consists of inoculating the healthy human being with the pus from an ulcer of an infected heifer. Numerous bacteria live in this pus, so that quite frequently other diseases than cowpox are introduced into the system. It has been practiced in different forms for over two hundred years

Its advocates argue, and produce statistics to prove that vaccination and revaccination causes immunity, or if the disease affects you it will be much less severe in suffering and much less liability of being pockmarked; that through vaccination the disease is almost exterminated, or at least weakened until it is no more to be dreaded.

Those who oppose vaccination argue and produce equally voluminous statistics to prove that there always has been a weakened form such as we have now, that the total number of cases and fatalities from the same have not been lessened, that vaccination has been directly a factor in causing increase in scrofula, erysipelas, consumption, cancer, and all skin diseases.

Further, that instead of producing immunity it is a very important factor in promulgating the disease itself.

The English army and navy have had compulsory vaccination and revaccination for a half century, and instead of stamping out the disease or lessening its effects, it is worse in the army and navy than anywhere else in England. Our own soldiers were all successfully vaccinated before going to the Philippines, yet the disease ran its course in our army and a number of the boys died.

"Encylopedia Britannica" gives cowpox and smallpox as forms of that curse of the world—syphilis. If so, it is criminal to place pus into healthy tissues, bringing with it a train of evils not fully recognized to-day.

It is a well-known fact that every disease of childhood leaves its victim with weakened vitality and lessened chances of living to maturity. Where, then, is the consistency of producing in a child a condition, which, if it did prevent smallpox (which is far from proven) opens the door for a train of diseases more severe in illness, and more to be dreaded in effects? There was but one death from smallpox in Iowa in 1800, of over 300 cases reported to the medical board. Far greater fatalities than that have followed vaccination. The Associated Press of the past week recorded fifteen deaths from vaccination direct, and add to that the possible and probable increase in consumption, cancer, erysipelas, scrofula, and skin diseases generally, and a better comprehension of the subject is obtained.

Des Moines, Iowa.

[The 'Nook is open for the other side of the question.

—ED.]

#### A CHRISTMAS TREAT BEFORE CHRISTMA

BY IDA WAMPLER MOHLER.

COME, children, to the kitchen! Let's have a Christmas treat before Christmas. Hands washed, faces clean, aprons on! Mary may make cookie dough—two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one of sugar, one of lard, two spoonfuls of ginger, one of spice, two of soda, and one cup of hot water. Here are raisins for the top of cookies. Now we will give each child a piece of dough and he may make cookies, dogs, cats, boys, or girls or what not. Mamma could have some sample, cut from paper for them to go by. Then we will pop corn, make some little pies, and here is a sack of candy and one of raisins.

Now we will divide them into several piles, and each one may write a note to the one she wishes to give it to and then we will put them in shoe boxes mamma has saved for that purpose, and we will send them to children who have sick mammas, or who are not able to buy any Christmas, or to cousins or neighbors. The kitchen is ready now to be cleaned, but the children have had a good time, and some other children will have a good time when they receive their box.

Leeton, Mo.

#### + + +

#### ABOUT FAIR ONES' FEET.

A woman entered a shoe store the other day and asked for a pair of No. I shoes with the air of one who did not expect to find them. When the clerk produced the articles and satisfied his customer they were as represented she made the purchase and swept out. "The way she asked for those number ones," said the clerk after his customer had gone, "would give a person the idea that she thought she was the only woman in the world who wore them and, of course, we wouldn't have so small a size in stock. She explained to me that she was from the south. She told me that she never had any trouble at home in getting fitted with them, but had greatly feared that she would be unable to get the size here unless specially ordered.

"Now, such talk as this affects me with languor. I know it has come to be the fashion to accept as true the ancient and honorable myth about the shrinkage undergone by the female foot after it crosses Mason and Dixon's line, headed south. I am only a shoe clerk, and I hate to pose as an image breaker, but if ever there was a fable

invented out of whole cloth this yarn about the untrousered population of Dixie being universally fitted with the smallest of feet is that fable.

"As it happens, this house with which I am connected has a branch store in one of the most famous of southern cities. The proprietor believes in changing us around, so every six months I go down there and one of the clerks from the branch comes up here to take my place. In the three years that I have been making these shifts I can truthfully say that I have gained no proof of the feeble statement regarding the infinitesimal feet of the south.

"In Chicago and in the other city our trade is among the best classes. We sell more No. 3s in Chicago than we sell of any other size. And in the southern town the situation is exactly the same. The average size called for is No. 3. Of course there are a good many southern women who wear ones and twos, but there are just as many northern women who wear those sizes.

"I think," concluded the clerk, "the novelists are responsible for the pleasing fiction. They always refer to the graceful arch of the little foot of the southern belle, but they never employ this language about northern girls. I wonder why?"



The nut-cracking industry of St. Louis gives employment to over fifteen hundred people. The nut-crackers are driven by electricity, each nut being fed individually into the crusher. After the shells are cracked, the nuts are winnowed by an air blast and the meat is picked from the crushed shells by hand.

If a man goes at it in the right way he can marry any woman that happens to want him.

#### A SHORT VISIT TO POMPEII.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

EARLY ashore, our party of four, Miss Porter, Baby Emmert, Mrs. Stover and I, took a carriage, the kind they have in "Napoli," and went to the railway station. There was almost a quarrel among the carriage drivers as we chose our carriage, but a policeman came running and settled it. There seems to be a rule of taking turns, or something of the kind, among these men, to which we paid no attention.

At the station we were again surrounded with men. "Pompeii, Signor? Going Pompeii?" "Yes," I said, "going Pompeii." They replied, "Not to-day, Signor, too late." But we knew what we expected to do. We knew our train before we came. We knew we could take the next train for a small station near Pompeii, then drive over, and coming back get on at Pempeii station. But O, how we wished they could understand our India word, one word, that very useful word, jao, (go away).

We had secured our tickets and were wandering about the station freely, when a man came up and said, "Mister, if you are going to Pompeii, don't you want an English guide? I ask only one dollar for the day, and will save you a lot of trouble." We told him to "come along," for we were passengers on the Lombardia, and must get back in time.

It was an hour's ride, with Vesuvius in view nearly all the way. Naples and Pompeii are in different directions from the smoking volcano, so our course was rather around it. On several occasions the railway passed through cuts, the sides of which seemed to us clearly of lava formation, judging from the various curved and twisted strata.

Entering Pompeii, we first stopped at the little museum to the right. Here are kept many of the relics from the ruined city. In the center, and most prominent of all, in glass cases are the plaster casts of the corpses of a number who died in the great catastrophe. These were produced at the time of excavating, by pouring prepared plaster into the spaces left by the ashes, which had become firmly set around the victim so many years ago. The corpse itself, of course, had long

since crumbled to dust, but its space had remained, and being thus refilled, what we have before us represents truly what must have been.

The first we see is that of a man lying on his back, with arms and legs drawn as if in great pain, a ring on his finger and sandals to his feet. Another is of a woman and a girl together as they fell and gave up in the struggle for life. There are many, but the image of a large dog with his head down and back almost between his hind legs is very striking. They tell us he was found on the threshold of the house where he most likely belonged. He seems to have had a leather collar on and two bronze rings with inscriptions on them.

In other glass cases are carbonized articles, such as bread, grain, figs, olives, cloth, etc. Also locks, small boxes, baskets, baked clay vases, plates, dishes, iron bars, folding doors, windows, grates, skeletons, skulls, teeth, water pipes, etc., etc.

Going to and fro in the midst of Pompeii proper, we are amazed. The houses, the walls, the doors and the windows are all complete. On the doorposts of many of the finer residences are the names of the owners in large Roman letters. Domus Cornelii Rufo,—house of Cornelius Rufus. It is said he was a Roman senator in his day. We walked through his now empty house. The floor was inlaid with dotted marble some places. The marble statue of Cornelius was there, and other statuary. Domus Vettiorum,—house of the Vettii, was very fine, with numerous excellent paintings, in excellent preservation, on the walls.

There is the temple of Jupiter, and the temple of Apollo; the large theatre and the small theatre, and the great ampitheatre; the houses of the rich, and the houses of the poor, and the houses of ill fame; the wide streets and the narrow sfreets, and the street of the tombs; the private baths, and the public baths, and the drinking fountains of this city of the past.

The house of Pansa is one of the largest in Pompeii, occupying a whole block, 319 feet long and 124 feet broad, with sixteen shops and dwellings, and fronts on two streets. At the entrance was a mosaic with the word "Salve." A gentleman by the name of Smith has built a house at Saratoga after the plan of this one.

The streets of the city are straight, and paved with stone, well worn. The street crossings are made with very large, flat stones, and in several places the ruts of the wagon wheels are worn two or three inches into the stone street pavings.

Once or twice the guide indicated, "Men may enter here, but not the ladies." I went in, only to find the same thing in paintings on the walls that I had seen in rude wood carvings under the eaves of the "holy temple" at Benares. Lust, lasciviousness, Hinduism, religion of the Romans. Four synonyms.

Over toward the Vesuvius side the work of excavation is still being carried on. Some very beautiful paintings on the walls, and splendidly inlaid marble floors had only recently been unearthed.

In the year of our Lord 63, there was an earthquake which did considerable damage. Before the city had thoroughly recovered from the earthquake, on August 24, 79, the great eruption began, which lasted for three days and only ended with the complete and final destruction of the city, burying it about twenty feet.

At the time of the eruption Pompeii was a flourishing Roman city of about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom most escaped when the city was destroyed. Some 2,000 perished.

It is probable at the first there was a heavy fall of ashes and sand, accompanied by vapors and gases, perhaps to a depth of three feet throughout the city. Then at intervals for these three desperate days, lava in hot streams, showers of ashes, red hot rocks, steaming hot water, mud, hot fluids from the center of the earth, lightnings, thunderings, subterranean noises, earthquakes and fearful forebodings continued.

When Vesuvius is in action the temperature of the lava thrown out sometimes attains 2,000 degrees, and the vapors rise 10,000 feet, and heavy stones are thrown fifteen miles. Vesuvius is about 2,000 feet high, Stromboli about 3,000.

Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ and other smaller villages all perished at the same time. The naturalist Pliny was one of the victims.

Excavations proper were begun about 150 years ago, and are carried on yet, the expenses being covered by admission fees of visitors. Two lira (40 cents) are charged each person entering these historic ruins. About \$7,000 a year are

thus realized. Vesuvius has been in eruption frequently, the latest time being April 24 to 30, 1872, when some twenty persons were destroyed and others injured, while clouds of ashes were carried by the wind as far as Cosenza, 140 miles away.

As we stood among the ruins of the city and looked up the street or across the ruined houses, we saw with varied feelings old Vesuvius, still a smoking. Yes, she did it all, and seemed ever ready to do it again. As a boy in school, I thought how foolish men are to build houses or be at all on the side of a volcano, but here we were to-day, ready and even anxious to go right up from the ruins of Pompeii and look down into the very crater, which is even now puffing out volumes of smoke.

But we dare not be late, so we went in good time to the station, napped as the train carried us back to Naples, took an electric street car going the way of the wharf, and were safe on the beautiful ship Lombardia hours before she sailed. Naples, Italy.

+ + +

It is easier for a wise man to tell what he knows than it is for a fool to conceal what he doesn't know.

## SPEED OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

Ocean steamships nowadays are as regular as the railroads in carrying the mails. They have their habitual rates of speed and are expected to make the voyage of 3,000 miles over a trackless ocean through wind and storm in the same number of hours and minutes, winter and summer, never slowing down or heaving to except on the very rarest occasions.

+ + 4

We do not break engagements with others as easily as we break promises to ourselves. It is a good plan, therefore, to agree to read or walk or study with other people. Devote one hour a day to training the body, one to the mind, and one to some conscious "self-sacrifice." There will be twelve more hours; but, if you have thus taken care of three, you may trust to destiny or chance or whatever else you may choose to call it, for them.

#### GAGGLE GOO AGAIN.

This is Me. Lots of people wonder what has become of me, and all I have to say in explanation is that family cares have kept me busy, but the 'Nookman says I must write this time. I am well, and most of my teeth are through. I have a dolly, and a strange cat came to our house and I adopted it. The doll, the cat and my teeth, have kept me pretty busy, so much so that I haven't written up till now. But now I have something to tell you.

My Uncle Howard and the 'Nookman were whispering the other day, and the day following they brought a small, black box with them. They set me on the table, and then Uncle Howard acted as though he had gone daft. He actually seemed to be trying to dance, and while I was wondering what had come over him, "snap" went the box, and everybody laughed. They said they had me. Then they sent me to Chicago, that is, they sent what they said they had in the box, and, would you believe it, back came my picture, yes indeed it did. And it is going to be in the next Inglenook. My name will not be to it, but you'll know it by this,-under it will be "Want a Kiss?" and that's Me. I am getting ashamed of Gaggle Goo for a name, and I want to tell you that my real name is Louise. But I have observed in the year or so that I've been among people that once fasten a name on one and it is likely to stick. 'Nookman once said I was nothing but a yellowheaded milk can, all because my hair is gold in color and curls, and I drink two quarts of milk every day. Ma told him milk was better and cheaper than medicine. Once when he had to take the car and go down town for the milk I asked for at the top of my voice, he said there ought to be a pipe line from the creamery to our house.

Now if you like me, and want to send me a New Year's present just send it to "Louise, care of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.," and I'll get it. Now you see the cover of the next 'Nook—that's Me.

#### LIFE OF A CHINESE MAIDEN.

THERE is in China nothing of the sweet girlhood enjoyed in this country—in fact, one rarely sees girls in China.

They marry so young that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There is no "blushing 15" or "sweet 164" no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no billet doux. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle.

The only joy of a woman's life is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate, artistic science curious to see. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and stiffened with gum. It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, pugs or hairpins.

There are no spinsters in China, except the nuns who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like priests and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed a la teapot.

\* \* \*

"The sickle rusts in the hand that waits for the harvest." Idleness is always paralysis and consequent loss. The man that does not use his power loses it. Unused strength gradually diminishes until it is lost. The sluggard's muscle becomes soft and flabby. No struggle, no muscle; no effort, no power! The moment we cease to advance, we begin to retrograde. There is no standing still. We must increase or decrease, go up or go down.

Our men nowadays get old too soon. So do our women. It was a lady of an earlier generation who declined to undertake an important church work because, as she said, "I might get married." "At what age, madam," she was asked, "does the expectation of marriage die in the feminine heart?" "You'll have to ask some older woman," was the brave reply. "I'm only 82."

"Glad to see you" is one of the the little white lies that are worked overtime.

## Suggestions to You!

Olives.

Mints.

#### CHRISTMAS MENU IN COLORADO.

BY JOSIE M. LOHMILLER.

Bouillon with Bread Sticks. Oranges and Bananas in Syrup. Baked Halibut in Shells and Brown Bread Sandwiches, Roast Turkey with Cranberry Jelly.

Rounded Potatoes. Rolls.

Spiced Peaches.

Tomato Salad on Lettuce Leaves with Mayonnaise Dressing and Cheese Crackers. Plum Pudding with Vanilla Sauce, Cherry Bromangelon with Whipped Cream and

Nut Cake.

Salted Almonds,

Coffee.

Pueblo, Colo.

Celery.

#### \* \* \*

## AND IN KANSAS.

BY AMANDA WITMORE,

Transparent Beef Soup.

Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing. Veal Loaf Garnished with Celery,

Cold Tongue with Sliced Lemon. Graham Rolls, Bread and Butter.

Sweet Potatoes Seethed with Beef Stock. Scalloped Sweet Corn.

Cranberry Jelly, Pickled Cling Peaches. Strawberry Pie,

Apricot Pie, Damson Plum Pie,

Lemon Pie,

Plum Jelly. Angel Food Cake, White Grapes,

Custard Cake. Apples.

Cocoa with Whipped Cream,

McPherson, Kans.

AND INDIANA.

BY MRS. S. F. SANGER.

Light Bread and Butter. Baked White Fish. Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing.

Baked Sweet Potatoes. Mashed Irish Potatoes,

Scalloped Tomatoes, Cold Slaw. Celery and Cranberries.

Lemon Custard, Canned Peaches, Mince Pie. Cocoanut Cake,

Apples. Coffee, Tea.

South Bend, Ind.

#### AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS MENU.

BY ADA L. EARLY.

Chicken Soup.

Roast Pig with Gravy and Cranberry Sauce.

Turkey Pie.

Browned Sweet Potatoes. Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions, Mashed Turnips.

Baked Squash.

Spiced Currants, Spiced Peaches,

Pepper Mangoes.

Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie,

Plum Pudding, Cheese. Raisins, Nuts, Apples, Candy. Coffee.

Elgin, Ill.

#### UP IN NORTH DAKOTA MENU.

BY IDA PUTERBAUGH.

Oyster Soup.

Roast Goose with Dressing.

Cranberry Sauce, Scalloped Oysters.

Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Sweet Potatoes.

Cucumber Pickles, Sweet Apple Pickles, Creamed Cold Slaw and Celery.

Mince Pie, Jelly Lemon Pie.

> Cocoanut Cake, Oranges,

Cando, N. Dak.

+ + +

## FROM IDAHO.

#### BY MINNIE GARMASON EBY.

Abalone Soup.

Baked Salmon.

Roast Turkey with Oyster Dres sng. Curried Duck with Fried Clams.

Roast Pheasant with Sliced Tongue.

Mashed Potatoes, Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Creamed Hot Slaw, Celery Salad.

Tomatoes.

Cranberry Jelly, Spiced Nutmeg Melons, Preserved Nectarines, Pears and Cranberries.

Cocoanut Pie, Mince Pie, Cherry Pie. Fruit Cake. Snow Cake, Caramel Cake.

Muscat and Tokay Grapes.

Banana Ice Cream. Tea, Coffee and Chocolate.

Nezperce, Idaho.

#### AND IN MARYLAND.

BY AGNES EBY SNADER.

Oyster Soup. Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing. Smothered Capon with Gravy Dressing, Cold Boiled Ham and Beef Loaf.

Mashed Irish Potatoes. Glazed Sweet Potatoes. Baked Macaroni with Cheese.

Canned Green Peas and Sauerkraut.

Lettuce Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing. Maryland Biscuit and Rolls. Celery. Pickles.

Cranberries, Preserves. Canned Peaches, Dixie Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce

Vanilla Ice Cream, Assorted Cakes. Confectionery. Coffee.

In this section of the country sauerkraut is always a part of the Christmas dinner. I would also serve lemonade in place of wine.

New Windsor, Md.

#### + + + IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA.

BY ANNA MITCHEL.

Oyster Soup. Roast Turkey with Bread Dressing. Cold Tongue.

Roast Goose with Apple Sauce.

Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes. Cranberries, Apple Sauce. Pickled Celery, Spiced Peaches. Cheese.

Mince Pie. Canned Plums. Fruit Cake. Peach Custard, Coffee.

Newberg, Pa.

#### OUT IN NEBRASKA.

BY MRS. ALICE MUSSELMAN.

Blue Points.

Celery. Olives, Tomato Soup with Salted Wafers. Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing and Cranberry Sauce. Creamed Sweetbreads with Mushrooms.

Mashed Potatoes, French Peas. Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream.

Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie, Cream Cheese. Fruit Cake, Angel's Food. Ice Cream.

Coffee, Tea.

Falls City, Nebr.

#### PACIFIC COAST CHRISTMAS MENU.

BY MRS. JAMES F. THOMAS.

Oysters on Half Shell with Waters and Horseradish Sauce.

Consomme a la Royal, Bread Sticks. Radishes. Olives.

> Boiled Banacuda with Hollandaise Sauce. Potato Snow. Green Peas.

Roast Turkey with Sweet Potato Stuffing and Cranberry Sauce.

Scalloped Cauliflower. Orange Sherbet. Wild Duck, with Cream Sauce.

Charlotte Russe. Preserved Figs. Lobster Salad, with Mayonnaise Dressing.

Grilled English Walnuts. White Grapes.

Inglewood, Cal.

#### A MISSOURI FEAST.

BY MRS. JOHN E. MOHLER.

Consomme with Croutons. Baked Fish.

Roast Turkey with Rich Dressing, Gravy and Cranberry Sauce.

Sweet Potato Balls Garnished with Parsley. Potatoes au Gratin.

Fried Parsnips, Creamed Cauliflower. Beet Pickles.

Mince Pie, Cherry Pie, Fruit. Cream Cake. Coffee.

Warrensburg, Mo.

#### AWAY OUT WEST.

BY ELLA PRATT.

Oyster Soup. Baked Salmon. Roast Turkey with Dressing.

Mutton Stew.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes, Irish Potatoes, Creamed Cold Slaw. Baked Beans,

Celery, Pickled Pears and Cucumbers. Mince Pie. Cream Pie. Peach Pie.

Tellies. Peaches. Apricots, Cocoanut Cake, Chocolate Cake,

Ginger Snaps.

Apples, Pears, Bananas. Coffee.

Payette, Idaho.

#### YOUR YEAR'S READING.

What to read is an important question. There is so much of it these days that it is a query as to what particular publications out of the whole lot of them will best fill the requirements of the individual tastes of the reader. No person can select for another, at least not upon the fortuitous acquaintance springing up between the reader and the Editor of the 'Nook, but there may be suggestions, and we append a few.

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.50 per year. For those who like fiction this is an eminently good publication. There are no pictures in Lippincott's, and the space is occupied in giving the reader a complete novel, each week, one that subsequently appears in book form. The rest of the periodical is made up of matter very similar to the other monthlies.

Success, New York. \$1.00 a year. This is a large monthly magazine, and if you have young men and women in the family, this is the paper for them. It is full of pictures, and deals with the elements of success in life.

Everybody's Magazine, John Wanamaker, publisher. \$1.00 a year. The December issue of this excellent periodical is before us, and has not hitherto been noticed in the 'Nook. It has a number of excellent and most interesting articles in this number, and the illustrations are beauties. The New York flower business, a pleasant story of canaries, a complete popular description of the beaver and its habits, are features of the month. There are good short stories, and the book is a marvel of typographical excellence. It is as good as the best of them, which is saying a great deal, and better than many of them. Suppose you buy Everybody's when you next pass a news stand. Ten cents is all it will cost.

The Cooking Club, Goshen, Ind. This is, as its name indicates, devoted to the higher class of good cooking, and many of our people will be interested in it.

The Home Magazine, Washington, D. C. Twenty-five cents a year. There is nothing cheap about this but the price. It is far and away from the cheap and flashy stuff put out in such numbers. It is a cleanly little publication for the home.

Country Life in America. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents a copy. There is nothing better than this in the way of illustration, and it is a beauty all around. The apparent aim of the publication is the development of the higher types of the beautiful in nature around our homes. There is a suggestiveness about the illustrations that render it peculiarly helpful to owners of country homes who would render them more attractive.

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. Five cents a copy. A high-toned weekly that once you get to reading is likely to be a stayer with you. It is illustrated, and its literature, fiction, and comment on current happenings, are of the highest grade.

The Review of Reviews, New York. 25 cents a copy. This is the busy man's magazine, and contains the gist of all current happenings in the world's field of literary and political exploitation. The criticisms are expert, and the selections admirable. If you want all in one, without the fiction attractions, the Review of Reviews is the periodical to consider.

Every Month, New York. This is the best musical magazine that you can get if your tastes run in that direction.

Pearson's Magazine, New York. This is one of the best illustrated monthlies we exchange with and costs ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year. There is a continual rivalry for public favor between the popular magazines, and in the struggle Pearson's is up to date, and ahead of many of them. If you are on the look-out for one of the modern illustrated magazines for a Christmas present to yourself, or others, you will not go wrong taking Pearson's.

There are others that we will mention next week. Keep your eye on this department of the Nook. It will be a help to you.

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# 個INGLENOOK

VOL. III.

DEC. 28, 1901.

No. 52.



## A Memory.

SITTING in the gathering shadows as the daylight slowly dies, And the stars begin to glisten through the windows of the skies; While the memories come trooping from the dim and distant past And like witches' incantations o'er my mind their spell is cast—

In the gray light of the gloaming
Through youth's days in fancy roaming,

And the scenes, like phantom pictures, through my mind go dashing fast. In the old home 'neath the maples with their waving boughs o'erhead When the leaves at King Frost's summons turned from green to gold and red, There we gathered evry evening 'neath the rooftree quaint and low And knelt down in family prayer in the firelight's ruddy glow.

Mother sitting in the corner in her old accustomed place, Gently rocking, always knitting, with a smile upon her face; Children gathered in a circle poring over schoolday themes, While the backlog, stirred to anger, shot abroad its golden beams—

As the winter winds were sighing For the hours swiftly flying

Like the shadows ever dancing on before the chasing gleams.
Singing, talking, playing, laughing—swiftly time before us sped
Till the old clock on the mantle gave the warning-note for bed.
Then, when father read the Scriptures as the flames danced to and fro
We knelt down in family prayer in the firelight's ruddy glow.

Trooping up the winding stairway, down the dark and chilly hall—
Soon the backlog burned to ashes and the darkness covered all.
And we dreamed about the future—dreams of winning gold and fame;
Dreamed of winning wreaths of laurel in the world's Olympic game—
Youthful fancies deeming pleasure

All that filled life's brimming measure—

Till we heard at early dawning father calling each by name.

Ah, the years are long and lonely, and the group that sat beside
That old fireplace has been scattered since the sweet-faced mother died.
Would that we, again united, hand in hand could once more go
Back and kneel in family prayer in the firelight's ruddy glow.



#### CHINESE POOR FOLKS.

A RICH Chinaman wears silk, a poor one cotton. Since the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, it follows that the growth and manufacture of cotton are vital necessities. It is thought cotton culture was begun in the 13th century, the plant coming in from India, where it has been known for 2,000 years.

In spite of her unequaled agriculture, China does not raise cotton for export—nor in fact enough for her own needs. In the growth and manufacture of it, as in everything else, the aim is not, as in these United States, to save hand labor, but to use as much of it as possible.

There are no power gins for taking out the seed. Instead, the Chinese use the little hand gins, very like those still to be found in the homespun regions of the Appalachian chain. The gin is nothing more than a couple of small wooden rollers, made fast in uprights affixed to a bench.

They are turned by a wooden crank, revolve one against the other, and free the cotton of seed by drawing the lint through the narrow space between. The lint is fed to them by hand, and it takes a long and steady day's work to gin five pounds of lint—which means twenty pounds of cotton in the seed.

The cotton is carded simultaneously with the ginning. A second man stands at the end of the bench beating the clean cotton with the teekung, or earth bow, into big, flaky "bats." These bats the women spin in various ways. Sometimes they use the old-fashioned spinning wheel

Much oftener it is something approximating the ancient distaff. The spinner twirls it steadily, walking around and around as she twirls, thus winding the lengthening thread into very long hanks. If it is spun and run into broaches or quills, they are often reeled with a hand reel. Chinese industry indeed is as inveterate as Chinese economy.

Women usually work at such reeling while they stand at gossip in the alleyways between their houses. If there is no reel handy they will be stitching upon a shoe sole, always a salable article.

Bare feet are unknown in China. Even a beggar wears shoes, though he may have no other

clothing than the head bowl, which serves both as a hat and to hold out when there is a chance of alms.

Nothing is wasted in China. Even grass and wheat roots are pulled up, washed, dried and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the insoles of shoes. Bits of wood are glued to build up either a board or a post.

Women spinners and straw plaiters earn two cents a day. The spinning though is most commonly like the weaving at the hand looms, only a part of unpaid household labor. Machine made cloth and thread have of late come to bear heavily upon the cotton workers, but that fact is in a degree offset by the growing import of raw cotton.

Still some of the light yellow handmade fabric, known the world over as nankeen, from the city of export, Nankin, is shipped abroad. It is made from a peculiar yellow staple cotton, hence not dyed. The same yellow staple cotton is grown and manufectured by Acadians in Louisiana, but the fabric is so coarse it does not compete with the Chinese one.

Five dollars a year will clothe a Chinese husband and wife something more than decently. Underwear is unknown—so is fitting a garment. The only measures taken are from the hip to the ground, and from the middle of the breast to the finger tips. Fashions do not change. Winter garments and bedding are wadded with cotton. Once a year they must be ripped apart and washed, padding and all.

How needful is economy may be judged from a few figures. Unskilled laborers are paid upon an average seven cents a day. Masons, carpenters and stonecutters here, as elsewhere, the aristocracy of labor, get from twenty-five to thirty cents a day. Work begins at sunrise and keeps up until dark. Notwithstanding all which strikes are virtually unknown, and the Chinese laborer is the happiest and most contented in all the world.

+ + +

MAMMA—" Now, Willie, here's your medicine, and here's the dime your papa left to pay you for taking it."

Willie(aged five)—" Mamma, you take the medicine and I'll give you half the money."

#### WILBUR STOVER.

Bro. WILBUR STOVER, late of Bulsar, India, visited the 'Nook office the other day. He has been a resident of India for seven years, and is thoroughly familiar with the native methods and customs. He expects to remain in this country about a year, when he will return to his field of labor, that of a missionary, at his old place.

Wilbur Stover is a man who is known all over the Brotherhood by reason of his relation to the missionary work, and yet comparatively few of our people have had the pleasure of seeing him personally. He is a medium-sized man with black hair and with an Indian complexion born of the tropic sun, even to the extent of being taken for a native of that country. He expresses himself as gratified with the progress of the work and thinks the time is not distant, as such things go, when India will be a Christian nation. He says that the rule of the English is a beneficient one, as justice is done and peace preserved.

It may be a matter of interest to the 'Nook household to know that we have a number of readers in India. Bro. Stover says, in regard to the publication over there, using his own words: "It is well received and much appreciated by all. His Excellency, the Rajah of Nandod State, together with several of his brothers and his secretary of state, the congenial Diwan Sahib, a Parsi gentleman, and others, are to my knowledge, subscribers. I have enjoyed the hospitality of these gentlemen at the capital of the Nandod State and remember my several visits there with much interest."

Speaking of caste in India Bro. Stover says, as follows: "It is said that there are more than 19,000 castes named in the census of ten years ago." This phrase "castes" may be a very hazy one to many of our readers. Bro. Stover defines it as follows:

"It is a system of religious and social organization, which is all over the country and into which every native is born. Each one is necessarily of the same caste as his parents, from which there is no escape, and no possible chance of rising from a lower to a higher. The only thing a caste man in India can do is to stand still or go down. No one can marry outside of his caste, and in millions of cases the caste rule is practically all that a man practices and experiences as to religion."

" Is there any external sign of caste in India?"

"Each caste has its distinctive mark, either personal or in the manner of dress, and it is impressed upon the general make-up of the individual's features. There are common types characteristic of the individual castes."

"Is the acceptance of Christianity a forfeiture of caste?"

" I'm every instance it is."

"Is not this practically a bar against the introduction of Christianity among the higher classes?"

"It is the greatest hindrance we have to meet in the introduction of Christianity among the better classes of the natives.

"What is the origin of the castes in India? Is it well understood?"

"Nobody presumes to know. It is lost in antiquity; but it is a part of the life of the people which is thoroughly ground into them and will be one of the last things to be given up."

Speaking of the depth of caste Bro. Stover says: "The lowest caste is the outcast, who is without standing among caste Hindoos. But to show the ramifications of the caste idea there are castes among the outcasts,—probably twenty of them. The man who skins and buries a dead horse or cow for the hide will not have anything to do with the man who buys the hide and makes it into leather, and the man who makes the leather will not touch the man who does the general scavenger work about town."

It is perfectly well understood that embracing Christianity is a forfeiture of caste, and it will be a difficult thing to overcome in the case of the high caste people for many a year to come.

There's nothing in the good time that leaves a headache and a bad taste.

#### HOW CANNON ARE TESTED.

THE testing of the great guns cast for use in the American navy and the coast defenses is an interesting feature of the stations at Sandy Hook and Norfolk. No gun is ever placed "in commission" until its capacity has been thoroughly approved by the most rigorous tests. If defective in material or construction these tests will reveal the weakness.

The manner of making the tests is thoroughly systematized, and though simple, are not susceptible to error in even the slightest degree. No clock ever was made fine enough to denote the minute fragments of time that are occupied in the flight of a shot from a modern, high-powered weapon. The best stop-watch in the world is many hundred times too slow to do it. Even if one could be made fine enough for the purpose the quickest man in the world couldn't stop it in time. Before the sharpest eye had passed the knowledge to the nimblest brain, and that in turn had passed the command to the quickest finger that ever moved, a half ton of metal would have hit its goal ten miles away. Ordnance officers have to deal not with half seconds or eighth seconds, but with the one-thousandth part of a second. In the office in Sandy Hook is a queer instrument of polished steel. Day after day it records instants of time too small even for the mind to conceive. To measure and record the one-thousandth of a second is play for it. It is always set to do that. But it can measure a millionth part of a second.

So simple and perfect is the method that it is entirely possible on Sandy Hook to record the speed of a projectile in every foot of its course, if such knowledge were necessary, which it is not.

As one stands by the long line of taper cannon one can see large frame supports scattered at uniform distances down the range. Each of them is hung with wires and looks a great deal like the weighted wires hung over railroad tracks just in front of overhead obstructions to tap forgetful trainmen on top of freight cars gently and warn them that a "low bridge" demands an immediate duck if they wish to reach the other side of the obstruction with their heads where they belong. All these wires are electric and each is connected with instruments in the office. As

the flying projectile breaks them they record the fact instantly.

When a gun is to be tested, after all its parts have been inspected carefully and cleaned and oiled small copper plugs are fitted in little holes in the breech. These are pressure plugs. When the powder explodes it compresses them and thus is recorded exactly the pressure exerted in the powder chamber.

After the plugs are in a wire is fitted over the muzzle. It connects with one of the instruments in the office and records the time when the shot breaks it. Then as the projectile pierces frame after frame along the range they, too, telegraph the exact instant to waiting instruments.

But even the practically instantaneous record made by an electric recorder is not swift enough in itself. Electricity has to be helped with ingenious means. The wires that are scattered along the range do not lead to an instrument that makes a record on paper. That would be far too slow. They lead to the queer apparatus of polished steel, able to record inconceivable fractions of seconds. It is known as the Sieber velocimeter. Its noticeable feature is a chunky, beautifully polished cylinder of steel a few inches long. It has one sharply-pointed end. By this end, which is magnetic, it just hangs to an upper supporting arm.

When the shot breaks the first wire, it, in turn, breaks the electro-magnet that holds the steel bar, and down it falls. It has only a few inches to drop. Yet before it falls that short distance the projectile has smashed through framework after framework. As the successive wires break, successive circuits are broken, and tiny, sharp gravers shoot out from the sides of the instrument and strike that falling bar. Each graver marks it. and by the time the shot has struck its mark the little steel cylinder just about reaches the end of its drop. Now, knowing to the thousandth part of a second how fast it dropped, the ordnance expert can calculate the swiftness of the projectile by measuring the distance between the marks scratched on the cylinder by the gravers.

To measure the recoil another simple method is used, One end of a long, thin strip of steel, with its face smoked to a uniform blackness, is fastened to the carriage of the gun. Near the muzzle end of the cannon is an apparatus with a

tuning fork so arranged that a spur on one of its jaws just touches the face of the blackened face of the steel band. When all is ready for firing this tuning fork is set to vibrating by an electrical instrument that makes it vibrate exactly 1,000 times a second, without varying a single vibration. When the cannon is discharged the recoil naturally jerks the steel band backward, and the little spur on the fork marks a long waving line on the steel. The band is dipped in a solution that fixes the record so it will not rub off.

Spirit -

Sometimes a gun will undergo tests for a year or more, each shot being carefully recorded and a little history being written about it before the government gets a final report on it. Many a cannon has had enough to fill a big book written about it in successive reports of tests and then been rejected. If a gun gets the "O. K." mark from Sandy Hook it is a good one. Foreign governments realize that more keenly than do the people of the United States. Foreign military men consider the proving grounds on Sandy Hook as one of the most authoritative government departments in the world, and its reports are at a premium in every war office on the globe.

It is fortunate for those who are always making mistakes that there is such a thing as "fate" to unload on.

#. # #
MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE TO RUN 125 MILES
AN HOUR.

THE New York Central Railroad has just put into service six engines that are the largest in the world.

It is predicted that they will be able to make a record of 125 miles an hour.

No. 2980 is to be put on the Empire State Express, one of the fastest trains in the world. This new engine is expected to soon outdo the famous old 999's record of 94 miles an hour.

It is expected that big "2980," when it is fairly shaken down, will be able to make a record of never being behind time except in an actual snow blizzard.

While her builders say they will be satisfied

with such a record, railroad men throughout the country are looking to the big engine to make a startling speed exhibition of anywhere from 105 to 125 miles an hour.

No. 2980 has some remarkable proportions, which were given in a recent number of the Railroad Gazette. The engine proper is 30½ feet long. Including pilot and tender, the total distance covered on the track by the locomotive is nearly fifty feet.

The two driving wheels are 79 inches high, seven inches taller than a six-foot man. The roof of the cab rises 15 feet above the track. The firebox is so big that it looks more like that of a big stationary engine.

The weight of the engine alone, without the tender, is 176,000 pounds, or 88 tons.

A peculiar feature of the engine is the placing of its ten wheels. Just behind the four mammoth drivers are two smaller traction wheels under the cab. In ordinary running these carry most of the weight of the cab and firebox; but when on an upgrade, with a heavy load to pull and the driving wheels are slipping, a new mechanism is used. By the turn of a lever in the cab 10,000 pounds weight is shifted from the traction wheels to the driving wheels. This makes the drivers grip the track with just so much added power.

The practical demonstration of usefulness of this arrangement is daily seen on the West Albany Hill. Any of the old engines hauling a sixcar passenger train west out of Albany had a helper up this grade. The new type, engine No. 2980, for example, puts on the traction increaser and unaided makes time with six cars.

Mr. A. M. Waite, superintendent of motive power, was the one who designed this engine. He says that while it may make a new world's record for speed, it was not especially designed for that purpose. His aim was to build an engine that could make schedule time under all conditions of weather, head winds, extreme cold and snow, and make up for delays.

When trains are scheduled up to sixty miles an hour, as in the case of some of the Central's express trains, it is evident that an engine must be capable of running far above sixty to come up to the requirements under all circumstances.

#### SWEDISH CUSTOMS.

"THE Latin race," says a celebrated author, " is feminine, even in its men-and the Anglo-Saxon race is masculine, even in its women." In fact, the men of the Latin race are as nervous, impressionable, changeable and bright as women. Their manners, also, are as insinuating as woman's, and they can talk brightly even when they have nothing to talk about. But, as a strange contrast to these peculiarities, the Latin is a materialist, and the Anglo-Saxon an idealist. The Latin considers life as a passage of material pleasures; the Anglo-Saxon considers it as a school, with duty for schoolmaster. There are exceptions to these rules, we know, but these are the rules which distinguish the characteristics of both races.

The Swedes, though not of pure Anglo-Saxon race, may be included within its limit, and some of their customs deserve mention. For instance, when there is a wedding the bridegroom carries a whip in his hand, as a sign of his authority in the domestic circle. If there is even a whisper of scandal against the bride she cannot wear the virginal wreath of orange-blossoms. The way a peasant bride is adorned in Sweden is curious. All her friends lend her jewels, etc., which they hang on her head, neck, arms, hands, bodice, shoes, etc. Then a silver ring is placed in one shoe, and this becomes the property of the boy who is allowed the honor of taking off the bride's shoes at night before the guests separate, and then a perfect fight takes place between the married guests and those who are not married, who surround the bride to prevent the bridegroom taking the bride, which, of course, he eventually does, and then runs away with her like the "conquering hero that he is." A Swedish wedding usually lasts several days, and among the many ceremonies is the planting of a fir-tree in memory of the day. A Swedish peasant rarely marries a girl not of his own place.

The Swedish peasant is simple, affectionate, courteous, hospitable and cheerful. The woman's dress consists usually of a yellow woolen skirt, and an overgown of white cloth fastened at the back with black. A black collar encircles the neck, and a red apron covers the front of the skirt. A white cloth fichu is draped on the head. The gala dress is richer in colors, and a red em-

broidered belt is worn around the waist. Married and single women dress alike. A Swedish peasant's house consists of two rooms and a kitchen and a baking-oven, and the whole made of trunks of trees. The roof is made of branches of trees covered with mud. There are no bells or knockers to the door; everyone goes in freely, without asking permission. The first room that is entered is the sitting room and dining room, and sometimes it is also used as a bedroom. The furniture consists of a large wooden table, chairs and several little sofas, which, joined together, serve as beds when needed. A large clock is always to be found in the room, and a chest of drawers. The floor is covered with branches of There is also a large fireplace, and when the fire is alight no candles are used. Next to this room is a second room, used only for sleeping and for hanging up the family's wearingapparel. Nearly every peasant's house has a little garden in which to grow cabbage, carrots, apples, etc. Trees, however, are rare in Sweden, especially in the north. Open fields are considered more beautiful than forests. Swedish peasants live on brown bread, cheese, butter and salt beef and mutton. They do not like fresh meat or vegetables or potatoes. Their drink is light, home-made beer. They sometimes drink coffee. but only fashionable people drink tea. As in Ireland, the family pig often shares the bedroom with his master. Doors and windows are rarely open, even in summer-time, and the people rarely undress on going to bed.

Like all ignorant people of every country, the Swedish poor are very superstitious, especially in illness. For instance, corns are cured by some one telling the sufferer that some one is dead. The friend says, "So and-So is dead." " And my corns are dead," says the sufferer. This must be repeated three times. If anyone complains of any pain, and some one says, "It's a lie!" the pain disappears at once. Spitting is supposed to keep away evil spirits, witchcraft and ghosts. The first time an unmarried man stands godfather to a baby it must be a girl, and the first time a girl stands godmother to a child it must be a boy, otherwise she will never marry. The water which serves for the baptism is carefully kept, to be used in several illnesses. Nowhere is the love for children so great as in Sweden and Norway, especially in Norway.

#### MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

The legislature of Maryland has appropriated a sum of money for the resurvey of Mason and Dixon's line and the restoration of the landmarks, many of which have been removed contrary to Scripture. This work has been intrusted to the Maryland geological survey, at the head of which is Professor William Bullock Clarke of Johns Hopkins. The work of restoring Mason and Dixon's line will be done by the State geological commission in connection with a commission appointed and paid by the State government of Pennsylvania and by the United States geological survey. Meetings of these have been held and certain preliminary work has been done.

The original running of Mason and Dixon's line was done according to the terms of the final agreement between the Calverts and Penns, concluded in 1760 after protracted negotiations. There was a conflict in the grants of Marvland and Pennsylvania. The Penns had friends at court and Calvert was finally coerced into conceding everything Penn demanded, and this concession cost him the richest portion of his domain. The line between Pennsylvania and Maryland was begun in 1760 by a commission appointed for that purpose. The proprietors of the two colonies became impatient at their slow progress and agreed to engage Charles Mason and James Dixon to complete the work. Both Penn and Calvert were in London at the time, and they there engaged these two men, whose names have become so famous in connection with this historic line, for so many years the dividing line between the free States and the slave States of the Union. While Mason and Dixon are described as mathematicians and surveyors, or merely as surveyors, they were men of learning and scientific attainments. Both were elected members of the American Philosophical society. Mr. Mason was at one time assistant at the Royal observatory at Greenwich. Their work in America included. besides running the line between Maryland and Delaware and Pennsylvania, the measurement of a degree of iongitude in Maryland. After returning to England Mason and Dixon were sent to the Cape of Good Hope to observe a transit of Venus. Dixon died in Durham, England, in 1777. Mason came to this country to live in Philadelphia and died in 1787.

Mason and Dixon did their work with the utmost care. Through the forest they cut a vista eight feet wide and set up a stone at the end of each mile. Every fifth stone was larger than the others and had on the north side the arms of Thomas and Richard Penn and on the south face the arms of Frederick Lord Baltimore. One of these is preserved in Baltimore by the Maryland Historical society, and some yet stand in their original places and are cared for by the authorities. The intermediate stones are smaller and have the letter "P" on the north and "M" on the south face. These stones were not erected west of Sideling hill, a ridge near the boundary between Washington and Allegany Counties. They were hauled as far as the neighborhood of Fort Frederick, in Washington County, and it was found impossible to carry them farther through the mountains. Some of these abandoned stones, it is said, still remain in the neighborhood where they were left, having been utilized in buildings. West of Sideling hill the line was marked by piles of stone and earth.

The removal of many of the historic landmarks has left the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania in doubt in many places, and it is to remedy this as well as to perpetuate the historic line that the legislature has provided for this resurvey.

The loudest prayer does not always reach heaven first.

#### WORN OUT MONEY.

It has been suggested that in the interest of cleanliness and health the treasury department should destroy every piece of paper money presented for redemption at the treasury or any subtreasury and issue perfectly fresh, clean money in its place. This is the system of the Bank of England. No English note which in the course of circulation works its way back to the point of issue is ever sent into the world again. It is destroyed. If the holder of a Bank of England note with a single crease in it presents it at the Bank of England he receives a fresh, crisp note in its place.

A treasurer of the United States writing to the secretary of the treasury ten years ago said of the slow work of the bureau of engraving and printing at that time: "It seems puerile to allow so small a difficulty as the printing of a few thousand sheets of paper to become any obstacle in the discharge of public business and an annoyance to the people in their money matters." It would seem just as puerile to allow the printing of a few thousand sheets of paper to interfere with the public health. Eminent specialists have frequently testified that nothing is better qualified to spread disease germs than old paper currency.

The government not only reissues old paper currency which is not ragged, but discourages the public in the matter of sending money in for redemption. Prior to July 1, 1883, there was an annual appropriation for the transportation of currency to Washington for redemption; now, anyone who wants to have old and worn currency exchanged for new must pay the cost of shipping it to Washington.

The casual destruction of notes, by the way, is a remarkable source of income to the government. It is one of a number of indirect sources which the government has. It is estimated that fully \$15,000,000 worth of treasury notes have been destroyed while in circulation. On the other hand the amount of counterfeit money which has been redeemed by the government is inconsiderable.

Treasury officials are not believers in the germ theory. They say that all the seven billions of money redeemed at the treasury has passed through the hands of the clerks of the redemption division and they have yet to learn of one of these clerks whose health has been affected by his occupation.

In the regular course of each day's business a great deal of paper money is received at the treasury department. This money is sorted and the torn and dirty pieces are sent to the redemption division. Every day a million dollars' worth of money is handled in this division. It is carefully assorted according to denominations and issues and entered in the treasur records.

Five years ago Treasurer Nebeker suggested that the money redeemed be checked by number as well as by issue and denomination. That is. he wanted a list of the serial numbers of the notes printed and the notes checked off from this list as fast as they came in. One reason of proposing this safeguard was the possibility of the duplication of the notes issued from the bureau of engraving by collusion among its employes. Another was the possibility of the redemption of counterfeits-something that is known to occur sometimes in spite of the expertness of the department's clerks. But to check up the notes by their numbers would have required a decided increase in the appropriation for treasury clerks and congress declined to take the matter up.

The classification of notes for redemption is first as United States notes, treasury notes, silver certificates or national bank notes; second, according to series (as series of 1869, series of 1880); finally, according to the denomination. Thus separated the notes are made into bundles, each fastened by paper straps, one at each end and one down the middle.

The straps are endorsed to show the contents of the package.

There is a big knife in the redemption division. It is hinged to an iron frame and works in a groove. The bundles of money are put under this knife, and a messenger by electric power sends the blade through them, dividing each into two packages. One of these contains the upper halves of the notes, the other the lower halves. One goes to the register's office and one to the office of the treasurer. In each of these offices clerks check up the contents of the packages. If the contents do not agree with the label the other package of halves is looked up for comparison. If a counterfeit is found it is traced to the clerk who accepted it and he has to make it good.

When the money has been checked up in the offices of the treasurer and the registrar of the treasury it is taken to the macerator in charge of a committee. This committee is composed of one clerk from the treasurer's office, one clerk from the registrar's office and one outsider. The first three have keys. Each key fits a different lock on the macerator. This macerator is a steel cylinder, in which a set of steel knives is made to revolve. The three clerks open the macerator, the packages of mutilated money are placed within, the cylinder is closed and the machine started. The steam softens the paper, the knives cut it up fine. Presently it is only a gray pulp.

This pulp sells for \$4 a hundred weight, and is turned into images of George Washington, the Washington monument, etc., for sale by dealers in souvenirs. Each of these crude images is labeled as representing \$500 of paper currency, or some other large sum, which is wholly a matter of guesswork.

One result of the government's failure to encourage the redemption of currency is that currency comes to the treasury in extraordinary condition and a corps of experts is required to identify it. Currency is handled until it is falling to pieces. Sometimes it is buried and it rots until it is hardly recognizable. Frequently it meets with an accident, such as burning, or mastication by cows, or nibbling by mice. Money comes to the treasury in the form of pulp, taken from the stomachs of cows or dogs; it is offered in birds' nests or rats' nests; it appears as ashes. The principal expert engaged in the identification of this mutilated money is Mrs. Brown. All the other experts are women and they work with surprising results sorting out the bits of paper and identifying them.

The identification of this mutilated money is not a very nice job. Sometimes it is not a very clean job. The number of stories told in connection with these mutilated notes is countless. One of the most frequent is the story of the mice who had made a nest of currency put away for safe keeping. A frequent story is that of money put in a stove during summer and forgotten when the fire was lighted in the beginning of winter. Railroad accidents are the cause of much of the expert labor in the redemption division. The worst of these on record was a collision in which

\$16,000 were burned and only \$7 of this could be identified from the ashes. One of the applicants for relief under the stove division was a New York laundryman by the name of Quong Sing. He had \$426 in his stovepipe, but fortunately the fire which his assistant built did not damage any of this money beyond redemption. There are about a hundred of these stove cases every year.

The redemption division is frequently attacked by swindlers, but Mr. Relyea, the chief, knows most of the tricks they practice. The most remarkable attempt to swindle within his experience was that of a man who sent in three apparently half-burned notes from a place in Kansas. He made affidavit, telling with great circumstantiality how he had hung his waistcoat on a fence while burning brush in a field, how the fence caught fire and the money was partly consumed. He was a director of the bank through which he sent these notes to the treasury for redemption. When the treasury refused to pay them and accused him of fraud he was very indignant and threatened suit.

The matter was put in the hands of the district attorney, and the man in time pleaded guilty to fraud. It happened that in the files of the treasury were the other halves of the three bills which the Kansas farmer had sent in. They had come in from a New York man with a plausible story and had been redeemed, but as there seemed a slight irregularity about them they were not sent to the macerator, but were put in the files of the treasury. It is probable the other halves of the notes were sent to the farmer in the course of a green goods game and he could not resist the temptation to try to work them off on the government.

Another attempt to swindle was made by a boy working in a New York bank. He collected a great many scraps of money about the bank and sent them in with the statement that they were the remains of \$200 worth of notes chewed by rats. The experts quickly determined that they were the odds and ends of probably 100 different notes, and, of course, nothing was done in the matter. The boy might have been procedured, but that did not seem worth while.

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EIGHTY-THREE per cent of the pure Hawaiians can read and write.

## NATURE



## STUDY

#### ANTS WHOSE BODIES ARE STOREHOUSES.

THERE are several hundred varieties of ants in various parts of the world, and all of them are very interesting if they are closely observed, but I think none of them is more peculiar and interesting than the honey ant, a species found in Mexico, New Mexico, Colorado and California. These insects live in little conical shaped houses built of sand upon some exposed ridge. The house is generally about eight or ten inches across the base and is raised to a height of two or three inches. The chambers, however, are excavated below the level of the ground. Should the queen in control attempt to leave the nest she is surrounded by her guard and forcibly hauled back into the chamber set apart for her especial use. It is the queen ant that lays the eggs from which the young ants are hatched. Besides the workers and the male ants, which are winged, there are the ants which give the name of honey ants to the species. These are the live storehouses whereby the honey upon which the ants feed is preserved against a time of need. The head and thorax of these ants are similar to that of other ants, but the abdomen consists of a sack in which is stored the honey gathered by the workers and fed to them. These sacks are almost perfectly round and as large as a small grape. When filled the sack is eight or ten times as heavy as the ant itself, and the little insect is wholly helpless so far as travel is concerned. There is, in the ant hill, a chamber made especially for them, which is about three inches wide and an inch in height. From the ceiling of this chamber the ants hang by their stout little legs, and they look, when the chamber is broken into, not unlike a small bunch of reddish, transparent grapes. These ants will hang for months at a time from the ceiling of their little chamber. The workers gather the honey and take back to the nest their loads, which are fed to the living storehouses in the little underground chambers. When they are unable to gather sufficient food from day to day, they

gather around the live storehouses and the intelligent little insects feed the hungry workers from the store in the sacks nature has given them.

## NO CHINESE MILK.

A TRANSLATION of an article in a Chinese paper for the *Literary Digest* has the following about milk:

Man should not rob animals of their own proper food; and, of all animals, the cow is the most valuable to man. The sellers of milk blacken their souls for gain; but those who drink milk do so in the foolish belief that it is good for them. Before taking any medicine, we should carefully investigate its properties, and who does so in the case of milk? Milk is the natural food of babes and of young animals; but when adults drink it, do they not thereby endanger the life of the suckling calf, and arouse bitter resentment in the souls of the calf and its mother? Beasts have not the power of speech, and so cannot tell men that by drinking cow's milk they will become like quadrupeds.

If men must have a strengthening draft, there are a thousand better things than milk, so why select that? Besides, the term of life is foreordained, and it cannot be prolonged by drinking milk. Everyone who reads this warning is especially enjoined to abstain from milk in the future. Children whose parents will not allow them to drink milk will not be stunted in growth, but will have their lives prolonged and be immune in epidemics. So it is proclaimed in the Hall of Good Council.



EVERY animal that is suspected of having rabies should be killed at once, no matter what its value or who its owner. The killing of suspected animals and the muzzling of the balance would stamp out the disease.

"The first thing a person should do when bit-

ten by a rabid animal is to go to a doctor and have the wound thoroughly cleansed with an antiseptic solution and cauterized. If a doctor cannot be reached at once the matter should be attended to at home. I have found by experiment that common lemon juice, undiluted, is the best neutralizer of rabies poison. It will kill the poison in three minutes. After thoroughly cleansing the wound with lemon juice it may be cauterized with a hot iron. The patient should then immediately take the Pasteur treatment, and the sooner it is begun the better.

"The disease is much misunderstood by the people. Aversion to water and frothing at the mouth are not symptoms of rabies in an animal, but are the first symptoms of hydrophobia in a human. An animal may be in the first stages of rabies and not show any signs of madness, though its bite would be dangerous. The saliva of the infected animal coming in contact with an abraded surface on the skin of another animal or a human being is the only way in which it can be communicated."

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#### HOW BIRDS DRESS WOUNDS.

Many birds, particularly those that are prey for sportsmen, possess the faculty of skillfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages. A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has killed woodcocks that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received.

In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others bandages had been applied to wounds or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of net-work of feathers, which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster, completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

#### THE GOPHER.

BY N. R. BAKER.

How many 'Nookers have seen a gopher? I hear many "ayes" from the northwest and from the South. Let me ask another question. Is it an animal of quick or of slow movement? Ah! There you differ. You Westerners say "quick," while the Southerners say "slowest on earth."

All are right. Gopher is a word that was applied by the French to several species of small burrowing animals. The word is probably derived from ganire, which is a French word meaning "honey comb," from the appearance of the ground where a number of the little animals are making their homes near each other. Therefore on the prairies of the Northwest the name gopher is applied to species of the squirrel, in Missouri to a kind of pouched rat, in Georgia to a species of snake, and in other parts of the South to a kind of land turtle.

The scientific name of the turtle is Testudo Polyphemus. It is very slow in movement and makes a broad, low burrow just the shape of a cross section of the turtle. It is strong, has a very hard shell and grows to the weight of ten pounds or more. Its meat is not only edible, but delicious. So you Missourians who call a rat a gopher need not think we are Chinamen if you hear of us eating gopher.

Whistler, Ala.

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#### SQUIRRELS' NESTS IN CHIMNEY OF A CHURCH.

Sexton Davis of the Congregational church at Winter Park, Fla., met with an unexpected difficulty when he made the first fire of the season in the church a few days ago. The chimney would not "draw," and the cause was found to be a large squirrel's nest, or a series of nests, in the top of the structure. The opening was found to be completely closed with squirrel-nest material to the depth of four feet from the top.



HAVE any of our readers ever seen a snake unearthed in winter when it was frozen stiff? If so an account of it will be interesting. We do not want what you have heard, but what you saw.

# 個INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY ...

## BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLE-

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgia, III.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

PRAY though no answer seems to come, For God is always swift to hear; And from the music of his home, Will send some sweet note to your ear.



#### THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Probably no person capable of thinking at all consecutively, fails to start the new year with some good resolutions. That most of them go to pieces on the rocks of the first opportunity does not argue against their value. It was that austere theologian, John Calvin, who said that the pavement of an unmentionable locality was laid with good resolutions, and, perhaps, metaphorically, it is true. But all the same they are valuable in showing commendable intent. The man who never tries does not win, save by accident. The viotory is to him who battles.

The 'Nook wishes to offer a piece of advice. In the good resolutions that each member of the 'Nook household is expected to make, do not include too much. To agree to unload the whole of the "old man" is likely to result in a wreck of fact and a resumption of most of the evils, with added interest. It will be much better to take some one besetting sin and wrestle it down to its

death. As a rule most people have about all they can do to look after one thing at a time. Try that one thing, whatever it may be, and never temporize or allow it to get the upper hand of you.



Perhaps our lives are what we make them, but no potter can fashion without the clay.



#### THE PAST YEAR.

THERE is doubtless just about the same amount of happiness and sorrow wrapped in the mantel of the past year as in those that have gone before. Much has been accomplished, much lost, and more remains to be won. It is with the latter we are much concerned. Our failures are irretrievable. The past is gone. The present remains and with that should be our chief concern.

It is to very little good that one bemoans the past. In fact it is no good at all. It is the crying over spilt milk which the wise old proverb pronounces useless. With the present and the future lie our chances. Their duties vary with the individual. There can be no standard, for measures vary with the man. It may be said, however, that the measure of our duty is the extent of our advantages. Of these each must be the judge for himself. He who, learning of the past, gives the best that is in him, does all that can be expected of anybody. Angels can do no more.



The man who scatters ashes on an icy sidewalk is never remembered in the small boy's prayers.

## A PROPOSITION.

WE desire to make the following proposition to our subscribers. Those of our present readers who desire to make a New Year's gift of the 'Nook to their friends, not now subscribers, can do so by remitting seventy-five cents, and it will be sent for the year, accompanied by the Cook Book, to any address desired. The object in this is to make new friends for the 'Nook in localities and in families where it is not known. It is also an effort on our part to enable our readers to

make a friend a desirable present with but little cost. This offer does not apply to friends subscribing for each other, but only for presents from present subscribers to others not likely to have the magazine otherwise. Any number of copies may be so sent if desired.

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When you write a letter of inquiry, calling for an answer, always enclose a stamped envelope, or at least a stamp for reply.

+ + +

Many a self-made man has been unmade by a tailor-made woman.

+ + +

LITTLE Archibald Roosevelt, the President's son, who is attending a kindergarten in Washington, is now known as the bully of that educational institution. The mothers of the other little tots attending the school are bragging because Mrs. Roosevelt sends her child there, but the tots are not so enthusiastic over Archibald's presence. The other day a lady who has a little girl attending the kindergarten asked her how she liked little Archibald.

"I don't like him," came the decisive reply.
"He butted me twice in the stomach."

Investigation proved that Archibald's favorite amusement is lowering his head like a billy goat and butting the other pupils around the playground.

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Things do not turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.

## ?????????????

Can the NOOK say how many telephones are in use?

The Electrical Review says 2,278,717, representing an investment of \$500,000,000.

How are steam boilers tested before being sold?

They are filled with water and tested by hydraulic pressure to usually twice what they are expected to stand. The boilers in this office carry eighty pounds of steam and are tested to one hundred and sixty.

[ ! read in a book of a welcher, and welching. What does it mean?

An English term for a man or the act of betting and not paying when losing.

How shall I go about addressing a letter to a 'Nook writer whose name is given, but not the address?

Send your letter, written, tamped, addressed with the name, and sealed to this office and it will be further addressed and mailed.

What is the difference between an atheist and an agnostic?

The atheist is one without a God, and the agnostic says he does not know whether there is one or not.

Does testing a boiler render it proof against bursting?

No. Nothing can be made fool proof. Any boiler can be readily blown up if carelessly or intentionally wrongly handled.

From whence came the idea of using Christmas greenery?

From England, whose early people believed in spirits that dwelt in the green leaves of winter time.

Where does pepper grow?

In the East Indies, and in fact in all tropical countries where the conditions are right. It is the dried seed of a plant growing twenty or thirty feet high.

What is the circulation of the 'Nook?

We do not tell because the continual increase would change the figures weekly, but since starting it has increased its circulation about eighteen hundred per cent.

Is there anything of more intrinsic value than money?

Intrinsic value and exchangeable values are two things. The paper of a dollar bill is worth practically nothing, the exchangeable value is one gold dollar. There are many things money cannot buy, and therefore it is not the most valuable thing in the world.

#### SENSES OF THE PARROT.

Ornithologists have discovered that the parrot is a wonderful bird in more respects than that of being able to talk. It has been learned by those skilled in bird cult that the vari-hued biped is a creature possessing to a rare degree each of the five senses—seeing, hearing, touching, tasting and smelling—and being ever acute as to the significance of each.

The parrot is placed by naturalists at the head of the bird creation; nor is this on account of its vocal capacity, but because of its intellectual superiority and its adaptability to circumstances.

A clever journalistic writer has recently shown the close relation between the possession on the part of an animal of an organ, or organs, by which it is enabled to judge rightly of the relation of objects, and the mental status of that animal. In addition to their prehensile feet, which are nearly as highly developed as human hands, parrots are provided with a highly developed prehensile bill, and within it a tongue which acts in reality as an organ of touch. But this is not all. The parrot alone, among all birds, has the power of moving the upper as well as the lower jaw—a peculiarity very noticeable when it gapes exactly like a human being. It is this strange mobility of both the mandibles at the same time, combined with the crafty effect of the sidelong glance from those artful eyes, that gives the characteristic air of intelligence and wisdom to the parrot's face. One naturally expects so clever a bird to speak, and when it turns suddenly with some appropriate remark no surprise is occasioned.

The exquisite sensibility of the parrot to the slightest sound or movement in its vicinity, or even at some considerable distance, suggests its life in its native forest. The way the bird holds a piece of fruit or meat bone in one claw while he strips off the rind or the meat dexterously with the lower mandible, keeping a sharp lookout meanwhile for a possible intruder, conveys the whole story of life in the jungle better than Kipling has. One sees in that act the watchful monkey, ever ready to swoop down upon the dainty plumage of the parrot, who ever and anon changes his position on his perch as if he felt himself upon the spreading bough of a tree and desired to scan every portion of the dense, tropical foliage.

The African gray parrot is in many respects the most remarkable and highly-bred in the world. Though not arrayed in such gorgeous attire as his brethren in other parts of the world, his sober suit of gray being merely enlivened by his cardinal red tail he is a strikingly handsome bird. Seen in an apartment shaded from the glare of the day, he is neither beautiful nor gaudy, but when the sunlight quivers upon his plumage, the contrast between the exquisite pearl gray and glowing red is both rich and gorgeous. It is then also observed that the delicately-tinted feathers, from a microscopic minuteness on the head to feathers several inches on the tail, are of a texture that is rarely seen on any other bird.

The discovery of a new species of parrot is, even at this late day, no uncommon event in the scientific world. The common belief that parrots are exclusively tropical birds is a mistake, though most, if not all, varieties introduced as pets are from the tropical regions. In this country, the Carolina parrakeet, at the beginning of the last century, used to range in summer as high as the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and even within the last forty years it reached, according to trustworthy accounts, the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, though it is doubtful if parrots have been found in their wild state above the Gulf States.

It may be remarked that, with all its high intelligence, no parrot has yet laid claim to being a saint. The moral deficiencies and reckless animal spirits of the bird were commented on by the philosophers of old Rome in the days of Nero. who caused numbers of parrots to be imported from Upper Egypt. They became a very fashionable pet in Rome, and were lodged in cages of tortoise shell and ivory, with 'silver wires, but they were professedly esteemed as delicacies for the table, and one emperor is said to have fed his lions with them, just as Vitellus caused to have prepared a dish composed of the brains of ten thousand peacocks. The beauty of the parrot has been sung by some of the foremost Roman poets.

## THRASHING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

BY DAYTON E. McMILLEN.

In the first place some of the 'Nookers will remember that Dakota is called the world's bread basket, so, of course, there are thousands of acres of wheat raised, also flax, oats and barley.

It requires about seventeen men to run a Dakota thrashing machine, at a cost of about \$65 a 'day. It takes about twelve bundle teams to keep the machine at work. But the thrasher is well paid for his expense and trouble, for when the grain is in good condition one machine will thrash from 1,500 to 3,000 bushels of wheat per day, for which the farmer is charged from eight to twelve cents per bushel.

The fireman's lot is the hardest. This I know from experience, for he crawls out of his bed at about half past three in the morning. Perhaps everything is covered with frost. And he is up at night until he gets his supper, which may be not until 10 o'clock. Each man looks out for his own sleeping place. Perhaps he finds himself in a straw stack, or under his wagon, or sometimes in a barn.

Most machines have self-feeders and they act as though they were hungry. I have seen four men pitching on the feeder as fast as they could, sometimes throwing in two or three sheaves at one forkful, and four men pitching the sheaves to them besides, making eight men pitching to the machine. This was in stacked grain. When the grain is not stacked not more than four or five can pitch.

The thrasher generally furnishes everything, boards the hands, and feeds the teams, so all the farmer has to do is to take care of the grain.

The Dakota thrasher's life is pretty hard, especially for his team, which is often out in the cold and damp.

Perth, North Dakota.

4 4 4

If certain people only tell the truth it matters not about the uncertain ones.

WHAT BECAME OF THE INHABITANTS OF POMPEIL?

MAX NORDAU raises an interesting question concerning Pompeii. He writes as follows to the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna):

"One thing has always been a puzzle to me. Here was a flourishing city of about 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom evidently were well-to-do. A few hundreds, at most, lost their lives in the destruction of the city; the rest escaped. The eruption of Vesuvius continued only a few days, after which the district returned to its usual placid condition. In many places the deposit of ashes and lava was only a yard thick, and it was not more than three yards thick at any point yet excavated.

" How did it happen that these 30,000 homeless persons showed no desire to return to their beautiful houses, so well built that they are standing to this day, and which could have been restored, at the time, with very little labor? Why did they not make the slightest attempt to regain their valuable property in land and buildings, furniture. bronze, marble, gold, silver and jewels? Did the men of that time have so little love of home that they could leave it without a backward glance at the first unpleasantness? Were the Pompeiians so rich that the loss of their perfectly appointed homes appeared trivial to them, so that they preferred settling elsewhere to restoring their city? Or did superstition prevent the attempt?

"This indifferent renunciation of their patrimony by a whole cityful is to me an insoluble enigma which forces itself the more strongly upon my attention now as I walk along the finely paved streets between houses which need only new roofs to make them again habitable."

## + + + TEXAS AS A COTTON STATE.

TEXAS now raises more than double the amount of cotton produced by any other State in the Union.

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"Mamma," said small Tommy, "hasn't papa got a queer idea of heaven?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," replied his mother. "Why do you think he has?"

"Because," answered Tommy, "he said the two weeks you spent at grandma's seemed like heaven to him."

Unless a man has rubbed up against the rough side of life he never accomplishes much.

#### HOW THE THIEF WORKS.

WHEN the householder gets ready to turn out the gas for the night preparatory to turning in. he makes the rounds of the house, turns all the keys to assure himself the outer doors are locked. and goes to bed confident that no burglar can get in unless he saws a hole in the door. But the householder is mistaken. Nothing, unless it be an open door, gives an expert burglar less trouble than the average lock. "Picking" a lock has come to be such a fine art that there are only a few locks, and those specially made to order, which cannot be picked by a man who knows his business. Some people think they can fool the lock picker by leaving the key in the lock on the inside, so the burglar cannot insert a "skeleton" key. This only makes things easier. The man who knows how and has the proper tools can turn a key just as easily from the outer side of a door as though he were on the side where the handle of the key projects. A slender, strong pair of steel pliers properly applied will clutch the little end of the key which extends beyond the notches and turn it easily and silently.

But that is not lock-picking. That is child's play. To open a door which has been locked and from which the key has been removed is a different proposition, but old policemen declare there are very few if any doors on ordinary dwellings and flat buildings which are secured by locks able to resist the advances of the burglar. What are known as " skeleton " keys are made like ordinary door keys, only the guards, which in regular keys contain several notches of different depths, are very thin and delicate. In a bunch of these keys each one has a guard just a shade wider or longer than the next one, and the burglar tries them one by one until he usually strikes one which will do the business, raise the proper tumblers in the lock and shoot the bolt back. Where the oldfashioned "rim" locks are used, the sort which are screwed to the door and are now found only in very old frame buildings or in the cheaper class of hotels, this is easy. Anyone who has ever lost the key to one of these locks must have discovered that almost any old key he borrowed from the neighbors would turn the bolt. A button hook will usually do it. Any slight projection on a slender rod which will raise the simple tumbler in the lock will allow the bolt to be moved.

But "mortise" locks, the variety in use in all modern buildings, which are fitted into the edge of the door and leave nothing showing but the brass plate on the edge and the two keyholes, are a bit more intricate in their mechanism and are likely to hold the burglar a moment or two longer. But they will eventually yield to the gentle movements of the expert lock picker. When several skeleton keys have been tried and none is found to be the proper one, the "picks," which give the art its name, are introduced. These are slender bits of steel with one end turned up at a right angle, resembling a button hook with the "hook" straightened out to form an L. The long end, in the hand of the burglar, is so slender that several of these can be inserted at once into the circular part of the keyhole, and they are put in one by one, each one raising a tumbler and holding it up until the proper number of tumblers are raised, when the bolt noiselessly moves back and the door is open.

There is scarcely a lock in town on which an expert cannot perform this trick-that is, of the common variety of locks which can be opened through a keyhole from either side of the door. With spring locks—or "night latch" locks, as they are called-the work is a bit more difficult sometimes, and is more often performed with a skeleton key than with picks. The expert burglar is provided with a pocketful of night-latch keys cut from steel or iron "blanks," and each one having notches a shade different from the others. In the cheaper grade of night latches one of these keys is almost certain to prove a duplicate of the one on the key ring of the householder, snugly asleep inside in perfect confidence in his lock. And after the house has been robbed and no one disturbed, the folks say:

"I can't imagine how they got in, for the door was locked and we found it locked this morning."

The wise burglar takes care to close the door behind him so as to avert suspicion as long as possible.

Not all of the lock-picking is done by criminals, however. Some of the most expert men in that line are practical locksmiths and employes of the big safe making firms, who have spent years in peering into locks and devising methods for making them proof against all attacks save those of the keys intended for them. The battle con-

stantly raging between the makers of high-power explosive shells and the makers of armor plate is no more steadily waged than that between lockmakers and burglars—that is, makers of locks which cost a barrel of money and are intended to guard valuables. The so-called burglar proof safe of twenty years ago would be laughed at by the safeblower of to-day. The time-lock doors of a safe deposit vault, with their ponderous cranks and screwthread mechanism are the highest type of the lock expert's art. They are supposed to be absolutely proof against everything except earthquakes and properly applied dynamite. But when they get out of order and refuse to open at the appointed time, the lock expert is sent for and after an hour of two of gentle turning and twisting and listening to the interior clickings he swings open the door and the trick is done.

Ordinary office safes are "easy" for the expert from the safe firm or even an old-timer in the locksmith's business. Quite often through some inadvertence the combination of a safe is unknown to the office force. Perhaps the one man who knew it has forgotten it or has died suddenly without imparting the secret. The safe must be opened without destroying the lock, and the expert comes. After more or less twisting of the knob and listening to the tumblers, together with delicate feeling of the resistance to the knob as it turns under his fingers, he throws back the bolts and opens the door.

Roll-top desks are a frequent cause of trouble in this regard, as the owner often locks his keys inside the "curtain" when he draws it down for the night. Next morning he sends for a locksmith, and when he sees how easily that deft individual opens the desk he begrudges him the half dollar charged for the job. Instead of bringing with him an armful of keys to try on the lock, the expert takes from his pocket a pair of pliers made of very thin, flat steel. These he slips under the roll top, immediately below the keyhole, the jaws being open. A slight pressure on the handle brings the jaws together, and as they press in the little projections which keep the thing locked, the desk is opened.

The night latch is often opened by burglars in a similar manner. Usually the door closes against a thin strip of wood nailed to the door jamb or casing. Immediately inside this is the bolt of the spring lock, the bevel side out. The burglar has a thin blade of steel like a case knife, but not so springy, which he inserts between the strip of wood and the casing immediately opposite the keyhole. Pressing against the bevel edge of the bolt causes it to slide back almost as easily as the pressure of the key, and the door is open.

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HE who would live to a good old age, who would carry youth and freshness, symmetry and beauty of mind and body into ripe years, must have a cultured heart, an educated mind, and a well-kept body. He must be temperate and virtuous; he must not defile the temple of his soul with vice or imbrute it with sensuality. The mind is the natural protector of the body.

\* \* \*

WE must remember that we are short-sighted creatures. We are like an unskillful chess player, who takes the next piece, while a skillful one looks further. He who sees the end from the beginning will often appoint us a most inexplicable way to walk in. Joseph was put into the pit and the dungeon; but this was the way that led to the throna

When love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strife belong.

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

WE wish to acknowledge the receipt of a large number of unsolicited contributions of a greater or less degree of excellence. Many of the writers have doubtless felt disappointed that their contributions have not appeared in print. It must be remembered that in all we have had about three thousand articles of one kind and another, and naturally not all of these could be printed. Many of them, of a general character, have been laid aside and will appear later. Some few are wholly bad, and there is some alleged poetry. There is nothing known to science to prevent taking poetry the same as the individual takes the measles or the mumps, and it generally comes to everybody in the course of a lifetime, but the editor would be pleased to have the writers of poetry remember that he is utterly without intelligence or perception in poetical effusions submitted to him; much less than in some other things. It is useless to remonstrate with the patient afflicted with poetry. It's bound to come, and it is often hard on the editor. If it would do any good we would willingly enter into a compact with poets to print their verse,—every time we ask for it. Meantime we suggest that in the absence of a request that all poets will please send the 1902 poetry to Harper's or Scribner's, instead of to the 'Nook,

Prose contributors are always welcome. The wise ones ask whether a certain article will be desirable and the 'Nookman chuckles with unconcealed glee as he tells the querist how he would like to have it. Some of our best writers have come in just this way.

Here's a good rule. Never write for the 'Nook without a well-defined object in view. It does no good to tell a commonplace thing in a commonplace way. That you saw a person with blue eyes and yellow hair is not worth the telling, but if he had yellow eyes and blue hair you can't get the facts to us too soon. You understand what we mean. Don't try to tell a droning story in a droning way.

The facts are that every community, wherever there is a 'Nooker, is full of matters of interest, and the main reason why they are not discovered is because they are so common and everyday to the observer that he thinks them of no interest to others. The editor once heard this excuse offered by a 'NOOKER standing under a persimmon tree, while thousands of our readers never saw a persimmon. The closest things, interestingly described, are often the most acceptable.

The INGLENOOK has grown into such a tremendous success that the whole 'Nook family is earnestly enjoined, during the coming year, to send in the best they have. Thus we all become richer and nobody the poorer.



Man's failure in the world may often be attributed to the fact that he uses blank cartridges when firing at the target of success.

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#### IMPROVEMENTS IN PISTOLS.

"THERE has been more progress made in the revolver trade in the past ten years," explained a Connecticut revolver manufacturer, "than in any other line of trade I know of. There was a time when even the old-fashioned single-barreled pistol could not be manufactured to sell for less than \$1, or even more. That time has gone, and the single-barreled pistol is a thing of the past. In its place came the revolver, which is now made in all sizes, from a vest-pocket revolver to that which is carried in a holster. The prices have kept on going down as the revolvers have improved in manufacture, so that now a perfect working and reliable revolver can be bought at retail as low as \$1, and even the best makes for \$2 or \$3.

"The self-cocking and hammerless revolver, which, five years ago, sold at retail at \$10 and \$12, can now be bought by the carload as low as \$2 or \$3, and the better goods at from \$4 to \$6. In these arms the best steel is used. The German revolver, which was the only one which ever seriously competed with those of American make, has about run out its race, and is never offered any more, except in country stores, where it is bought for boys. It is clumsier made and heavier than the American revolver, and no more compares with the latter than does the English line of revolvers, which, at one time, were freely sold in this country. Likewise, the American rifle and

shotgun have outdistanced all other makes, though the German cheap shotguns still find a good market with those who do not care to put much money in a gun. The American double-barreled shotgun, which sells at retail for about \$12, is a much cheaper gun in the long run than the German make, which sells at from \$5 to \$6, as all of those who have had experience with them discovered long ago."

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Any fool can swear, and most fools do.

+ + +

#### CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE TSAR'S PALACE.

Ax admirable sketch of the Tsar of Russia appears in the January number of Pearson's Magazme, and among other things the writer describes how the festival of Christmas affords one an opportunity of seeing a very favorable side of the imperial character. At Tsarskoe Selo a large tree is arranged at the top of a grand staircase, and beautifully decked with lights and ornaments. On each side of the steps leading up to the tree are draped stands, containing presents for all the officers and men on duty at the Palace and grounds: Cossacks on sentry in the various corridors; sailors who act as keepers of the lakes; and soldiers who, from different parts of the country, are drafted to form the palace guard, for it is a feature of this branch of the army service that not more than two men shall come from the same regiment.

But no matter who they are, or whence they come, everyone on duty in the Palace is given a Christmas present of a silver article, such as a match-box, a snuff-box, besides other gifts of a different nature.

Each lady of the household receives from the Empress three presents—one of linen, a second of silver, while the third is usually a jeweled gold brooch. Special messengers are dispatched a few days before the great festival, bearing presents from the Tsar and Tsarina to their relatives in Europe.

It requires only a glance at these Christmas trees to realize how exceedingly affectionate the Russian imperial family are towards those members of their household with whom they have been brought into close contact.

A special table, for instance, placed next to the Tsarina's, contains the multitude of presents for Miss Orchard, the English lady who, after having acted as nurse to the Hesse Darmstadt children in their German home, on Princess Alix's marriage accompanied her to Russia. Everything that love and care can do is now done by the Tsarina to make happy the declining days of her former foster mother.

One cannot remain long in the Palace without noticing the English atmosphere that pervades it; and Christmas is not allowed to go by without indulgence in those essentially English dishes—roast beef, plum pudding and mince pies—which are specially prepared by an English member of the household.

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Envy not greatness, for thou makest thereby thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

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THE body has its claims,—it is a good servant; treat it well and it will do your work; . . . attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it and tire it and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant, and, although it may not complain much, yet, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.

They are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

#### A POUND OF COAL.

A FOUND of cannel coal is a lump about the size of a man's fist. Out of this dyes can be distilled sufficient to color the following lengths of flannel three-quarters of a yard wide: Five feet of yellow, three and one-half feet of scarlet, two feet of violet, two inches of orange, four inches of turkey red and eight inches of magenta. By judicious blendings you can obtain sixteen distinct yellow colors, twelve orange, thirty red, fifteen blue, seven green and nine violet; in all, eighty-nine separate tints. These colors are made from the waste left over after the gas has been extracted.

Take a ton of good cannel coal and distill it in a gas retort. It will give ten thousand cubic feet of gas, twenty-five gallons of ammoniacal liquor, thirty pounds of ammonium sulphate, thirteen gallons of coal tar. It is this liquid which forty years ago was burned in the furnaces or sold as cheap for wagon grease as five shillings a ton, that now yields not only those lovely colors, but medicines and scents enough to stock a chemist's and perfumer's shop.

The first man who, 160 years ago, tried to experiment with coal tar—a German named Stauff—very nearly died from suffocation. It was 120 years before chemists learned to deal with coal tar and first obtained the beautiful aniline purple for mauve dye. Two million and a half of money was spent in 1899 on coal tar dyes in British factories.

So great was the excitement when the purple aniline dye was first discovered that a Parisian manufacturer made the city authorities an offer of \$40,000 if he might be permitted to take up the asphalt in one of the principal streets in order to distill it for use in his dye works. Purple became the fashion, and remained so for four successive seasons.

The newer coal-tar dyes owe their discovery to the quinine famine of 1880. In that year quinine became so expensive that Professor Dewar and other scientists began experimenting to find a substitute which would do equally well to cool the blood in fever. The first results of their experiments were the delicate yellows and browns obtained from benzine. Then quinoline was hit upon—a drug with just the same bitter taste as

quinine, equally powerful in fighting fever, and leaving none of quinine's evil effects. Quinoline also costs less than half as much as quinine.

Antipyrine, even stronger and more lasting in its effects, and without any bitterness at all, was the next development. Hundreds of pounds of this drug have been shipped lately to South Africa, to help the doctors in their fight against enteric fever.

Still another boon from coal tar is the drug called thallin, which is much the best medicine known to cure a patient of the dreaded yellow fever. In all, seventeen new medicines owe their origin to coal tar.

"Extract of new-mown hay," and other similar delicate perfumes are obtained from a substance called cumarin, which up to a few years ago was extracted from sweet woodruff and other scented grasses. Dr. Perkins discovered that cumarin could be obtained by distillation of one of the volatile oils of coal tar. White heliotrope is also made almost entirely from coal tar, together with seven other scents, generally known by the names of the flowers they used to be extracted from. The island of Mauritius lost much of its scent industry through the rivalry of coal tar scent.

Vanillin, one of the most delicate products of coal, is used by the gallon in making the extract of vanilla, for flavoring custards and puddings.

Besides these dyes and scents, coal tar gives us that greatest boon of the man whose doctor won't let him take sugar—namely, saccharin. Of this substance one pound is equal to two hundredweight of sugar, as far as sweetening power goes. It is quite wholesome, and is, into the bargain, a capital disinfectant. Jam made with saccharin ought to keep forever.

Coal tar dyes and scents are by no means cheap and nasty substitutes. They are all as good as the original preparations they have superseded. And, in spite of the evil odor of coal tar, not one workman has ever been made ill by dealing with it.

\* \* \*

MUCH to the astonishment of her mother, a little four-year-old miss recently concluded her evening prayer as follows: "Please, Lord, make me a good girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

#### NEW YEAR IN THE ORIENT.

BY O. H. YEREMIAN, M. D.

The advent of a new year is celebrated by some form of festivities in almost every country of the world. In Smyrna, Asia Minor, these festivities are quite different from what they are in some other places. The approach of the new year means as much to the Oriental child as the coming of Christmas does to the European and American youth; for this is the season of the year when presents are given and received in that country.

The traditional Santa Claus has no charm for these children, for unless they have attended some English school, or come in contact with American people, they know nothing of his existence or his generous remembrances. Among the Greeks, however, another saint reigns over the youthful hearts. This is Saint Basil of Ceasaria. It is amusing to see, on New Year's eve, a group of boys, having paper lanterns in their hands, play the role of street songsters and go from house to house singing with all their might, "Ayos Vasilis erkhete apo tin Gessaria" (Saint Basil is coming from Ceasaria, etc.). Neither do these boys ignore that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and therefore a bag is carried by one of them to receive the pennies they get from different houses.

It is a time-honored custom for the head of the family to provide the children with fruits, nuts and various candies, besides giving them presents. It is the duty of the girls to see that a strong, large sack is prepared to contain the fruits and nuts, but it falls to the lot of one of the boys to take the sack to the market, on the day before New Year's, so that the father can have it filled with these delicacies. He also has to see that, after the sack is filled, it gets home to the other children who will be anxiously watching, from window and door, for his return. Some of the

things that go to fill this sack are the following: Walnuts, peanuts, almonds, hazelnuts and pecans; dates, figs, dried apricots and peaches, apples oranges, grapes, pomegranates, and various sweetmeats and candies.

The mothers are busy in preparing special dishes for the evening meal, and the children take upon themselves the duty of setting the table and artistically arranging upon it their fruits and candies. After the preparation of the table the children anxiously await the home coming of their father. After surrounding the table and repeating the Lord's prayer as a "blessing," the father gives presents to the various members of the family. It is customary among some for the father to give each member a fruit into which is inserted a silver coin. The recipients kiss the hand of the donor, besides saying "thank you," as a token of respect as well as gratitude.

The following day, January I (which is January I3 for Europe and merica), the streets are full of street-lamp lighters, night watchmen, firemen, sextons, and other public workers, who with various pretexts call from house to house wishing a happy new year and receiving a penny or larger sum as bakshish, or reward, as it is called in that country.

University Hospital, Kansas City, Mo.

4 4 4

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.

+ + +

Broek, in Holland, is far-famed as the "neatest town in the world." This town is so fastidious that until a few years ago horses were not allowed in the streets, for reasons of cleanliness, and the entire town is as scrupulously kept as a man of war. It is a village of 2,700 inhabitants, the main industry of which is the making of Edam cheeses.

Good sense is heaven's choicest gift—and in order to obtain it most men have to make the trip to head-quarters.

#### INVOCATION.

DEAR Lord! At the close of this year we thank thee for what thou hast done for us in time that has passed. We have been blessed beyond our merits. We know it. And while we thank thee for what we have received at thy hand, we grieve in our souls that we have so often failed in doing what we should have done and in that we have left undone so much that might have been done for the cause of good and right.

And now, O Lord! as we stand on the threshold of another year we invoke thy help to become better men and women than we have ever been before.

Thou knowest, and we know, all of our weakness and our shortcomings. Often we fail through evil choice made of our own free will. We ask for wisdom and help in the future. We have learned that if we would serve thee best we must have help. This we ask in faith. May thy ever-watchful angels guard us and guide us!

And, dear Lord! bless the Inglenook, and the Inglenook household of readers scattered to the corners of the earth. May it bring words of cheer and help as well as information and recreation. Bless those who make the magazine, from the humblest helper to the pens of the ready writers.

Bless every home, into which it finds its way, and all the people who read it.

We do not ask, our Father, for wealth beyond our needs. We do not crave place or power. We do not pray for long life in the land. We ask thee to so endow us that when we have finished the work thou hast given us to do the world shall have been made better for our having lived. To this end give us wisdom to discern the right way, and knowing the ways of right to follow them as a privilege and a pleasure. To

do this we must have thy help. Let thy Spirit guide us and enable us to discern in every dark hour the helping hand of thy Son outstretched to us in time of need.

When we have written and read our last time, and the summons comes to us, as we stand on the brink of the river of death, may thy angels meet us and guide us to the river of life with all the dear redeemed. And so we call thee, Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us our daily bread. Suffer us not to be led into temptation, but deliver us from evil, and thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. Amen.

#### + + +

#### HOW TO WRITE TO POPE LEO AT ROME.

When you write to the pope your letter must be in Latin. The style need not be classical, but the language is obligatory. Some sorr of Latin must be employed. The letter must be addressed to "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., the happily reigning (Pontiff)." It must begin with Beatissime Pater, "Most Blessed Father," and must end with some expression of regard.

When the letter reaches the Vatican it has little chance of arriving at its destination unless some special precautions have been taken, for the daily budget numbers 20,000 documents.

An excellent way of getting a letter into the pope's hands is to make use of two envelopes, the outer one directed as above prescribed, and the inner one addressed to "His Holiness the Pope, the Head of the Universal Holy Roman Inquisition." A minor official who opened an envelope thus addressed would incur the penalty of excommunication. Such communications are handed to the pope, who opens them and passes them on unread to Cardinal Rampolla.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.



Adam had his faults—but he never called Eve's attention to the superior biscuits his mother manufactured.

#### POTATO SALAD.

BY MRS. SADIE KIZER.

CHOP fine two common-sized onions and two hard boiled eggs, with a dish of cold boiled potatoes finely cut. Season with salt, pepper, sugar and mustard. Add celery seed or celery salt. Add vinegar, or the following:

#### SALAD DRESSING.

Scald one-half cup of cream, remove from the stove, and while hot stir in slowly two well-beaten eggs. Then stir in slowly onehalf cup of scalded vinegar. Mix together one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar. Add this to the dressing.

This dressing is also good to pour over cold chopped fish.

Virginia, Nebr.

#### BREAD CAKE.

BY MARY M. WISE.

In the morning take one cup of the soft bread sponge, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, or one table-spoon round full of fryings, one-half cup of cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of vinegar. Stir this in the sponge. Before adding the sugar put in one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, add two cups of flour. Put in a well-greased cake pan. Let rise till after the

bread is baked. Don't have your oven too hot at first

Peabody, Kans.

### TOMATO SOUP.

BY SARAH J. JACOBS.

PARE and slice tomatoes, cook until tender and remove from the fire, stir through a soup strainer. One teacup tomatoes allowed for each person. Add a pinch of soda for each cup, salt and pepper to taste and a lump of butter. Last add one quart of new milk. Let come to boiling heat and serve with crackers.

Fostoria, Ohio.

## GRAHAM PUDDING.

BY MRS. PHILIP HAUSER.

Take two cups of graham flour, one cup of sweet milk, nearly one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of soda and a pinch of salt. Steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

New Carlisle, Ind.

## GRAHAM STEAMED PUDDING.

BY M. A. JONES.

Take one and one-half cups of graham flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Steam in tin cans two hours.

Grundy Center, Iowa.



BY SISTER HUFF.

Take two quarts of sweet milk, two pints of bread crumbs, butter the size of a walnut, five eggs, save the whites of two for on top, one tablespoonful of sugar. Put in a baking dish and bake till done. Take the whites of the eggs, one cup of sugar and a little jelly, beat together and spread on top. Let it bake to a light brown. To be eaten with sweet cream.



BY LOTTIE E. SHICK.

Take one can of salmon, about two cups of rolled crackers, two well-beaten eggs and one cup of sweet cream. Have the salmon cut fine, then mix all together. Drop a spoonful at a time in hot butter and fry.

Waterloo, Iowa.

#### BEET PICKLES.

BY MYRTLE J. DERRICK.

Take as many beets as will make a two-gallon jar full when sliced, and boil until tender. Then slice them into a jar. Have a syrup made out of the following, and pour over them boiling hot:

Take one quart of good vinegar, two quarts of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of mixed spices; boil together and pour over the beets. Cover and set away for a few days, when they will be ready for use, or they will keep good all winter.

Hiawatha, Kans.

### DAMPH KNEP.

BY ROSIE MYERS.

On bake day take bread dough and knead eggs into it, say about one egg for every mem-

ber of the family. Then work out into small cakes and lay on a cloth and let them raise as much as bread, turning them occasionally to keep from sticking. Put a lump of butter or fryings the size of an egg, half a cup of sugar and one quart or three pints of water in a kettle and when it has come to a boil drop in the dumplings and cover with a close-fitting lid and let them boil briskly for half an hour, or until dry, without removing the lid. Serve with sweet cream or milk and sugar. This has been an unwritten recipe that has been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. When successfully made they will be as light as a sponge and the only name the writer ever heard for the dish is given above.

New Enterprise, Pa.

ANGEL FOOD.

BY MARY SWITZER.

Take the whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cups of sifted sugar. Sift the sugar, measure it, and add one cupful of sifted flour, sifted four times and measured. Beat the eggs very stiff on a large platter and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one small teaspoonful of vanilla. Add the sugar, then the flour, stirring gradually all the while, and last the flavoring Turn into an ungreased pan. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Do not open until the cake has been in fifteen minutes.

Roanoke, Ill.

GINGER SNAPS.

BY LIZZIE METZKER.

Take one cupful of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of lard, one-half cupful of hot water, one teaspoonful of soda, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, and flour enough to make a very stiff dough. Bake in a quick oven, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

Henrietta, Pa.

METAL teapots should have a lump of sugar put inside if they are not to be used for some time. This will prevent their becoming musty, as they are apt to do if not used frequently.

#### DO YOU WANT TO GO ALONG?

Suppose the case. Two young people, members of the church, children of a brother who has successfully closed a deal for the coal under his farm, take a trip and write it up for the INGLENOOK. The father reasoned that as his boy and girl, aged about eighteen and twenty, had been faithful workers and obedient children, they deserved some recognition, and having faith in their good sense he and they planned a trip that will be not only extended but of absorbing interest.

They take a kodak with them, and snapshot places of interest along their route of travel. And what is of interest to all our 'Nook family, they are going to write it up for the Inglenook. One week the boy will write his letter, and the next week we will hear "the girl of it." Thus there will be two distinct views, the man's and the woman's, and the letters they write will be printed in the magazine, and what is more to the point the route will be fully illustrated, and it will be of the most intense interest. This will make the Inglenook an illustrated magazine. And there will not be a publication anywhere that will have better or finer pictures than the 'Nook.

Just what route they will take is not yet fully decided upon, and the editor and the two are in consultation about it, but it is pretty well agreed that they will start in the far east, and proceed westward to the Pacific coast and may even go far down into old Mexico before they return. Everywhere they go they will operate the kodak, and the finest halftone reproductions will appear weekly in the magazine. The letterpress descriptions of the route, what railroads they pass over, and what they see and how it strikes them, will all be printed in the 'Nook, and that it will be intensely interesting the 'Nookman has no doubt whatever. It will be of the utmost interest in watching and noting how the boy and girl will see things from their different angles of observation.

The railroads have been consulted, and they offer every facility. They will tell in their own way what they see. The boy's name, if indeed we may call him a boy, is Frank, the girl's Kathleen, or "Kath" as she is called at home for short. They are a type of the healthy, wholesome, well-bred young folks of the church, and

they will be a credit to the Fraternity wherever they go, and it will be worth anybody's while to follow them up.

Now we know by past experience just what will happen,—the old story of "Send me the back numbers containing the account of the trip of Frank and Kathleen," and we will not be able to do it, and the ONLY way to be sure of it is to order the Inglenook sent you, and thus miss nothing.

From what we know of these people we feel assured that their letters will be interspersed with nob only an account of what they see, but there will be glimpses of humor, touches of pathos, and above all, accurate descriptions, and how they got there. This thing has been months and months in planning, but every reader of this cango along, in the 'Nook, for only one dollar, the subscription price of the magazine. Better take the matter up at once if you want to make the trip with them, for they are likely to start at any time in the coming, new year, and after that it will go like clockwork.

+ + +

One of the ablest edited and most comprehensive religious publications of the day is the Gospel Messenger, Elgin, Ill. Many of our readers know all about it, and more ought to. We have a large circle of readers who know little about the Brethren church, and these we recommend to look up the Messenger and see what a live religious newspaper looks like. A sample for the asking.

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